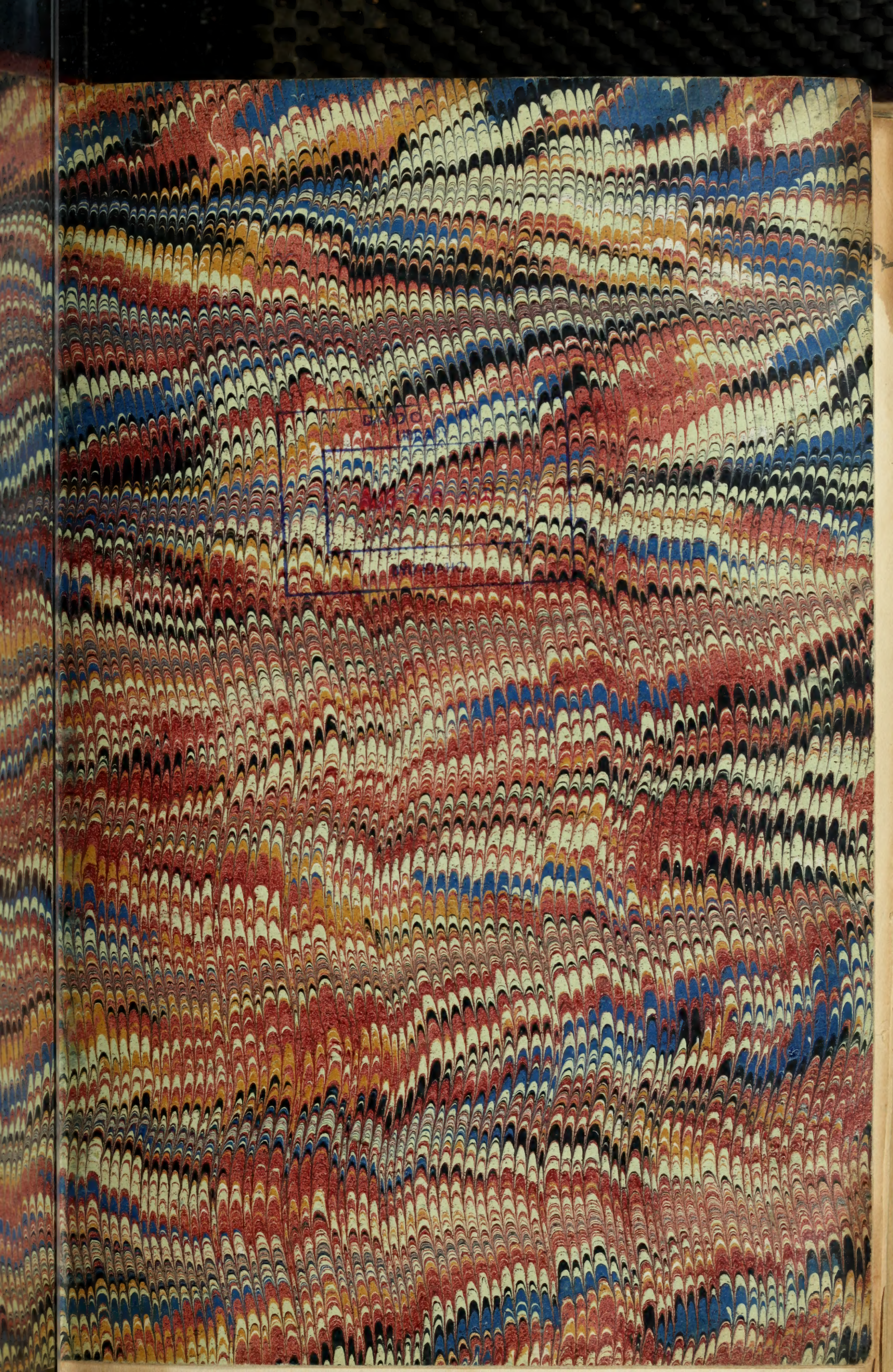


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So large were the profits of the business, however, that a margin could be allowed for bribery of officials, and restrictions and prohibitions alike soon became almost dead letters. Vessels were known, in 1856 and 1857, to kidnap full cargoes within sight of Macao. Owners of vessels from American ports would enter into contracts with parties in the West Indies or South America to transport Coolies at from fifty to eighty dollars a head, freighting the ships often for some other than a Chinese port, but eventually arriving at Macao or Hong Kong, fitted and ready for the trade.

Such was the condition of the trade in 1857, when the ship *Norway*, of nearly 3000 tons, sailed from New York loaded with coal for the United States naval squadron in the China seas. It would be little to the purpose of the narrative to enter into a detailed account of the outward voyage, the waiting at Hong Kong, the transportation of laborers from China to the Australian mines, or describe the thousand incidents of a long stay in a Chinese port. Enough to say that nearly three-fourths of a year elapsed ere our human cargo was ready. During the latter part of this time extensive preparations were made to receive them.

Down the whole length of both lower decks were built tier on tier of berths, or rather shelves—for they were without sides or dividing partitions. Large quantities of beef, pork, rice, etc., were stowed away. Hundreds of water-casks filled the holds, and on the upper or spar deck were erected galleys for cooking. Over every hatchway save one were set iron gratings to prevent too free access from below to the upper deck; that one, the main and nearly central

one, was covered by the ordinary housing. As the covering of these hatches was afterward of vital importance to us, a word of description will be necessary. The gratings were made of bars of iron, arched in the centre, and having a circular opening of eight or nine inches diameter at the summit of the arch. The housing was merely the continuation of the ordinary one in which were the galleys, the door of it opening outward. In addition to these preparations on the spar deck a barricade was built, running athwart ship, from rail to rail, a short distance in front of the captain's cabin, twelve feet wide, ten feet high, and arranged so that a guard of armed men could, from their station on top, command the whole deck, while within it were accommodations for their sleeping. When all was ready we sailed for Macao, from the vicinity of which port the cargo was to be received.

Thousands had been collected from every quarter of the kingdom, under every pretext, and crowded into barracoons, amidst not less fearful horrors than characterize those of the slave districts of Africa. Many had been induced to leave their homes under the most cruel misrepresentations, and once at the barracoons, cowed by the lash or torture, were taught to reply as their masters commanded to the questions of Government officials who, at long intervals, came to inspect them. These barracoons are termed *Chu-tze-kwan*, "Pig-Pens"—and from their usual filthy condition well deserve the name. Many Coolies died of diseases incident to such confinement, and suicides among them were not uncommon.

We lay off shore several miles, and it was therefore necessary to bring the Coolies to the



BARRACOONS AT MACAO.

ship in boats. These boats are termed *sampans*, and are capable of carrying from thirty to one hundred men besides the rowers. A woman usually sits in the stern to steer, and sometimes to scull the boat, while the rowers, unlike our own, stand on planks projected over the side.

The Coolies mounted the side one after another, most of them naked to the waist, wearing only the loose Coolie trowsers and broad-brimmed straw-hat. Slung at the belt were a pouch and purse, and a little case for the chop-sticks. A few were in good humor, but most were sullen or desponding. They were tallied over the gangway like so many bales of cotton, mustered in rows upon the deck, and their baggage and persons searched for opium or weapons. When all were on board a Government official came ostensibly to see that none were unwilling emigrants. A public announcement was made that any one who was on board against his will should step forward. Only one had the hardi-

hood to do so, they knowing full well the improbability of getting nearer their homes than the dreaded barracoon. The man who came forward was immediately set ashore, and as the wind promised fair all hands of the crew were turned to getting ready for sea. The whole number of Coolies received was one thousand and thirty-seven, and each was stowed away as rapidly as the confusion and bustle incident to such a barbarous gathering would admit. The embarkation consumed the greater part of two

days. Besides the Coolies there were several lady passengers and children returning by way of Cuba to their homes in the United States. They occupied a part of the cabin protected by the barricade.

It was evening ere the anchors were weighed, the sails loosed, and the ship under way, yet every one worked with energetic zeal, stimulated by the prospect of returning home, and none but those who have been long separated from home and friends can appreciate the exhilarant feeling that fills the breast of a sailor as the ship flies along on her homeward voyage. There were two interpreters on board, who had come from Havana, whose experience in the trade had been as varied as extensive. They were a sort of half Chinaman half Portuguese, and were in nowise friendly to the mass of Coolies on board.



A SAMPAN.



THE INTERPRETERS.



PRESERVING THE PEACE.

Warned by their representation of the treacherous nature of our barbarous freight guards were stationed at all necessary points, a police force appointed, and indeed every precaution taken to subdue any disaffection that might arise. The necessity for such precaution may be appreciated if the comparatively small number of our crew (sixty, all told) be considered. The barbarians, moreover, were constantly quarreling, and within the very first twenty-four hours several were brought up and flogged after the old approved navy style. One or two suicides occurred, and one man was found strangled, whether by his own hand or by some of his companions was never ascertained.

A word or two regarding the way in which these Coolies passed their time and deported themselves generally may not be uninteresting. They were not usually unclean in their habits, but, on the contrary, were fond of dabbling in water like children, and some of them wore around their necks pieces of muslin to use as towels. Many had tooth-brushes, and little pieces of bone used for scraping the tongue—a habit, strangely enough, which they religiously observed. They had but two meals daily, principally of rice and salt fish, with, at noon, or about eleven o'clock, a bowl of tea. Their rice was boiled at the galleys on deck in baskets, and the whole number of Coolies being divided into messes, the portion for each was served and carried below in other baskets. They then sat around on the deck, and, helping themselves each to a quantity in a small china bowl, fell to a rapid

demolition of the contents with their chopsticks. Much of their time was spent in gambling, almost always with dominoes, and when not engaged at this they were either quarreling or playing on musical instruments, of which they had a great number. Their barbarous music would hardly strike the ear of an American virtuoso as melodious. It was a most ingeniously discordant variation, from the tum-tum-ti-tilly of a one-string violin to the hoarse uproar produced by enormous clarionets without keys, flutes six feet long, cymbals, gongs, drums, and marine trumpets. Occasionally, but more particularly toward the end of a voyage, they will attempt a rough sort of theatricals to while away the monotonous hours, yet in point of scenery or incident the most absurd.

But to proceed to our departure from Macao: The Coolies were allowed perfect freedom, in limited numbers, on the forward part of the upper deck, and their food carefully prepared and served. Had it not been for a providential mischance on the evening of the third day out the terrific incidents that followed would have come upon us totally unprepared. A not unusual quarrel had occurred on the lower deck, the shouting and altercation soon running to blows. The police, some of whom it may be remarked were Coolies, were quickly on the spot, and after great difficulty succeeded in quelling the riot; not, however, in time to prevent one man being cut down with a cleaver. This man, quite seriously wounded, together with four of the principal rioters, were brought up, and the latter



A PROVIDENTIAL MISCHANCE.

chained by the wrist to the combings of the after-hatch. The former, immediately upon being alone with the surgeon and interpreter, asked for the captain, and in the heat of passion and revenge laid out the details of a plot the most cold-blooded and inhuman.

The leaders were desperadoes who had voluntarily come to the barracoons, having studied the plot for weeks; and ere they had been on board an hour were at work, urging, with every plea of cupidity or revenge, the rising *en masse*, murdering every man who opposed, seizing the ship and cruising as they chose. The exact object of the seizure was not clear, but the plan was simply this: The temporary berths were to be torn down to furnish clubs and materials for building a fire under the foremost hatch. A large number was to be ready, when the flames should rise and the crew run forward to extinguish it, to rush up the main-hatchway, massacre every man as he came in their way, and thus gain possession. They had chosen their captain, navigator, and other officers, and it was concerning this choice that altercation had arisen. The opinions about the truth of this statement were various—the captain ridiculing the idea as absurd, but the two interpreters joining in their belief that it was true, and ominously shaking their heads at the captain's disbelief.

For two days the matter rested, nothing farther being heard concerning the mutiny. The ship was bowling along finely before a nine-knot breeze toward midnight of the third day, the

moon shining beautifully, and all quiet save the rippling of the water under our bows, and the regular tread of the sentry at his post. We were expecting to make the land at Angier Point about daylight. Suddenly a bright gleam of flame shot up from the fore-castle, and a yell like that of ten thousand demons burst on the still night. It needed no farther alarm to arouse every body from sleep. Every man was up and at his post as the fearful conviction of his imminent danger presented itself. The door of the main hatch, the only means of egress, was instantly locked; every blunderbuss, cutlass, and pistol passed out by the stewardess, who, with great presence of mind, had run to the arm chests; the ship put about, and the pumps manned in less time than it takes to describe it.

Knowing that a crowd was collected under and on the ladder, the top of the main housing was broken in in order to dislodge them; but, meanwhile, several of the foremost rioters were striving to force the door with cleavers stolen from the cooks, and had partially succeeded in prying it open against a dozen men who were endeavoring to fasten a spar across outside. In spite of the utmost exertion the door yielded far enough to allow an arm to be thrust through and a blow struck, wounding an officer. Quick as thought the muzzle of a pistol was against his breast, and with its explosion the Coolie reeled backward, carrying with him all on the ladder, and allowing the door to be effectually closed.

Then commenced a scene the most terrific

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



AN ARM
ROSE UP FROM OUT THE BOSOM OF THE LAKE,
HOLDING THE SWORD.

SO all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep

They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping
 down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bid thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great
 brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
 arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one who feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound—

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Beldivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.



BUT SHE, THAT ROSE THE TALLEST OF THEM ALL
 AND FAIREST, LAID HIS HEAD UPON HER LAP

what your early history, Ramsay? Tradition hesitates to say.

Aristocrats as we were in Summerfield, of the deepest dye, we yet loved a little fun; and once a year we went off to a picnic on the borders of a beautiful pond. It was generally understood that the rigorous distinctions of society were on this occasion to be laid aside—Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Clay were on terms of equality. We had observed that the cake of the lower classes was apt to be better than ours, and we would fain give them gentility for goodies—rank and title for money-lags and flesh-pots.

So on one lovely August morning the little town moved to adjourn for the day to the shores of Lilypad Pond. Family arks were gotten out; all the things which went upon four wheels were in requisition; huge hampers of provision were with difficulty induced to get under the legs of the cramped driver. Will Percival, mad with excitement, was driving from one end of town to the other, doing nothing, but thinking he was doing worlds of work. He had determined to drive Fanny down in twenty-eight minutes; what was his disgust at being informed by that young lady that she was "previously engaged," and to see the Judge drive slowly along, in his plain old chaise, and take the lovely Fanny as a matter of course, and start off leisurely, giving the brown cob a rather more animated whack than usual as he passed the discomforted Will!

The Judge and Fanny were passed by the huge van, containing a crowd of Meddlecombs and Elkinses; by Mrs. Percival's old family coach, where she sat in state with Mr. Milman and two Meddlecombs—there were always as many as that in every carriage; they had to be taken by somebody, so every body resigned himself to two; by Will Percival with Sarah Hartman, looking lovely enough to have made up for his disappointment; by carriage after carriage, every body looking out and joking them because they drove so slowly; to which the Judge made some jocose allusion to his old horse, and Fanny did what she always did—laughed.

Finally came two vehicles, the lumbering Ramsay concern, with the addition of Miss Jones to the family-party, who "sweetly smiled" as she looked out on the Judge and Fanny, and young Abram Brown, modestly keeping behind Mr. Ramsay and taking his dust, though Abram was driving a light wagon and a good horse, and could have distanced aristocracy in no time.

To Fanny's great surprise the Judge touched his hat respectfully to the clerk.

"Tell me about that young man, he seems somewhat refined and educated," said Fanny.

"Very much so," said the Judge; "I have lately had occasion to examine him as a witness, and he showed some remarkable qualities. However, if he is good for any thing he will not stay long in that country-store. I asked him why he did so: he blushed and refused to tell me."

But the Judge and Fanny had other things to talk about. Fanny was lovely in her straw-hat and blue ribbons—the fresh morning gave her a

glow, and she was sitting by the side of the man she most admired and respected in the world. He, shy old bachelor of forty-four, drank in her loveliness at every pore. He, too, talked his best; and they were both disappointed when the groves which surround Lilypad Pond became visible. Every body had arrived and dismounted; and the Judge and Fanny had to run the inevitable gauntlet of jokes and significant looks as they drove into the circle of dismayed vehicles.

Miss Jones caught the Judge later in the day and found him in great spirits; indeed, he was so gallant that her heart jumped into her throat. She was walking pensively, leaning on his arm, through the soft glades of the wood, when they heard Fanny's ringing laughter at a little distance.

"What a pity Miss Clifford laughs so loud!" said Miss Jones, pensively.

"Do you think she laughs loud? To me it is the sweetest music in the world!"

Jones's heart jumped back again. They ate, they drank, they boated on the pond, groups wandered into the wood, groups sat on the water's edge. Like Mary and her lamb—

"Every where that Fanny went
The Judge was sure to go."

Will Percival was furious. He drank Champagne, he rowed furiously in the hot sun, he got very red; but it did not affect the predisposed order of things. Miss Jones sneered, the Meddlecombs twittered, Mr. Milman grew pale and sighed. It did no good. The Judge was evidently *épris*.

Fanny whispered to the Judge; he rose quickly and walked toward young Abram Brown and asked him to go out on the pond in the boat. Poor Brown up to this time had been neglected. No party had included him. He accepted with quiet dignity and began arranging the oars; a Meddlecomb was immediately found ready to go, and a male Elkins; and the Judge then asked Fanny, who declined on the ground of a natural hydrophobia—she was afraid, as any sensible woman should be, of these cockleshells. Miss Jones, however, accepted the Judge's invitation. So they went sailing about, the Judge gallantly tugging at an oar, Jones dipping her fair hand in the water, Brown at the helm quiet and somewhat amused, the Meddlecomb and the Elkins flirting in a grotesque way, when over went the boat, and our party were seen struggling in the water; the Elkins came safely to land with the rescued Meddlecomb, Brown arrived with Miss Jones clinging around his neck in a pitiable condition, and before we knew it was putting back for the Judge, who was hanging on to the capsized boat unable to swim. The distance was not great, but Brown had done very well. The Judge struggled ashore, and thanked the dripping young preserver—himself a Leander who could not swim—and they all went off to get dry clothes. They reappeared in the clothes of a neighboring farmer much too large for them.

but bore our shouts of laughter with great philosophy. The Judge's dignity was as conspicuous as ever, although he was deprived of his constitutional black coat.

After the submerged were properly dried we started home. The Judge, stimulated doubtless by the *douche* he had taken, started the brown cob at a notable pace, but again lagged behind; and all the vehicles passed him except Percival's and Brown's—Percival having asked Miss Hartman to drive around the pond by a more distant route, and that young lady having consented. As for poor Brown, with his usual luck, he could not find a sufficient wardrobe for himself to drive home in, and was waiting for his coat to dry.

The moon came out before the brown cob had reached the confines of the grove—that chaste luminary surprised the Judge in a manly confession of his love. With the simplicity and directness of his nature he had asked her to tell him at once his fate; and the moonlight helped him to read the charming intelligence in Fanny's blushing face, which, just at that moment, she could not find words fitting to express.

It was that golden moment which comes perhaps but once in a lifetime, so full of fruition that the heart could not bear it often.

The delicious silence and happiness which wrapped them both was broken by a sound of wheels, a crash, and a shriek.

The upset boat was not the only catastrophe of the picnic.

Will Percival was unfortunately not quite himself as he started to drive home. Too much Champagne had not improved his eye for the road. He had upset his little light wagon, and lodged Miss Hartman in a neighboring stump-fence. Fortunately Brown had nearly caught up with him, and arrived at the scene of disaster in time to extricate Miss H., while the Judge turned his horse's head in the direction, and arrived a moment later. Fanny found her friend very much hurt; her arm was broken; she was bruised and bleeding. She was put in the Judge's chaise, Fanny crouching down on the floor thereof to make herself a support in some way for the poor wounded thing; while Will Percival, somewhat stunned, was driven home by Brown, leaving his own broken vehicle to be brought home at some future period.

The Judge's engagement was a great piece of news all over the State, and the wedding, which took place almost as soon as poor Sarah Hartman's arm was well, was the great event of Summerfield. The old satin dresses which were disinterred for that occasion would have clothed the entire chorus of the opera. The bride was more subdued than we had ever seen her, but lovely as possible. As for the Judge, all his friends looked at him with astonishment: such an effect had happiness had upon him that he seemed twenty years younger.

Miss Jones was there, bearing it bravely. No one but the Meddlecombs saw that her brow was strangely set, though her lips were smiling.

Will Percival had offered himself to Sarah Hartman, and been accepted. He was not, however, a very *serene* lover, and drank too much wine to be altogether an agreeable one.

Mr. Milman performed the ceremony. When I saw him, with the dignity and sacredness of his high office, give to another the hand which he prized most highly on earth—when I saw the heart-felt manner in which he wished her joy—I forgave him for a thousand affectations, and respected him and pitied him from the depths of my heart.

My pity was not much diminished, although my respect was, when I heard that he had succumbed to the Meddlecomb attack, and was betrothed to Kitty, the third, or fifth, or seventh daughter, and the softest-voiced and most malicious of them all.

After the engagement was announced, the whole tribe dilated on the long and ever repulsed affection of Mr. Milman for Kitty, and the savage and desperate nature of Fanny's opposition to the match.

However, when they came to marry, the Judge and Fanny nearly furnished their house for them. The Meddlecombs showed the gifts, and dilated on Kitty's wedding presents, but did not mention who gave them.

Fanny's house was beautiful. Her position was a charming one. She went abroad for a year, and brought home all sorts of nice things. Her cup was running over.

She had too much.

One day the Judge came in quite pale, and sank on the sofa. Fanny flew to his side.

"I feel quite faint and ill, dear wife," taking her hand and laying it on his heart. "There is something wrong *here*."

However, it passed away. Fanny recalled years after the pang which shot through her at that moment; for it was the knell of their happiness.

One or two more warnings came; and at length the horrible news went through the town that the Judge had been stricken dead in court while listening to an argument.

Disease of the heart. It was perhaps a poor consolation to know that he could not have been cured; but it was a great and never-failing one to remember that the Angel of Death found the servant of the Most High Judge ready, with a prayerful spirit and a clear record, awaiting his coming.

Poor Fanny! It was many a long year before we heard her laugh again.

Poor Mr. Milman was next called. He had never been strong, body or mind, and his pale face grew paler, and his cough more racking, till at length he gave up his duties and took to his bed. When he got very ill he sent for Fanny, having something important to say to her.

She went to see him. The air was heavy with Meddlecombs. Poor Milman asked them meekly to leave the room. Kitty remained, of course.

"Did your husband"—poor Milman began.

heavily and with difficulty—"ever tell you of the existence—of certain papers—relating to the Percival family?"

"No," said Fanny, "but he gave me once a little trunk, which he wished me to keep safely, as he had in it some important papers belonging to another person. He gave it to me, I remember, after his first seizure. I have never thought of it since."

"Dear Fanny," said the poor dying man, "keep that safely until old Mrs. Percival dies. It contains a secret which no one knew but your husband and myself; and now that he is gone, and I am going, it must be given to you. Kitty, my wife, as you value my parting blessing, do you never reveal what you have heard. After old Mrs. Percival's death break the lock, and give the papers to whom they belong. And write down what I have told you, put the paper in the possession of some man of respectability, that the evidence may be complete should any thing happen to you. Now, farewell, dear and excellent friend."

Poor Milman died without revealing the secret, which his wife thought a great outrage to her, and she loved Fanny even less after this scene than before.

The Meddlecombs began to observe that Fanny often went into Mr. Bowen's store, and had an occasional word for Abram Brown at church or Sunday-school. How a woman of her pride could so far descend was to them a wonder of wonders. Perhaps they thought it a proof of the supremacy of her position that she could do such a thing. Abram went on in the same old way, always showing some superiority to his position, but never gaining ground in "society."

Will Percival, who had married poor Sarah Hartman, had gone steadily down hill. He had become a blustering, drinking, harsh man; and his mother grew paler day by day, and his wife sank away from a blooming young woman into one prematurely old and sorrow-stricken.

Will had a profound despise at Brown, and never lost an opportunity of insulting him. He never could forgive him for having done him the service of bringing him home when he was drunk from the picnic. Brown bore this course of conduct, as he did every thing, silently, until Percival grew too unbearably insulting in the reading-room of the public library, when Brown coolly and quietly slapped his face. Percival sprang at him like a tiger. Brown knocked him down, and held him until some gentlemen interfered.

"You will do me the justice to say, gentlemen, that I did not seek this quarrel, and that no gentleman could have done less," said Brown.

"We will, we will!" said half a dozen men.

"*Gentleman!*" hissed Percival between his teeth as he strode off.

The village of Summerfield had never had an emotion like unto that which followed the news of this quarrel, but it was soon to be startled and shocked still more; for on one calm Sunday morning young Abram Brown walked to-

ward Fanny's stately mansion, took its fair mistress on his arm, and walked to church with her, composedly seated himself in her pew, and in less than five minutes the electric message ran through the town that Fanny was going to marry him!

The horror and disgust of the Percivals, the delight and triumph of the Meddlecombs, the wonder and disapproval of all her friends was beyond words. Between these two there was a great gulf fixed in our estimation. We neither knew nor cared for the worth of the man; we contrasted him with the man whom we had delighted to honor, the Judge, and all felt a diminished regard for Fanny.

The Judge had been dead six years. Fanny was now but thirty, but we felt that she had no right to insult his memory by marrying Abram Brown.

However, marry him she did. He ceased to be Mr. Bowen's clerk; he proved to have some money, and had all his wife's estate settled on herself.

The Browns were very happy apparently, and quite indifferent to our opinion of them.

Poor old Mrs. Percival died at length, and, true to her instructions, Fanny opened the box.

Death came not once but twice to Raymond Hill. Poor Sarah Percival had never had much health or happiness. The death of her gentle and sympathizing mother-in-law took away her only support and consolation in this earth, and Will grew more savage and drunken every day. He had not allowed his wife to speak to Fanny since her marriage, but on her death-bed she demanded to see her. Fanny watched over her, sustained her, and closed her poor dying eyes.

Then Fanny went for the neglectful husband. He was in his own room stupefying himself with wine, but Fanny bade him come with her. As he looked upon the poor pale face, now no longer reproachful, his manhood came back to him, and he knelt by her side. But repentance was brief with him. The horror of death came over him, and he turned to leave the room.

"Stay, William Percival," said Fanny; "look at what you have done. You have killed this woman. Now repent while there is life in you. By the side of this dead saint promise me that you will try and reform yourself."

"Why, Fanny, how can you talk so when you know my love for you was the cause of my downfall?" said poor Will, whimpering. "If you had married me I should have been all right, but you married some one else, and then I sank lower and lower. This poor thing loved me, and for a little while I determined to be a better man, but my evil passions got the better of me." Here he fell into a great fit of weeping, as he looked at the poor dead face lying there so still and pale.

"Do not flatter yourself, Will, that any one was to blame but yourself. Self-indulgence has always been your plan of life. I beg of you, by an old friendship, by the memory of your mother, by the memory of this wife you have so

injured, by the honored name you bear, I entreat you to reform. There are years left for you in which to rub out the disgrace of your life. I pray you do it."

But her earnest words had no effect. Will was too intoxicated to appear at his wife's funeral, and his course was desperately downward.

Fanny made one more attempt in his favor. She took Mr. Selden, the old lawyer of the Percivals—he who had always administered the affairs of Raymond Hill, and who watched the ruin of its heir with peculiar sorrow—and drove to his house one fine morning in early summer, a few months after poor Sarah's death. They found him swearing at his dogs and servants, but enough of the gentleman left in him to receive them courteously. Mr. Selden hemmed and hawed, and finally giving a bundle of papers into Fanny's hands begged of her to open the business.

Fanny began in the usual woman's way, by bursting into tears. When she got composed she said:

"Will, you know, perhaps, that your father's life was clouded in some mysterious manner, perhaps you do not know how. Here is a paper, drawn up by himself, giving his own story. He was married to a young girl in Scotland, by whom he had a son, and whom he deserted before he met your mother. By changing his name and coming to this country he thought to escape the punishment of his crime. But his unfortunate wife found out his whereabouts and followed him even here. With a woman's generosity she failed to expose him, when she came to see him, but in justice to her son demanded this paper of him, swearing solemnly to conceal it until the death of his innocent victim, your mother. He gave it to her in the presence of my husband, the Judge, and not long after, borne down by the shame and contrition which overwhelmed him, he disappeared, and died soon after.

"Not many years ago the Judge received a packet of papers from Scotland, containing the record of the marriage of the first wife, the baptismal record of the son, and such accounts of the whereabouts, personal appearance of the son, as to enable him to be identified without trouble. The Judge took into his confidence Mr. Milman, our late clergyman, after a certain period, in order that the secret might be in good hands if any thing should happen to him. Death has removed both those recipients of this secret. I and two others share it with you."

Will Percival looked stupefied and remained silent. "So you are come to taunt me with my want of birth and name," he said, at length, in a husky voice.

"No, Will, I am come to make you an offer. If you will promise me to become a better man I will burn this paper, and swear that its contents shall never be known."

"But what would my elder brother, the *legitimate* brother, say to this?" said poor Will, bitterly.

"He has given his consent to the burning of this paper," said Fanny, slowly; and with trembling fingers she gave Will a letter. Will tore it open.

"I knew it; I knew it. Your present husband, that wretch, that scum of the earth, Abram Brown—pah! my mouth rebels against the plebeian word—never, no never will I accept a favor at his hands, and my name, my name is *Brown*. Tell me, tell me, Fanny, to what depths am I descended?"

"Your name is *Beaumont*, William, if a few more letters can do you any good, and my husband's name is Arthur Beaumont, your older brother; but he has lived so long under the humble and quiet alias, which he took when his mother died, that he does not care for the empty distinction. You have always borne an honorable name, and are the heir of an honorable race. Keep it. The deception is an innocent one, as long as those most interested permit it. Keep it; but, William, do it more honor than you do by your present most unworthy life. Believe me, I do not want to frighten you into compliance; but so much do I wish to save you, that I have thought it proper to tell you what others are willing to forego for your sake, if for theirs you will become a better man."

Will Percival, degraded, lost as he was, could not but be touched by this appeal; he knelt before her, he kissed her hand, but when he rose he said, quietly, "Too late, too late!"

"It is never too late," urged Fanny.

"One question: Did you know this fact when you married Brown?" said Will.

"No. I opened this trunk of papers when your mother died. I had married Brown because I loved him, because I saw in him powers and virtues which the world did not see. I only knew him as the poor clerk, and I determined, if my love could give him that position which he deserved, he should have it. He had long loved me, and for a time my pride rebelled; but love is stronger than pride, and for his goodness and nobility of soul I had a voucher that none could fail to respect, the Judge."

"Did he know of the identity of Abram Brown and Arthur Beaumont?"

"No, he was simply the recipient of confidence from both parties, but liked him as I did for himself. When I opened the trunk I called my husband to my side to determine what I was to do with these papers; then for the first time he told me who he was, and produced the fellows to these papers. Even the wedding-ring was halved. One half was in the trunk, the other in his possession. Locks of hair were given to him, braided together in a peculiar manner, and in the trunk were the same. The coat of arms, engraved on very curious old rings, were alike divided between the trunk and himself."

"Why did he come here and live this obscure life?"

"His mother's family, proud and injured by her desertion, treated them coldly, and they

came here: his mother, with true womanly generosity, hesitated to sacrifice her husband's innocent victim. When she died her generosity descended to her son. Perhaps he came here, drawn by the ties of relationship, for here lived his only brother."

The long hatred and persecution rose up before him; perhaps he felt a moment's remorse, but the life-long pride of his character and race—for he had proud blood on both sides—choked the expression of it.

"So, like a dog in the manger, he has descended as low as he could, and watched for the hour of revenge: he has made himself a base tape-seller to point my degradation. I will not accept his generosity. My property is my own, if my name is not, and publish your vile tale as soon as you please. Mr. Selden, are you an accessory to this insult?"

"Mr. Percival, I was only a recipient of the confidence of Mrs. Brown so far as the words of our late clergyman, Mr. Milman, are concerned, and have this morning only received the particulars which you now hear. I have sworn to secrecy, and only accompanied Mrs. Brown here to lend her my protection, and to show you, as an old and trusted friend of your family, that a sincere wish for your welfare induced this visit."

"Fanny," said Will, "you were always a good woman, a good friend. I feel all your goodness, and I wish I were more worthy of your efforts in my behalf; but I hate your husband, *my brother*, who has wronged me by the very fact of his being. I do not accept his offers of secrecy; go, I beg of you, announce the fact of my mother's shame. I shall take every step to free myself from every obligation to Mr. Brown."

He left them in a paroxysm of rage—the next thing which we heard was that he was raving in delirium tremens.

Still, while Will Percival lived the secret did not transpire; drunk or sober he never told it. The Browns were as secret as he: as for Mr. Selden, he was a tomb of secrets.

What need to go on and detail the steps of his sure and certain descent after this? He had long ago entered upon that fearful downward path from which return by the unaided strength of the traveler is all but hopeless. Men of high moral natures have struggled vainly against the fearful propensity. Will Percival's nature was not a high one. Besides, he bore within him a secret, known to others who had no cause to love him, which once divulged would cost him all that he still prized in life. Every month found him lower than before. At length, after months of debauch, Will Percival died. He had had moments of sanity and of apparent reformation; but as Fanny had told him, "self-indulgence had been his plan of life," and he could form no other.

When his will was opened this remarkable clause was found in it:

"I give to Fanny Clifford, the wife of Abram Brown, alias Arthur Beaumont, my *older brother* (as I am told), my estate of Raymond Hill, with the portraits of my late mother and wife, and all other fixtures and furniture thereunto belonging, asking her to preserve the portraits for the love she bore to the originals, and to make such disposition of the estate as she may think best."

Of course the secret was known. Of course we all saw an immense change in Mr. Arthur Beaumont. Many of us remembered that we had thought his carriage noble, his face indicative of high birth. Like poor Mary Raymond, the first wife of Mr. Beaumont had been of proud and honorable lineage, and he, the father, had been the unworthy descendant of good ancestors.

Why he had condescended to be Mr. Bowen's clerk we never knew; perhaps he was crushed by his mother's misfortunes, and after her death cared little what became of him; perhaps he wished to be near his secret, for he of course knew of the little trunk; perhaps—oh, dreadful thought!—he did not care for the opinion of the aristocrats of Summerfield, but bided his time. Certain it was, he went on as he had begun, unassuming, self-contained, and reserved, but faithful, honorable, and of good report.

William Percival sleeps by the side of his mother and wife, and the marble which marks the spot bears the name he bore through life. It is an error which harms no one, and the noble estate which witnessed his ruin has received a consecration, for it is the scene of a noble charity. Fanny and Arthur Beaumont, after securing it from change or downfall, as far as the changeable influences of our country permit, gave it as an asylum for a class of unfortunates, too little cared for in this utilitarian age; and every year Raymond Hill returns to society some restored human being who needed but that "helping hand to the weak" which the poet speaks of:

"A helping hand to the weak,
A friendly arm to the friendless;
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all!"

And, on a soft summer evening, Fanny and Beaumont, who are one in all true and noble sentiments, walk together with their children to a consecrated spot, never without its green turf and beautiful flowers, or imperishable ivy, and talk of all his goodness and loyalty who sleeps beneath. Beaumont can afford to share his wife's regard with that noble memory, and when Christmas comes the marble bust which stands always in the library, looking down with the true serenity of the man it images, on the group below, is surrounded by these words:

"WE KEEP HIS MEMORY GREEN."

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.



BUENA VISTA RANCHE AND VINEYARD.

IF any reliance can be placed upon statistics, the production of Wine is the most important branch of agricultural industry on earth. At all events, there are only to be compared with it the culture of rice—which forms the staple food of nearly one-third of the human race—and that of wheat. Europe is the main seat of wine culture. According to official reports there are in Europe twelve and a quarter millions of acres devoted to the growth of the grape, producing a little more than three thousand millions of gallons a year, which, estimating the average value at place of production at twenty-five cents a gallon, is worth on the spot more than 775,000,000 of dollars. Making the most liberal estimate of the cotton crop of the world, in its palmiest days, it will be hard to bring the value up to more than one-third of this sum. Moreover, as wine is to a considerable extent an article of commerce, fifty cents a gallon would not be a high estimate for its average value at the place of consumption. Thus the real value of the wine crop of Europe would be more than 1,500,000,000 of dollars a year. If these figures are exaggerated the fault is not ours. We find them in official reports, which ought to be reliable.

We are assured on as good authority as that of Mr. Haraszthy that California has five millions of acres suited to grape-culture; that in a considerable part the vine flourishes better than in the most favored regions of Europe; so that when, in a generation or so, this shall be planted with vines, the wine product of that State will be worth, on the spot, at only twenty-five cents a gallon, more than five hundred million dollars.

(The exact figures, as worked out by Mr. Haraszthy, are \$551,858,208 33.)

Making all due allowances for the enthusiasm of a sanguine vine-grower, and guided only by what has actually been demonstrated, we may be certain that the production of wine is to become a leading branch of the industry of the Golden State. We therefore present an account of the processes of grape-culture and wine-making as now conducted in California, at the largest establishment of the kind in the world.

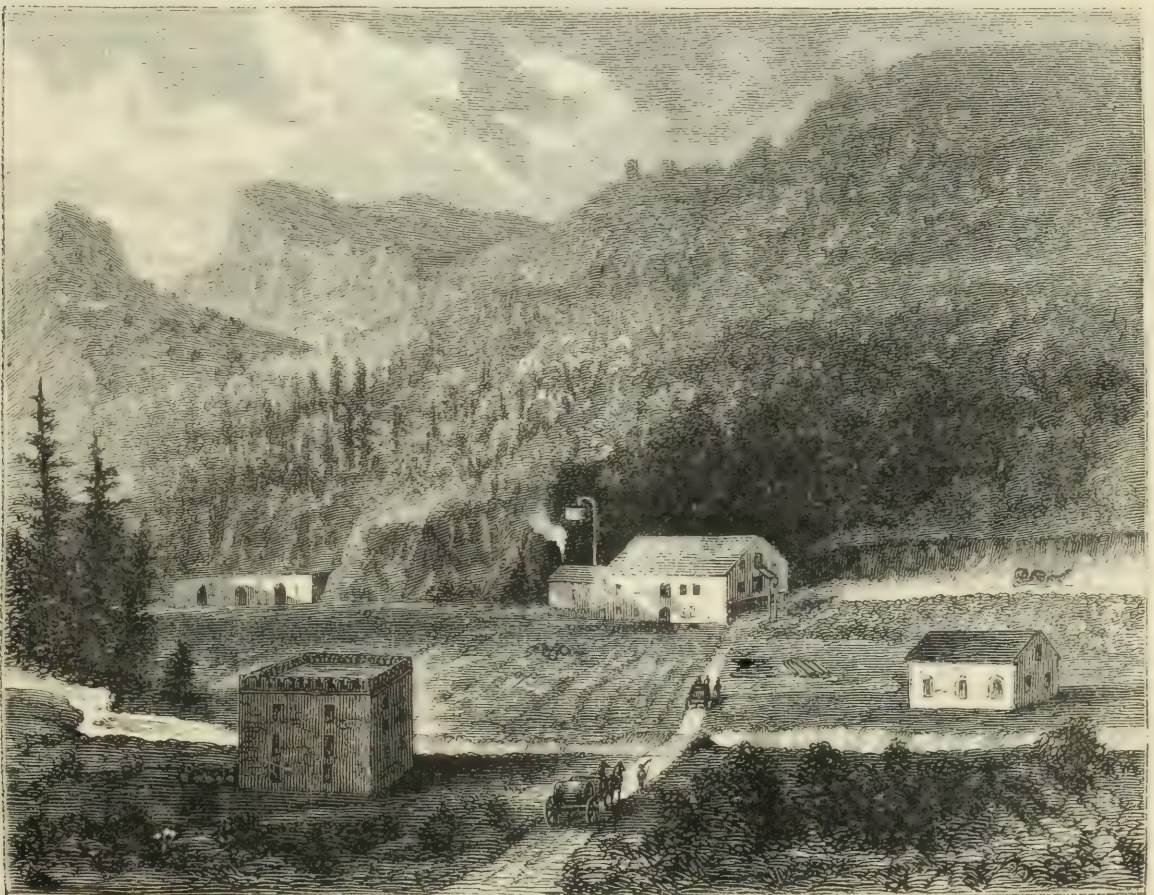
The "Buena Vista Vinicultural Association" is an incorporated Company, composed chiefly of residents of San Francisco. The estate has the largest vineyard in the world, and upon it the business of wine-making has here reached a higher development—in so far as the application of machinery is concerned—than in any other vineyard in America. There are a greater variety of grape, a greater variety of production here, than in any other vineyard of the State, and its extent and production are rapidly increasing.

The estate of the Association, lying within thirty miles of San Francisco, contains 6000 acres in one body, bordering on the town of Sonoma, and running six miles eastward toward Napa City. About 4000 acres are valley land, the remainder well timbered and hilly. The property is bounded on the north by a fine creek, which runs during the whole year; also on the northeast of the boundary-line is a large creek, called the Caneros. Besides these several others cross the estate in all directions, one forming a cascade of from two to three hundred feet.

fall, in groves of evergreen, pine, redwood, live-oak, madronia, wild chestnut, laurel, and mansanito; the laurel, madronia, and mansanito—all evergreens—are most beautiful in foliage and bark. On the estate there are over 50,000 cords of wood; and the mineral springs are celebrated for their healing qualities. There are four different springs—one yellow sulphur, one white sulphur, one magnesia and sulphur, and one yellow sulphur, magnesia, and iron. All the springs are 80° warm; three of them have bathing-houses built over them. There is also a large soda-water spring, which furnishes excellent strong and effervescing soda-water, which requires no artificial means except to cork well the bottle. The land is volcanic, and varies in quality throughout the domain. Some is dark-red—burned by volcanic fires—some is gray, yellow, darkish blue, and black. This variety renders the estate so eminently qualified for the production of the grape, for all foreign vines may be planted in the same soil that they had in their native place. The soil mostly contains magnesia; and to this may perhaps be attributed the fact that Buena Vista produces from its imported vines wines equal to celebrated European varieties, especially for the making of Champagne.

Of the 6000 acres about 400 are planted in vines; 260 of them with Mission, or native, vines—as those are called which were imported from Spain by the Catholic missionaries from 1715 to 1740; and 140 acres with vines imported from all parts of Europe. The vines are

planted eight feet apart, so that a two-horse plow can easily pass between them. Of the 290,000 vines, 1300 were planted in 1832, 6700 in 1854, 13,000 in 1857, 34,000 in 1858, 30,000 in 1859, 70,000 in 1860, and 135,000 in 1861. The vines thirty-one years old are healthy, and bear the most abundantly. They were planted by an Indian who endeavored to establish a home under the law of the Mexican republic, which offered grants of land to red men engaged in the cultivation of the soil. Salvador Vallejo became the next owner; then Benjamin Kelsy; then Julius K. Ross, from whom Mr. A. Haraszthy purchased it in 1856. In the following years Mr. Haraszthy added various tracts of land to the estate. The titles of the estate went through the different forums of courts, were approved, and finally recognized by the United States Government. Up to the time of the purchase of Mr. Haraszthy there were but 7900 vines planted on the estate, and only on spots where they could be irrigated during the summer months. It was well known to Californians that vines were profitable, and never failed to bear, but it was universally believed that all vines required watering. There were but few spots where vines could be watered, therefore but few vineyards were planted in California, and in Sonoma but two: the above mentioned and that of General Vallejo—about 30 acres altogether. When Mr. Haraszthy became proprietor of the Buena Vista property he at once planted 13,000 vines on lands without irrigating them, but using the plow instead of water, contending that by stirring the



WORKS OF THE BUENA VISTA VINICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

ground repeatedly during the summer months the moisture would be drawn from the atmosphere, and the plants would flourish in the loose soil. The old settlers of the valley felt sorry that the new proprietor should waste his money on so hopeless an enterprise. The vines, however, thrived, much to the amazement of the unbelievers, who then said that the vines might grow, but would not bear grapes without irrigation. They waited two years, when many of the more thrifty vines had grapes much finer and sweeter than those before raised on watered vines. This gave conclusive evidence of the practicability of raising vines without water. Then every body began to plant, seeing that Mr. Haraszthy annually increased by thousands his plantation on land which for grain culture was not worth a cent; and now the Valley, which in 1856 had but 30 acres of vines, has more than 2000 acres in thrifty vineyards. Land in the neighborhood of Buena Vista went up from \$6 to \$130 the acre.

This impulse was not only felt in Sonoma, but throughout the upper part of California. The State Agricultural Society watched the progress of the promising enterprise. As early as 1858 the Board of the Society requested Mr. Haraszthy to write an essay on wine-planting, wine-making, etc. With this request he complied by writing an essay which was received with great enthusiasm; extracts were published in most of the newspapers, and thousands were printed by the Legislature and distributed among the people. Many who never before knew any thing of vine-raising or wine-making, by this work were made familiar with the business, and found that, after all, there was no mystery in it. The proof of this is the fact that, according to the State statistics taken in 1856, there were 1,540,134 vines, large and small; and of those the old Spanish settlement of Los Angeles had 726,000 vines, the remainder were scattered through the State in old Missions and Spanish ranches, where they were irrigated. In 1862 the standing Committee of the Legislature on Vines report 20,000,000 of vines planted throughout the State.

The success which attended this enterprise, and the untold wealth which it promised the State, soon manifested itself to every one; and to foster the rapidly growing enterprise the Legislature, in 1861, appointed a Commission to report on the Ways and Means best adapted to promote the improvement and growth of the grape in California. Mr. Haraszthy being appointed one of the commissioners, proceeded to Europe, where he traveled through the principal vine-growing States. Being in an official capacity, and supplied by Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, with a letter to the different Ministers and Consuls of the United States, he had access to all reports from Government committees on vine-raising and wine-making. Besides this, his position as commissioner procured him introductions to the most scientific men, who had spent their lives in practically cultivating and

making wine. These gentlemen freely gave him their mode and experience. All these, together with his personal experience, he has collected into a large and valuable book, which has received a wide circulation, not only in the United States but through Europe.*

During his European tour Mr. Haraszthy collected 380 of the most distinguished varieties of vines in Europe; these are now planted on the Buena Vista estate, where they are flourishing beyond all belief. So that the Buena Vista estate may be said to possess all known valuable varieties of grape-vines in the civilized world.

In planting vines the soil is plowed, subsoiled, and well harrowed, then lined off every eight feet each way. A two-foot stake is stuck into the ground when this is done, and the lines are perfectly straight; holes are dug two feet in diameter and twenty inches deep, the surface soil being thrown on one side and the bottom soil on the other. Then to each row are two men; one with vines, which he places in the holes, spreads their roots, while the other man, with his hoe, covers the roots with the surface ground, and fills up the hole with the bottom earth. When this is done he slightly presses down the soil around the vine with his feet. This is all that is necessary to plant the vine. In Buena Vista the planting is done in December, January, and February. Much caution is used in selecting the ground for the vines imported from Europe. The soil is first analyzed, and they are placed in such earth and locality as they had in their native country.

In the month of March the old as well as the young vines are plowed, with two-horse plows, first one way then the other. After this men with hoes follow, and hoe all around each vine; this is done after every plowing, and so the vines are cultivated four times each way. This lasts till July, after which time nothing more is done to the vine till the gathering of the fruit.

The old vines are pruned in the months of December and January. The best wood on the vine is selected, and cut down to spurs of three buds. The spurs are in accordance with the age and strength of the vine. Those from six to ten years old are pruned to six, and even eight spurs, to bear from ten to fifteen pounds of good healthy grapes; older vines are pruned to more wood and bearing. The cutting is done with shears made for this purpose, and imported from France and Germany. They cut smoother and squarer than the knife. Young vines, one year old, are cut down to two buds; all sprouts from the side and root are carefully cut away. The two-year-old vines are pruned in the same manner, with this difference, that two spurs are left on the vine to form a sort of head. The three-year-old vines are cut to two buds but three spurs, and then they bear grapes. In the following years they are pruned according to their strength.

* *Grape Culture, Vines, and Wine-Making; with Notes upon Agriculture and Horticulture.* By A. HARASZTHY. With numerous Illustrations. Harper & Brothers.

Gathering the grapes is generally done in October or November.* Men with wooden boxes similar to a claret box, and holding about fifty pounds of grapes, will each take a row of vines. They cut the grape bunches with scissors made for this purpose, fill their boxes, and carry them to a wagon, which is provided for every five men. This wagon follows with empty boxes, which are taken off as the full ones are loaded on. Thirty-five boxes form a load, which is then taken to the Press-House. One man will gather in a good vineyard 2000 pounds per day.

The wagon with the grapes is driven to the platform of the Press-House, where there is a car on two massive cast-iron wheels. On this car the boxes and grapes are placed. When full the car is drawn up to the wine-press. This is done by a two-inch rope fastened to the upper end of the car, and also attached to an iron axle turned by a drum, which is propelled by a leather belt fixed on the engine below. When the car is loaded a bell gives the signal to the engineer. He starts the drum which pulls the rope, and thus the loaded car is raised to the third story, where there is a platform; and next the platform is the Grape-Crusher, consisting of two cylinders two and a half feet long and twelve inches thick. The cylinders are supplied with a hopper, like a grain-mill, to hold the grapes. These cylinders have a cog-wheel on one side and a fly-wheel on the other. The whole is moved by a wheel, on which the belt runs, driven by the engine.

The grapes are thrown from the platform into

the hopper, a box at a time, by a man standing on the car; another man is beside the crusher, and moves the bunches into the hopper; by this process one load, containing about 1750 pounds, is crushed in five or six minutes. As the grapes run through the cylinders they are thoroughly crushed, and fall down into a large wooden square box beneath the crusher. But the cylinders are so arranged that the seeds are never broken, for that would be injurious to the wine. The box has a double bottom; the top one is perforated with holes, which permits the grape-juice to run through into the other bottom, from whence it is carried by a spout, and through an iron tube to the basement floor, where there are twelve large vats placed to receive the juices pressed out by the crusher. The tanks are placed in a row close to a large reservoir, which is sunk in the ground beneath the tanks. The reason for not at once letting the juices into the reservoir is that the *must* may first settle for five or six hours in the tanks. All the foreign substance and dust that may be on the grapes, and would be in the *must*, in the six hours will settle to the bottom of the tanks. From thence the *must* is drawn into the reservoir. This prevents the wine having a "ground taste."

The square box before mentioned stands over the press, and from this the press is filled with the crushed grapes. This press has an iron screw five inches in diameter and six feet long; the thread is very fine, so as to give the greatest possible power. This screw is in the centre of a square box, measuring six feet each way, and



Figure 1.

well-matured branch of a healthy vine is taken, placed in the ground so that it will be from eight to twelve inches deep, and have two, three, or four buds above ground. In Europe there are many fancy modes of producing vines. Sometimes a little basket is placed in the ground, about a foot from an old vine; through this basket the layer is led, and allowed to have two buds above ground. At the proper time this layer is cut off from the mother plant, and, with the basket which contains it, is planted in the place intended for it. Rooted vines produced in this manner will bear fruit within one



Figure 2.

year from planting. Another method is to lead a vine through the bottom of a flower-pot filled with rich soil. In the autumn, when the grapes are ripe, the vine in the pot is cut from the mother plant, the pot carefully removed, and the shoot transplanted. To promote the formation of roots the vine is sometimes split up a couple of inches, and the split kept open with a wedge. In a large establishment like that of the California Association, where immediate practical results are aimed at, the simple method of cuttings is chiefly employed. We trust, however, that the slow method of raising from seeds will not be neglected. One first-class new variety thus produced will amply repay the cost and trouble.

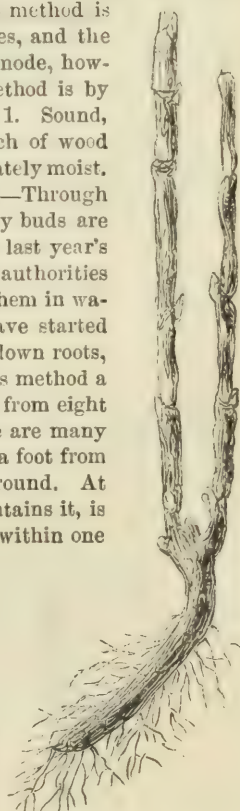


Figure 3.

four feet deep. The sides are slid in, and have a quarter of an inch space between, so that the juice—but not the seeds or stems—may escape. The press is worked by the steam-engine. The pressure, when full, is 282,000 pounds. The wood-work is made of heavy beams, and it required three thousand square feet of timber to complete it. Additional presses will be made in order to be able to work up in time the increased produce. The filling of the press is done in the following manner: Six inches of crushed grapes, then three-inch square pieces of

wood, then again six inches of crushed grapes, and then the pieces of wood till the press is full, when it contains about eight thousand pounds of crushed grapes.*

When it is full the pressing commences; this requires an hour and ten minutes. When no more juice runs the stems, seeds, and skins are thrown into baskets and taken to the fermenting tanks, which stand in the basement, and will be described hereafter. When the tank is full and contains thirty-five thousand pounds, water is let into it from a tank standing on the

* From Mr. Haraszthy's work on Grape-Culture we extract a few hints on various methods of training and pruning. The main object to be attained is to have the vine form a stout and healthy head; the more healthy the head, the more durable and fruitful the vine. To form this head the young shoot is cut off close to the old wood. Vines may be trained in three ways: First, *Free*; Second, on *Props*; Third, on *Trellises*. For wine-making the methods are the best which permit the grapes to grow as near the ground as possible; for the perfect ripening of the grapes



Figure 1.



Figure 2.

depends more on the heat radiated from the earth than upon that which comes directly from the sun. Figure 1 shows the form of *Head-Pruning*. All shoots with year-old wood are pruned off, and of the new ones four or ten are left, which are pruned so that each has one bud left. After the blooming the young shoots may be brought upward and tied together, the ends being cut off above the place where they are tied. The vine-head then presents the shape of a balloon, the grapes hanging in wreaths all around; in this position each cluster has the full benefit of air, light,



Figure 3.



Figure 4.

and sun.—*Bush-Pruning* differs from the foregoing only in leaving a few of the last year's shoots on the vine, which are pruned down to two or three buds. If there are ten or a dozen of these shoots left (as in Figure 2) they may be divided, some tied over the stem balloon-wise, and others supported by props. Various methods of training upon trellises are shown in Figures 3, 4, and 5. The height is the only essential point in which they differ: two and a half and six feet are the usual limits.

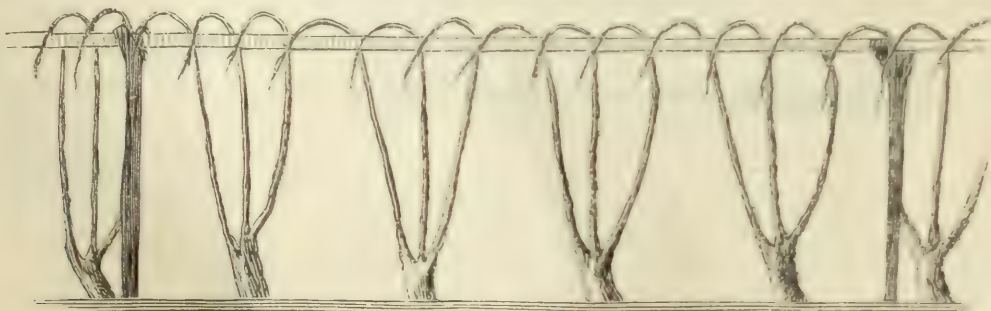


Figure 5.

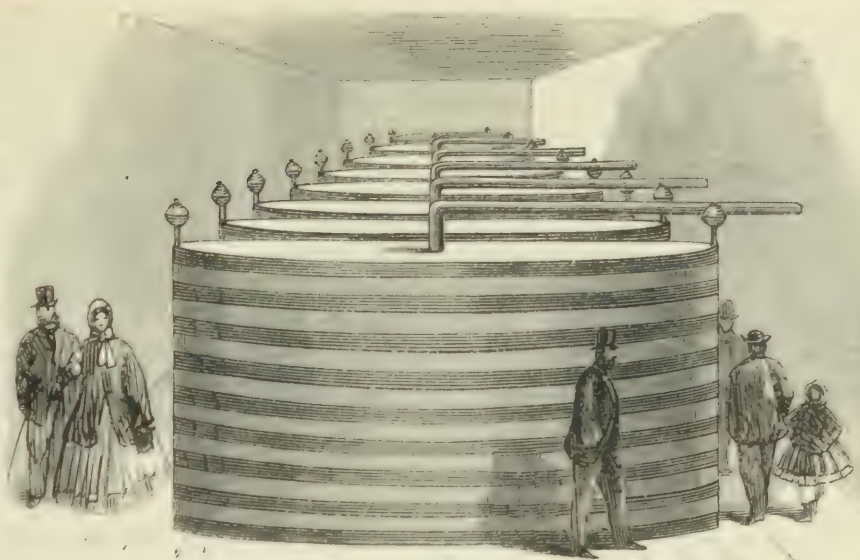
second floor, and filled by a large pump driven by steam. The water is obtained from the crystal stream running in front of the cellar. When within one foot of being full the man-hole is closed, leaving only a glass tube open for the gas to escape into a jar of water. This mass is suffered to ferment from five to ten days. When it has sufficiently fermented it is drawn off into the reservoir already mentioned, from which,

by a steam-pump throwing one hundred gallons per minute, it is pumped into a reservoir standing outside of the building on the side-hill. From thence the wine is led to the different cellars and tanks. This wine is called "Picquet," and is used to make brandy.

The above is the process used to make first quality of white wine out of blue grapes, but when grapes are crushed for making red wine the press is not just then used. But the crushed grapes falling from the grape-crusher into the square wooden box placed under the crusher as described, are taken—stems, seeds, skins, and all—to the fermenting vats in the basement. Each of these holds 4000 gallons, and reaches to the second floor. In the head of each of these tanks is a square hole through which the grapes are thrown into the fermenting tanks below, and the product is red wine.

It has been said above that, for making white wine, the juice runs from the square box and press into tanks below, where it is left to settle for several hours. It is then drawn into a reservoir sunk into the ground, from which the steam-pump brings the *must* into a tank standing on the side-hill, from which it is conveyed into the different cellars by 3-inch pipes into the 4000-gallon tanks. One of these tanks is filled within 18 inches of the top, as already mentioned in describing the process of making red wine. The fermentation will in three to five days be so violent that one can hear the fluid bubble and sputter like boiling water. It generally requires from eight to fifteen days for such a tank to become quiet. It then begins to clear and assume a wine taste.

Nothing more is done to this tank till January, except to keep it constantly filled with similar wine. Then the tank is tapped at the bottom, and the wine drawn into the next standing tank in the following manner: A hose is attached to the faucet, and through it the wine runs into a reservoir, from which it is pumped by hand into the next tank, which has been made ready for it by clearing and sulphuring. The emptied tank is now cleared and sulphured



THE TANKS.

for the reception of the wine from the one next below it; and so on, one tank in each cellar always standing empty ready for the contents of its neighbor. By this means, no matter how many thousands of gallons of wine are to be drawn off, only one extra tank is needed. The white wine is drawn off three times during the first year, twice during the second, once during the third, and then it is left in the tanks until sent to market.

The process of making "Champagne" presents some peculiarities. In the beginning of February, when the white wine is first drawn from the tank, it is cleared with isinglass or some similar substance; tanin is added. A small tank, holding 3000 bottles, is then placed in the basement of the Press-House. This tank is filled from the white wine intended for Champagne. Then the required quantity of rock-candy is dissolved, thrown in, and well stirred. One man draws it into bottles which are corked by another, wired by a third, who has a machine to help tighten the wire; and then a fourth man hoists the bottles to the first floor, where they are piled up in racks. The piles are seven feet high, and eight feet long. The bottles are laid in tiers on small laths. There are six avenues between the piles, which resemble walls, made of bottles. Here the bottles lie for two or three months till the wine has fermented. When the fermentation is too vehement—that is, when more than eight per cent. of the bottles are found to be bursting they are removed to a cooler place in the cellar below. This checks the too rapid fermentation. When the wine has fully fermented, and is ready for clearing, the bottles are put on racks with the neck downward. Every day they are shaken by hand so that the sediment may settle in the neck and on the cork. This process lasts six weeks.

When the Champagne is perfectly clear in the bottle, and the sediment is all in the neck, the operation of disgorging commences. This is extremely difficult, and requires an experienced person. The "disgorger" takes the bottle in hand carefully so as not to disturb the sediment.

He twists off the wire, the cork flies out, and with it all the sediment which had collected. As soon as all this has been popped out, the operator places his thumb on the mouth of the bottle to prevent more wine or gas escaping, and hands the bottle to a man who stands ready to fill up the bottle with the required liquid, which is dissolved candy, fine old brandy, sherry, or Madeira, according to the taste of the customers at the place where the Champagne is to be sent. If it is to be sent to England it is not made so sweet, but "stronger." When filled, the bottle is recorked by a machine, only the finest corks being used. One man ties on the twine while the other fastens the wire. This done, it is given to the person who affixes the labels. Then it passes to the hands of others who wrap it up as carefully as though it were a new-born infant, and pack it in baskets for transportation.

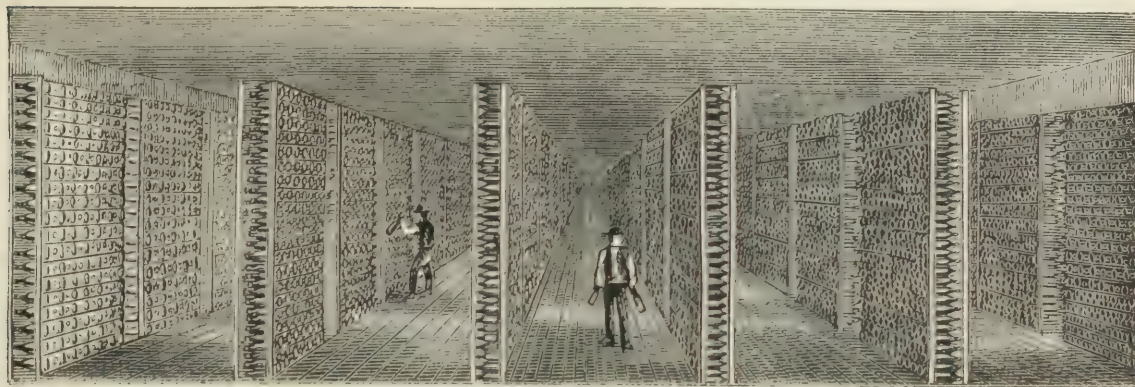
Attached to the Press-House is a machine-shop, where the different apparatus are placed, viz., a steam-engine with double cylinders, a large steam-boiler, which has pipes leading to the distillery about 300 feet distant. A cast-iron pipe is also connected with the boiler, and the large steam-chest where the staves for the tanks are cured, also lumber for building purposes. This chest is 30 feet long, 4 feet wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The green redwood staves are placed in it in such a manner that the steam may penetrate between the staves; when the chest is filled steam is let in continually for from sixteen to twenty hours. At first the water running out of the chest will be as black as ink, then gradually it becomes clearer, and clearer, till it is white, when the staves are done. When taken out, they are dry, and have lost nearly one-half of their former weight. Not a particle of sap remains in them. They are now much easier for the coopers to work than unseasoned wood. All lumber used for doors, window sashes, etc., must be seasoned; without this steam-chest the Company would be at a loss to supply themselves with tanks for the annually increasing produce. It may be here mentioned that the vine-growers felt considerable uneasiness as to how, and from where, they should get oak-wood for making the required barrels, tanks, etc. They appointed committees to report whence and how to import staves. Dalmatia, through Venice, and Canada were recommended. But it was all too expensive, and would have made the cost for a gallon from twelve to thirteen cents. California oak is too porous, and will not do. These facts were a damper to the vine-growing interest till Mr. Haraszthy demonstrated the utility of redwood for tanks, etc. Having foreseen the difficulty about staves, in 1859 he had some small barrels made, applied steam to them by means of an India-rubber hose from a brandy distillery, for at that time there was on the estate no steam-boiler. He steamed a barrel for an hour, then had it washed with clear spring water, and filled with old wine, as new wine will acquire taste much readier than the old. An oak barrel was filled with the same wine at

the same time, so as to ascertain whether the wine in the redwood barrel acquired any foreign taste. The wine was left in for years, but it gave not the slightest taste. Not satisfied with this one test, he increased the number of his tanks, etc., and conclusively proved that the experiment was perfect. This is a great saving, for the redwood abounds, is easily worked, and durable. There are posts planted in the ground that have been there for a hundred years, having been placed there by the old priests, and they are still perfectly sound. The cost per gallon of casks made of this wood is three cents.

Next to the steam-chest is placed a grain-mill, which grinds the barley or wheat for the horses of the estate. Much wheat is used for horse feed. This mill is also driven by steam. There are also several circular saws driven by steam: these are used by the carpenters for sawing lumber for building purposes, making boxes in which to ship the wine or grapes to market. In this building are placed different pumps; some from the reservoir to the tank on the side-hill, others to pump water to the different reservoirs, all worked by the steam-engine.

In the Distillery are three tanks made of redwood three-inch staves, each holding 2300 gallons of wine. Tank No. 1 is on the lowest floor; in it a copper steam-pipe is placed. This tank is filled from tank No. 2 by a valve, No. 2 is filled from No. 3, and No. 3 by a cast-iron pipe from the reservoir on the side-hill. When all three tanks are full steam is let into No. 1. In one hour it commences to boil. When boiling the alcoholic vapor rises, and passes into No. 2, in which is a copper warmer. The wine in No. 2, surrounding this warmer, is not only warmed by this but also precipitates the watery parts rising up from No. 2. The alcoholic vapor rises through No. 3, which has a similar warmer, which again warms the wine, and precipitates the watery vapor that rising from the first, passed through the second, and entered the third tank. Then the spirit rises and enters a globe which is surrounded with running water. From the globe the spirit descends into pan No. 1, and on these pans cold water is also running. All these pans and the globe are made of copper, and will separate such watery vapor as may have penetrated through the tanks Nos. 2 and 3, or through the globe, so that the pure wine spirit will run into the "worm," where it cools. This worm is 220 feet long, made of copper, and placed in a large tank filled with water. The spirit runs through this worm.

At the other end of the worm is a tube into which the spirit runs: this tube is furnished with an "Alcoholometer," which gives the exact strength of the brandy. The brandy comes out of this tube at a temperature of from 94° to 70° . When at 70° the wine in No. 1 is let out, filled from No. 2, which of course is now boiling hot, and begins to make the brandy run in ten minutes; No. 2 is filled from No. 3, which is lukewarm. By this much fuel is saved, also time, for this apparatus can make 1000 gallons of brandy in



THE CELLARS.

24 hours. There is nothing used but pure wine for making brandy or "Cognac." The newly-made Cognac is put into kegs of 25 gallons, and transferred to the rock cellar. Brandy made with steam is healthier than if made in copper stills; for a still heated by fire will burn the fluid more or less, or at least will give it a smoky taste.

There are at present six cellars excavated in the solid rock. Their dimensions are 12 feet high, 16 feet wide. The tanks stand in the middle, are 8 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter. The length of some of the cellars is 140 feet, and they are annually lengthened as the increasing crop requires. Their temperature is 60°, and seldom varies more than one or two degrees during the year. They are kept very clean, nothing being allowed in them which will decay; for wine, like milk, will quickly assume any foreign odor. Whenever a barrel is emptied it is immediately taken to the machine-shop, thoroughly steamed, washed, sulphured, and replaced in its former position. The cleanliness of the cellars and their utensils is considered so important that oil lamps are not used, for fear that the smoke may affect the wine. Therefore sperm candles light all the cellars.

When the wine is considered "ripe" enough for bottling, which varies from three to five years, according to the quality—light wine being sooner ripe—a preparation of isinglass is made. The very best isinglass is put overnight into a dish of pure wine to soak; next morning it is worked up to paste with the hand; more is added to form the thickness of cream. This done, it is taken to the barrel which is to be cleared; a tub is placed before the barrel; a siphon is placed in the bung hole; from six to ten gallons of wine are taken from the barrel and put into the tub; the isinglass is poured into the whole mass, beaten to a foam with sticks or a clean chain. This foamy substance is gradually poured back into the barrel, whose contents are thoroughly stirred up, so as to be mixed with it. The bung-hole is then closed, and remains so for twenty or thirty days, when the wine is drawn off into a clean barrel, and the same process renewed. Some wine requires to be cleared three times. Red wine is cleared in a similar manner, only that instead of isin-

glass fresh eggs are used, as isinglass would injure the color of the red wine.

After the clearing process is satisfactorily accomplished the wine is drawn into bottles, which are cleanly washed in running water. The corking of the bottles is done by machinery. The best corks are used for the finer wines; for much good wine is lost in many establishments on account of bad corking. An experienced man is employed to inspect and select the corks to be used. From the corker the bottle is handed to the man who wraps on the lead, then to the labeler, then to the person putting on the paper wrapper, and finally to the packer, who places twelve bottles in straw in a box; then twelve boxes are placed in one large box, which, being bound with iron hoops, is ready to be shipped.

In the Vinegar Factory are six tanks, holding 1000 gallons each. The inside of one tank is filled with vine-cuttings loosely placed. The wine destined for vinegar is let into tank No. 1, where it stands twenty-four hours. It is then drawn into No. 2; and so on successively into the whole six, always remaining twenty-four hours in each tank. Generally in one month's time the vinegar is excellent. The temperature of the place is kept at eighty degrees by means of a stove.

Making raisins is done in a very simple manner. The grapes for raisins are picked in the heat of the day, when they are free from the morning dew, and carried to a drying establishment on the side-hill. The drying-pan is forty feet long, twelve feet wide, two feet deep, and is made as follows: The hill is very steep, about an angle of forty degrees; it is solid rock. The rock was excavated the above length and width to the depth of four and a half feet. In this excavation are four floors built even, running from the lower part of the hill upward the whole length. These floors are covered with sheet-iron. On the surface of this iron red gravelly clay is strewn four inches thick. The grape-bunches are placed on the pan. During the day, when the sun is shining, no fire is used, but toward evening a fire is made beneath; and by this means the pan is warmed. There being four inches of clay on the sheet-iron plates, the heat is gradual, and keeps the soil warm during

the night. Every evening the pan is covered with boards, to prevent the dew falling on the grapes. It requires from twelve to fourteen days before the raisins are ready to be packed. Three pounds of grapes will give two pounds of raisins. The grave-vines for raisins were imported from Malaga and Smyrna. As yet there are but few raisins made, as the vines are just beginning to bear. In a couple more years there will be from forty to fifty tons produced.

THREE LIVES.

"We meet at one gate

When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door, when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one."

"IN our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us, from many strange places, and by many strange roads; and what it is set to them to do to us, and what it is set to us to do to them, *will all be done.*"

When I came upon this passage in the book I was reading I shut it up and fell to thinking. Somehow the words carried me back along the way of my own life—a rugged, commonplace highway enough, and yet not without some strange, sudden turnings in it, which made me understand what the old Greeks meant by Fate. Mine has not been a stirring career. I have not guided boats through mad seas, tossing white crests of defiance to a threatening sky; I have not ministered in prisons, or nursed in hospitals. Yet is my quiet life not without its own lesson; not without its temptations, its struggles, its hours of terrible anguish; and I have thought it might be a good employment for the long, solitary days of summer, to set it all down; that, perchance, sometime when the mould grows over my pulseless heart, and my faded eyes are closed forever, some other, tried and tempted as I was, may read and learn that the right has its sure rewards. If they are not always of the earth; if the crown is eternal, and the flowers are such as never fade, are they therefore the less worth the winning?

How far off my youth seems, and yet I am but thirty-five! and it is only because my life must be measured, not by years, but by the incidents which have followed each other so fast, that I seem now like an old woman, for whom it remains only to sit among the shadows and wait for the morning.

Back across the years I look to the morning-land of youth. I see a bright, happy home, kind parents, brothers and sisters, so many and so merry. Our life, in the pleasant country town where our home was, was not wanting in variety. We had society enough as we grew up, and the great hospitable house used to ring with gay laughter and cheery talk. In winter Yule fires burned in the wide-mouthed chimneys, for we were come of English stock, and liked to keep up good old customs; the long tables bent

under the weight of bounteous Christmas cheer, and of all the glad young faces on which the fire-light flashed none was more glad than mine. I did not know what trouble meant in those days. There was a strange fascination for me in reading in books about misery and heart-ache—a pleasant luxury, in the soft tears I wept, for sorrows so far removed from my own life.

They spoiled me a little because I was the beauty of the family, and they were all proud of me. No one would guess it now, but in my youth, when these eyes, which so many tears have dimmed, were black and full of sparkling light, when roses flamed on these now pale cheeks, when my lips were coral red, and my long dark hair defied comb and band to curb its luxuriant growth, I was the belle of the country town—the centre of attraction at every fête and festival. The discipline of my life has cured me of vanity. It thrills my pulses now with no throb of the old pride to remember how I queened it once; to recall the perilous pleasure of being followed, and praised, and sought for; the one without whom every company was incomplete. It is fashionable nowadays to make book heroines who are pale and retiring; not handsome till some inspiration kindles their eyes and colors their cheeks, and then, all at once, radiant. My beauty was not of that kind. It was bright and positive.

Of course I had many suitors; but I was not easy to win. I was reluctant to resign my proud dominion over the many to sit quietly down at one man's fireside. Yet I was no coquette; I gave no encouragement, and if any were disappointed I did not hold myself to blame. I was nineteen, and had been for three years the centre of attraction in all the society the neighborhood of Kempton afforded, before I had ever allowed any one to approach me near enough to be my lover.

I hardly know now what it was which moved me when Fred Hartright came. He was my second cousin, but he was an orphan, and had passed most of his life away from Kempton—in school, or traveling, or at the house of his guardian in New York. When I was nineteen he came to Kempton for the summer; and, of course, with the tie of relationship between us, he was brought into constant association with our family.

He was very handsome. I think it ran in the Hartright blood; my mother was a Hartright, and I took my beauty from her. The Hamiltons are all like my father—sturdy, and brave, and true, strong to work for God and man, but wanting a little the Hartright charm.

I had never seen any one like Fred; never, certainly, any one so graceful, so accomplished, so gifted with that rare fascination of manner which makes every thing its possessor does and says seem at once thoroughly sincere, and the most subtle of compliments. Perhaps it was no wonder that we attracted each other, thrown together as we were in all the pleasant, dangerous

intimacy of country life—riding, driving, boating, singing, and dreaming.

When he asked me to marry him, however, I hardly knew what to say, for I had not been thinking of him in that light. Pleasant friend, gay companion he had been—nothing more. But when I listened to his passionate persuasions; when I met his dark eyes so full of pleading; above all, when I knew I must be all to him or nothing—that, if I said no to his suit, my gallant, tender friend would go away from Kempton forever, I began to think how sorely I should miss him, and to long to keep him by my side. There was something very fascinating, moreover, in his intense, earnest way of making love. No one had ever talked so to me before. I did not believe I had ever been half so dear to any one else, and I thought I should never be so beloved again.

Before I fairly knew it we were engaged, and while I passed my days in a sort of charming, cooing bewilderment at Fred's side, my mother and sisters were busily at work upon my wedding outfit.

It was September when our bridal vows were plighted, and we were to be married at the Christmas tide, on my twentieth birthday. The three months intervening were long enough to show me Fred in other phases than the gay companion or chivalrous wooer. I began to recognize in him a passionate temper, an undisciplined will, a jealousy cruel as the grave. Oh, if I had been warned in time. But no one seemed to mind; only my grandmother Hamilton said to me one day—it was after we had quarreled and made up, when she was there on a visit—

"Remember, child, stormy wooing never ends in quiet wedding."

I answered her cheerfully:

"Oh, there'll be no trouble after we are married, grandma. It is only that Fred loves me so well now he can't bear any one else to look at me. After we have settled down into the quiet of wedded life, and our mutual trust is strengthened by time, it will all be different. We shall jog along just as other people do."

Grandmother shook her head.

"If you could build a great stone pyramid on the top of a volcano it might keep it under, perhaps—the thing would be to keep the volcano still till you got it builded."

I knew what she meant. She thought there would never be peace enough between us to give time for building up the quiet trust of which I had spoken. With my nineteen-years-old wisdom I smiled at her fears, and thought she knew neither Fred nor me, or our love for each other.

And indeed there was something fascinating about those very outbursts of temper. I am not sure that they did not make his hold on me stronger than a calmer lover's would have been. Not that I liked his anger or his injustice; but the tender sweetness of making up seemed to atone for all. When I saw him at my feet, so humbled, so sorry, so fearful I would never for-

give him, and so certain that all he needed to cure him forever was to have me all his own, and be sure that no one else would dare to think of me, is it strange that I was ready to pardon all?

I have wondered since that my mother was not alarmed for my future happiness; but she took kindly even to the Hartright foibles, and thought all Fred's passionate injustice sprang from the fervor of his love.

So I went on.

I remember the frosty pomp of my bridal morning. An early snow glittered on the tree-boughs and whitened the road-side, and the bright December sun struck it all to diamond sparkles. Fred was ecstatic. Never had bride been so lovely, or groom so blest. No doubt or misgiving troubled him—there was no little cloud in all the blue sky that arched smiling over his future.

Did his rhapsodies chill me, or why was my heart so heavy? At the very last a vague presentiment of evil oppressed me. Still I felt no inclination to draw back. I thought what I experienced was but the natural, girlish tremor which overflows in some in bridal tears, but which turned me, instead, cold and still. I spoke my vows willingly, and with unfaltering lips—pledged myself of my own free-will, and surely the contract was binding. I could have no right to complain if Fate or Providence exacted its fulfillment to the uttermost farthing.

When the ceremony was over the chill and gloom were uplifted from my mood. I was happy, as brothers and sisters and friends crowded round me with congratulations, and I turned proud eyes on my handsome, graceful husband. Many a time afterward the bitterness of thoughts which would have been harsh was softened by the memory of that hour—of the triumph in his eyes, the love-words on his lips, the tremulous joy of which my own heart was full.

There was need enough, as time passed on, of tender and softening memories. My grandmother had been right. Stormy wooing does not end in quiet wedding.

We lived together, in outward peace, more than three years. On the incidents of those miserable years I will not dwell. They are my secret—let the world speculate on them as it may. Both of us were wrong; both suffered. He was unkind, exacting, causelessly jealous, needlessly cruel. I was defiant, unyielding, not ready enough to forgive. And so the breach between us grew wider. If any child's hand had been stretched out to draw us together, any baby lips had smiled for us, it might have saved us; but God knew best, and He sent no such blessing.

There are men and women, perhaps, who could go through a long lifetime together in outward harmony, when between their hearts was yawning a fathomless, bridgeless gulf of disunion and discordance. Such must have cooler, more controlled, more long-suffering temperaments than ours.

There came a time at last, after months of alienation—months during which not one word had been spoken between us that the necessities of life or of society did not exact—when Fred entered one afternoon the room where I was sitting.

It was a June day. There was a scent of heliotropes in the air. I remember the way every article of furniture was placed—what music was open on the piano, what book I held in my hand, even a white shred on the carpet which tormented my eyes while he spoke.

“I have something to say to you, Margery.”

His tone was quiet, yet with a certain note of resolve which made it forceful. He had always called me Margery, even when we were most at variance; but it seemed to me his voice lingered a little on the name now, with an inflection that made me think of old, happier times. I looked up expectantly, yet with a cold certainty at my heart that reunion was impossible; a secret, bitter determination never again to forgive him, say what he would. But he had not come for prayers or entreaties. Looking at me searchingly, he said,

“Do you remember the address Charles Forsyth gave us in his last letter?”

Charles was our cousin—his as well as mine—and had been among the first to follow the gold rumors to California. I began to guess at Fred's intentions; but I rose quietly, took the letter from a desk, and handed it to him.

“I have made all my arrangements,” he went on, just glancing at it, “to go out to California by the next steamer. I shall join Forsyth. I have no doubt he can put me in the way of establishing myself. I shall go in a week, unless”—here he came close to me, and looked steadily down into my eyes—“unless you ask me to stay, Margery.”

What was my duty? I could not tell. God forgive me if I judged wrongly. He had worn my love out, if indeed it had ever been worth calling love. It was dead utterly. It would be a relief to have him go—a blessed relief—if I could only creep away into some solitude, where the world would forget me, and find rest. Yet I was not without a conscience. If I had thought any reconciliation could be permanent, remembering my marriage-vows I would have said, stay. But I was so weary of such trials! They had been made so often and so vainly! What was the use, I thought, of going through a new mockery of forgiveness and promises, and those miserable scenes after all? So I just said—and I know my voice was cold, for I felt as if I was turning to stone—

“I shall neither say go nor stay. To talk of any influence of mine over you is an absurdity. Do as you choose.”

He put his hand on my shoulder, and, bending down a little, looked into my eyes with a curious expression; hardly tender, yet certainly not harsh; expectant, perhaps. I wondered if he thought there was still any magnetism for me in his touch, any spell in his eyes. I did not speak.

“I wait, Margery, for your bidding. Remember you are deciding the whole future for us both.”

“Did you not understand me? I will take no such responsibility. If you go, you go. If you stay, you stay. I will have nothing to do with the matter.”

He looked at me for a moment without speaking. He seemed studying my face. I think he read there a resolve sterner than his own. He drew a long breath at last, and announced his determination.

“I go, Margery. I shall trouble you no more. See to it that you can quiet your conscience as easily in the days when our vows and the way we have kept them are brought up before us in judgment as you can quiet my voice now.”

I was silent. I might have upbraided him with his own offenses against our mutual compact; but I said nothing, and I thought my silence magnanimous. And yet a few words, even of reproach, would have kept him; for a softened heart looked out of his lingering eyes. A few words then might have saved us perhaps from so much that came after, and I did not speak them. Was it fate?

When he had gone out of the room, and I knew the matter was all settled, I felt no regret. I think I had suffered so much that it made me torpid. I felt like a frozen creature, with only one emotion—a blind, vague sense of relief that I should be put upon the rack no more, should hear no more bitter words, be subjected to no more upbraidings. I could go away—it was all I craved—and rest.

During the week that yet remained before he left I think a few words from me would at any time have changed all his plans. I think, now that he was about to leave me, his heart yearned over me with a sorrowful, longing tenderness. He was more passionate than I—in a certain sense more cruel—but he was at the same time more forgiving. Besides, his nature was not so hard—did not retain impressions as mine did. Our three years and over of perpetual, miserable bickering had not so worn into his soul as they had into mine. It would have been possible for him to forget—to me the very tenacity of my memory was a curse.

I did not then realize, however, that he was longing to stay, waiting and hoping for some small sign of concession from me. If I had, I think I should have yielded, out of duty, not love. But it was not till afterward that the truth came home to me—when I remembered the long looks that sought my face with a speechless entreaty, the slight errands into the room where I was sitting, the little cares for my comfort. All in vain. I responded to none of them. Silent and still, cold and impassive, as if frozen to stone, I sat through the long June days, with a bit of work in my fingers for a pretense, or some book which I never read.

At last—it was the day before he was to go—he spoke to me directly.

"I have spared you all the trouble I could, Margery; done as far as I could without consulting you; but it is necessary that you should tell me your wishes about some things. Will you stay here after I am gone? or would you prefer to go to your father's? I have invested money enough in your name to make you independent; so you can choose your own course."

It seemed to me then that I would have died before I would have remained after he went away in his house. I thought food bought with his money would choke me if I should be starving. I waited a moment till I could speak quietly.

"Thank you," I said, as I would have answered a stranger. "I shall not care to stay here. My plans for the future are all made. I should wish to get away from Kempton, and I shall go to my grandmother Hamilton. She will be glad of my company. I should prefer that you would withdraw the investments you mention. I shall never use them. The money my father settled on me at my marriage will suffice for all my necessities. I think it might be well to leave your attorney the care of letting this house, furnished. It would be an easy manner of disposing of it. I shall remove all my personal effects as soon as you are gone. While you staid I thought it but right to continue my superintendence of the housekeeping, that you might not be uncomfortable."

I looked back to my book for a sign that the conversation was ended, but still he stood there and looked at me.

"Who are you?" he cried, after a moment, in a raised, passionate tone. "You are not Margery Hamilton, the impulsive, thoughtless, gay Margery I loved and won—the Margery that used to love me!"

"No, I am not Margery Hamilton. There is a difference between her and Mrs. Hartright. *You* should know me, for I am what you have made me."

He went out, muttering between his teeth something which I did not hear.

The next day he went away. I think, at the very last, it took all his pride to sustain him, and make him go. After all, he was better than I—his heart was warmer and tenderer. I know my hand was cold when he touched it. My eyes looked stonily into his. I manifested no trace of emotion, because I felt none. The very fountains of my being seemed frozen up. Else, surely, the despairing tenderness that looked so wistfully out of his eyes would have moved me to some throb of pity. I think until the very last the hope had not quite failed him that I would relent, and ask him to stay. When he saw no softening in the cold resolve of my face he spoke his farewell.

"Good-by, Margery, wife. We shall never meet again, perhaps. May God forgive us both!"

"Amen!" I said, solemnly, for in that prayer at least my whole heart joined.

Then he went. The long, sad experiment was over. I was a wife, and yet no wife.

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That was morning. Before noon every thing which I wished to remove was packed and sent to the railroad station. I did not go home. I did not know whether my family knew any thing of Fred's departure. They surely had heard nothing from me; and I could not have borne to see them just then. I thought it would be time enough after I was settled with my Grandmother Hamilton at Woodstock. I discharged my two servants, locked my house, and sent the key to my husband's man of business. Then I turned my back on Kempton.

It was sunset when I stood before my grandmother's door. I had not shed a single tear when I parted with the man whom I had vowed to love and cherish till death came between us—not one when I went out from that home to which I had gone, with such bright hopes, a bride; but when the door opened, and I saw my grandmother's kind face, with the look of surprise blending with her welcome, I remembered how helpless and lonely I was, and I burst into tears.

"Will you take me in?" I asked, amidst my sobs. "I have no other refuge."

She did not say a word. She just led me in silently and up stairs to a pleasant room. She untied my bonnet, took off my shawl, brushed my hair away from my face, and bathed my eyes very gently. Then, in the twilight, she sat down by me with her "Now, child!" and I knew she was ready for my story.

I kept back nothing. To her, at least, if she was to give me comfort and shelter, the whole truth was due. I told her the whole sad history. She held my hand in hers all the time, and when I was through she did not reproach me. She only said,

"Poor Margery! Poor Fred! How I pity you both! Perhaps your coldness was as much to blame as his passion. I think the most love was on his side. He could have gone on forever getting angry and making up; and never, perhaps, have loved you a whit the less. But you could not go on forgiving, and so the breach widened. Two natures that to all human judgment never ought to have come together. How often we see such things in this world! And yet, God knows. Some day we may see how it was all for the best."

"Do you think I ought to have said 'stay,' grandma?"

I asked this question longing yet fearing to know her verdict. She thought a while before she answered me.

"I can't say, child. As we grow older we form our opinions more cautiously; and there are some cases where it is hard to lay down the rule of right and wrong for another soul. I think he wanted you to ask him to stay; and that he would have staid if you had. But whether it would have been any better, whether there would have been any thing but the old, miserable scenes over again, a good deal more suffering, and then separation after all, I don't know. From the first I fear there was want of

forbearance on your side, and want of love. It is too late to change any thing now, unless he should come back and ask you to live with him. If he should I should have no two minds about your duty. If we vow a vow unto the Lord we must keep it, even though it be to our hurt."

I shivered inwardly. I thought I had escaped from the fetters of my rash vow. I could not bear to feel that they had yet a possible hold on me. Perhaps grandmother read my thoughts. I did not express them. I only drew closer to her, and whispered, through the gathering night gloom,

"Will you keep me? May I stay with you?"

"Did you think I would ever send you away?"

And then, when her soft, kind arms took me into their shelter, I cried again for joy that my rest was won.

The next day I wrote to my father and mother, telling them only that Fred was gone to California, and begging them to come over to Woodstock for all farther explanations.

When they came grandmother saw them first. She yielded to my entreaties, and spared me the pain of telling my own story by telling it all in my stead.

When they saw me they were most kind. I had always been their darling, and I know their hearts yearned over me in my desolation. They urged me not a little to come home; but at last I made them understand how trying it would be for me in Kempton, among all the old scenes and the old faces, with my changed prospects and blighted life. I think my mother, with a woman's sensitiveness to public opinion, sympathized fully with my feelings. If my father did not, he at least ceased to oppose my determination. So my life with my grandmother began.

What a quiet life it was! For a year I never even went home. The only changes that came to me were the occasional visits of father, mother, brothers, and sisters; and they always came into my presence with hushed tread and carefully-modulated voices, as one approaches a person on whom a great sorrow has fallen.

I had received a letter soon after I came to Woodstock from my husband's attorney, telling me that, by Mr. Hartright's directions, the house I had vacated would not be let, but remain always ready for my occupancy. Also he informed me that he held property in trust for me to an amount which I knew covered more than half poor Fred's fortune.

This letter touched me profoundly. Fred had been so generous to me in spite of my coldness. Of course I should never occupy the house nor use the money, but it moved me to the heart to see what his care had been for me to the last.

After a year had passed my mother was taken suddenly ill. Then, for a few weeks, I went home, and came back again in mourning clothes, with a new sorrow, an added sense of desolation.

Through every thing no words can tell how tender and pitiful my grandmother was. I found rest and strength leaning on her great

strong heart. For her sake I struggled for cheerfulness, and learned still to find some interest in life.

When Fred had been gone two years a letter came from Charley Forsyth, the cousin he had joined in California, to tell me of his death. They had been up into the Indian region, Charley, and Fred, and two others, on a business expedition. They had been attacked by a party of hostile Indians of more than twice their own number. For a while they tried to resist and defend their property; but being overpowered at length, Forsyth and one of his companions had escaped, leaving dead upon the field Fred and the other.

By the tone of the letter, the pity, the tender sympathy it breathed for me, I knew that Fred had kept our secrets, and that Charley never dreamed that his going to California had been brought about by any alienation from me.

He had been generous to the last, my poor Fred! He had loved me, and he was gone. Now, indeed, my heart smote me. Now I would have given worlds to have recalled the obstinacy of that last miserable week. Now if I could but have gone to his side and whispered, "Stay." But he would never wait again for word of mine. Those thirsty, far-off sands had drunk his blood. Savage eyes had glared into his dying face; no friend, not one, had whispered a prayer on which his parting soul could rise toward heaven. It was not love I felt for him even then, not the surging, passionate overflow of a woman's heart that I could have given him; but I was melted with a sorrow so intense, a pity so profound, that I would have laid down all the rest of my life only to have spoken one tender word which he could hear. Day and night, without sleep or rest, I mourned for him, sorrowed over the pitiable, irremediable past. Again I believed, as I had done once, that he loved me as no one would ever love me again; and I blamed the poor requital I had made him for all the pain there had been in our lives.

In this passion of self-reproachful sorrow my grandmother strove after a while to comfort me. She let me grieve unreprieved at first, for she knew that wild rush of misery must have its way. Then she tried to persuade me to see God's hand in all, to believe that He knew how it would be from the foundation of the world; that it was His will, and in some way, in the midst of sorrow and darkness, His work was going on, making our souls ready for the eternal morning. Perhaps Fred had drawn nearer to Him in loneliness and sorrow than he would ever have done in joy; and if human love and human help were far from him in his hour of peril the Divine arm had held him up.

How was it that, wise and tender as her words were, they sounded so hollow to my need, so empty to my longing? They seemed not to touch me. I listened in my dumb sorrow as one who heard not.

Of course my bereavement was generally known. The estrangement between me and

my husband had never been made public. People had wondered at his going to California, young and prosperous as he was. They may have guessed, with Yankee shrewdness, that he was unhappy; but all certain knowledge of our affairs was confined to my own family. Every one sympathized with me, therefore, when the tidings of his death became known. Little thinking that I had never expected to see him again in this world, they pitied me for my great loss, and eyes and voices grew softer when I came among them.

I had been withdrawn from society before, and, except going regularly to church, I continued to seclude myself. My sorrow brought me but one new friend.

Six months before, Parson Wells, the good, kindly old man who had broken bread for forty years in the church at Woodstock, who had married the elders, baptized the children, and buried the dead, had suddenly, after many years of poor health and constant suffering, lost his voice, and his people had been reluctantly obliged to choose his successor. It was with their old minister's entire approbation that their choice fell on the Reverend Hugh Walden.

I went to hear him, for the first time, a little reluctantly. He was young I knew. Woodstock was his first parish. It seemed to me that after the teachings of Parson Wells, enriched by a lifetime of experience, this young man—who had never suffered, who only knew life by traditions gathered from books, not at all from grappling with its verities, standing face to face with the naked souls of men, in moments when the sense of eternity closing round them rent like a flimsy veil the disguises of mortality—could give us nothing to *feel*. Something to admire, perhaps; pretty sentiment, graceful imagery, a rose or two to gather, the whipped syllabub of the banquet, no more.

I was disappointed.

I can see him now as he rose that day in his pulpit—grand yet simple. His great forehead, with the thin brown hair scantily shading it; his eyes earnest with the depth of the soul looking through them; his mouth gentle and sweet as a child's. There was something in the cadence of his voice as he spoke which thrilled me as no oratory had ever done. He made no attempt at display, either in matter or manner; but there was an unconscious eloquence which carried his words home. I knew that I was in the presence of genius; that strange, subtle power which can dispense sometimes with experience, and reveal to its possessor depths of the heart which no commonplace knowledge of a lifetime could fathom. By virtue of his own capacity to feel—to enjoy and to suffer beyond the measure of most men—you knew instinctively that he could enter without profanation into the holiest of your sorrows.

And yet, feeling from the first his power to understand and to sympathize, I felt so keenly also my own anomalous situation, that I had held myself aloof from him, even as from others. When he had called I had never seen him. It

was not until after the news of my husband's death that he made a visit expressly to me; and, my grandmother being out, I was obliged to receive him alone.

I descended to the parlor with no idea of confiding in him. I meant only to listen to his condolences, and endure them as best I could. I hardly know how it was that my self-command failed me. I believe I was drawn on partly by my sense of justice, partly by my need of pity. When he looked at me with such compassionate eyes, and seemed to feel so much for me because I could not have been with my husband at the last, as if that were almost the bitterest drop in my cup of woe, I felt that he was thinking better of me than I deserved; and I longed to have him know me as I was, and speak, not to the general requirements of a wife's sorrow, but to the particular needs of my own soul. So somehow, I hardly know how, I began at the very beginning, and told him all.

I did Fred justice. I told all that was noble and generous in his nature; all his tender care for me when he went away; but I kept back none of the misery of our life together. I poured out my whole soul, as the angels of resurrection may read it at the last—the wrong, the suffering, the remorse. Words can not tell the relief it was thus to anticipate the terror of Heaven's final sentence by submitting myself thus, with all my weary burden, to the judgment of a good man on earth.

"I can make no atonement," I said, fearfully, when all was told. "Dead is dead, and I can not undo the past. Is there any hope of pardon?"

How his voice fell on my ear—calm, firm, yet tender, and inexpressibly sweet.

"If our hopes depended on the atonement we ourselves could make, where should we all be? Thank Heaven that another has borne the burden of our transgressions. There is forgiveness for every soul which claims it, even the worst. You have been wrong indeed. A hasty, ill-advised marriage is a terrible misfortune; and yet marriage *is* marriage, all the same. The vow voluntarily assumed is binding. You should have been more patient, more gentle, more long-suffering; and surely, at the last, when he waited for your bidding, you should have told him to stay. But the error is past—the forgiveness is present. We shall learn in time to thank God even for sorrow and remorse when they make us feel our need of Him."

Hitherto all my grandmother's tender consolations had been powerless. They had fallen unheeded in the throbs of my dull heartache. But in Mr. Walden's words was an authority which carried them home. He talked to me for an hour, probing the innermost depths of my secret woe. And before he went I was able to pray with faith for forgiveness.

That interview had drawn us near to each other as months of common acquaintance could not have done. When soul had spoken to soul heart and mind could not be strangers.

There was a year and a half after that of calm, placid friendship between us. I was scarcely conscious how necessary he was growing to me. I never thought of the possibility of marrying again. My first marriage had been so hopeless, so miserable, had ended in such untold bitterness and desolation, that I forgot I was free, and only twenty-seven.

It almost frightened me when Mr. Walden asked me to be his wife. It was a day in early spring. Violets were opening their blue eyes in the clefts—birds were singing in the boughs—the tender green of bursting leaf and springing grass was every where. We went out to ramble a little while among the spring sights and sounds, and, walking by my side, he told me how unconsciously he had learned to love me. He had looked upon me at first as one consecrated and set apart from human ties by sorrow; but with his more intimate knowledge of me I had grown into his heart until he knew now that I held in my hands every hope of his life on earth. Could I love him? Could I stand beside him before God and give him my life?

Then, in that moment, my own soul's secret flashed suddenly into the light. This was love—this that I felt for him—this that I had never felt before. For me, even for me, the sun of life had not set. It was spring for me as well as for the year. After my long winter again would come song of birds, and blooming of flowers. I turned toward him and stretched out my hands. His grasp closed on them firm and fast. "God has given me my heart's desire," I heard him murmur—then, to me, with a half-jealous eagerness,

"Are you *sure*, Margery? Is there no doubt, no misgiving? You know what love is not—are you certain you know what it is?"

Yes, I was sure. I told him so. At last I had learned the sweet secret—the passionate bliss, for which every human heart waits, and, if it comes not in this world, laments as for a lost birth-right.

How happy I was! What a day it was that day! Sitting here, thirty-five years old, and all alone, again its glory bathes earth and sky—its music, subtly sweet, throbs through the silence—its bliss makes my heart beat with the old, passionate pulses. I was too happy, perhaps. I wonder, sometimes, if to every life is apportioned only a certain measure of joy—a cup just so full—and, if we drain it all in a day or a year, we must thirst in vain forever after for the magic wine?

When the sun set Hugh went home with me. In the soft spring twilight he led me in front of the chair where my grandmother sat, with placid hands folded upon her lap, and the silver hair shining softly above her quiet brow.

"I have asked Margery to be mine, and she has promised. Have we done well?"

"Truly, my children, I believe Heaven made you for each other. May the God you both serve bless you and your love, and make smooth before you the paths of your life!"

We both bent before her as she rose and laid her dear, trembling hands on our heads; and her blessing made us feel as if our love was holy.

What a summer followed that night! We were not to be married till the autumn; for I insisted—I hardly knew why myself, though afterward I felt it was God's guidance—on waiting till Fred had been dead two years. Besides, my bliss, just as it was, satisfied me fully. I feared any change might mar its perfectness. Our betrothal was kept secret. I wanted to escape the curious comments of Hugh's parishioners. It seemed to me a bliss with which no stranger had any right to interfere. I do not know whether any one commented on our being so much together. No one, surely, had any right to complain, for he neglected no other duties for my sake. It was only when his day's work was over that he came to me, and we tasted the delights of full confidence, love unquestioned and unquestioning. I found again the youth that had left me at twenty. I was joyous enough to sing with the summer birds. I saw bluer skies, brighter stars, a fairer earth.

So the summer went by us with flying feet, and the autumn came.

One autumn night my lover, soon to be my husband, bade me good-by. He held me in his arms a moment and left some long, fond kisses on my lips which fearlessly kissed him back again, for our wedding-day was nigh.

We had been sitting at the door together, and after he was gone I sat there still, watching moon and stars, and thinking how happy I was. The door behind me was open into the sitting-room, where my grandmother was alone through the twilight. All had been still so long that I started when I heard the sound of her aged, tremulous voice,

"In the midst of life we are in death."

I knew she said the words to herself, musing among the shadows on the night to which she was drawing nigh, and without any thought of me. Still they struck me with a sudden chill—a sort of presentiment of coming doom. For the first time I remembered that I held my happiness by a frail thread after all. An accident, a step off the river's brink in the darkness, a stroke of summer lightning, a few days of fever—how easily could my world be made a blank! Gone was the glory of the night. A cold wind seemed to rise from the grave-yard, whose white stones I could see gleaming in the moonlight a quarter of a mile away and blow toward me mockingly—menace and defiance in its breath. I rose with a shudder and went in, closing the door behind me.

Soon I went to bed, and still I seemed to hear that long, defiant blast, blowing up from the rest of the dead, keening outside. It lulled me into a strange, unquiet slumber, visited by troublous dreams, but from which I did not awake till morning.

All that forenoon I moved about as one un-

der a baleful spell. I scented trouble in the air. I knew some sharp, sudden stroke was coming. But all the forenoon the house was still. Not even a neighbor broke our solitude. When dinner was over my grandmother went to her own room, as was her custom, for a little rest. She did not hear, therefore, when a visitor came to the door and asked for me.

I went trembling into the parlor, where he had been shown, and found there Charley Forsyth. I knew him at once, though I had not seen him since I was fifteen, and despite the bronzed face and heavy, slightly grizzled beard. I went up to him and called him by his name.

"So you know me," he said, as if surprised and pleased at my recognition. "I thought I should have to tell you who I was. I have come to bring you strange tidings. Can you bear them—listen to them calmly?"

I knew then what he had come to say as well as I knew when all his story had been told. I shivered with sudden cold. I shook in every limb; but I shut my hands tightly on the arms of the chair in which I was sitting. I *would* keep still; I *would* hear all calmly. I would not weep or cry out. I could not speak, but I motioned to him to go on.

"I have misled you most cruelly," he began, "but most unintentionally. When I escaped from the Indians I believed that I left Frederick Hartright dead upon the field. It was to save my own life that I fled without burying him; but I thought he was past all human help. I believed this until three months ago. In a journey over the mountains I came upon him face to face. I had heard him speaking, and knew his voice before I saw him. But for that I might not have recognized him perhaps, he was so terribly changed. There was scarcely a vestige of his old self about him. I spoke to him, and he could not deny his identity. He had escaped in some mysterious way from the jaws of death; he said it was by no wish or effort of his own. Since then, knowing that I thought him dead, he had lived in solitary places, and tried to avoid every chance of our meeting. When I asked why he had chosen to be dead to all the world I could win no reply from him except that so far he had always been a curse to every one he loved, and he thought the kindest thing he could do would be to keep out of the way, and darken no one's sunshine. This is the sole confidence he ever bestowed on me. I do not know whether you and he are alienated: I could only guess it from his resolution to pass for dead and keep himself out of sight. I had meant to come home before—I wanted to see father and mother once more before they died—but this matter hurried me. I made my preparations as rapidly as I could, and here I am, to set all right, so far as I can, and atone, if possible, for misleading you so unwittingly two years ago. Cousin Margery, can you forgive me?"

"I do not see that you are to blame," I forced myself, out of justice, to say; but it came hard. What an awful calamity his unintentional mis-

statement had been to me! My tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and it was only by a painful effort I could articulate. I got up and took a glass of water from the table, and drank a swallow. Then I could speak better.

"You have been kind, Cousin Charles," I said: "will you be yet kinder? Does any one know you have been here?"

"No one. Fred told me you were in Woodstock, and I came here without going to Kempton. You are the first person who has recognized me since I set foot in Connecticut. I must be off for Vermont as soon as I can, and see if they'll know me there. My heart is hungry for a sight of the old homestead, and the old faces."

"Will you go, then, without seeing any one here, even my father? When you have made your visit at home come back and see us all. I can bear better by-and-by to have all this talked over. Just now I want a little time to realize it myself, and know where I stand."

So he went, and all the dreary afternoon I sat and waited. I did not make any plans, or think at all what I was going to do. My powers seemed all paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow. I only sat silent, and thought over and over again one terrible thought: it would be a sin to love Hugh any more; my dream was over. A few times my grandmother, who had come down soon after Cousin Charles went away, spoke to me; but finding me disinclined to talk, as her way was, she let me alone.

Just at night, when I knew it was time for Hugh to come, I went out and walked a little way along the path to meet him. Soon I heard his quick, glad footstep; saw his face wearing the eager, loving brightness of meeting. Slowly I went forward. He took my hands and bent to kiss me. I turned my face away, and said—I suppose my tones sounded husky and strange—

"You must never do that again, Hugh; never in all the world!"

"Never kiss you again, Margery! and you, in three weeks more, to be my wife! Are you mad, my darling?"

"No, I am not mad," I said, drearily; "I wish I were."

Then I told him all the truth.

When I was done he looked into my eyes.

"Margery," he said, "I believe Heaven meant us for each other. Your grandmother said so once, and she is a good woman. Do you think I can give you up? That man does not seek or claim you. He has been away from you four years and over. You can get a divorce easily enough; and we will outlive this storm, and be happy yet."

How his face glowed—how his eyes claimed me with loving looks which thrilled down to the core of my poor, quivering heart! Had I got to do all? Must all the courage, the renunciation, the resolve, be on my side—and I so crushed, so weak?

"Have I not heard you say," I asked, "that

divorces were wicked? Were they wrong for others, and right for you and me?"

His face grew pale. He looked at me helplessly—almost hopelessly.

"I don't know, Margery. I have said divorces, save for the one cause God's law mentions, were a sin. But I may have judged wrongly. It seems to me now that I did. I can not think any other wrong so great as for a man and a woman voluntarily to give up the pure joy which is every soul's birth-right—blight their lives—their power of being good or happy. God help me, Margery! I don't know where I am."

"Go home," I said; "go now, and ask Heaven for counsel. Come to me in the morning, and tell me what to do. Remember, if you are my lover, you are also my minister—God's messenger; and that you will have to answer before Him for the way you guide any soul which lays its life in your hands."

Without another word he turned away. I listened to his footsteps going slowly and sadly back over the path along which they had come with such eager joy. Then I went in, and kneeling by my grandmother's side I told her my story. When I had told all, I said,

"Grandmother, must I give up Hugh? What is right?"

"For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth."

Solemnly through the twilight shadows fell her voice, saying slowly those words from the book which to her was sole authority in all vexed questions, all doubtful issues. I was answered. I only sobbed, half unconsciously, from the depths of my desolation,

"It is so hard!"

And then I felt on my forehead the touch of her quivering lips, and as she drew me close into her pitying arms she whispered,

"It is the Lord's doing, and He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men."

With the morning came Hugh. When I saw his pale, resolved face I knew what that night's vigil had taught him. I told him the question I had asked grandmother, and the words of authority in which she had answered. He looked at me with eyes full of an unfathomable misery.

"She is right, Margery. Since Frederick Hartright lives he is your husband. I have no right to urge you to set aside your marriage vow. I will never dare again to say what is wrong for another; but for us, let us choose the safe side. Better to be parted here than to buy this world's happiness with the sacrifice of God's peace."

How could I describe our parting—we who had so nearly been made one flesh? What last words we spoke; what hopes shone, star-like, through our darkness—hopes of a better country, even a heavenly, where the broken threads of this imperfect life shall be woven again into brightness; and, through it all, how he upheld me, strengthened my soul for the conflict—it is all written upon my heart, where only the pity-

ing eyes of the merciful Father can ever read. Let me pass briefly over the agony of that hour.

In two weeks Hugh had resigned his parish and left Woodstock. His reasons no one knew; but, reluctant as were his people to part with him, they found his resolution unalterable.

He went, and even I knew nothing of his destination. We felt it right to separate utterly, to bridge the gulf between us with no knowledge. I never expected to hear from him again. I knew I should not die. I expected to live, and I knew my one duty was to forget. For him, he had his work in life, and I believed he would do it. He might live till he was old and gray. I had faith that he would live well; and I believed that I should know him, despite all the scars and changes of his life, when we should meet in the far "Silent Land—the boundless regions of all perfection."

I was unutterably thankful when he was gone. It seemed to me that I could not have borne my fate if he had staid where I must see him, hear his voice, breathe the same air. He being gone, there was more hope. I could bury the two years I had known him in my heart; and in time kind Heaven might lend me aid to set a watch upon memory, and roll a stone to the door of my sepulchre.

Charley Forsyth did not come back. Some business call hurried him away to California, and no one in Woodstock, save my grandmother, knew the secret he had told me—knew that my husband was alive in this world.

On Christmas there came to me a letter. Eight years ago that day I had spoken my bridal vows. It was a strange coincidence which brought me that letter on this very day. I knew the moment I looked at the cover that it was from Fred. My heart beat suffocatingly. My hand trembled so I could hardly break the seal; but somehow I had strength to read its contents. It almost broke my heart, it was so touching, so penitent. I had been as much to blame in the past as he, but he took all the blame to himself. He told me how well he had loved me, and how hard he had tried, for the sake of my peace, to live away from me. He had been silent, he said, until it seemed to him the burden of his misery was greater than he could bear. Perhaps he should still have kept silence, for my sake, if he had not known that I would hear from Forsyth that he was alive. He was hungry and thirsty for my love; it was the only hope earth held for him. Still, until he heard from me he would not come. He knew that for two years I had thought him dead; perhaps, so thinking, I had formed some new tie. If so, I need not write to tell him. Not hearing from me, he would know his fate, and bear it in silence. But if I was still his wife—if I could give him any hope—write, and he would come to try and make what amends he could for the errors of years ago.

How doubly thankful I was when I had read that letter that Hugh was gone—that Charley Forsyth had saved me from the sin I had been

so near unconsciously committing. A love entered into my soul for Fred, deep and tender beyond words; not such a love as I could have given Hugh Walden, but a tenderness pure and passionless, heightened by remorse, intensified by pity. I wrote him only these words:

"Eight years ago to-day I became your wife. I am your wife still. Come."

When I showed my grandmother his letter and my answer she looked at me with tears in her kind eyes as she said,

"You have done right, child. That is your work in life. God will help and strengthen you to make Fred happy."

With the spring he came. His wounds and exposures, his desolate, uncared-for life, had told on him fearfully. His face retained few traces of its once fascinating charm. A worn, prematurely old man he came back to me, and I gave him welcome. I had resolved, in the strength of God, that no coldness of mine should ever chill him: he should never be disappointed in me. Whatever pain my life held I would bear alone; and the remnant of his years I would make happy.

There was something strangely touching in the change which had been wrought in him. The passionate temper, the haughty, indomitable will, where were they? Sometimes I longed to see him assert himself with a little of the old domineering sway; but it never came. When I expressed my desire to continue to live with grandmother he made no objection, but sold the house in Kempton, which had remained unoccupied ever since he went away.

And so we lived on together quietly for two years, we three. I think I did make Fred's life happy. I do not think he missed anything from my love. Do you ask if my own lot was wretched? I think nothing but willful sin can utterly darken my life. There was one fountain in my nature, the purest and sweetest perhaps, sealed up. Never more would its bright waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine. But there was much left to enjoy. It is impossible to be quite miserable while one works unselfishly for others. My grandmother was growing feeble, and I found occupation enough in nursing her and attending to Fred. I had no time for profitless musings.

There came a night at last when I was summoned by a sharp, sudden cry of pain. It broke through the stillness of my first slumbers, and I sprang up and hurried to my grandmother's bedside. I saw at once that she was very ill, and dispatched Fred for a physician. A few days followed of intense suffering, borne with saintly patience. Just at the last she was a little easier. I sat by her side, and she beckoned me to place my ear to her lips. Faintly she whispered,

"You have done right. Be good to Fred, and God will be good to you."

Those were her last words, her benediction, her farewell. The long-suffering soul was at peace. The willing hands would do no more work for God or man. The kindly heart had

throbbled with its last impulse of human charity. She could rest now.

I think Fred mourned for her almost as sincerely as I did. At any rate he sympathized most tenderly with my sorrow.

I redoubled my devotion to him, now that I had no one else to care for. And there was need of it; for month by month I saw that he was wasting away. His desolate years had done their slow, sure work. Oh, with what bitter pangs of remorse I watched him! How gladly I would have laid down my life to save his! I never could forget that I had refused to ask him to stay when he had waited for my bidding, and I knew how much that obstinacy had cost us both. Sometimes, at his expressions of affection, I felt such a torturing sense of unworthiness as I could hardly bear. Through all he had been faithful to me—had loved me entirely. Sometimes it seemed to me that the only ease for my heart must be to pour it out at his feet—as if I *must* tell him all that I had felt or die. Then it seemed to me that would be but another form of selfishness. To tell him that I had loved another would be to put it out of my power to make him happy. For the sake of easing my own heart I had no right to lay its burden on him. The least I could do was to leave him the happiness of believing in my love.

Thank Heaven he did believe in it, and so I was able to comfort him to the last. All through the months of his slow decline I watched by his side. It was pitiful to see how he clung to me. It seemed to be the one agony, which nothing could soothe away, that he must leave me. Looking into my face with those great, mournful eyes, full of unutterable meaning, he would break the silence with his longing cry:

"Oh, if you could only go with me, Margery! How shall I live again without you? I have known what that is."

I tried to lead him to the higher love that could never fail him; but still he clung to me until the very last hour of his life. Did he see in that final hour some strange, soul-subduing glimpse of the heavenly glory? Who can tell? I only know that with a new light breaking sea-like and radiant into his eyes he cried:

"Margery, I am going from you to Him. His love is tender, and in His presence is fullness of joy. Margery, wife, darling, His hands are outstretched—I have no fear. Kiss me now. Let me carry your kiss where I am going."

I bent over him, and pressed my lips to his in a passion of love and woe. Just then how dear he was! It seemed to me I could not give him up. I would have held him back from death in my arms, or died for him. But God took him. Even then, with my kiss thrilling on his lips, my arms clinging to him, his soul went out—into the infinite spaces.

A strange peace came to me as he lay there dead. I felt as certain as of my own existence that he knew all now—held the secret I had kept from him for his own sake only, and had forgiven me. The smile, that last sweetest smile

of all, frozen upon his dead lips, calmed me and comforted me, almost as if I had heard him speak my pardon. And indeed, if he could read my heart now, he must have known with what late tenderness it was swelling. He was my husband. He had loved me well and faithfully, and he was dead. Did not every claim he had upon my love assert itself? Did I fail to remember his generosity when he left me—his changeless constancy through all those years of separation, his patient tenderness since?

On his grave I planted roses and violets. To me it was a shrine. I went there for my holiest communings with the world where he was.

Six months after he left me there came a packet directed in an unfamiliar hand. It was postmarked at a Western city. I broke it open, and saw a letter directed to me in Hugh Walden's writing, and with it a notice of his death, and a few lines in the stranger hand telling me how he died. In his ministrations among the sick he had taken a malignant fever, and in three days after first sending for a physician was dead. The inclosed letter had been found among his papers, with a request that it should be sent to me. A few more lines there were—a tribute to his usefulness and self-sacrificing devotion, a lament for his loss.

Then I opened his letter. It was as if his soul spoke again to mine when I read it:

"Margery, I should not write you these words did I not know that your husband is dead, and that your hearing from me once more can give pain to no mortal. You have never heard from me in the long silent years which have fallen betwixt us; but I have found means to inform myself, from time to time, of your welfare. I know that you have done your duty in God's fear.

"When I heard that you were free, a fond sweet hope stole into my heart—Heaven forgive me if it was sin—of some day standing once more by your side, looking again into your eyes, hearing again your well-loved voice. I know the sad years have changed you. Your eyes would not be so bright; perhaps there is silver in your hair. I think you would not have been less beautiful to me if I had lived to come to you. But God knew best. I was doing His work when I breathed in this fever that is killing me. There is no hope. When I have finished this letter I shall send for a physician. I would not send for one before lest he should forbid these last words to you. But I know I shall never get well. I pray only for strength to write a few lines more.

"I am not sorry to be called home. God judges right. I dare not, if I could, choose even the joy of life with you before the blessedness of His rest. And yet, Margery, my heart clings to you. With this fever burning in my veins, swimming in my head, I can not say what I would. Only this, darling, in this hour of uttermost peril, when very soon my soul will stand before God, *I know we did right*. It is only a little life, this one of toil and waiting—the life comes after that will never end. Since I left you I have striven to do God's work among the sick and needy—His poor children. You have done it too, in your way; and now for me is the end, the rest—for you, waiting. But not for long, not long. Soon for you, too, will the light break over the eternal mountains. It grows dark—my sight is dim. Margery, my soul's Margery, good-by!"

The last lines were written in a cramped, irregular hand, as by one who could not see. Do you think I can tell you how I felt as I read them? Is there any language which translates heart-beats?

I recognized God's hand, and I was content

that so that beloved life should end. In this world I could never see him again. Hand to hand, lip to lip, we should never meet more. I could not even go to his far-off grave. Yet was there left me the promise of his last words. For me, too, should break the dawn-light over the eternal mountains. A blessedness not of earth, and which the world could not take away, was in the thought that I had not sold my birth-right for a mess of pottage. I had yet a right to look upward.

They are both dead! One here, with the roses and violets on his grave, and tender tears to quicken them into beauty. The other far away, in a resting-place fashioned by stranger hands, where my steps can never go, or my tears fall. Both dead! and I sit among the shadows and wait for my morning; but my hope is sure.

MY SWORD SONG.

DAY in, day out, through the long campaign,
I march in my place in the ranks;
And whether it shine or whether it rain
My good sword cheerily clanks;
It clanks and clangs in a lordly way,
Like the ring of an armed heel:
And this is the song which day by day
It sings with its lips of steel:

"Oh, friend from whom, a hundred times,
I have felt the steadfast grip
Of the all-renouncing love that climbs
The heights of fellowship,
Are you tired with treading the weary miles,
Are you faint with your bleeding limbs?
Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,
And the sound of the olden hymns?

"Has your heart grown weak since the radiant hour
When you leaped with a single bound
From your dreamy ease to the sovereign power
Of a living soul world-crowned?
Behold! the aloes of sacrifice
Are better than any wine;
And the bloody sweat of a Cause like this
Is an agony divine.

"Under the wail of the shuddering world,
Amoaning for its dead sons:
Over the bellowing thunders hurled
From the throats of wrathful guns;
Above the roar of the plunging line
That rocks with the fury of hell,
Runs the absolute voice—'O Earth of mine,
Be patient, for all is well!'"

Thus sings my sword to my soul; and I,
Albeit the way is long,
And black clouds thicken athwart the sky,
Still keep my spirit strong;
For whether I live, or whether I lie
On the red ground ghastly and stark,
Beyond the carnage I shall descry
God shining across the dark.

RICHARD REALE.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER LVIII.

THE FATE OF THE SMALL HOUSE.

THERE was something in the tone of Mrs. Dale's voice, as she desired her daughter to come up to the house, and declared that her budget of news should be opened there, which at once silenced Lily's assumed pleasantry. Her mother had been away fully two hours, during which Lily had still continued her walk round the garden, till at last she had become impatient for her mother's footstep. Something serious must have been said between her uncle and her mother during those long two hours. The interviews to which Mrs. Dale was occasionally summoned at the Great House did not usually exceed twenty minutes, and the upshot would be communicated to the girls in a turn or two round the garden; but in the present instance Mrs. Dale positively declined to speak till she was seated within the house.

"Did he come over on purpose to see you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe so. He wished to see you, too; but I asked his permission to postpone that till after I had talked to you."

"To see me, mamma? About what?"

"To kiss you, and bid you love him; solely for that. He has not a word to say to you that will vex you."

"Then I will kiss him, and love him too."

"Yes, you will when I have told you all. I have promised him solemnly to give up all idea of going to Guestwick. So that is over."

"Oh, oh! And we may begin to unpack at once? What an episode in one's life!"

"We may certainly unpack, for I have pledged myself to him; and he is to go into Guestwick himself and arrange about the lodgings."

"Does Hopkins know it?"

"I should think not yet."

"Nor Mrs. Boyce! Mamma, I don't believe I shall be able to survive this next week. We shall look such fools! I'll tell you what we'll do—it will be the only comfort I can have—we'll go to work and get every thing back into its place before Bell comes home, so as to surprise her."

"What! in two days?"

"Why not? I'll make Hopkins come and help, and then he'll not be so bad. I'll begin at once and go to the blankets and beds, because I can undo them myself."

"But I haven't half told you all; and, indeed, I don't know how to make you understand what passed between us. He is very unhappy about Bernard. Bernard has determined to go abroad, and may be away for years."

"One can hardly blame a man for following up his profession."

"There was no blaming. He only said that it was very sad for him that, in his old age, he should be left alone. This was before there was any talk about our remaining. Indeed he seemed determined not to ask that again as a favor. I could see that in his eye, and I understood it from his tone. He went on to speak of you and Bell, saying how well he loved you both; but that, unfortunately, his hopes regarding you had not been fulfilled."

"Ah, but he shouldn't have had hopes of that sort."

"Listen, my dear, and I think that you will not feel angry with him. He said that he felt his house had never been pleasant to you. Then there followed words which I could not repeat, even if I could remember them. He said much about myself, regretting that the feeling between us had not been more kindly. 'But my heart,' he said, 'has ever been kinder than my words.' Then I got up from where I was seated, and going over to him, I told him that we would remain here."

"And what did he say?"

"I don't know what he said. I know that I was crying and that he kissed me. It was the first time in his life. I know that he was pleased—beyond measure pleased. After a while he became animated, and talked of doing ever so many things. He promised that very painting of which you spoke."

"Ah, yes, I know it; and Hopkins will be here with the pease before dinner-time to-mor-

row, and Dingles with his shoulders smothered with rabbits. And then Mrs. Boyce! Mamma, he didn't think of Mrs. Boyce; or, in very charity of heart, he would still have maintained his sadness."

"Then he did not think of her; for when I left him he was not at all sad. But I haven't told you half yet."

"Dear me, mamma; was there more than that?"

"And I've told it all wrong; for what I've got to tell now was said before a word was spoken about the house. He brought it in just after what he said about Bernard. He said that Bernard would, of course, be his heir."

"Of course he will."

"And that he should think it wrong to encumber the property with any charges for you girls."

"Mamma, did any one ever—"

"Stop, Lily, stop; and make your heart kinder toward him if you can."

"It is kind; only I hate to be told that I'm not to have a lot of money, as though I had ever shown a desire for it. I have never envied Bernard his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or his ox, or his ass, or any thing that is his. To tell the truth I didn't even wish it to be Bell's, because I knew well that there was somebody she would like a great deal better than ever she could like Bernard."

"I shall never get to the end of my story."

"Yes, you will, mamma, if you persevere."

"The long and short of it is this, that he has given Bell three thousand pounds, and has given you three thousand also."

"But why me, mamma?" said Lily, and the color of her cheeks became red as she spoke. There should if possible be nothing more said about John Eames; but whatever might or might not be the necessity of speaking, at any rate let there be no mistake. "But why me, mamma?"

"Because, as he explained to me, he thinks it right to do the same by each of you. The money is yours at this moment—to buy hairpins with, if you please. I had no idea that he could command so large a sum."

"Three thousand pounds! The last money he gave me was half a crown, and I thought that he was so stingy! I particularly wanted ten shillings. I should have liked it so much better now if he had given me a nice new five-pound note."

"You'd better tell him so."

"No; because then he'd give me that too. But with five pounds I should have the feeling that I might do what I liked with it; buy a dressing-case, and a thing for a squirrel to run round in. But nobody ever gives girls money like that so that they can enjoy it."

"Oh, Lily; you ungrateful child!"

"No, I deny it. I'm not ungrateful. I'm very grateful, because his heart was softened, and because he cried and kissed you. I'll be ever so good to him! But how I'm to thank

him for giving me three thousand pounds I can not think. It's a sort of thing altogether beyond my line of life. It sounds like something that's to come to me in another world, but which I don't want quite yet. I am grateful, but with a misty, mazy sort of gratitude. Can you tell me how soon I shall have a new pair of Balmoral boots because of this money? If that were brought home to me I think it would enliven my gratitude."

The squire, as he rode back to Guestwick, fell again from that animation which Mrs. Dale had described into his natural sombre mood. He thought much of his past life, declaring to himself the truth of those words in which he had told his sister-in-law that his heart had ever been kinder than his words. But the world, and all those nearest to him in the world, had judged him always by his words rather than by his heart. They had taken the appearance, which he could not command or alter, rather than the facts, of which he had been the master. Had he not been good to all his relations?—and yet was there one among them that cared for him? "I'm almost sorry that they are going to stay," he said to himself; "I know that I shall disappoint them." Yet when he met Bell at the Manor-house he accosted her cheerily, telling her with much appearance of satisfaction that that flitting into Guestwick was not to be accomplished.

"I am so glad," said she. "It is long since I wished it."

"And I do not think your mother wishes it now."

"I am sure she does not. It was all a misunderstanding from the first. When some of us could not do all that you wished, we thought it better—" Then Bell paused, finding that she would get herself into a mess if she persevered.

"We will not say any more about it," said the squire. "The thing is over, and I am very glad that it should be so pleasantly settled. I was talking to Dr. Crofts yesterday."

"Were you, uncle?"

"Yes; and he is to come and stay with me the day before he is married. We have arranged it all. And we'll have the breakfast up at the Great House. Only you must fix the day. I should say some time in March. And, my dear, you'll want to make yourself fine; here's a little money for you. You are to spend that before your marriage, you know." Then he shambled away, and as soon as he was alone again became sad and despondent. He was a man for whom we may predicate some gentle sadness and continued despondency to the end of his life's chapter.

We left John Eames in the custody of Lady Julia, who had overtaken him in the act of erasing Lily's name from the railing which ran across the brook. He had been premeditating an escape home to his mother's house in Guestwick, and thence back to London, without making any further appearance at the Manor-house.

But as soon as he heard Lady Julia's step, and saw her figure close upon him, he knew that his retreat was cut off from him. So he allowed himself to be led away quietly up to the house. With Lady Julia herself he openly discussed the whole matter—telling her that his hopes were over, his happiness gone, and his heart half-broken. Though he would perhaps have cared but little for her congratulations in success, he could make himself more amenable to consolation and sympathy from her than from any other inmate in the earl's house. "I don't know what I shall say to your brother," he whispered to her, as they approached the side door at which she intended to enter.

"Will you let me break it to him? After that he will say a few words to you of course, but you need not be afraid of him."

"And Mr. Dale?" said Johnny. "Every body has heard about it. Every body will know what a fool I have made myself." She suggested that the earl should speak to the squire, assured him that nobody would think him at all foolish, and then left him to make his way up to his own bedroom. When there he found a letter from Cradell, which had been delivered in his absence; but the contents of that letter may best be deferred to the next chapter. They were not of a nature to give him comfort or to add to his sorrow.

About an hour before dinner there was a knock at his door, and the earl himself, when summoned, made his appearance in the room. He was dressed in his usual farming attire, having been caught by Lady Julia on his first approach to the house, and had come away direct to his young friend, after having been duly trained in what he ought to say by his kind-hearted sister. I am not, however, prepared to declare that he strictly followed his sister's teaching in all that he said upon the occasion.

"Well, my boy," he began, "so the young lady has been perverse."

"Yes, my lord. That is, I don't know about being perverse. It is all over."

"That's as may be, Johnny. As far as I know not half of them accept their lovers the first time of asking."

"I shall not ask her again."

"Oh yes, you will. You don't mean to say you are angry with her for refusing you?"

"Not in the least. I have no right to be angry. I am only angry with myself for being such a fool, Lord De Guest. I wish I had been dead before I came down here on this errand. Now I think of it, I know there are so many things which ought to have made me sure how it would be."

"I don't see that at all. You come down again—let me see—it's May now. Say you come when the shooting begins in September. If we can't get you leave of absence in any other way, we'll make old Buffle come too. Only, by George, I believe he'd shoot us all. But never mind; we'll manage that. You keep up your spirits till September, and then we'll fight the

battle in another way. The squire shall get up a little party for the bride, and my lady Lily must go then. You shall meet her so; and then we'll shoot over the squire's land. We'll bring you together so; you see if we don't. Lord bless me! Refused once! My belief is, that in these days a girl thinks nothing of a man till she has refused him half a dozen times."

"I don't think Lily is at all like that."

"Look here, Johnny. I have not a word to say against Miss Lily. I like her very much, and think her one of the nicest girls I know. When she's your wife I'll love her dearly, if she'll let me. But she's made of the same stuff as other girls, and will act in the same way. Things have gone a little astray among you, and they won't right themselves all in a minute. She knows now what your feelings are, and she'll go on thinking of it, till at last you'll be in her thoughts more than that other fellow. Don't tell me about her becoming an old maid because at her time of life she has been so unfortunate as to come across a false-hearted man like that. It may take a little time; but if you'll carry on and not be down-hearted, you'll find it will all come right in the end. Every body doesn't get all that they want in a minute. How I shall quiz you about all this when you have been two or three years married!"

"I don't think I shall ever be able to ask her again; and I feel sure, if I do, that her answer will be the same. She told me in so many words; but never mind, I can not repeat her words."

"I don't want you to repeat them; nor yet to heed them beyond their worth. Lily Dale is a very pretty girl; clever, too, I believe, and good, I'm sure; but her words are not more sacred than those of other men or women. What she has said to you now she means, no doubt, but the minds of men and women are prone to change, especially when such changes are conducive to their own happiness."

"At any rate I'll never forget your kindness, Lord De Guest."

"And there is one other thing I want to say to you, Johnny. A man should never allow himself to be cast down by any thing—not outwardly, to the eyes of other men."

"But how is he to help it?"

"His pluck should prevent him. You were not afraid of a roaring bull, nor yet of that man when you thrashed him at the railway station. You've pluck enough of that kind. You must now show that you've that other kind of pluck. You know the story of the boy who would not cry though the wolf was gnawing him underneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see, and it behooves us so to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about declaring himself to be miserable will be not only miserable, but contemptible as well."

"But the wolf hasn't gnawed me beneath my clothes; every body knows it."

"Then let those who do know it learn that you are able to bear such wounds without outward complaint. I tell you fairly that I can not sympathize with a lackadaisical lover."

"I know that I have made myself ridiculous to every body. I wish I had never come here. I wish you had never seen me."

"Don't say that, my dear boy; but take my advice for what it is worth. And remember what it is that I say; with your grief I do sympathize, but not with any outward expression of it;—not with melancholy looks, and a sad voice, and an unhappy gait. A man should always be able to drink his wine and seem to enjoy it. If he can't, he is so much less of a man than he would be otherwise—not so much more, as some people seem to think. Now get yourself dressed, my dear fellow, and come down to dinner as though nothing had happened to you."

As soon as the earl was gone John looked at his watch and saw that it still wanted some forty minutes to dinner. Fifteen minutes would suffice for him to dress, and therefore there was time sufficient for him to seat himself in his arm-chair and think over it all. He had for a moment been very angry when his friend had told him that he could not sympathize with a lackadaisical lover. It was an ill-natured word. He felt it to be so when he heard it, and so he continued to think during the whole of the half hour that he sat in that chair. But it probably did him more good than any word that the earl had ever spoken to him—or any other word that he could have used. "Lackadaisical! I'm not lackadaisical," he said to himself, jumping up from his chair, and instantly sitting down again. "I didn't say any thing to him. I didn't tell him. Why did he come to me?" And yet, though he endeavored to abuse Lord De Guest in his thoughts, he knew that Lord De Guest was right, and that he was wrong. He knew that he had been lackadaisical, and was ashamed of himself; and at once resolved that he would henceforth demean himself as though no calamity had happened to him. "I've a good mind to take him at his word, and drink wine till I'm drunk." Then he strove to get up his courage by a song,

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how—

"But I do care. What stuff it is a man writing poetry and putting into it such lies as that! Every body knows that he did care—that is, if he wasn't a heartless beast."

But nevertheless, when the time came for him to go down into the drawing-room he did make the effort which his friend had counseled, and walked into the room with less of that hang-dog look than the earl and Lady Julia had expected. They were both there, as was also the squire, and Bell followed him in less than a minute.

"You haven't seen Crofts to-day, John, have you?" said the earl.

"No; I haven't been any where his way!"

"His way! His ways are every way, I take

it. I wanted him to come and dine, but he seemed to think it improper to eat two dinners in the same house two days running. Isn't that his theory, Miss Dale?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Lord De Guest. At any rate it isn't mine?"

So they went to their feast, and before his last chance was over John Eames found himself able to go through the pretense of enjoying his roast mutton.

There can, I think, be no doubt that in all such calamities as that which he was now suffering the agony of the misfortune is much increased by the conviction that the facts of the case are known to those round about the sufferer. A most warm-hearted and intensely-feeling young gentleman might, no doubt, eat an excellent dinner after being refused by the girl of his devotions, provided that he had reason to believe that none of those in whose company he ate it knew any thing of his rejection. But the same warm-hearted and intensely-feeling young gentleman would find it very difficult to go through the ceremony with any appearance of true appetite or gastronomic enjoyment, if he were aware that all his convives knew all the facts of his little misfortune. Generally, we may suppose, a man in such condition goes to his club for his dinner, or seeks consolation in the shades of some adjacent Richmond or Hampton Court. There he meditates on his condition in silence, and does ultimately enjoy his little plate of whitebait, his cutlet, and his moderate pint of sherry. He probably goes alone to the theatre, and in his stall speculates with a somewhat bitter sarcasm on the vanity of the world. Then he returns home, sad indeed, but with a moderated sadness, and as he puffs out the smoke of his cigar at the open window—with perhaps the comfort of a little brandy-and-water at his elbow—swears to himself that, "By Jove, he'll have another try for it." Alone, a man may console himself, or among a crowd of unconscious mortals; but it must be admitted that the position of John Eames was severe. He had been invited down there to woo Lily Dale, and the squire and Bell had been asked to be present at the wooing. Had it all gone well nothing could have been nicer. He would have been the hero of the hour, and every body would have sung for him his song of triumph. But every thing had not gone well, and he found it very difficult to carry himself otherwise than lackadaisically. On the whole, however, his effort was such that the earl gave him credit for his demeanor, and told him when parting with him for the night that he was a fine fellow, and that every thing should go right with him yet.

"And you mustn't be angry with me for speaking harshly to you," he said.

"I wasn't a bit angry."

"Yes, you were; and I rather meant that you should be. But you mustn't go away in dudgeon."

He staid at the Manor-house one day longer,

and then he returned to his room at the Income-tax Office, to the disagreeable sound of Sir Raffle's little bell, and the much more disagreeable sound of Sir Raffle's big voice.

CHAPTER LIX.

JOHN EAMES BECOMES A MAN.

EAMES, when he was half-way up to London in the railway carriage, took out from his pocket a letter and read it. During the former portion of his journey he had been thinking of other things; but gradually he had resolved that it would be better for him not to think more of those other things for the present, and therefore he had recourse to his letter by way of dissipating his thoughts. It was from Cradell, and ran as follows:

"INCOME-TAX OFFICE, May —, 186—.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I hope the tidings which I have to give you will not make you angry, and that you will not think I am untrue to the great friendship which I have for you because of that which I am now going to tell you. There is no *man*—[and the word *man* was underscored]—there is no *man* whose regard I value so highly as I do yours; and though I feel that you can have no just ground to be displeased with me after all that I have heard you say on many occasions, nevertheless in matters of the heart it is very hard for one person to understand the sentiments of another, and when the affections of a lady are concerned, I know that quarrels will sometimes arise."

Eames, when he had got so far as this, on the first perusal of the letter, knew well what was to follow. "Poor Caudle!" he said to himself; "he's hooked, and he'll never get himself off the hook again."

"But let that be as it may, the matter has now gone too far for any alteration to be made by me; nor would any mere earthly inducement suffice to change me. The claims of friendship are very strong, *but those of love are paramount*. Of course I know all that has passed between you and Amelia Roper. Much of this I had heard from you before, but the rest she has now told me with that pure-minded honesty which is the most remarkable feature in her character. She has confessed that at one time she felt attached to you, and that she was induced by your perseverance to allow you to regard her as your fancy. [Fancy-girl he probably conceived to be the vulgar English for the elegant term which he used.] But all that must be over between you now. *Amelia has promised to be mine*—[this also was underscored]—and mine I intend that she shall be. That you may find in the kind smiles of L. D. consolation for any disappointment which this may occasion you, is the ardent wish of your true friend,

"JOSEPH CRADELL.

"P.S.—Perhaps I had better tell you the whole. Mrs. Roper has been in some trouble about her house. She is a little in arrears with her rent, and some bills have not been paid. As she has explained that she has been brought into this by those dreadful Lupexes, I have consented to take the house into my own hands, and have given bills to one or two tradesmen for small amounts. Of course she will take them up, but it was the credit that was wanting. She will carry on the house, but I shall, in fact, be the proprietor. I suppose it will not suit you now to remain here, but don't you think I might make it comfortable enough for some of our fellows; say half a dozen, or so? That is Mrs. Roper's idea, and I certainly think it is not a bad one. Our first effort must be to get rid of the Lupexes. Miss Spruce goes next week. In the mean time we are all taking our meals up in our own rooms, so that there is nothing for the Lupexes to eat. But they don't seem to mind that, and still keep the sitting-room and

best bedroom. We mean to lock them out after Tuesday, and send all their boxes to the public house."

Poor Cradell! Eames, as he threw himself back upon his seat and contemplated the depth of misfortune into which his friend had fallen, began to be almost in love with his own position. He himself was, no doubt, a very miserable fellow. There was only one thing in life worth living for, and that he could not get. He had been thinking for the last three days of throwing himself before a locomotive steam-engine, and was not quite sure that he would not do it yet; but, nevertheless, his place was a place among the gods as compared to that which poor Cradell had selected for himself. To be not only the husband of Amelia Roper, but to have been driven to take upon himself as his bride's fortune the whole of his future mother-in-law's debts! To find himself the owner of a very indifferent lodging-house—the owner as regarded all responsibility, though not the owner as regarded any possible profit! And then, above and almost worse than all the rest, to find himself saddled with the Lupexes in the beginning of his career! Poor Cradell indeed!

Eames had not taken his things away from the lodging-house before he left London, and therefore determined to drive to Burton Crescent immediately on his arrival, not with the intention of remaining there, even for a night, but that he might bid them farewell, speak his congratulations to Amelia, and arrange for his final settlement with Mrs. Roper. It should have been explained in the last chapter that the earl had told him before parting with him that his want of success with Lily would make no difference as regarded money. John had, of course, expostulated, saying that he did not want any thing, and would not, under his existing circumstances, accept any thing; but the earl was a man who knew how to have his own way, and in this matter did have it. Our friend, therefore, was a man of wealth when he returned to London, and could tell Mrs. Roper that he would send her a check for her little balance as soon as he reached his office.

He arrived in the middle of the day—not timing his return at all after the usual manner of Government clerks, who generally manage to reach the metropolis not more than half an hour before the moment at which they are bound to show themselves in their seats. But he had come back two days before he was due, and had run away from the country as though London in May to him were much pleasanter than the woods and fields. But neither had London nor the woods and fields any influence on his return. He had gone down that he might throw himself at the feet of Lily Dale—gone down, as he now confessed to himself, with hopes almost triumphant, and he had returned because Lily Dale would not have him at her feet. "I loved him—him, Crosbie—better than all the world besides. It is still the same. I still love him better than all the world." Those were the words which had driven him back to London;

and having been sent away with such words as those, it was little matter to him whether he reached his office a day or two sooner or later. The little room in the city, even with the accompaniment of Sir Raffle's bell and Sir Raffle's voice, would now be more congenial to him than Lady Julia's drawing-room. He would therefore present himself to Sir Raffle on that very afternoon, and expel some interloper from his seat. But he would first call in Burton Crescent and say farewell to the Ropers.

The door was opened for him by the faithful Jemima. "Mr. Heames, Mr. Heames! ho dear, ho dear!" and the poor girl, who had always taken his side in the adventures of the lodging-house, raised her hands on high and lamented the fate which had separated her favorite from its fortunes. "I suppose you knows it all, Mister Johnny?" Mister Johnny said that he believed he did know it all, and asked for the mistress of the house. "Yes, sure enough, she's at home. She don't dare stir out much, 'cause of them Lupexes. Ain't this a pretty game? No dinner and no nothink! Them boxes is Miss Spruce's. She's agoing now, this minute. You'll find 'em all up stairs in the drawen-room." So up stairs into the drawing-room he went, and there he found the mother and daughter, and with them Miss Spruce, tightly packed up in her bonnet and shawl. "Don't, mother," Amelia was saying; "what's the good of going on in that way? If she chooses to go, let her go."

"But she's been with me now so many years," said Mrs. Roper, sobbing; "and I've always done every thing for her! Haven't I, now, Sally Spruce?" It struck Eames immediately that, though he had been an inmate in the house for two years, he had never before heard that maiden lady's Christian name. Miss Spruce was the first to see Eames as he entered the room. It is probable that Mrs. Roper's pathos might have produced some answering pathos on her part had she remained unobserved, but the sight of a young man brought her back to her usual state of quiescence. "I'm only an old woman," said she; "and here's Mr. Eames come back again."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Roper? how d'ye do — Amelia? how d'ye do, Miss Spruce?" and he shook hands with them all.

"Oh, laws," said Mrs. Roper, "you have given me such a start!"

"Dear me, Mr. Eames; only think of your coming back in that way," said Amelia.

"Well, what way should I come back? You didn't hear me knock at the door, that's all. So Miss Spruce is really going to leave you?"

"Isn't it dreadful, Mr. Eames? Nineteen years we've been together—taking both houses together, Miss Spruce, we have, indeed." Miss Spruce at this point struggled very hard to convince John Eames that the period in question had in truth extended over only eighteen years, but Mrs. Roper was authoritative, and would not permit it. "It's nineteen years if it's a day.

No one ought to know dates if I don't, and there isn't one in the world understands her ways unless it's me. Haven't I been up to your bedroom every night, and with my own hand given you—" But she stopped herself, and was too good a woman to declare before a young man what had been the nature of her nightly ministrations to her guest.

"I don't think you'll be so comfortable any where else, Miss Spruce," said Eames.

"Comfortable! of course she won't," said Amelia. "But if I was mother I wouldn't have any more words about it."

"It isn't the money I'm thinking of, but the feeling of it," said Mrs. Roper. "The house will be so lonely like. I sha'n't know myself; that I sha'n't. And now that things are all settled so pleasantly, and that the Lupexes must go on Tuesday— I'll tell you what, Sally; I'll pay for the cab myself, and I'll start off to Dulwich by the omnibus to-morrow, and settle it all out of my own pocket. I will indeed. Come; there's the cab. Let me go down, and send him away."

"I'll do that," said Eames. "It's only sixpence off the stand," Mrs. Roper called to him as he left the room. But the cabman got a shilling, and John, as he returned, found Jemima, in the act of carrying Miss Spruce's boxes back to her room. "So much the better for poor Caudle," said he to himself. "As he has gone into the trade it's well that he should have somebody that will pay him."

Mrs. Roper followed Miss Spruce up the stairs and Johnny was left with Amelia. "He's written to you, I know," said she, with her face turned a little away from him. She was certainly very handsome, but there was a hard, cross, almost sullen look about her, which robbed her countenance of all its pleasantness. And yet she had no intention of being sullen with him.

"Yes," said John. "He has told me how it's all going to be."

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" said he.

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"I'll congratulate you, if you'll let me."

"Pshaw—congratulations! I hate such humbug. If you've no feelings about it, I'm sure that I've none. Indeed I don't know what's the good of feelings. They never did me any good. Are you engaged to marry L. D.?"

"No; I am not."

"And you've nothing else to say to me?"

"Nothing—except my hopes for your happiness. What else can I say? You are engaged to marry my friend Cradell, and I think it will be a happy match."

She turned away her face further from him, and the look of it became even more sullen. Could it be possible that at such a moment she still had a hope that he might come back to her?

"Good-by, Amelia," he said, putting out his hand to her.

"And this is to be the last of you in this house?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I'll come and call upon you, if you'll let me, when you're married."

"Yes," she said, "that there may be rows in the house, and noise, and jealousy—as there have been with that wicked woman up stairs. Not if I know it, you won't! John Eames, I wish I'd never seen you. I wish we might have both fallen dead when we first met. I didn't think ever to have cared for a man as I've cared for you. It's all trash and nonsense and foolery; I know that. It's all very well for young ladies as can sit in drawing-rooms all their lives, but when a woman has her way to make in the world it's all foolery. And such a hard way, too, to make as mine is!"

"But it won't be hard now."

"Won't it? But I think it will. I wish you would try it. Not that I'm going to complain. I never minded work, and as for company, I can put up with any body. The world's not to be all dancing and fiddling for the likes of me. I know that well enough. But—" and then she paused.

"What's the 'but' about, Amelia?"

"It's like you to ask me; isn't it?" To tell the truth he should not have asked her. "Never mind. I'm not going to have any words with you. If you've been a knave I've been a fool, and that's worse."

"But I don't think I have been a knave."

"I've been both," said the girl; "and both for nothing. After that you may go. I've told you what I am, and I'll leave you to name yourself. I didn't think it was in me to have been such a fool. It's that that frets me. Never mind, Sir; it's all over now, and I wish you good-by."

I do not think that there was the slightest reason why John should have again kissed her at parting, but he did so. She bore it, not struggling with him; but she took his caress with sullen endurance. "It'll be the last," she said. "Good-by, John Eames."

"Good-by, Amelia. Try to make him a good wife, and then you'll be happy." She turned up her nose at this, assuming a look of unutterable scorn. But she said nothing further, and then he left the room. At the parlor door he met Mrs. Roper, and had his parting words with her.

"I am so glad you came," said she. "It was just that word you said that made Miss Spruce stay. Her money is so ready, you know! And so you've had it all out with her about Cradell. She'll make him a good wife, she will indeed; much better than you've been giving her credit for."

"I don't doubt she'll be a very good wife."

"You see, Mr. Eames, it's all over now, and we understand each other; don't we? It made me very unhappy when she was setting her cap at you; it did indeed. She is my own daughter, and I couldn't go against her; could I? But I knew it wasn't in any way suiting. Laws, I know the difference. She's good

enough for him any day of the week, Mr. Eames."

"That she is—Saturdays or Sundays," said Johnny, not knowing exactly what he ought to say.

"So she is; and if he does his duty by her she won't go astray in hers by him. And as for you, Mr. Eames, I'm sure I've always felt it an honor and a pleasure to have you in the house; and if ever you could use a good word in sending to me any of your young men, I'd do by them as a mother should; I would indeed. I know I've been to blame about those Lupexes, but haven't I suffered for it, Mr. Eames? And it was difficult to know at first; wasn't it? And as to you and Amelia, if you would send any of your young men to try, there couldn't be any thing more of that kind, could there? I know it hasn't all been just as it should have been; that is as regards you; but I should like to hear you say that you've found me honest before you went. I have tried to be honest, I have indeed."

Eames assured her that he was convinced of her honesty, and that he had never thought of impugning her character either in regard to those unfortunate people, the Lupexes, or in reference to other matters. "He did not think," he said, "that any young men would consult him as to their lodgings; but if he could be of any service to her, he would." Then he bade her good-by, and having bestowed half a sovereign on the faithful Jemima, he took a long farewell of Burton Crescent. Amelia had told him not to come and see her when she should be married, and he had resolved that he would take her at her word. So he walked off from the Crescent, not exactly shaking the dust from his feet, but resolving that he would know no more either of its dust or of its dirt. Dirt enough he had encountered there certainly, and he was now old enough to feel that the inmates of Mrs. Roper's house had not been those among whom a resting-place for his early years should judiciously have been sought. But he had come out of the fire comparatively unharmed, and I regret to say that he felt but little for the terrible scorplings to which his friend had been subjected and was about to subject himself. He was quite content to look at the matter exactly as it was looked at by Mrs. Roper. Amelia was good enough for Joseph Cradell—any day of the week. Poor Cradell, of whom in these pages after this notice no more will be heard! I can not but think that a hard measure of justice was meted out to him, in proportion to the extent of his sins. More weak and foolish than our friend and hero he had been, but not to my knowledge more wicked. But it is to the vain and foolish that the punishments fall; and to them they fall so thickly and constantly that the thinker is driven to think that vanity and folly are of all sins those which may be the least forgiven. As for Cradell I may declare that he did marry Amelia, that he did, with some pride, take the place of master of the house at the

bottom of Mrs. Roper's table, and that he did make himself responsible for all Mrs. Roper's debts. Of his future fortunes there is not space to speak in these pages.

Going away from the Crescent, Eames had himself driven to his office, which he reached just as the men were leaving it, at four o'clock. Cradell was gone, so that he did not see him on that afternoon; but he had an opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Love, who treated him with all the smiling courtesy due to an official big-wig—for a private secretary, if not absolutely a big-wig, is semi-big, and entitled to a certain amount of reverence—and he passed Mr. Kissing in the passage, hurrying along as usual with a huge book under his arm. Mr. Kissing, hurried as he was, stopped his shuffling feet; but Eames only looked at him, hardly honoring him with the acknowledgment of a nod of his head. Mr. Kissing, however, was not offended; he knew that the private secretary of the First Commissioner had been the guest of an earl; and what more than a nod could be expected from him? After that John made his way into the august presence of Sir Raffle, and found that great man putting on his shoes in the presence of FitzHoward. FitzHoward blushed; but the shoes had not been touched by him; as he took occasion afterward to inform John Eames.

Sir Raffle was all smiles and civility. "Delighted to see you back, Eames: am, upon my word; though I and FitzHoward have got on capitally in your absence; haven't we, FitzHoward?"

"Oh yes," drawled FitzHoward. "I haven't minded it for a time, just while Eames has been away."

"You're much too idle to keep at it, I know; but your bread will be buttered for you elsewhere, so it doesn't signify. My compliments to the duchess when you see her." Then FitzHoward went. "And how's my dear old friend?" asked Sir Raffle, as though of all men living Lord De Guest were the one for whom he had the strongest and the oldest love. And yet he must have known that John Eames knew as much about it as he did himself. But there are men who have the most lively gratification in calling lords and marquises their friends, though they know that nobody believes a word of what they say—even though they know how great is the odium they incur, and how lasting is the ridicule which their vanity produces. It is a gentle insanity which prevails in the outer courts of every aristocracy; and as it brings with itself considerable annoyance and but a lukewarm pleasure, it should not be treated with too keen a severity.

"And how's my dear old friend?" Eames assured him that his dear old friend was all right, that Lady Julia was all right, that the dear old place was all right. Sir Raffle now spoke as though the "dear old place" were quite well known to him. "Was the game doing pretty well? Was there a promise of birds?"

Sir Raffle's anxiety was quite intense, and expressed with almost familiar affection. "And, by-the-by, Eames, where are you living at present?"

"Well, I'm not settled. I'm at the Great Western Railway Hotel at this moment."

"Capital house, very; only it's expensive if you stay there the whole season." Johnny had no idea of remaining there beyond one night, but he said nothing as to this. "By-the-by, you might as well come and dine with us to-morrow. Lady Buffle is most anxious to know you. There'll be one or two with us. I did ask my friend Dumbello, but there's some nonsense going on in the House, and he thinks that he can't get away." Johnny was more gracious than Lord Dumbello, and accepted the invitation. "I wonder what Lady Buffle will be like?" he said to himself, as he walked away from the office.

He had turned into the Great Western Hotel, not as yet knowing where to look for a home; and there we will leave him, eating his solitary mutton-chop at one of those tables which are so comfortable to the eye, but which are so comfortless in reality. I speak not now with reference to the excellent establishment which has been named, but to the nature of such tables in general. A solitary mutton-chop in a hotel coffee-room is not a banquet to be envied by any god; and if the mutton-chop be converted into soup, fish, little dishes, big dishes, and the rest, the matter becomes worse and not better. What comfort are you to have, seated alone on that horse-hair chair, staring into the room and watching the waiters as they whisk about their towels? No one but an Englishman has ever yet thought of subjecting himself to such a position as that! But here we will leave John Eames, and in doing so I must be allowed to declare that only now, at this moment, has he entered on his manhood. Hitherto he has been a hobbledehoy—a calf, as it were, who had carried his calfishness later into life than is common with calves; but who did not, perhaps, on that account, give promise of making a worse ox than the rest of them. His life hitherto, as recorded in these pages, had afforded him no brilliant success—had hardly qualified him for the rôle of hero which he has been made to play. I feel that I have been in fault in giving such prominence to a hobbledehoy, and that I should have told my story better had I brought Mr. Crosbie more conspicuously forward on my canvas. He, at any rate, has gotten to himself a wife—as a hero always should do; whereas I must leave my poor friend Johnny without any matrimonial prospects.

It was thus that he thought of himself as he sat moping over his solitary table in the hotel coffee-room. He acknowledged to himself that he had not hitherto been a man; but at the same time he made some resolution which, I trust, may assist him in commencing his manhood from this date.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

It was early in June that Lily went up to her uncle at the Great House, pleading for Hopkins—pleading that to Hopkins might be restored all the privileges of head gardener at the Great House. There was some absurdity in this, seeing that he had never really relinquished his privileges; but the manner of the quarrel had been in this wise:

There was in those days, and had been for years, a vexed question between Hopkins and Jolliffe the bailiff on the matter of — stable manure. Hopkins had pretended to the right of taking what he required from the farm-yard, without asking leave of any one. Jolliffe in return had hinted that, if this were so, Hopkins would take it all. “But I can’t eat it,” Hopkins had said. Jolliffe merely grunted, signifying by the grunt, as Hopkins thought, that though a gardener couldn’t eat a mountain of manure fifty feet long and fifteen high—couldn’t eat it in the body—he might convert it into things edible for his own personal use. And so there had been a great feud. The unfortunate squire had of course been called on to arbitrate, and, having postponed his decision by every contrivance possible to him, had at last been driven by Jolliffe to declare that Hopkins should take nothing that was not assigned to him. Hopkins, when the decision was made known to him by his master, bit his old lips, and turned round upon his old heel, speechless. “You’ll find it’s so at all other places,” said the squire, apologetically. “Other places!” sneered Hopkins. Where would he find other gardeners like himself? It is hardly necessary to declare that from that moment he resolved that he would abide by no such order. Jolliffe on the next morning informed the squire that the order had been broken, and the squire fretted and fumed, wishing that Jolliffe were well buried under the mountain in question. “If they all is to do as they like,” said Jolliffe, “then nobody won’t care for nobody.” The squire understood that an order if given must be obeyed, and therefore, with many inner groanings of the spirit, resolved that war must be waged against Hopkins.

On the following morning he found the old man himself wheeling a huge barrow of manure round from the yard into the kitchen garden. Now, on ordinary occasions, Hopkins was not required to do with his own hands work of that description. He had a man under him who hewed wood and carried water and wheeled barrows—one man always, and often two. The squire knew when he saw him that he was sinning, and bade him stop upon his road.

“Hopkins,” he said, “why didn’t you ask for what you wanted, before you took it?” The old man put down the barrow on the ground, looked up in his master’s face, spat into his hands, and then again resumed his barrow. “Hopkins, that won’t do,” said the squire. “Stop where you are.”

“What won’t do?” said Hopkins, still holding the barrow from the ground, but not as yet progressing.

“Put it down, Hopkins,” and Hopkins did put it down. “Don’t you know that you are flatly disobeying my orders?”

“Squire, I’ve been here about this place going on nigh seventy years.”

“If you’ve been going on a hundred and seventy it wouldn’t do that there should be more than one master. I’m the master here, and I intend to be so to the end. Take that manure back into the yard.”

“Back into the yard?” said Hopkins, very slowly.

“Yes; back into the yard.”

“What—afore all their faces?”

“Yes; you’ve disobeyed me before all their faces.”

Hopkins paused a moment, looking away from the squire, and shaking his head as though he had need of deep thought, but by the aid of deep thought had come at last to a right conclusion. Then he resumed the barrow, and putting himself almost into a trot, carried away his prize into the kitchen garden. At the pace which he went it would have been beyond the squire’s power to stop him, nor would Mr. Dale have wished to come to a personal encounter with his servant. But he called after the man in dire wrath that if he were not obeyed the disobedient servant should rue the consequences forever. Hopkins, equal to the occasion, shook his head as he trotted on, deposited his load at the foot of the cucumber frames, and then at once returning to his master, tendered to him the key of the green-house.

“Master,” said Hopkins, speaking as best he could with his scanty breath, “there it is—there’s the key; of course I don’t want no warning, and doesn’t care about my week’s wages. I’ll be out of the cottage afore night, and as for the work’us, I suppose they’ll let me in at once, if your honor’ll give ’em a line.”

Now as Hopkins was well known by the squire to be the owner of three or four hundred pounds, the hint about the work-house must be allowed to have been melodramatic.

“Don’t be a fool,” said the squire, almost gnashing his teeth.

“I know I’ve been a fool,” said Hopkins, “about that ’ere doong; my feelings has been too much for me. When a man’s feelings has been too much for him, he’d better just take himself off, and lie in the work’us till he dies.” And then he again tendered the key. But the squire did not take the key, and so Hopkins went on. “I s’pose I’d better just see to the lights and the like of that till you’ve suited yourself, Mr. Dale. It ’ud be a pity all them grapes should go off, and they, as you may say, all one as fit for the table. It’s a long way the best crop I ever see on ’em. I’ve been that careful with ’em that I haven’t had a natural night’s rest, not since February. There ain’t nobody about this place as understands grapes,

nor yet any where nigh that could be got at. My lord's head man is very ignorant; but even if he knew ever so, of course he couldn't come here. I suppose I'd better keep the key till you're suited, Mr. Dale."

Then for a fortnight there was an interregnum in the gardens, terrible in the annals of Allington. Hopkins lived in his cottage indeed, and looked most sedulously after the grapes. In looking after the grapes, too, he took the green-houses under his care; but he would have nothing to do with the outer gardens, took no wages, returning the amount sent to him back to the squire, and insisted with every body that he had been dismissed. He went about with some terrible horticultural implement always in his hand, with which it was said that he intended to attack Jolliffe; but Jolliffe prudently kept out of his way.

As soon as it had been resolved by Mrs. Dale and Lily that the flitting from the Small House at Allington was not to be accomplished, Lily communicated the fact to Hopkins.

"Miss," said he, "when I said them few words to you and your mamma, I knew that you would listen to reason."

This was no more than Lily had expected; that Hopkins should claim the honor of having prevailed by his arguments was a matter of course.

"Yes," said Lily; "we've made up our minds to stay. Uncle wishes it."

"Wishes it! Laws, miss, it ain't only wishes. And we all wishes it. Why, now, look at the reason of the thing. Here's this here house—"

"But, Hopkins, it's decided. We're going to stay. What I want to know is this; can you come at once and help me to unpack?"

"What! this very evening, as is—"

"Yes, now; we want to have the things about again before they come back from Guestwick."

Hopkins scratched his head and hesitated, not wishing to yield to any proposition that could be considered as childish; but he gave way at last, feeling that the work itself was a good work. Mrs. Dale also assented, laughing at Lily for her folly as she did so, and in this way the things were unpacked very quickly, and the alliance between Lily and Hopkins became, for the time, very close. This work of unpacking and resettling was not yet over, when the battle of the manure broke out, and therefore it was that Hopkins, when his feelings had become altogether too much for him "about the doong," came at last to Lily, and laying down at her feet all the weight and all the glory of his sixty odd years of life, implored her to make matters straight for him. "It's been a killing me, miss, so it has, to see the way they've been a cutting that sparagus. It ain't cutting at all. It's just hocking it up—what is fit, and what isn't, altogether. And they've been a putting the plants in where I didn't mean 'em, though they know'd I didn't mean 'em. I've stood 'by, miss, and said never a word. I'd a died sooner. But,

Miss Lily, what my sufferings have been, 'cause of my feelings getting the better of me about that—you know, miss—nobody will ever tell; nobody—nobody—nobody." Then Hopkins turned away and wept.

"Uncle," said Lily, creeping close up against his chair, "I want to ask you a great favor."

"A great favor. Well, I don't think I shall refuse you any thing at present. It isn't to ask another earl to the house, is it?"

"Another earl!" said Lily.

"Yes; haven't you heard? Miss Bell has been here this morning, insisting that I should have over Lord De Guest and his sister for the marriage. It seems that there was some scheming between Bell and Lady Julia."

"Of course you'll ask them."

"Of course I must. I've no way out of it. It'll be all very well for Bell, who'll be off to Wales with her lover; but what am I to do with the earl and Lady Julia, when they're gone? Will you come and help me?"

In answer to this, Lily of course promised that she would come and help. "Indeed," said she, "I thought we were all asked up for the day. And now for my favor. Uncle, you must forgive poor Hopkins."

"Forgive a fiddlestick!" said the squire.

"No, but you must. You can't think how unhappy he is."

"How can I forgive a man who won't forgive me? He goes prowling about the place doing nothing; and he sends me back his wages, and he looks as though he were going to murder some one; and all because he wouldn't do as he was told. How am I to forgive such a man as that?"

"But, uncle, why not?"

"It would be his forgiving me. He knows very well that he may come back whenever he pleases; and, indeed, for the matter of that he has never gone away."

"But he is so very unhappy."

"What can I do to make him happier?"

"Just go down to his cottage and tell him that you forgive him."

"Then he'll argue with me."

"No; I don't think he will. He is too much down in the world for arguing now."

"Ah! you don't know him as I do. All the misfortunes in the world wouldn't stop that man's conceit. Of course I'll go if you ask me, but it seems to me that I'm made to knock under to every body. I hear a great deal about other people's feelings, but I don't know that mine are very much thought of." He was not altogether in a happy mood, and Lily almost regretted that she had persevered; but she did succeed in carrying him off across the garden to the cottage, and as they went together she promised him that she would think of him always—always. The scene with Hopkins can not be described now, as it would take too many of our few remaining pages. It resulted, I am afraid I must confess, in nothing more triumphant to the squire than a treaty of mutual forgiveness. Hopkins acknowledged with much self-reproach

that his feelings had been too many for him ; but then, look at his provocation ! He could not keep his tongue from that matter, and certainly said as much in his own defense as he did in confession of his sins. The substantial triumph was altogether his, for nobody again ever dared to interfere with his operations in the farm-yard. He showed his submission to his master mainly by consenting to receive his wages for the two weeks which he had passed in idleness.

Owing to this little accident Lily was not so much oppressed by Hopkins as she had expected to be in that matter of their altered plans ; but this salvation did not extend to Mrs. Hearn, to Mrs. Crump, or, above all, to Mrs. Boyce. They, all of them, took an interest more or less strong in the Hopkins controversy ; but their interest in the occupation of the Small House was much stronger, and it was found useless to put Mrs. Hearn off with the gardener's persistent refusal of his wages, when she was big with inquiry whether the house was to be painted inside as well as out. " Ah," said she, " I think I'll go and look at lodgings at Guestwick myself, and pack up some of my beds." Lily made no answer to this, feeling that it was a part of that punishment which she had expected. " Dear, dear," said Mrs. Crump to the two girls ; " well, to be sure, we should a been lone without 'ee, and mayhap we might a got worse in your place ; but why did 'ee go and fasten up all your things in them big boxes just to unfasten 'em all again ?"

" We changed our minds, Mrs. Crump," said Bell, with some severity.

" Yees, I know ye changed your mindses. Well, it's all right for the loiks o' ye, no doubt ; but if we changes our mindses we hears of it."

" So, it seems, do we!" said Lily. " But never mind, Mrs. Crump. Do you send us our letters up early, and then we won't quarrel."

" Oh, letters ! Drat them for letters. I wish there weren't no sich things. There was a man here yesterday with his imperence. I don't know where he come from—down from Lun'on, I b'leeve : and this was wrong, and that was wrong, and every thing was wrong ; and then he said he'd have me discharged the sarvice."

" Dear me, Mrs. Crump ; that wouldn't do at all."

" Discharged the sarvice ! Tuppence farden a day ! So I told 'um to discharge hisself, and take all the old bundles and things away upon his shoulders. Letters indeed ! What business have they with post-missusses, if they can not pay 'em better nor tuppence farden a day ?" And in this way, under the shelter of Mrs. Crump's storm of wrath against the inspector who had visited her, Lily and Bell escaped much that would have fallen upon their own heads ; but Mrs. Boyce still remained. I may here add, in order that Mrs. Crump's history may be carried on to the farthest possible point, that she was not " discharged the sarvice," and that she still receives her twopence farthing a day from

the Crown. " That's a bitter old lady," said the inspector to the man who was driving him. " Yes, Sir ; they all says the same about she. There ain't none of 'em get much change out of Mrs. Crump."

Bell and Lily went together also to Mrs. Boyce's. " If she makes herself very disagreeable I shall insist upon talking of your marriage," said Lily.

" I've not the slightest objection," said Bell ; " only I don't know what there can be to say about it. Marrying the doctor is such a very commonplace sort of thing."

" Not a bit more commonplace than marrying the parson," said Lily.

" Oh yes, it is. Parsons' marriages are often very grand affairs. They come in among county people. That's their luck in life. Doctors never do ; nor lawyers. I don't think lawyers ever get married in the country. They're supposed to do it up in London. But a country doctor's wedding is not a thing to be talked about much."

Mrs. Boyce probably agreed in this view of the matter, seeing that she did not choose the coming marriage as her first subject of conversation. As soon as the two girls were seated she flew away immediately to the house, and began to express her very great surprise—her surprise and her joy also—at the sudden change which had been made in their plans. " It is so much nicer, you know," said she, " that things should be pleasant among relatives."

" Things always have been tolerably pleasant with us," said Bell.

" Oh yes ; I'm sure of that. I've always said it was quite a pleasure to see you and your uncle together. And when we heard about your all having to leave—"

" But we didn't have to leave, Mrs. Boyce. We were going to leave because we thought mamma would be more comfortable in Guestwick ; and now we're not going to leave, because we've all 'changed our mindses,' as Mrs. Crump calls it."

" And is it true the house is going to be painted?" asked Mrs. Boyce.

" I believe it is true," said Lily.

" Inside and out?"

" It must be done some day," said Bell.

" Yes, to be sure ; but I must say it is generous of the squire. There's such a deal of wood-work about your house. I know I wish the ecclesiastical commissioners would paint ours ; but nobody ever does any thing for the clergy. I'm sure I'm delighted you're going to stay. As I said to Mr. Boyce, what should we ever have done without you ? I believe the squire had made up his mind that he would not let the place."

" I don't think he ever has let it."

" And if there was nobody in it, it would all go to rack and ruin ; wouldn't it ? Had your mamma to pay any thing for the lodgings she engaged at Guestwick ?"

" Upon my word I don't know. Bell can tell

you better about that than I, as Dr. Crofts settled it. I suppose Dr. Crofts tells her every thing." And so the conversation was changed, and Mrs. Boyce was made to understand that whatever further mystery there might be, it would not be unraveled on that occasion.

It was settled that Dr. Crofts and Bell should be married about the middle of June, and the squire determined to give what grace he could to the ceremony by opening his own house on the occasion. Lord De Guest and Lady Julia were invited by special arrangement between her ladyship and Bell, as has been before explained. The colonel also with Lady Fanny came up from Torquay on the occasion, this being the first visit made by the colonel to his paternal roof for many years. Bernard did not accompany his father. He had not yet gone abroad, but there were circumstances which made him feel that he would not find himself comfortable at the wedding. The service was performed by Mr. Boyce, assisted, as the *County Chronicle* very fully remarked, by the Reverend John Joseph Jones, M.A., late of Jesus College, Cambridge, and curate of St. Peter's, Northgate, Guestwick; the fault of which little advertisement was this, that as none of the readers of the paper had patience to get beyond the Reverend John Joseph Jones, the fact of Bell's marriage with Dr. Crofts was not disseminated as widely as might have been wished.

The marriage went off very nicely. The squire was upon his very best behavior, and welcomed his guests as though he really enjoyed their presence there in his halls. Hopkins, who was quite aware that he had been triumphant, decorated the old rooms with mingled flowers and greenery with an assiduous care which pleased the two girls mightily. And during this work of wreathing and decking there was one little morsel of feeling displayed which may as well be told in these last lines. Lily had been encouraging the old man while Bell for a moment had been absent.

"I wish it had been for thee, my darling!" he said; "I wish it had been for thee!"

"It is much better as it is, Hopkins," she answered, solemnly.

"Not with him, though," he went on, "not with him. I wouldn't a hung a bough for him. But with t'other one."

Lily said no word further. She knew that the man was expressing the wishes of all around her. She said no word further, and then Bell returned to them.

But no one at the wedding was so gay as Lily—so gay, so bright, and so wedding-like. She flirted with the old earl till he declared that he would marry her himself. No one seeing her that evening, and knowing nothing of her immediate history, would have imagined that she herself had been cruelly jilted some six or eight months ago. And those who did know her could not imagine that what she then suffered had hit her so hard that no recovery seemed possible for her. But though no recovery, as she herself be-

lieved, was possible for her—though she was as a man whose right arm had been taken from him in the battle, still all the world had not gone with that right arm. The bullet which had maimed her sorely had not touched her life, and she scorned to go about the world complaining either by word or look of the injury she had received. "Wives when they have lost their husbands still eat and laugh," she said to herself, "and he is not dead like that." So she resolved that she would be happy, and I here declare that she not only seemed to carry out her resolution, but that she did carry it out in very truth. "You're a dear good man, and I know you'll be good to her," she said to Crofts just as he was about to start with his bride.

"I'll try, at any rate," he answered.

"And I shall expect you to be good to me too. Remember you have married the whole family; and, Sir, you mustn't believe a word of what that bad man says in his novels about mothers-in-law. He has done a great deal of harm, and shut half the ladies in England out of their daughters' houses."

"He sha'n't shut Mrs. Dale out of mine."

"Remember he doesn't. Now, good-by!" So the bride and bridegroom went off, and Lily was left to flirt with Lord De Guest.

Of whom else is it necessary that a word or two should be said before I allow the weary pen to fall from my hand? The squire, after much inward struggling on the subject, had acknowledged to himself that his sister-in-law had not received from him that kindness which she had deserved. He had acknowledged this, purporting to do his best to amend his past errors; and I think I may say that his efforts in that line would not be received ungraciously by Mrs. Dale. I am inclined therefore to think that life at Allington, both at the Great House and at the Small, would soon become pleasanter than it used to be in former days. Lily soon got the Balmoral boots, or, at least, soon learned that the power of getting them as she pleased had devolved upon her from her uncle's gift; so that she talked even of buying the squirrel's cage; but I am not aware that her extravagance led her as far as that.

Lord De Courcy was left suffering dreadfully from gout and ill-temper at Courcy Castle. Yes, indeed! To him in his latter days life did not seem to offer much that was comfortable. His wife had now gone from him, and declared positively to her son-in-law that no earthly consideration should ever induce her to go back again;—"not if I were to starve!" she said. By which she intended to signify that she would be firm in her resolve, even though she should thereby lose her carriage and horses. Poor Mr. Gazebee went down to Courcy, and had a dreadful interview with the earl; but matters were at last arranged, and her ladyship remained at Baden-Baden in a state of semi-starvation. That is to say, she had but one horse to her carriage.

As regards Crosbie, I am inclined to believe that he did again recover his power at his office.

He was Mr. Butterwell's master, and the master also of Mr. Optimist, and the major. He knew his business, and could do it, which was more, perhaps, than might fairly be said of any of the other three. Under such circumstances he was sure to get in his hand and lead again. But elsewhere his star did not recover its ascendancy. He dined at his club almost daily, and there were those with whom he habitually formed some little circle. But he was not the Crosbie of former days—the Crosbie known in Belgravia and in St. James's Street. He had taken his little vessel bravely out into the deep waters, and had sailed her well while fortune stuck close to him. But he had forgotten his nautical rules, and success had made him idle. His plummet and lead had not been used, and he had kept no look-out ahead. Therefore the first rock he met shivered his bark to pieces. His wife, the Lady Alexandrina, is to be seen in the one-horse carriage with her mother at Baden-Baden.

THE END.

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

RICH as we are in money, and profuse in spending it in order to heighten the enjoyment of life, the good servant—that essential of comfort and luxury—seems beyond our reach. Superfine houses we have, and superfine furniture, and superfine ladies, and all other ornamental superfluities in excess; but those plain utilities—the skillful cook, the handy maid, and the trusty nurse, we rarely possess.

Though the finished article is scarce, the raw material is abundant. Three-quarters of the globe have become tributary to the lucky fourth we inhabit. Asia, Africa, and Europe have poured their overflowing populations into the heaving ocean of American labor. China has sent from its swarming hives thousands of its patient Coolies to California and Oregon, where our fellow-citizens are served with an enviable obedience by the long-tailed children of the sun.

Virginia and the Carolinas have their millions of negroes, whose stolen labor was once the boasted blessing of their masters, but soon to be confessed their curse. What the future may be of these prolific children of Ham who can tell? But Humanity hopes that, with the rights of man conceded, the duties of man may be fulfilled; while Political Economy is devising plans to save the waste of so much bone and muscle, and to bring their productive force into co-operation with the general utility.

Among the slaves of the South there are some few accomplished domestic servants who have been perfected in the households of the luxurious planters. These, when luxurious planters shall be no more, are destined, no doubt, to fill appropriate places in the rich and free houses of the North. Most of the negroes, however, even those who are called domestic servants, brought up as they have been in the slatternly households of the South and Southwest, would be as

out of place in the better-ordered homes of the North as a bull in a china-shop. As for the old negro servants, once so common in our Northern kitchens and halls, they have become almost extinct through inherent weakness or the force of external pressure.

Ireland and Germany have long been, and will continue to be, the chief sources of supply of domestic servants for the Eastern, Middle, and Western States. It is from these countries that we obtain most of the raw material, and very raw it is; for those who come from afar to cook our dinners, to guard our superfine upholstery, and to tend the darlings of our homes, are, for the most part, peasants, whose condition in their own land has been hardly less rude than that of the American Indian. The servants in Europe are generally the most thriving of the lower classes, and consequently the least inclined to emigrate. It is rare to find accomplished European domestics in this country, although there are many no doubt who profess to be such.

England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, however, send us an occasional coachman, groom, valet, cook, or *bonne des enfans*, who is more or less an expert.

Native Americans, however lowly their position, have an invincible repugnance to become menials, and there is consequently no hope of a supply of servants from this source until the present social relations between master and man, and mistress and maid, are materially changed. It is from no indisposition to work, for native Americans can find no task-masters as exacting as themselves; but they associate with domestic service the idea of servile dependence, and will not submit to be the humble servants of any master or mistress. The word "Help" was coined for their especial benefit; but though invoked by this flattering appellation they persistently refuse their aid.

Our female servants are, for the most part, Irish and German, and of these the former greatly predominate; for the latter, though of more aptitude, have less inclination for service; and besides finding husbands readily soon become mistresses of households of their own. The main-stay, then, of our domestic establishments is the Irish female peasant. She it is who is both the necessity and plague of our homes. As we can not dispense with her strong arms, we have to endure her ignorance, her uncouth manners, her varying caprices, and her rude tongue.

Housekeepers complain bitterly of Bridget's ignorance and awkwardness, and will tell you, with tears in their eyes, how she cut off the tender and eatable parts of the asparagus and served up the tough stalks; how she washed her feet in the soup-tureen; how, in her zeal for a shine, she rubbed off the coat of bronze from the tea-urn; how she scrubbed the family portraits with soap and water, and wore off a nose and knocked out an eye; how she left open the front-door and let in the prowling

thief, who made a clean sweep of the hats and coats in the hall; how she choked baby, who hasn't cut a tooth, with a chicken bone; how she cut wood with the best ivory-handled carver, and stirred the fire with the silver gravy spoon; and how, in fine, "these Irish servants are the plague of our lives." As for the minor offenses of Bridget, such as burning the daily roast to a cinder, setting the table all awry, breaking the crockery, letting baby fall into the fire, sweeping the parlor carpet with the street broom, soaking the ivory-handled knives and forks in boiling water, and letting the cat drink up all the milk: these are such everyday occurrences that they are hardly worth mention.

The ignorance of Bridget is, no doubt, tormenting to the careful housekeeper; but what else can we expect? Where has she had an opportunity to learn? Surely not in her native Connaught. Born and bred in a mud-hovel, in the companionship of boorish peasants like herself—the "finest pisantry in the world," as O'Connell called them—and the family pig, she can know nothing of the simplest elements of civilized life. Her knowledge of cookery is confined to the mixing of buttermilk and potatoes for the daily meal of the whole domestic circle, including the hog. The very utensils of the kitchen, beyond a soot-covered iron pot, are mysteries to her. Her ideas of tending a baby are derived from an affectionate reminiscence of a sturdy brat of an infant brother or sister sprawling, naked, in the mud, in close proximity, and mingling its cries with the sonorous grunt of the pig. As for chamber-work and waiting, what occasion is there for learning any thing about either in a hovel, where all help themselves to their food out of a common pot, and lie down promiscuously upon the ground? In regard to washing and ironing, these are refinements we should no more expect her to have learned at home than to play on a piano or to dance the polka. What Bridget may pick up of the domestic proprieties during her voyage across the Atlantic, huddled up in a ship's steerage with hundreds of her compatriots, and kept upon a severe regimen of a pint of fresh water a day, salt pork, sea biscuit, and potatoes, can not add much to her information of the duties of a servant. Arrived in the United States, she may catch at the house of a friend or relative a glimpse—and the first of her life—of a joint of meat, cooked probably at the baker's round the corner, and of other humble comforts of civilization; but this can not greatly increase her knowledge. She soon learns, however, that labor is in demand and wages high. To get six, seven, or eight dollars a month, as it may be, she believes to be the chief duty of a servant, and troubles herself very little about the rest. She soon gets a place; for her service, in the want of better, is indispensable. Thus she undertakes to do what she knows nothing about, and becomes the torment and the subject of complaint of every housekeeper.

It is true that there are a few of the wealth-

iest who are not obliged to take their Bridgets entirely in the raw state. Such by paying the highest wages can always command the best in the market, and thus secure servants who have managed to gather more or less experience of their duties in the course of a rapid circulation for several years among city families. But even these are notoriously unequal to the services required, and our dames of wealth and luxury are accordingly among the first to complain of the universal grievance. The *absenteeism* of the American rich in Paris and on the Continent of Europe, which was becoming so general until checked by the advancing premium on gold and consequent rise in exchange, has been attributed to the impossibility, from the want of good servants, of obtaining a well-ordered domestic establishment at home. However this may be, a still worse practice of our well-to-do people, that of abandoning the private house for the boarding-house and public hotel, is constantly excused on this ground. Bridget's incompetency is thus responsible for one of the worst evils of American life—an evil which is not only corrupting but fast extinguishing the chief source of personal and national virtue—domestic existence.

It is not only of the incapacity of the servant to perform properly the services for which she is hired, that complaint is made, but of her pretentiousness or her "uppishness," as it is called. If one is found ever so little capable of performing the simple functions of her place, and likely to suit in the kitchen, parlor, or nursery, housekeepers tell us that she will so presume upon her small modicum of acquirements that none but the highest wages, the greatest privileges, and a minimum of work will satisfy her. She becomes so exacting that, before accepting an engagement, she asks more questions than she answers, and seems as solicitous about the character of her employer as her employer about hers. She has her own notions, too, of gentility; and having a high idea of her own respectability, is particularly inquisitive in regard to that of her would-be mistress. "How many servants do you keep, misthrus?" "Three—a cook, chambermaid, and waiter." "Is it a man wathur or a woman wathur?" "A woman." "It isn't the likes of me, then, who will be after living wi' ye if ye don't keep a man sarvant." A lady of our acquaintance having selected a likely-looking girl at an intelligence office, proposed to take her home with her at once. On getting into the street the lady called an omnibus; whereupon the girl asked her if she didn't keep a carriage? Upon being answered "No," she turned away, and refused the place for which she had been just engaged. In their advertisements for a place they take care to remind us that "none but respectable families need apply." These are facts, and confirm the truthfulness of the basis of Leech's series of humorous illustrations in *Punch* of the aspiring tendencies of the modern servant.

The following advertisement from a late New

York *Herald* is a more public manifestation of high life below stairs, and shows that the vulgar use of the word "lady," instead of the honorable appellation of woman, so frequent in the parlor, is echoed in the kitchen:

WANTED—SITUATIONS IN A PRIVATE FAMILY by two young ladies; one as cook, and the other as chambermaid. Inquire at ——— Street for two days.

Here is another advertisement from the same paper, in which the applicant for a place in the kitchen not only assures us that she is a *lady*, but a *respectable* one:

A SITUATION WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE young lady, as cook, washer, and ironer, or would do general housework in a small private family. Can give good reference. Call for two days at ——— Street.

Here is a third:

TWO GERMAN LADIES WISH SITUATIONS IN American families—one to do housework and make herself generally useful; the other as housekeeper. Inquire at ——— Street, in the dry-goods store.

A ferocious ring at the bell drew the writer from his work on this very article to the door, where he was met by the demand from a grimy fellow to see "the *lady* (his wife) that's washing here to-day." The "*lady*" was the charwoman, or "woman who goes out to day's work," who had condescended, for the small consideration of seventy-five cents, to assist in "getting up" the week's linen of a small establishment.

One of the most annoying faults of Bridget is her frequent change of place. She has hardly received, we can't say earned, her first month's wages, when, for some frivolous excuse or other, she gives short or often no notice at all, and is off to serve some other disconsolate housekeeper in her turn in the same way. A domestic establishment is thus never complete, never settled. The household is the scene of a perpetual revolution. To-day there is a change of dynasty in the kitchen, to-morrow in the chamber or nursery. Domestic anarchy and confusion are the inevitable consequences. The master of the house returns from the cares and vexations of his day's business, seeking repose in his home, but only finds disquiet. The old cook has gone, and the new one hasn't come, or changed her mind, or wouldn't suit, and there's no dinner, or his wife is smutting her delicate hands or blowsing her lovely face over the kitchen fire trying to cook one. If it isn't the cook it is the nurse, whose month is up, and she "wouldn't stay, no, not a minute longer, if Mistrus Smith would give her twice the wages." So the infant Augustus is squalling in the parlor and mamma crying with vexation when papa arrives expectant of a cheerful greeting. If not the cook's or nurse's, it is sure to be the waiter's or chambermaid's turn to go, and the table is not set or the beds are not made, or the floors not swept, or the parlors not dusted, and the mistress of the house not dressed for dinner, and consequently not in a state of mind or body very favorable to connubial bliss. Is it surprising that, with the household thus all awry, its so-called master should betake himself to the club or Del-

monico's, or with his wife give up house and home altogether, and seek refuge from these "plagues of servants" in the ease, however corrupting and costly, of the well-ordered hotel?

There is nothing so sets off an establishment as neat and appropriately-dressed servants, and yet they are seldom found even in the most magnificent of our houses. It is not that Bridget is averse to dress. On the contrary, she is as fond of fine feathers as her mistress, and often carries a twelve-month's wages on her back. She will spend all her money for a silk dress, a lace collar, a velvet hat, and a flashy parasol, and not have a few shillings left to pay for a decent calico gown and a cotton neckerchief. Indoors and on duty she is as slattern as a beggar; outside on a Sunday or a holiday she is as fine a lady as her mistress, and might readily be mistaken for her. In France and England female servants are always dressed in a neat and appropriate costume, consisting of a white cap, a frilled apron of the same color, and a tightly-fitting spencer, with a short skirt or a gown of plain gingham or calico. Thus neatly and simply attired European waiting and nursery maids are ornaments to a household, and even the cooks and scullions fresh from the kitchen not unsightly. This plain dress so accords with the occupation and rude beauty of the class, that the ruddy English maid and the dark-faced French *bonne*, thus attired, are a great deal more picturesque, and not less attractive, than their fashionably-draped mistresses. We would defy Madame Calicot, with all the latest fashions at her command, to make up a Fifth Avenue beauty that could compete successfully in grace of form, harmony of color, and tasteful adornment with the Chocolate girl of the Dresden Gallery, who, it will be recollected, won a husband and a fortune by decorousness of dress no less than by beauty of person.

We know a housekeeper who has made a strenuous effort toward reform in this matter of servants' dress. She keeps a supply of white caps and gingham dresses, and makes it a condition, on hiring a waiting-maid or nurse, that she should put her head into the one and her body into the other. All her attempts upon Bridget have failed. She prefers shaking to the wind her frowsy locks reeking with castor-oil and bergamot and bobbing about, her hoops hung with rags, to wearing "a cotton night-cap and a common gingham frock." Our reformer must have given up the struggle had she not had the luck to fall in with a Belgian and a Frenchwoman, who had the good sense to see the propriety of wearing a costume suitable to their occupations, and to appreciate the economy of being dressed at the expense of their mistress.

Bridget, with her vigorous organization, has a strong appetite, and is apt to make a clean sweep in the kitchen of the sirloin and pudding, hardly touched in the dining-room, much to the annoyance of the economical housekeeper, who is groaning over the cost of meat at twenty-five cents a pound, and of eggs at fifty cents a dozen.

Bridget is wasteful, no doubt, so have we all been in this most prodigal of lands until "war prices" taught us a lesson of saving; and she, like the rest, has naturally wallowed in the general profusion. Bridget is fastidious, however; and though her palate was early smothered in and dulled by the buttermilk and potatoes of her native Connaught, it has sharpened in America to a keen taste for the delicacies. Whatever luxury has been barely tasted—cut and taken away to come again another day—and delicately appreciated in the parlor, is sure to be enjoyed and devoured in the kitchen. As for coffee, tea, sugars, butter, Bridget must have them *à discretion*, cost what they may, as she deems an unlimited allowance of them as much a portion of her wages as her monthly greenbacks; for Bridget, once such a stickler for gold, has been forced to yield to Mr. Chase's deluge of paper.

There are some *screws* of housekeepers who insist upon doling out the bread by the slice and the sugar by the spoonful. But as parsimony is by no means the best economy, such lose more than they gain, for they are never well served, while all they have is held to be fair plunder.

In Great Britain there are more complaints on the score of the voraciousness of servants than in this country. English employers have found a remedy in what is called board-wages, an allowance in money in lieu of food from the family table and larder. "Every body," says an English writer, "is tired of hearing of the gluttony of the class, of the waste, of the fastidiousness, of the indolence of a set of persons who were reared on potatoes and buttermilk, and who may come to be glad of a crust before they die. The facts may be true, but there is no use in ringing the changes upon them and making them a text for complaints and indignation. The servants who run to extremes in hot breakfasts, and luncheons, and suppers, and in eating five or six times a day, usually do it in assertion or consideration of their rights and dignities more than in the indulgence of their appetites. There is ambition in the demand of a varied and luxurious table, as there is in the dandyism of men-servants, and the crinolines and flower-wreaths of ladies' maids. Where the affair of their table can be put into their own hands, a world of strife and jealousy, as well as of pernicious indulgence, is got rid of; but the trust reposed is so great that it is only in the best governed households that the arrangement can exist. The rate, however, at which board-wages are now paid, all the year round, is so much higher than formerly as to afford a curious measure of the advancing claims of the kitchen. In the dear days of war and corn-laws the board-wages paid in London were six shillings (a dollar and a half) per week for the women, and ten (two dollars and a half) for the men-servants, beer being included. Now we hear of ten or twelve shillings (two dollars and three dollars) for the women, and twelve or fourteen (three dollars and a half) for the men, besides one and six-

pence (thirty-six cents) each for beer. We have ascertained that the average cost of the board of servants (men and women) in the great London Clubs, at the present time, is about twelve shillings (three dollars) a week.

It would be interesting to learn how this fund is usually managed; what proportion of the servants desire to save out of it; and how much less they care for eating and drinking when no controversy is inflamed by it. We believe, however, that wherever this plan has been tried, it is found to be popular with the servants themselves, and that they save money out of the allowance. The objection to it is that it throws considerable temptation in their way, especially in the case of the cook, who is responsible for the provisions of the family. If there are really many houses where no bit, or scrap, or drop from the upper table is ever touched below, we need no further evidence of the thorough respectability of a portion of the class of domestic servants, nor of their rise in proportion to the elevation of their position. Our grandmothers would certainly not have hazarded such an arrangement; and they had actually a rooted belief that no maid-servant could resist helping herself to tea and sugar, however plentifully the lower table was supplied. We all remember, probably, the device of those days, of putting into the caddy a card on which was written "Remember the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" We ourselves are reminded how a strong sensation was produced by a saucy boy, who deposited in the same place a drawing of an old housekeeper hanging, with the inscription, "This is what you'll come to." "Oh, Master Charles!" was reproachfully said to him next morning, "how could you say such a thing of me, that I should ever be hanged?"

In some of our larger establishments, and we are beginning with our increasing wealth to have them, this system of board-wages might be introduced with advantage, if their profuse and ostentatious proprietors should ever care for any thing so humble as economy. In smaller households with one, two, or three servants, of course it would not do, as these can be more cheaply fed from the remains and natural waste of the family table. By-the-by there is no more remarkable evidence of the growth of luxury among us than the increase in the number of servants. But a few years since it would have been rare to find the wealthiest housekeeper not satisfied with three or four. Now the ordinary citizen's wife, whose husband may enjoy a fair business income for the present, but whose future means of support depend on the fluctuating chances of trade, or the dubious prospects of a Mariposa dividend, can not do without a complete domestic establishment from butler to scullion. Laundresses, ladies' maids, and French *bonnes*, of whom our American grandmothers had only read of in the fashionable novels of the day, have become the necessities of their granddaughters. Judging from the complaints of these luxurious descendants of rude forefathers

of the counter and anvil, we question whether they have diminished their cares by increasing the number of their servants. We commend to them the apophthegm of Franklin—"If you want to be well waited upon, wait upon yourself;" "if you want to be tolerably waited upon, have one servant;" "if you want to be badly waited upon, have two servants;" "if you don't want to be waited upon at all, have three."

If Bridget has vices in common with the rest of the wicked world, she has her virtues too. With the muscle and strength of an Amazon she is equal to any physical effort, and can not only perform with ease the most laborious functions of her place, but has force to spare for a tussle with an impudent butcher-boy or overbearing master. Her mistress would as soon stir up a female tiger as arouse her anger. Her strong arm and voluble tongue keep the most tyrannical housekeeper in such awe as to save her from all invasion of her prescriptive rights. Bridget, however, is not unamiable, provided her "Sunday out" and other privileges are not encroached upon, and that she is allowed pretty much to have her own way. She is industrious, and like most who have no other resource, is never so happy and good-natured as when her hands are busy, provided her mistress don't insist that they be put to any other work than she bargained for.

Bridget is as pious as a nun, and as great a stickler for her ecclesiastical privileges as the Pope of Rome. Though most of her employers don't agree with her in her religious tenets, and begrudge the time she devotes to matins, wakes, christenings, marriages, funerals, and other pious duties, and grumble, when fish is scarce and dear, about the provision to be made for those *jours maigres*—the Wednesday and Friday of each week—they are forced to confess that Bridget, though she does smell incense and indulge in other abominations (to the Protestant), is none the worse girl for being a good Catholic. Though experienced housekeepers will acknowledge that they have fared rather worse than better with professed Lutherans and Calvinists, there are still many fastidiously pious folks, who, seeing in every Catholic servant a Jesuit in disguise, believe that their own faith can only be secured by having their dinners cooked and beds made by Protestant hands.

There can be no stronger proof of the affectionate nature of Bridget than her generosity to her poor relatives she has left behind in the old country. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been annually sent by the servants in America to Ireland to mitigate the miseries of their kindred there, or to relieve them of them forever by bringing them to this paradise of Patrick and his numerous progeny.

Bridget, too, is of a decidedly social turn, and likes to entertain John the coachman from next door, or Patrick the livery-stable man from round the corner, or the Widow M'Guire with her nine small children and one at the breast. Housekeepers complain, it is true, of the hilarity

of these happy visitors, and don't like to hear in the parlor the echo of the Irish howl, the loud Hibernian guffaw and rich brogue from the kitchen, and object to the daily entertainment of Bridget's hearty company at the expense of their larders.

Sobriety, though not the strong point of the Irish character, is rarely transgressed by our female servants, except on the occasion of a wake, or a funeral, or when the sideboard, with its contents of Bourbon and Cogniac, is too temptingly exposed.

Bridget is generally candid as a child but not always truthful, and to save herself the penalty will make the cat the scape-goat of her frequent sins of breakage and inordinate consumption.

For her chastity, Bridget has, in her homeliness, a natural safeguard, which has been strengthened by the good principles inculcated by her Church. The consequence is, that she and her sisters have done less to swell that frightful "social evil" of which so much has been said of late, than the females of their class in other countries.

In honesty, too, the Irish female domestic in America is much superior to the servants of Europe. Mark how rarely she appears on the prisoner's stand of our courts, and turn to a file of the *London Times* and see how often the English female servant is arraigned for crime. Most of the robberies of houses in Great Britain are believed to be committed by burglars in league with the domestics. When the Irish servant with us does take to picking and stealing it is comparatively of a trifling character, and, like a boy's robbery of an orchard, supposed from innocence to be less guilty than it is. At any rate it can not be said of our servants, as it is of a large portion of the English, that they are the daily associates and accomplices of thieves and burglars. Bridget has too much self-respect to keep other than honest company, and her sterling integrity should extenuate the many minor offenses grumbling housekeepers lay to her charge, and for which they themselves are in good part responsible.

When Washington Irving was presented at the Court of Dresden, His Saxon Majesty remarked: "You have no servants in America?" "Yes, Sire, we have, such as they are," was Irving's reply. The King's inference was not illogical, for his experience of the servile position of the domestic in Europe could not be reconciled in his mind with the declaration of human equality in America. His Majesty was not aware that our revolution was but partial; that while we severed ourselves politically, we remained socially in bondage to Great Britain. We rejected with scorn her political edicts, but clung with reverence to most of her social traditions. The relation of servant and master is very much the same in the Democratic United States as in Aristocratic England. The only difference is one of words. The English servant who answers the door-bell is asked, "Is your mistress at home?" and answers civilly, taking the ap-

pellation as a matter of course, for she constantly hears it used and uses it herself. The boldest would hardly venture to throw the words "your mistress" into the face of the most amiable Bridget, or if he did, he probably would be made to repent of his audacity.

This verbal concession to Bridget's vanity is about all she has gained over her English sisters. In all other respects she is treated as superciliously, if not more so. For example, "Thank you," and "If you please," so constantly uttered by a mistress of the most ordinary breeding in England, seldom pass the lips of our fine ladies when they command their humble servants. They would do well, however, if it were only for their own profit, to be a little more liberal of this cheap courtesy, for it is surprisingly grateful and provocative of good service.

It is this social distance between the employer and the employed, so repugnant to the spirit of our democratic institutions, which is the source of much of the bad domestic service complained of. The character of servants would be greatly elevated if they were treated more like fellow-creatures and less like beasts of burden. If the intercourse were more close—and this might easily be effected without intrenching upon the due subordination necessary to a well-ordered household—the mutual interest would be stronger. Ties of affection would be formed too strong to be broken by every angry word or passing caprice, and we might again see in our homes those who had grown gray in the service of father and son, mother and daughter, and so identified with the family as to be partakers not only of its joys and sorrows but of its fortunes. In past times it was not an uncommon occurrence, even in the United States, for the old servitor to be remembered generously in the will of his wealthy master. Who ever thinks of leaving Bridget a legacy?

Our democratic dames may learn a lesson in the treatment of servants from the great Countess of Pembroke. "As to her servants domestic she," it is said, "well knew that they were *pars domus*; and how necessary a part of the house servants are, and therefore to be kept tight, sustained, and carefully held up; if in decay to be repaired; and therefore this part of her house she was always building or repairing by the hand of her bounty, as well as by good and religious order in her family. Indeed she looked on some (and possibly on some of the meaner sort of her trusty-servants whose offices might occasion their nearer attendance) to be such as Seneca allows them to be, good servants and humble friends."

So far from our domestics being *pars domus*, members of the family, their masters and mistresses seldom know more than their Christian names, and in their rapid transition from house to house scarcely catch a sufficient impress of their faces to recognize them away from their own doors. If, however, our housekeepers would condescend to treat their servants even as their humblest friends, and strive to win their affections and

promote their interests accordingly, they would be rewarded with a more contented and faithful service. Let our fine dames give up their gadding about, their pursuit of the frivolities of fashion, their indolent indifference to the welfare of their households, their contemptuous treatment and neglect of their domestic servants, and instead of grumbling about their worthlessness strive to improve them. Why should there not be friendly relations between kitchen and parlor? We are told that such have been occasionally established, and with the best effect. "We have witnessed," says a good authority, "with satisfaction the terms on which the young maid-of-all-work and her mistress were when the mistress was willing to provide little occasional pleasures for the girl; undertaking herself to boil the kettle and answer the door while her maid was enjoying a holiday walk, or a tea-drinking with a neighbor. It is the same spirit which we find in some great houses, fitting up a reading-room for the servants in the basement—a room nicely matted and well lighted, with a table for letter-writing, containing a drawer full of stationery, a table for newspapers, and a well-stocked book-case." This is an example from aristocratic England; can democratic America show the like?

Bridget, it is true, can seldom read or write, but why should not an effort be made to teach her? She can not have been long in this country of almost universal enlightenment without appreciating the advantages of ever so little learning, and she would doubtless be grateful if it were given to her. If she got no further than to be able to spell out a recipe in Soyer or Miss Beecher, the result would tell to the improvement of our present ill-cooked dinners. Her employers, with their tempers and stomachs no longer soured by underdone potatoes or overdone mutton, would be less disposed to fault-finding.

Schools of cookery, of laundry work, and of family sewing have been established in England, and even some provision made for teaching the duties of the nurse and housemaid. We can hardly see how any such experiment can be tried in this country unless we abate somewhat of that awful Republican pride, which, in its lofty aspirations, is fast unfitting us for all the humbler duties of life. Who so bold as to propose that a department for the training, we dare not say of servants but of housekeepers—for they are in no less need of it—be added to our public schools?

For the present our only help for the ignorance of Bridget is the rare chance she may have of falling in, in the course of her rapid revolutions, with some housekeeper who may be able to teach her. This is almost a forlorn hope; for how few of our modern mistresses of a household know much about, we will not say the graceful refinements, but plain utilities of service! There are thousands though of many years' experience to whom drawn-butter, a plain soup, not the oleaginous compound so called, the

trussing of a fowl, the proper setting of a table, the arrangement of the courses of a dinner, and the regulation of the waiting, are still perplexing problems. Our dames, however, have plenty of leisure, and should, if they wish to add to the comfort and refinements of their homes, set about at once employing it in acquiring the necessary knowledge and imparting it to Bridget.

By elevating the character of domestic servants we shall not only promote the comfort and welfare of our households but do a national good. Think what influence for good or bad such a large class, probably not less than half a million in number,* are likely to exercise, not only upon our children, with whom they are brought into such close contact, but upon their own, the future voters of this republic! Thinking of this, can we doubt the importance, the absolute necessity in fact, of trying to make good citizens of them? If we do not do something toward civilizing Bridget and Patrick, Hans and his wife, we may continue to live in fear of having our houses pulled down over our heads, or our throats cut every time the foreign element of our large cities is stirred to fermentation by some malicious demagogue.

With the condition of domestic servants improved, which it is the duty as it is within the power of our housekeepers to effect, a better class of people would join their ranks. Poor native Americans, for such we have already and shall have more, as the natural consequence of this impoverishing war, would then probably be competitors for the places in our kitchens and nurseries with benefit not only to themselves but to our housekeepers. The former would be better cared for, and the latter more intelligently served. With the frightful knell of Hood's Song of the Shirt ringing in their ears, we are surprised that our American women will venture upon the hazardous experiment of trying to live upon the pittance of shop seamstresses, which so often leads to ruin or starvation, when by domestic service they can secure good compensation, abundant food, and freedom from care and temptation to vice.

Though service may be debased by the superciliousness and neglect of consequential and indolent housekeepers, it is not essentially degrading. The word "servant," so distasteful to the American tongue, is only, after all, the name of an occupation. But the use of it may be universally foregone, as it is frequently, to please fastidious American women; and they shall be welcome to the more acceptable term "help," if they will only come with their aid to sustain our falling households. They are apt to suppose that our houses would be to them a kind of conventual establishments where they must wither in a perpetual virginity; for no free-born American citizen, they think, would take a servant to wife. We venture to believe that any of our

humble fellow-countrymen worth having are not to be scared away by the shadow of a name, when they can secure the useful substance of a helpmate, who, in a well-ordered establishment, has learned those duties essential to the comfort of the most simple household.

Cooke, the celebrated tragedian, married Mrs. Cooke for her skill in cooking a steak; but she, poor woman, as it turned out, had the worst of the bargain. Cobbett was first attracted to the girl whom he subsequently made his wife by her adroitness in twirling a mop, and her zeal in scouring a pot. The humble position of a servant is not necessarily a stop-gap to the flood of fortune. Rousseau was promoted from behind a master's chair to a seat at his table. Thurlow, or some other English big-wig, began life as a footman, and was so thoroughly imbued with a sense of the duties of his early occupation, that on one occasion, when crowned with the wig of a Lord Chancellor, he got behind instead of entering his own coach. Lady Hamilton, the wife of an ambassador, the mistress of the great Nelson, the model of art, the grace and disgrace of the Neapolitan Court, began life as a nursery-maid; but her career must be taken as a warning, not as an example.

Literature has dealt very kindly with the servant. The brightest of all Molière's *dramatis personæ* are his *soubrettes*. His *Dorines*, his *Dame Claudes*, his *Claudines*, his *Nicoles*, and his *Toinettes* are overflowing with good humor and good sense, while their masters and mistresses are dupes, fools, pretenders, misanthropes, and hypochondriacs. It is the clever *suivante* or *servante* who always proves in his comedies to be the *deus ex machinâ* to solve the perplexities in which the stupidity of her employer has placed the household.

So in Don Quixotte, Sancho Panza, though more or less a fool like his master, has quite the advantage of him, for he laughs and grows fat upon his folly. In the famous romance of Le Sage, Gil Blas, the hero and the most amusing characters are servants, who wear the clothes and play the parts of their debauched masters with a grace and an address equal to their own. The La Fleur of Sterne is the most joyous of beings, while his Corporal Trim is the most faithful and sympathetic of humble servants. "My Uncle Toby loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant as an humble friend, etc." Fielding's Joseph Andrews—that model of chastity and constancy—is a footman, and his virtuous Pamela a waiting-maid.

The immortal Samivel Veller of Dickens is the embodiment of good-humored shrewdness, and even the Jeames Yellowplush of the cynical Thackeray—for, say what his eulogists may, Thackeray is cynical, and does snarl over the raw-bones of society—is no more of a rogue and a good deal less of a fool than his masters. But why look in remote places for examples. They are to be found every where. Are we not all the humble servants of each other, whatever may be our characters and position?

* When Prince Albert delivered an address, on taking the chair at the Servants' Institute, in 1849, he declared that "the largest of all the classes of Her Majesty's subjects in England is the class of domestic servants;" and in the census of Great Britain of 1841, they were put down as numbering about 1,200,000.

THREE TROPHIES FROM THE WAR.

MY husband is Colonel of the Third Regiment in the Hit-or-Miss Brigade, United States Cavalry. Every one who reads the papers knows how gallantly the Hit-or-Miss have always behaved in active service, and that they are now stationed in Newbern, North Carolina. To be sure they have seen a good deal of *inactive* service, but that is not their fault. Winthrop (that is my husband, his name is Winthrop Quincy Gates) assures me that if certain persons had the steering of the ship of state, which certain other dunderheads unfortunately have in their own hands, things would go on more briskly. Of course he don't mean to say any thing against Mr. Lincoln, and he wouldn't discourage enlistments for the world; but, being a Massachusetts man, with the bluest of blood in his veins, which has come down to him from a long line of Puritan ancestors unmingled with any meaner tide, having lived very near the Hub of the Universe all his life, and belonging himself to the Mutual Admiration society, his opinion is worth something.

I am sure, when I saw the Hit-or-Miss marching through Boston with their colors flying, and the band playing "John Brown," I could not help thinking of the stern old Puritan of old who went to war

"Like a prophet of the Lord with his Bible and his sword." To be sure, Winthrop would never have thought of a Bible, if I had not tucked one into his trunk at the last moment, but he was emphatic enough about his sword; so with a little of what is called poetic license the line will apply. I was going to say that when I saw that gallant body of men, granite in their principles as well as their State, I thought that the back-bone of the rebellion would soon be broken; but I have come to the conclusion now, in spite of the many reports, that if the rebellion has any spinal vertebrae it is sound enough yet not to lay the body politic up with the back-ache, or else it must be like some kinds of snakes we have seen when children, which, when cut into pieces, each severed part grew livelier than the original, and wriggled about on its own separate hook in the most cheerful style.

I had a dreary time that winter without Winthrop. Of course New Englanders can not be as lonely as other people, for they have resources, you know. They have an intellectual life; a stir in the very air about them; the rush of the mighty giant Progress. Life is in the potential mood with them. Objectively, their world may be dun and desolate; subjectively, it is rich in untold wealth, grand in glorious possibilities. Somehow that winter the Ego and the "non Ego" were not as fascinating as usual. I found even Emerson dull, and I came to the conclusion that my favorite doll Carlyle was stuffed with saw-dust. My children had the measles, and my maid-of-all-work had an offer. The latter proved serious, and took her off in three days; so

that my sister Lu and myself were obliged to descend from Heine to Soyer, and turn reluctantly from tender sonnets to tender chickens. Do people know, when they see those little innocents smoking and crisply brown on the table, by how many painful stages they are removed from the cackling denizens of the farm-yard? I'm sure I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to have chickens for dinner; but I had rather crack the hardest nut of Jean Paul's German, or read the "Proverbial Philosophy," or do any other disagreeable thing, than to go through the ordeal again. We completely swamped on the gravy.

Suddenly the winter of my discontent was made glorious summer by a letter from Winthrop. He was coming home for a month. The barren desert of my life immediately blossomed into fragrance. "He's coming!" I joyously exclaimed; "and what do you think, Lu, he is going to bring me three trophies from the war!"

"I wish he'd bring a cook," answered Lu, dolefully looking down at a black streak, vulgarly called "smut," which darkened her pretty white hand. Lu had come to me on a visit to cheer me up. I was sorry to see her spoiling her satin-smooth hands in my *cuisine*; but what can one do with two young children clamorous for bread?

"What can the trophies be?" I mused, aloud; "it is just like Winthrop to leave me in suspense; but I can please myself with imagining all I want most."

"I've heard of scalps under that name," said Lu; "they are always the trophies of war with one class of people, and you know we have Indians in this war."

"Now, Lu," I said, indignantly, "to talk of scalps in this most civil of wars. Why, if we could have cushioned the bullets at first, I am sure we would have done so; for you know how kindly we felt then to our 'Wayward Sisters.' Even now the war is a friend to them; for it holds them back from perdition. Better to hold them back by chains, if need be, than to see them take the fatal plunge, which will shipwreck honor and virtue, and ruin them forever."

Lu smiled, skeptically. I noticed that she was not enthusiastic about the war; but there was some excuse for her, as she wasn't a government contractor; had no old hulks of boats, no fossil bread and pork to sell; and no husband displaying his epaulets and patriotism in the cause. Then the Southern beaux at Newport were so delightful.

It was May before Winthrop came after all. A native American, who wanted to see something of the world, had condescended to help me in the kitchen a while; so Lu and I were at liberty to dress in "gorgeous array," and to have the children in prime order to meet their papa. After the first rapture I cried—"And my trophies?"

"Coming," he answered, with a comical smile; "one of them is just behind me."

"Walking!" I exclaimed, a little puzzled to know whether it was some odd breed of dog, a pony, or—

"A 'contraband,'" interrupted Lu. "Oh, I hope it is a woman and cook."

"No; it is a man and a brother," answered Winthrop, laughing.

This was a decided cold *douche* to my enthusiasm. I was in the predicament of the Frenchman who drew the elephant in a lottery. What to do with him, was the question. Before I answered the question satisfactorily, the individual, once a chattel, appeared. He was a tall, slender fellow of about eighteen, "very dark complected" indeed. He rolled his eyes about on every side till the black part seemed cast away in an ocean of white. His hair was curled up into the wiriest of little knobs all over his head, and he brought every tooth to bear on the broad smile with which he regarded me. In his hand he carried a cage, which I divined in a moment held my second trophy.

"What is his name?" I asked, feeling the necessity of saying something.

"Name Joe," promptly replied the chattel.

"Where did you pick him up?" I said, drawing Winthrop into the parlor for consultation.

"He picked me up," answered my husband. "You see he had a wonderful hankering after freedom, and he wanted to see the land where it grows spontaneously."

"Well, I don't know what is to be done with him; for you see, Winthy, Melinda Jane is a lady of great sensibility, and I am sure would never—"

"Oh, well, I'll set him to sawing wood for the present, and after we shall see;" with which summary disposal of the difficulty I tried to be content. Winthrop left me a moment to give him the direction, and returned with the cage in his hand.

"This is a splendid mocking-bird," he cried. "I know you will be charmed with him. He was in one of the rebel houses. To be sure he has fallen off in his singing somewhat; but he'll soon get in tune again. And, by-the-way, it was in the same house that I found a sewing-machine. I knew your weakness for tucking Mayflower's white dresses, so I brought it along."

Now I *had* wanted a sewing-machine for some time, but then we had so many other wants. So when I saw Mrs. Grundy's children, who looked as if their mother had wasted her substance in riotous needle-work, I tried to say, bravely, "Not to desire or admire, if a man but knew it, is more than to walk all day like the Sultans of old in a garden of spices." But now, for some reason, the rapture which I expected disappointed me. I was ready for it, but it didn't come; and instead came thoughts of some sweet Southern matron, seated beside that household divinity, fashioning dainty little robes for lithe little forms; for I, too, knew what it was "to broider the long clothes and neat little coat—to dream and to dote." Certainly its click would sound as mourn-

fully to me as the song of the ocean shell pining for its home.

I had no scruples about the other trophies. I had breathed New England air too long, and heard Wendell Phillips too often, to consider Joe as property, in any sense, and the mocking-bird, of course, was a trifle; but I felt that I could hardly be happy with a sewing-machine on my conscience. Yet it was rather a delicate matter to insinuate to my husband that my standard of morality was higher than his; and I approached the subject tenderly, as if I were treading on gouty toes. I knew well that he was touchy on points of honor, and though he was a little transcendental, and believed in the *Dial* as fervently as the Decalogue, I had always found him—not to put too fine a point upon it—honest. I just ventured to remark:

"You are sure it's right, Winthrop?"

"Oh yes, all right, or, it was in prime order when we started, I am sure; but it may be a little out of order now. However, you know the universal Yankee always understands something about machinery, and I can fix it up at once. I know you are aching to begin on seam and gusset and band. What a grand invention it is, to be sure!"

"No; but, Winthrop, I mean that it hardly seems right to go into other people's houses and carry off their sewing-machines, even if they are rebels. I know that war justifies many things, but—"

"Oh, it's all fair in war," he answered, carelessly; "you know the property's all confiscated."

"Yes; but I thought the Government claimed all."

"So it does, and so Uncle Sam's officers help themselves. '*Facit per alium, facit per se*;' that's an old Latin motto, my dear, and means, 'What I do by another, I do myself.' That is clear, I hope, to the meanest capacity."

It was very dark to me, but I was silent. From the distance came Joe's voice, singing over the sawing:

"I takes my tex' in Mathue,
And by de Rebelations
I knows you by your garments,
Dere's a meetin' here to-night.
Dere's a meetin' here to-night, boys;
An' we's gwine to see some light, boys,
Before dey's done dis fight, boys,
Dere's a meetin' here to-night."

And I wondered vaguely whether Winthrop could find any text as apropos as the Latin motto.

One by one the golden hours slipped by us, as though love had indeed turned the hour-glass in his glowing hands. Who can stay the chariot wheels of Time, though they prove a very Juggernaut to all our hopes? In the mean time spring was flushing the earth with fragrant bloom; the crimson heart of the roses swelled against their prison bars, and dewy violets purpled the shady nooks in the garden. My mocking-bird, hung out in the sunniest spot, with a green bough over his cage to delude him into im-

aging himself in his native forest, only mocked our hopes. Perhaps he could not sing his song in a strange land, or he found the air too bracing for him, and preferred, soft Sybarite as he was, the languid "South wind rushing warm, and the magnolia's breath of balm." I thought he might have the dyspepsia from change of fare, and administered some homeopathic pills; but though he ate them with evident relish they did not put him in tune. Then Winthrop bought a bird-organ, and tried in vain to tempt him into imitation. I am sure that it would have been successful if we could only have played "Dixie" or "My Maryland" on it. I grew possessed with the idea that he was imbued with the spirit of his rebel owners; and the grim despair in his eye, and every lustreless feather, said as plainly as words could speak, "The tyrant's chain is on me now."

I bade Winthrop good-by in the garden, on one of the loveliest days of that sweet time "when hawthorns brighten, woodbines twine;" and, returning, met all my cares and perplexities on the threshold, a weird and dismal throng. First and greatest was Joe; behind him Melinda, flushed, irate, and eloquent. The chattel, suave, smooth, and oily in his manner, began:

"Berry sorry to say, Missis, dat de mockin'-bird done die dis mornin'; nebber gib de leas' warnin', but jes' turn up his legs a little while ago an' go dead widout 'formin' any body of his 'tentions."

"My stars! did any one ever hear the like? I've come to give you warnin', Miss Gates; as for 'sociatin' with niggers, I can't stand it."

Joe remained imperturbably polite. "Knows I's brack, ma'am; can't help it. I's mighty sorry I is a nigger, but I wasn't asked 'spectin' de color I preferred beforehand."

"Well, it ain't his color after all," said Melinda, "but his lyin'; he can help that, I guess. He hain't no more conscience nor a cat; he lies like blazes. I'm as sartin as I'm livin' that he killed that air mockin'-bird, for I seen him puttin' some stuff inter the cage before breakfast; but of course he'll deny it, and he pretendin' to be religious too, singin' about the 'good ship Zion.' I guess ef he put his foot in that air ship he'd sink her sure as Jonah."

Now it had dawned on me before that Joe was not to be blindly trusted—that truth to him was strange, stranger than fiction, so I did not attempt to defend him. He was prompt to defend himself, however, rolling up his eyes in a gently deprecating style, and speaking in his smooth, oily manner—so oily perhaps that the truth slipped away from his words.

"Lor', Missis, tink I pison a bird; I 'fess I done gib him a little dose to fotch him music back, but I preparated dat myself, and—"

"His life has gone after his music," I said; "I hope you will prepare no more such doses. I think, Joe, that if I were living South, and had not imbibed some troublesome dogmas about 'all men being born free and equal,' I should have you thrashed."

Joe opened his eyes still wider, and made a futile attempt at a smile. He did not quite take in the full meaning of my words; but the last one called up direful visions, I expect, for he slunk away, and left Melinda in full possession of the field.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed that damsel, who had lost a little of her fiery glow—"I thought I was an Abolitioner till that feller came; but now I don't go in fur it nohow, 'cept it was to 'bolish niggers off the face of the airth. I've heern of people what had a sweet tooth in their heads; but I declare for it every one of them pesky shinin' ivories of his'n must be that sort, for I can't keep nary a sweet-cake nor a bit of jell when he can git his hands onto 'em. Fact is, I can't make 'em fast enough for them grinders; so, as I was a sayin', Miss Gates, you'd better be a lookin' round. I don't feel no call to be made a martyr on yet, nohow." And the fair maiden was as good or as bad as her word, for in a week's time she was taking views of life from some other kitchen; and I was left to get closer views of my trophy, as I tried to make him of use about the house.

I would have been glad if they had been dissolving views, for I was growing more and more troubled about this dark shadow in our household. I tried to excuse him in my own mind by remembering the child's story of the crooked tree—"somebody trod on it when it was little." Through how many down-trodden generations had those crooked and perverted ideas descended to Joe? by what strange sacrilege to the holy and pure in human law, by what dread transgression of the divine law, had he inherited the outlawry of his nature, his utter obliviousness to any sin in lying or stealing, his religion of feeling and words which never influenced his actions? All this I could understand. Yet, like Melinda, I did not feel a call to be a martyr, especially a "martyr by the pang without the palm," and I meditated vainly over a way of escape. While I was pondering the vexed question I heard my *bête noir* entertaining my children under the elm-tree near the kitchen door. Shouts from the little ones, and a long liquid chuckle from Joe drew my attention. I looked out and saw Buster, my only son, standing in round-eyed and rapt attention, while Mayflower looked a little startled.

"Yes, Marse Bust, I'se seen de debbil."

"How big was he?" asked Buster, who is very precise and mathematical in his ideas.

"Well, I reckon 'bout as big as a woodchuck."

"Oh, Joe, I'm sure he's larger than that," returned the child. He had the true New England mind, and thought that the beginning of wisdom was to doubt. "I guess it *was* a woodchuck that you saw."

"Now, chile, you jes lef dis nigga alone for gumption. 'Spec I don' know de diffunce 'tween ole Sam an' a feddered fowl? Ya! ya! ya! Didn't say he *looked* like a woodchuck did I?—said he was 'bout as big. Now I tinks it

over, honey, he was bigger; he swelled while I was a looken at him mighty big—I reckon he got as tall as dis yer tree.”

“Had he horns?” asked Buster.

“Horns! sure nuf, honey! Reckon he don’t leab his horns at home when he done go for a walk.”

“And how long were they?” inquired my boy.

“Well, I reckon dey was long as dem chimbleys, branchin’ an’ curly like.”

“But what did he want?” asked Mayflower, with intense interest lighting up her pretty blue eyes.

“Lors! I jes begin an’ tell you de hull story, Miss Mayflo’. You see, honey, anoder cullered pussin an’ I, we ’grees to run away when we heerd ’bout Linkum’s men comin’ down dar. I ’longed to fust-class folks, chile, de berry fust blood, but I tought I’d rudder ’long to myself. T’other nigger ’longed to poor white folks—her-rins.”

“What do you call them herrings for?” asked Buster, on the alert for useful information.

“I reckon cos herrins is a mighty mean fish,” said Joe. “Well, dis oder nigger did ’cordin’ to his fotchin’ up, and he gin me de slip and tote hisself off alone. ’Spect he was feerd de hoe-cake gin out or suthing. So you see, chilen, I was wrathy; I felt jes like a dog what’s been chained up all his life, an’ some one cum along an’ loose him an’ let him run a little way, but soon as he sniffs the free air jest hauls him back to the tarnal kennel agin. So I reckon I cussed mighty bad for a while, nuff to blast de corn whar I was worken, and den dat yer debbil ’peared to me.”

“Did he speak?” asked Buster.

“Yes, chile, he talked like a thunder-gust, an’ he looked chain lightnin’. Fact is, I could have put t’oder niggers, mean no account Massa, on his track, and dat’s what de debbil done tempt me mighty hard to do; but ye know de Scripture, ‘Desist de debbil, an’ he flees.’ I’s an hon’able nigga, an’ he couldn’t come it, but he went at me wid dem horns an’ hooves, nuff to make de fur fly. When it was over, bress you, I didn’t know which whopped till I saw him turn hisself inside out and go off in brimstun blaze.”

“Now, Joe,” said Buster, in a matter-of-fact tone, “you know that was impossible; nobody could turn themselves inside out.”

“No *body* couldn’t, Marse Bust, but reckon de debbil could.”

This disputed question was not settled, for I called the children in at that moment, and had the pleasure of spending that whole evening with Mayflower, who was in a state of terror respecting the individual with horns as “high as de chimbleys.” At last I soothed her to sleep, thankful that Buster was too skeptical to suffer, and went down stairs to give Joe a lecture on the subject of his revelations.

From that day Lu and I undertook to inform his mind and enlighten his understanding; but we found that the feeble rays of light which we succeeded in introducing into those benighted

regions were as quickly extinguished as torches in a neglected mine. We constituted ourselves home-missionaries, and gave him sage advice and gospel truth with his daily bread; but our words fell on him as ineffectually as the bullets on an Ironside. I could never give full and pathetic utterance to all we suffered at the hands of our household heathen while waiting Winthrop’s answer to my letter containing a statement of grievances.

Lu came in one day looking radiant. I believe I have not stated before that my sister is a beauty—with the sunniest of hazel eyes, and golden brown hair, which she wears rippling down her neck in what is fashionably termed a waterfall; the prettiest little mouth, firm and resolute as well as sweet, as many a luckless youth has found to his sorrow when it opened only to reiterate one unwelcome word; and a slender, lithe figure, full of the poetry of motion, as though “it were modulated so to an unheard melody.” Her first words were, “Have you heard of the donation party to be given next Wednesday to Mr. Frome?”

I knew well enough that this had never so filled her eyes with soft shining light, and sent that pretty rosy flush over her face. So I said, coolly,

“Oh yes! I knew all about it, and you too, Lu, if you recollect, though you didn’t seem so enthused about it then.”

And I waited a few moments patiently, knowing that the cream of a woman’s thoughts, like other cream, does not come to the surface at once.

“Did you know that Mrs. Frome had Southern relations?” she asked, after a short silence.

“No,” I answered, “I hope they are pleasanter than my Southern relations,” with an expressive glance at Joe, who had just come in to set the table for tea.

“One of them is here on a visit now—an old acquaintance of mine; perhaps you remember Custis Peyton.”

A howl from Joe, nipped in the bud by the crash of my best cut-glass dish, diverted our minds for a time.

“Mighty sorry, Missis, for dat smash; but dat name done flustercate me for sure. Why, I ’longed to de Peytons; an’ I knowed Massa Cuss ’fore he knowed hisself.”

Lu looked at him with a new interest. “I believe Mr. Peyton is a Newbern man,” she said; “how did you like him, Joe?” “Oh! I liked Marse Cuss monstus,” Joe answered; “used to go to Bofurt wid him now and den, an’ I nebber seen such a mighty cute feller for takin’ stone-crab and mint-juleps as Marse Cuss—reckon he could beat at dat air bizness, could Marse Cuss.”

“Oh, do be still, Joe, it sounds exactly like swearing with your Marse Cuss,” said Lu, a little impatient at the unromantic visions called up by Joe’s words.

I recalled Custis Peyton without difficulty. A tall, handsome fellow, with a lordly air as one

born to command; rather swarthy, but with fine, flashing eyes and glittering teeth, and a reverent air to ladies—a deep absorption in their pretty nothings that won their hearts.

"What can he be doing here?" I asked; "perhaps he's a spy."

"Nonsense," answered Lu; "he has just finished at Cambridge. He is a Union Southerner. His mother is North now somewhere with the rest of her children. She is a widow. His father was a North Carolinian, and of course he isn't quite so rabid for the war as some of our friends. He don't approve of every thing that Lincoln does, nor elevate him to the side of Washington, and he can't get over his prejudice in favor of slavery; but he's a sound Union man."

"Union in sound, I expect," I said, smiling.

Lu dropped that subject, and said, "Well, in regard to the donation. The ladies have decided to meet early in the afternoon to finish up Mrs. Frome's summer sewing; to which motion, I am sure, you will lend your approval, and your sewing-machine, for that is what they want. After doing up the useful in the afternoon we will do the agreeable in the evening, and the gentlemen will come in with the other refreshments."

"They are welcome to the machine," I said; "I am only sorry I can not go to work it; but of course there will be some one there able to do that. And we must study Miss Beecher, Lu. I think she is better adapted to our capacity than Soyer, so that we can send something delectable to our minister's wife."

Joe followed me out a few moments after with a solemn face. "Look a yer, Missis," he faltered; "does you reckon Marse Cuss done come for cotch me? 'Cos dis nigga cut and run den, for sure."

I felt inclined to dissimulate a little, I own, thinking of the keen pleasure I should feel at such a denouement; but truth is mighty, and it did prevail.

"Not at all, Joe; he is visiting Mrs. Frome, a family. He is a Union man, and the whole family are North."

Wednesday came, a golden day, full-sailed fleets of snowy clouds sailing over a deep blue sea; soft airs blowing from gardens that stood knee-deep in fragrant bloom; the cloudy poplars near the house showing their silver linings with an endless flutter of joy, while the river in the distance rolled on in many a glittering curve between its fringes of hemlock and tender birch. Lu came floating down like a rose-lit cloud, for she wore some kind of a fleecy thin dress, snowy-white, with rose-colored ribbons, and she looked as if the sunlight was prisoned in her air, so deftly did those mystic fingers of light transmute the brown to gold. I could not help saying, when I saw the eager light which kindled her eye, and the crimson flush on cheek and lip, "Take care, Lu; don't forget the principles you learned with your first prayers; remember Whittier—

"For dearer the blast round our mountains that raves
Than the soft summer zephyr that plays over *slaves*;
And know that the Yankee girl rather would be
In bondage with *them* than in freedom with *thee*."

She gave me such a bright glance in reply, so exultant, that I longed to be going with her instead of overseeing my culinary department; but to the latter duty sternly pointed.

I had there a raw recruit—a middle-aged woman of the Irish persuasion. I had heard fearful accounts of her violent temper, but upon questioning her she denied the soft impeachment.

"High timper, is it? Sorra a bit too high, barrin' jist enough iv that same to kape me out of the mud."

That she had not the degree requisite to keep her out of the dirt I saw plainly that afternoon; for there were other autographs on her face besides that left by old Father Time. A fragrant odor of warm bread filled the room, and to my gentle questioning about her "method" she returned, fiercely:

"Bake bread, is it? Begorra an' I've baked more thin the beggarly Yankees iver ate—enough to pave a way from here to Ballykeshla wid the bonny loaves."

The last-mentioned place, I suppose, rejoiced in having been her native spot. I concluded afterward that the said pavement would be the most appropriate use for her bread.

It was still early in the evening when I heard Lu come in. I was surprised to hear her run up stairs at once to her own room, and followed to question her of the party. She sat by the window, in the full tide of the pallid moonlight that seemed to have swept away the rosy flush from cheek and lip, and deadened to lustreless brown the golden glory of her hair. Some of the hopeful light, too, had died out of her hazel eyes, and I knew at once that something had happened.

"What is it, Lu?" I urged, with the tenderest sisterly affection.

"I expect I had better tell you all, Meg," she said, with a half-laugh, which was more pathetic than tears, "though it is rather hard to let you know that I have been so silly. You remember Custis Peyton that summer at Newport; how we walked, drove, and talked till—well, I believe I lost my heart. He talked Tennyson; and having just dipped far enough into German to enjoy it, he made love to me with the most charming of German diminutives; but the clearer, plainer language of proposal he did not speak."

For this last I was inwardly thankful, but said nothing.

"We parted with some slight disagreement. Perhaps my heart asked something more than 'Lieb liebchen,' or 'Meine Schatze,' and grew petulant over the trifles given in exchange for its lavish wealth. I never heard from him till the other day, and you may know how eagerly I looked forward to this night; for time had not dimmed the brightness of his image. Per-

haps it lent a golden mist to glorify it still more."

"Well, Lu," I said, impatient for the end.

"I was in such spirits this afternoon. We worked away merrily, and finished innumerable garments for poor, pale little Mrs. Frome and those six Berserkers of hers, who look as if they should only wear sheet-iron suits. The tea was ready when we had finished. My heart began to throb; and somehow the pickles and cake, light biscuits and solid edibles, seemed floating before me like the airy phantoms of a dream, while the only reality, Custis Peyton, stood bowing above them with the most admiring look. I never knew whether I was eating pickles or cake, for every thing was flavored with him. But I must hasten to the end, only saying, by-the-way, that never in the old Newport flirtation had he been so absorbed, so full of tender flattery that bore such a delicious air of truth, so eloquent in words that just barely escaped the deepest meanings in life. We talked over the former days, of course, and he grew more and more entranced, till at last he asked me if I did not find the air oppressively warm. So we went into the sewing-room, where the piled-up work lay about, and the three sewing-machines, whose busy click had sounded all the afternoon, were taking a rest. On one of them—on yours, Meg—stood a candle, by whose light the ghostly garments and dark machines were visible. It was not a very romantic place," she said, laughing.

"A union of life's romance and realities," I answered. "You know, Lu, such things always will mar our ideal; we see it every day."

"Well, Custis talked a while, as people always have talked, I suppose, since the primal pair in the Garden of Eden, and then he took my hand to look at a little ring which he gave me once—this little pearl, you know, which you have asked so often about. I don't know what he was going to say as he raised my hand to the light; but he let it fall again, and, instead, took hold of your sewing-machine. He muttered something like 'Strange!' and then took the candle and surveyed it carefully. At last, pointing to something written beneath it, he said:

"Excuse me, Miss Lu; but just read that, if you please."

"I bent down to do so, and read, clearly, 'Peyton, Newbern, N. C.'"

"Is it not infamous?" he exclaimed, his dark face flushing, and his eyes glittering like steel. "Some Yankee Vandal has taken that from my mother's house. I bought it for her two years ago; but she wrote me that she had left Newbern in such haste that she had only saved the portable things. I expected to go down and look after them soon; but there is no need now, I expect. No doubt the valuable articles are distributed among the moral and religious Puritans, or elsewhere. I have heard of Yankee bargaining, but this is stealing. You will find that the standard of morality will soon be low-

ered if this thing goes on. A man who is accustomed to steal from his enemies will soon lose his horror at the crime."

"Meg, I was so bewildered that I had not the moral courage to avow that Winthrop was the thief; but I did falter something about 'confiscation.'"

"Then they steal from the Government, from friends instead of enemies, if you like that better," he rejoined, passionately. "Pardon me, Miss Lu, but this thing has brought back my lost home so painfully, so many pleasant scenes of home joy; I can see the desolate rooms with strange officers lounging about them, invading every cherished nook. You would find me a sad companion for the rest of the evening. I think I shall have to leave the gay revelers yonder. I will see you again, I hope."

"So saying, Meg, he led me tenderly back to the parlor—and there was the end."

Lu looked off again to where the moon poured its pale light over the garden; the clouds of rose and gold had softened to purest pearl and silvery sheen—cold neutral tints instead of lavish color and golden glow; and somehow her life seemed to have passed suddenly from the glorious sunlight of the day's hope to something chill and pallid as the night. I could not say much, for I secretly rejoiced that Mr. Peyton was not to be my brother-in-law, and hoped Lu would soon forget him.

"So you see, Meg," she concluded, laughing, "how unlucky one of your trophies has been—unraveling the web of my destiny, instead of of helping, as its true vocation intends."

"I shall send a note to Mr. Peyton to-morrow," I exclaimed, "begging him to send the machine to his mother; I never wish to see it again. Yet, do you know, Lu, he is half right about the stealing?"

"I thought him wholly right," answered Lu.

An answer came to my note, but the gentleman did not; most politely worded was the missive; his mother, doubtless, had already replaced the machine; hoped I would accept it, etc. It is needless to say that I declined the honor, and neither the machine nor master ever appeared in my humble abode.

A few days after Joe made me his confidante.

"If missis hadn't no manner of 'jection, was tinkin' 'bout marryin'."

"Not the slightest objection," I said; "but what in the world would you live on, Joe?"

"Oh, reckon I could git along. Hannah's mighty ambitious; you oughter see her flyin' 'round to Mrs. Frome's t'oder night to the darnation party. I seed her when I took them fixens o' yourn thar. She gin me a slapjack she done cook that minute, so luscious dat he was gone 'fore I taste him, but not 'fore I say, I'se boun' to make dat gal my wife."

So it seems the same evening that saw Lu's star of hope pale beheld that luminary shine on Joe, and he tasted the bliss of Love's young dream together with his slapjack.

So my last trophy departed, to my great joy.



CHARLES DICKENS.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FIRST. THE CUP AND THE LIP.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

IN these times of ours, though concerning the exact year there is no need to be precise, a boat of dirty and disreputable appearance, with two figures in it, floated on the Thames, between Southwark Bridge which is of iron, and London Bridge which is of stone, as an autumn evening was closing in.

The figures in this boat were those of a strong man with ragged grizzled hair and a sun-browned face, and a dark girl of nineteen or twenty, sufficiently like him to be recognizable as his daughter. The girl rowed, pulling a pair of sculls very easily; the man, with the rudder-lines slack in his hands, and his hands loose in his waistband, kept an eager look-out. He had no net, hook, or line, and he could not be a fisherman; his boat had no cushion for a sitter, no paint, no inscription, no appliance beyond a rusty boat-hook and a coil of rope, and he could not be a waterman; his boat was too crazy and too small to take in cargo for delivery, and he could not be a lighterman or river-carrier; there was no clew to what he looked for, but he looked for something, with a most intent and searching gaze. The tide, which had turned an hour before, was running down, and his eyes watched every little race and eddy in its broad sweep, as the boat made slight headway against it, or drove stern foremost before it, according as he directed his daughter by a movement of his head. She watched his face as earnestly as he watched the river. But, in the intensity of her look there was a touch of dread or horror.

Allied to the bottom of the river rather than the surface, by reason of the slime and ooze with which it was covered, and its sodden state, this boat and the two figures in it obviously were doing something that they often did, and were seeking what they often sought. Half savage as the man showed, with no covering on his matted head, with his brown arms bare to between the elbow and the shoulder, with the loose knot of a looser kerchief lying low on his bare breast in a wilderness of beard and whisker, with such dress as he wore seeming to be made out of the mud that begrimed his boat, still there was business-like usage in his steady gaze. So with every lithe action of the girl, with every turn of her wrist, perhaps most of all with her look of dread or horror; they were things of usage.

"Keep her out, Lizzie. Tide runs strong here. Keep her well afore the sweep of it."

Trusting to the girl's skill and making no use of the rudder, he eyed the coming tide with an absorbed attention. So the girl eyed him. But, it happened now, that a slant of light from the

setting sun glanced into the bottom of the boat, and, touching a rotten stain there which bore some resemblance to the outline of a muffled human form, colored it as though with diluted blood. This caught the girl's eye, and she shivered.

"What ails you?" said the man, immediately aware of it, though so intent on the advancing waters; "I see nothing afloat."

The red light was gone, the shudder was gone, and his gaze, which had come back to the boat for a moment, traveled away again. Wheresoever the strong tide met with an impediment, his gaze paused for an instant. At every mooring-chain and rope, at every stationary boat or barge that split the current into a broad arrow-head, at the offsets from the piers of Southwark Bridge, at the paddles of the river steamboats as they beat the filthy water, at the floating logs of timber lashed together lying off certain wharves, his shining eyes darted a hungry look. After a darkening hour or so, suddenly the rudder-lines tightened in his hold, and he steered hard toward the Surrey shore.

Always watching his face, the girl instantly answered to the action in her sculling; presently the boat swung round, quivered as from a sudden jerk, and the upper half of the man was stretched out over the stern.

The girl pulled the hood of a cloak she wore, over her head and over her face, and, looking backward so that the front folds of this hood were turned down the river, kept the boat in that direction going before the tide. Until now, the boat had barely held her own, and had hovered about one spot; but now, the banks changed swiftly, and the deepening shadows and the kindling lights of London Bridge were passed, and the tiers of shipping lay on either hand.

It was not until now that the upper half of the man came back into the boat. His arms were wet and dirty, and he washed them over the side. In his right hand he held something, and he washed that in the river too. It was money. He chinked it once, and he blew upon it once, and he spat upon it once—"for luck," he hoarsely said—before he put it in his pocket.

"Lizzie!"

The girl turned her face toward him with a start, and rowed in silence. Her face was very pale. He was a hook-nosed man, and with that and his bright eyes and his ruffled head, bore a certain likeness to a roused bird of prey.

"Take that thing off your face."

She put it back.

"Here! and give me hold of the sculls. I'll take the rest of the spell."

"No, no, father! No! I can't indeed. Father!—I can not sit so near it!"

He was moving toward her to change places, but her terrified expostulation stopped him and he resumed his seat.

"What hurt can it do you?"

"None, none. But I can not bear it."

"It's my belief you hate the sight of the very river."

"I—I do not like it, father."

"As if it wasn't your living! As if it wasn't meat and drink to you!"

At these latter words the girl shivered again, and for a moment paused in her rowing, seeming to turn deadly faint. It escaped his attention, for he was glancing over the stern at something the boat had in tow.

"How can you be so thankless to your best friend, Lizzie? The very fire that warmed you when you were a babby, was picked out of the river alongside the coal barges. The very basket that you slept in, the tide washed ashore. The very rockers that I put it upon to make a cradle of it, I cut out of a piece of wood that drifted from some ship or another."

Lizzie took her right hand from the scull it held, and touched her lips with it, and for a moment held it out lovingly toward him; then, without speaking, she resumed her rowing, as another boat of similar appearance, though in rather better trim, came out from a dark place and dropped softly alongside.

"In luck again, Gaffer?" said a man with a squinting leer, who sculled her and who was alone. "I know'd you was in luck again, by your wake as you come down."

"Ah!" replied the other, dryly. "So you're out, are you?"

"Yes, pardner."

There was now a tender yellow moonlight on the river, and the new-comer, keeping half his boat's length astern of the other boat, looked hard at its track.

"I says to myself," he went on, "directly you hove in view, Yonder's Gaffer, and in luck again, by George if he ain't! Scull it is, pardner—don't fret yourself—I didn't touch him." This was in answer to a quick impatient movement on the part of Gaffer: the speaker at the same time unshipping his scull on that side, and laying his hand on the gunwale of Gaffer's boat and holding to it.

"He's had touches enough not to want no more, as well as I make him out, Gaffer! Been a knocking about with a pretty many tides, ain't he pardner? Such is my out-of-luck ways, you see! He must have passed me when he went up last time, for I was on the look-out below bridge here. I a'most think you're like the wulturs, pardner, and scent 'em out."

He spoke in a dropped voice, and with more than one glance at Lizzie who had pulled on her hood again. Both men then looked with a weird unholy interest at the wake of Gaffer's boat.

"Easy does it, betwixt us. Shall I take him aboard, pardner?"

"No," said the other. In so surly a tone that the man, after a blank stare, acknowledged it with the retort:

"—Arn't been eating nothing as has disagreed with you, have you, pardner?"

"Why, yes, I have," said Gaffer. "I have been swallowing too much of that word, Pardner. I am no pardner of yours."

"Since when was you no pardner of mine, Gaffer Hexam, Esquire?"

"Since you was accused of robbing a man. Accused of robbing a live man!" said Gaffer, with great indignation.

"And what if I had been accused of robbing a dead man, Gaffer?"

"You COULDN'T do it."

"Couldn't you, Gaffer?"

"No. Has a dead man any use for money? Is it possible for a dead man to have money? What world does a dead man belong to? 'Tother world. What world does money belong to? This world. How can money be a corpse's? Can a corpse own it, want it, spend it, claim it, miss it? Don't try to go confounding the rights and wrongs of things in that way. But it's worthy of the sneaking spirit that robs a live man."

"I'll tell you what it is—"

"No you won't. I'll tell you what it is. You've got off with a short time of it for putting your hand in the pocket of a sailor, a live sailor. Make the most of it and think yourself lucky, but don't think after that to come over *me* with your pardners. We have worked together in time past, but we work together no more in time present nor yet future. Let go. Cast off!"

"Gaffer! If you think to get rid of me this way—"

"If I don't get rid of you this way, I'll try another, and chop you over the fingers with the stretcher, or take a pick at your head with the boat-hook. Cast off! Pull you, Lizzie. Pull home, since you won't let your father pull."

Lizzie shot ahead, and the other boat fell astern. Lizzie's father, composing himself into the easy attitude of one who had asserted the high moralities and taken an unassailable position, slowly lighted a pipe, and smoked, and took a survey of what he had in tow. What he had in tow, lunged itself at him sometimes in an awful manner when the boat was checked, and sometimes seemed to try to wrench itself away, though for the most part it followed submissively. A neophyte might have fancied that the ripples passing over it were dreadfully like faint changes of expression on a sightless face; but Gaffer was no neophyte and had no fancies.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN FROM SOMEWHERE.

MR. and Mrs. Veneering were bran-new people in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter of London. Every thing about the Veneerings

was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, they themselves were new, they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a bran-new baby, and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantehnicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head.

For, in the Veneering establishment, from the hall-chairs with the new coat of arms, to the grand piano-forte with the new action, and up stairs again to the new fire-escape, all things were in a state of high varnish and polish. And what was observable in the furniture, was observable in the Veneerings—the surface smelt a little too much of the work-shop and was a trifle sticky.

There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went upon easy castors and was kept over a livery stable-yard in Duke Street, Saint James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of this article was Twemlow. Being first cousin to Lord Snigsworth, he was in frequent requisition, and at many houses might be said to represent the dining-table in its normal state. Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, for example, arranging a dinner, habitually started with Twemlow, and then put leaves in him, or added guests to him. Sometimes, the table consisted of Twemlow and half a dozen leaves; sometimes, of Twemlow and a dozen leaves; sometimes, Twemlow was pulled out to his utmost extent of twenty leaves. Mr. and Mrs. Veneering on occasions of ceremony faced each other in the centre of the board, and thus the parallel still held; for, it always happened that the more Twemlow was pulled out, the further he found himself from the centre, and the nearer to the side-board at the one end of the room, or the window-curtains at the other.

But, it was not this which steeped the feeble soul of Twemlow in confusion. This he was used to, and could take soundings of. The abyss to which he could find no bottom, and from which started forth the engrossing and ever-swelling difficulty of his life, was the insoluble question whether he was Veneering's oldest friend or newest friend. To the excogitation of this problem, the harmless gentleman had devoted many anxious hours, both in his lodgings over the livery stable-yard, and in the cold gloom, favorable to meditation, of Saint James's Square. Thus, Twemlow had first known Veneering at his club, where Veneering then knew nobody but the man who made them known to one another, who seemed to be the most intimate friend he had in the world, and whom he had known two days—the bond of union between their souls, the nefarious conduct of the committee respecting the cookery of a fillet of veal, having been accidentally cemented at that date. Immediately

upon this, Twemlow received an invitation to dine with Veneering, and dined: the man being of the party. Immediately upon that, Twemlow received an invitation to dine with the man, and dined: Veneering being of the party. At the man's were a Member, an Engineer, a Payer-off of the National Debt, a Poet, a Grievance, and a Public Office, who all seemed to be utter strangers to Veneering. And yet immediately after that, Twemlow received an invitation to dine at Veneerings, expressly to meet the Member, the Engineer, the Payer-off of the National Debt, the Poet, the Grievance, and the Public Office, and, dining, discovered that all of them were the most intimate friends Veneering had in the world, and that the wives of all of them (who were all there) were the objects of Mrs. Veneering's most devoted affection and tender confidence.

Thus it had come about, that Mr. Twemlow had said to himself in his lodgings, with his hand to his forehead: "I must not think of this. This is enough to soften any man's brain,"—and yet was always thinking of it, and could never form a conclusion.

This evening the Veneerings give a banquet. Eleven leaves in the Twemlow; fourteen in company all told. Four pigeon-breasted retainers in plain clothes standing in line in the hall. A fifth retainer, proceeding up the staircase with a mournful air—as who should say, "Here is another wretched creature come to dinner; such is life!" announces, "Mis-tress Twemlow!"

Mrs. Veneering welcomes her sweet Mr. Twemlow. Mr. Veneering welcomes his dear Twemlow. Mrs. Veneering does not expect that Mr. Twemlow can in nature care much for such insipid things as babies, but so old a friend must please to look at baby. "Ah! You will know the friend of your family better, Tootleums," says Mr. Veneering, nodding emotionally at that new article, "when you begin to take notice." He then begs to make his dear Twemlow known to his two friends, Mr. Boots and Mr. Brewer—and clearly has no distinct idea which is which.

But now a fearful circumstance occurs.

"Mis-ter and Mis-sis Podsnap!"

"My dear," says Mr. Veneering to Mrs. Veneering, with an air of much friendly interest, while the door stands open, "the Podsnaps."

A too, too smiling large man, with a fatal freshness on him, appearing with his wife, instantly deserts his wife and darts at Twemlow with:

"How do you do? So glad to know you. Charming house you have here. I hope we are not late. So glad of this opportunity, I am sure!"

When the first shock fell upon him, Twemlow twice skipped back in his neat little shoes and his neat little silk stockings of a by-gone fashion, as if impelled to leap over a sofa behind him; but the large man closed with him and proved too strong.

"Let me," says the large man, trying to at-

tract the attention of his wife in the distance, "have the pleasure of presenting Mrs. Podsnap to her host. She will be," in his fatal freshness he seems to find perpetual verdure and eternal youth in the phrase, "she will be so glad of the opportunity, I am sure."

In the mean time Mrs. Podsnap, unable to originate a mistake on her own account, because Mrs. Veneering is the only other lady there, does her best in the way of handsomely supporting her husband's, by looking toward Mr. Twemlow with a plaintive countenance and remarking to Mrs. Veneering in a feeling manner, firstly, that she fears he has been rather bilious of late, and secondly, that the baby is already very like him.

It is questionable whether any man quite relishes being mistaken for any other man; but, Mr. Veneering having this very evening set up the shirt-front of the young Antinous (in new worked cambric just come home), is not at all complimented by being supposed to be Twemlow, who is dry and weazen and thirty-five years older. Mrs. Veneering equally resents the imputation of being the wife of Twemlow. As to Twemlow, he is so sensible of being a much better bred man than Veneering, that he considers the large man an offensive ass.

In this complicated dilemma, Mr. Veneering approaches the large man with extended hand, and smilingly assures that incorrigible personage that he is delighted to see him: who in his fatal freshness instantly replies:

"Thank you. I am ashamed to say that I can not at this moment recall where we met, but I am so glad of this opportunity, I am sure!"

Then pouncing upon Twemlow, who holds back with all his feeble might, he is haling him off to present him, as Veneering, to Mrs. Podsnap, when the arrival of more guests unravels the mistake. Whereupon, having re-shaken hands with Veneering as Veneering, he re-shakes hands with Twemlow as Twemlow, and winds it all up to his own perfect satisfaction by saying to the last-named, "Ridiculous opportunity—but so glad of it, I am sure!"

Now, Twemlow having undergone this terrific experience, having likewise noted the fusion of Boots and Brewer in Boots, and having further observed that of the remaining seven guests four discreet characters enter with wandering eyes and wholly decline to commit themselves as to which is Veneering, until Veneering has them in his grasp;—Twemlow having profited by these studies, finds his brain wholesomely hardening as he approaches the conclusion that he really is Veneering's oldest friend, when his brain softens again and all is lost, through his eyes encountering Veneering and the large man linked together as twin brothers in the back drawing-room near the conservatory door, and through his ears informing him in the tones of Mrs. Veneering that the same large man is to be baby's godfather.

"Dinner is on the table!"

Thus the melancholy retainer, as who should say, "Come down and be poisoned, ye unhappy children of men!"

Twemlow, having no lady assigned him, goes down in the rear, with his hand to his forehead. Boots and Brewer, thinking him indisposed, whisper, "Man faint. Had no lunch." But he is only stunned by the unvanquishable difficulty of his existence.

Revived by soup, Twemlow discourses mildly of the Court Circular with Boots and Brewer. Is appealed to, at the fish stage of the banquet, by Veneering, on the disputed question whether his cousin Lord Snigsworth is in or out of town? Gives it that his cousin is out of town. "At Snigsworthy Park?" Veneering inquires. "At Snigsworthy," Twemlow rejoins. Boots and Brewer regard this as a man to be cultivated; and Veneering is clear that he is a remunerative article. Meantime the retainer goes round, like a gloomy Analytical Chemist: always seeming to say, after "Chablis, Sir?"—"You wouldn't if you knew what it's made of."

The great looking-glass above the side-board reflects the table and the company. Reflects the new Veneering crest, in gold and eke in silver, frosted and also thawed, a camel of all work. The *Heralds' College* found out a Crusading ancestor for Veneering who bore a camel on his shield (or might have done it if he had thought of it), and a caravan of camels take charge of the fruits and flowers and candles, and kneel down to be loaded with the salt. Reflects Veneering; forty, wavy-haired, dark, tending to corpulence, sly, mysterious, filmy—a kind of sufficiently well-looking veiled-prophet, not prophesying. Reflects Mrs. Veneering, fair, aquiline-nosed and fingered, not so much light hair as she might have, gorgeous in raiment and jewels, enthusiastic, propitiatory, conscious that a corner of her husband's veil is over herself. Reflects Podsnap: prosperously feeding, two little light-colored wiry wings, one on either side of his else bald head, looking as like his hair-brushes as his hair, dissolving view of red beads on his forehead, large allowance of crumpled shirt-collar up behind. Reflects Mrs. Podsnap; fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features, majestic head-dress in which Podsnap has hung golden offerings. Reflects Twemlow; gray, dry, polite, susceptible to east wind, First-Gentleman-in-Europe collar and cravat, cheeks drawn in as if he had made a great effort to retire into himself some years ago, and had got so far and had never got any farther. Reflects mature young lady; raven locks, and complexion that lights up well when well powdered—as it is—carrying on considerably in the captivation of mature young gentleman; with too much nose in his face, too much ginger in his whiskers, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his studs, his eyes, his buttons, his talk, and his teeth. Reflects charming old Lady Tippins on Veneering's right; with an immense obtuse

drab oblong face, like a face in a table-spoon, and a dyed Long Walk up to the top of her head, as a convenient public approach to the bunch of false hair behind, pleased to patronize Mrs. Veneering opposite, who is pleased to be patronized. Reflects a certain "Mortimer," another of Veneering's oldest friends; who never was in the house before, and appears not to want to come again, who sits disconsolate on Mrs. Veneering's left, and who was inveigled by Lady Tippins (a friend of his boyhood) to come to these people's and talk, and who won't talk. Reflects Eugene, friend of Mortimer; buried alive in the back of his chair, behind a shoulder—with a powder-epaulet on it—of the mature young lady, and gloomily resorting to the Champagne chalice whenever proffered by the Analytical Chemist. Lastly, the looking-glass reflects Boots and Brewer, and two other stuffed Buffers interposed between the rest of the company and possible accidents.

The Veneering dinners are excellent dinners—or new people wouldn't come—and all goes well. Notably, Lady Tippins has made a series of experiments on her digestive functions, so extremely complicated and daring, that if they could be published with their results it might benefit the human race. Having taken in provisions from all parts of the world, this hardy old cruiser has last touched at the North Pole, when, as the ice-plates are being removed, the following words fall from her:

"I assure you, my dear Veneering—"

(Poor Twemlow's hand approaches his forehead, for it would seem now that Lady Tippins is going to be the oldest friend.)

"I assure you, my dear Veneering, that it is the oddest affair! Like the advertising people, I don't ask you to trust me without offering a respectable reference. Mortimer there, is my reference, and knows all about it."

Mortimer raises his drooping eyelids, and slightly opens his mouth. But a faint smile, expressive of "What's the use?" passes over his face, and he drops his eyelids and shuts his mouth.

"Now, Mortimer," says Lady Tippins, rapping the sticks of her closed green fan upon the knuckles of her left hand—which is particularly rich in knuckles, "I insist upon your telling all that is to be told about the man from Jamaica."

"Give you my honor I never heard of any man from Jamaica, except the man who was a brother," replies Mortimer.

"Tobago, then."

"Nor yet from Tobago."

"Except," Eugene strikes in: so unexpectedly that the mature young lady, who has forgotten all about him, with a start takes the epaulet out of his way: "except our friend who long lived on rice-pudding and isinglass, till at length to his something or other, his physician said something else, and a leg of mutton somehow ended in daygo."

A reviving impression goes round the table

that Eugene is coming out. An unfulfilled impression, for he goes in again.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Veneering," quoth Lady Tippins, "I appeal to you whether this is not the basest conduct ever known in this world? I carry my lovers about, two or three at a time, on condition that they are very obedient and devoted; and here is my old lover-in-chief, the head of all my slaves, throwing off his allegiance before company. And here is another of my lovers, a rough Cymon at present certainly, but of whom I had most hopeful expectations as to his turning out well in course of time, pretending that he can't remember his nursery rhymes! On purpose to annoy me, for he knows how I dote upon them!"

A ghastly little fiction concerning her lovers is Lady Tippins's point. She is always attended by a lover or two, and she keeps a little list of her lovers, and she is always booking a new lover, or striking out an old over, or putting a lover in her black list, or promoting a lover to her blue list, or adding up her lovers, or otherwise posting her book. Mrs. Veneering is charmed by the humor, and so is Veneering. Perhaps it is enhanced by a certain yellow play in Lady Tippins's throat, like the legs of scratching poultry.

"I banish the false wretch from this moment, and I strike him out of my Cupidon (my name for my Ledger, my dear,) this very night. But I am resolved to have the account of the man from Somewhere, and I beg you to elicit it for me, my love," to Mrs. Veneering, "as I have lost my own influence. Oh, you perjured man!" This to Mortimer, with a rattle of her fan.

"We are all very much interested in the man from Somewhere," Veneering observes.

Then the four Buffers, taking heart of grace all four at once, say:

{ "Deeply interested!"
 { "Quite excited!"
 { "Dramatic!"
 { "Man from Nowhere, perhaps!"

And then Mrs. Veneering—for Lady Tippins's winning wiles are contagious—folds her hands in the manner of a supplicating child, turns to her left neighbor, and says, "Tease! Pay! Man from Tumwhere!" At which the four Buffers, again mysteriously moved all four at once, exclaim, "You can't resist!"

"Upon my life," says Mortimer languidly, "I find it immensely embarrassing to have the eyes of Europe upon me to this extent, and my only consolation is that you will all of you execrate Lady Tippins in your secret hearts when you find, as you inevitably will, the man from Somewhere a bore. Sorry to destroy romance by fixing him with a local habitation, but he comes from the place, the name of which escapes me, but will suggest itself to every body else here, where they make the wine."

Eugene suggests "Day and Martin's."

"No, not that place," returns the unmoved Mortimer, "that's where they make the Port.

My man comes from the country where they make the Cape Wine. But look here, old fellow; it's not at all statistical and it's rather odd."

It is always noticeable at the table of the Veneerings, that no man troubles himself much about the Veneerings themselves, and that any one who has any thing to tell, generally tells it to any body else in preference.

"The man," Mortimer goes on, addressing Eugene, "whose name is Harmon, was only son of a tremendous old rascal who made his money by Dust."

"Red velveteens and a bell?" the gloomy Eugene inquires.

"And a ladder and basket if you like. By which means, or by others, he grew rich as a Dust Contractor, and lived in a hollow in a hilly country entirely composed of Dust. On his own small estate the growling old vagabond threw up his own mountain range, like an old volcano, and its geological formation was Dust. Coal-Dust, vegetable-dust, bone-dust, crockery dust, rough dust and dust sifted—all manner of Dust."

A passing remembrance of Mrs. Veneering, here induces Mortimer to address his next half-dozen words to her; after which he wanders away again, tries Twemlow and finds he doesn't answer, ultimately takes up with the Buffers who receive him enthusiastically.

"The moral being—I believe that's the right expression—of this exemplary person, derived its highest gratification from anathematizing his nearest relations and turning them out of doors. Having begun (as was natural) by rendering these attentions to the wife of his bosom, he next found himself at leisure to bestow a similar recognition on the claims of his daughter. He chose a husband for her, entirely to his own satisfaction and not in the least to hers, and proceeded to settle upon her, as her marriage portion, I don't know how much Dust, but something immense. At this stage of the affair the poor girl respectfully intimated that she was secretly engaged to that popular character whom the novelists and versifiers call Another, and that such a marriage would make Dust of her heart and Dust of her life—in short, would set her up, on a very extensive scale, in her father's business. Immediately, the venerable parent—on a cold winter's night, it is said—anathematized and turned her out."

Here, the Analytical Chemist, (who has evidently formed a very low opinion of Mortimer's story) concedes a little claret to the Buffers; who, again mysteriously moved all four at once, screw it slowly into themselves with a peculiar twist of enjoyment, as they cry in chorus, "Pray go on."

"The pecuniary resources of Another were, as they usually are, of a very limited nature. I believe I am not using too strong an expression when I say that Another was very hard up. However, he married the young lady, and they

lived in a humble dwelling, probably possessing a porch ornamented with honey-suckle and woodbine twining, until she died. I must refer you to the Registrar of the District in which the humble dwelling was situated, for the certified cause of death; but early sorrow and anxiety may have had to do with it, though they may not appear in the ruled pages and printed forms. Indisputably this was the case with Another, for he was so cut up by the loss of his young wife that if he outlived her a year it was as much as he did."

There is that in the indolent Mortimer, which seems to hint that if good society might on any account allow itself to be impressible, he, one of good society, might have the weakness to be impressed by what he here relates. It is hidden with great pains, but it is in him. The gloomy Eugene too, is not without some kindred touch; for when that appalling Lady Tippins declares that if Another had survived, he should have gone down at the head of her list of lovers—and also when the mature young lady shrugs her epaulets, and laughs at some private and confidential comment from the mature young gentleman—his gloom deepens to that degree that he trifles quite ferociously with his dessert-knife.

Mortimer proceeds.

"We must now return, as the novelists say, and as we all wish they wouldn't, to the man from Somewhere. Being a boy of fourteen, cheaply educated at Brussels when his sister's expulsion befell, it was some little time before he heard of it—probably from herself, for the mother was dead; but that I don't know. Instantly, he absconded, and came over here. He must have been a boy of spirit and resource, to get here on a stopped allowance of five sous a week; but he did it somehow, and he burst in on his father, and pleaded his sister's cause. Venerable parent promptly resorts to anathematization, and turns him out of doors. Shocked and terrified boy takes flight, seeks his fortune, gets aboard ship, ultimately, turns up on dry land among the Cape wine: a small proprietor, farmer, grower—whatever you like to call it."

At this juncture, shuffling is heard in the hall, and tapping is heard at the dining-room door. Analytical Chemist goes to the door, confers angrily with unseen tapper, appears to become mollified by descrying reason in the tapping, and goes out.

"So he was discovered, only the other day, after having almost doubled his age; that is to say, after having expatriated about fourteen years."

A Buffer, suddenly astounding the other three, by detaching himself, and asserting individuality, inquires: "How discovered, and why?"

"Ah! To be sure. Thank you for reminding me. Venerable parent dies."

The same Buffer, emboldened by success, says: "When?"

"The other day. Ten or twelve months ago."

The same Buffer inquires with smartness,

"What of?" But herein perishes a melancholy example; being regarded by the three other Buffers with a stony stare, and attracting no further attention from any mortal.

"Venerable parent," Mortimer repeats with a passing remembrance that there is a Veneering at table, and for the first time addressing him—"dies."

The gratified Veneering repeats, gravely, "dies;" and folds his arms, and composes his brow to hear it out in a judicial manner, when he finds himself again deserted in the bleak world.

"His will is found," says Mortimer, catching Mrs. Podsnap's rocking-horse's eye. "It is dated very soon after the son's flight. It leaves the lowest of the range of dust-mountains, with some sort of a dwelling-house at its foot, to an old servant who is sole executor, and all the rest of the property—which is very considerable—to the son. He directs himself to be buried with certain eccentric ceremonies and precautions against his coming to life, with which I need not bore you, and that's all—except—" and this ends the story.

The Analytical Chemist returning, every body looks at him. Not because any body wants to see him, but because of that subtle influence in nature which impels humanity to embrace the slightest opportunity of looking at any thing rather than the person who addresses it.

"—Except that the son's inheriting is made conditional on his marrying a girl, who at the date of the will was a child of four years old or so, and who is now a marriageable young woman. Advertisement and inquiry discovered the son in a man from Somewhere, and at the present moment he is on his way home from there—no doubt, in a state of great astonishment—to succeed to a very large fortune, and to take a wife."

Mrs. Podsnap inquires whether the young person is a young person of personal charms? Mortimer is unable to report.

Mr. Podsnap inquires what would become of the very large fortune, in the event of the marriage condition not being fulfilled? Mortimer replies, that by special testamentary clause it would then go to the old servant above mentioned, passing over and excluding the son; also, that if that son had not been living, the same old servant would have been sole residuary legatee.

Mrs. Veneering has just succeeded in waking Lady Tippins from a snore, by dextrously shunting a train of plates and dishes at her knuckles across the table; when every body but Mortimer himself becomes aware that the Analytical Chemist is, in a ghostly manner, offering him a folded paper. Curiosity detains Mrs. Veneering a few moments.

Mortimer, in spite of all the arts of the chemist, placidly refreshes himself with a glass of Madeira, and remains unconscious of the document which engrosses the general attention, until Lady Tippins (who has a habit of waking totally insensible), having remembered where she is, and

recovered a perception of surrounding objects, says: "Falsar man than Don Juan; why don't you take the note from the Commendatore?" Upon which, the chemist advances it under the nose of Mortimer, who looks round at him, and says:

"What's this?"

Analytical Chemist bends and whispers.

"Who?" says Mortimer.

Analytical Chemist again bends and whispers.

Mortimer stares at him and unfolds the paper. Reads it, reads it twice, turns it over to look at the blank outside, reads it a third time.

"This arrives in an extraordinarily opportune manner," says Mortimer then, looking with an altered face round the table: "this is the conclusion of the story of the identical man."

"Already married?" one guesses.

"Declines to marry?" another guesses.

"Codicil among the dust?" another guesses.

"Why, no," says Mortimer; "remarkable thing, you are all wrong. The story is complete and rather more exciting than I supposed. Man's drowned!"

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER MAN.

As the disappearing skirts of the ladies ascended the Veneering staircase, Mortimer, following them forth from the dining-room, turned into a back library of bran-new books, in bran-new bindings liberally gilded, and requested to see the messenger who had brought the paper. He was a boy of about fifteen. Mortimer looked at the boy, and the boy looked at the bran-new pilgrims on the wall, going to Canterbury in more gold frame than procession, and more carving than country.

"Whose writing is this?"

"Mine, Sir."

"Who told you to write it?"

"My father, Jesse Hexam."

"Is it he who found the body?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What is your father?"

The boy hesitated, looked reproachfully at the pilgrims as if they had involved him in a little difficulty, then said, folding a plait in the right leg of his trowsers, "He gets his living along-shore."

"Is it far?"

"Is which far?" asked the boy, upon his guard, and again upon the road to Canterbury.

"To your father's?"

"It's a goodish stretch, Sir. I came up in a cab, and the cab's waiting to be paid. We could go back in it before you paid it, if you liked. I went first to your office, according to the direction of the papers found in the pockets, and there I see nobody but a chap of about my age who sent me on here."

There was a curious mixture in the boy, of uncompleted savagery, and uncompleted civilization. His voice was hoarse and coarse, and his

face was coarse, and his stunted figure was coarse; but he was cleaner than other boys of his type; and his writing, though large and round, was good; and he glanced at the backs of the books with an awakened curiosity that went below the binding. No one who can read ever looks at a book, even unopened on a shelf, like one who can not.

"Were any means taken, do you know, boy, to ascertain if it was possible to restore life?" Mortimer inquired, as he sought for his hat.

"You wouldn't ask, Sir, if you knew his state. Pharaoh's multitude that were drowned in the Red Sea, ain't more beyond restoring to life. If Lazarus was only half as far gone, that was the greatest of all the miracles."

"Halloa!" cried Mortimer, turning round with his hat upon his head, "you seem to be at home in the Red Sea, my young friend?"

"Read of it with teacher at the school," said the boy.

"And Lazarus?"

"Yes, and him too. But don't you tell my father! We should have no peace in our place if that got touched upon. It's my sister's contriving."

"You seem to have a good sister."

"She ain't half bad," said the boy; "but if she knows her letters it's the most she does—and them I learned her."

The gloomy Eugene, with his hands in his pockets, had strolled in and assisted at the latter part of the dialogue; when the boy spoke these words slightly of his sister, he took him roughly enough by the chin, and turned up his face to look at it.

"Well, I'm sure, Sir!" said the boy, resisting; "I hope you'll know me again."

Eugene vouchsafed no answer; but made the proposal to Mortimer, "I'll go with you, if you like?" So, they all three went away together in the vehicle that had brought the boy; the two friends (once boys together at a public school) inside, smoking cigars; the boy on the box beside the driver.

"Let me see," said Mortimer, as they went along; "I have been, Eugene, upon the honorable roll of solicitors of the High Court of Chancery, and attorneys at Common Law, five years; and—except gratuitously taking instructions on an average once a fortnight, for the will of Lady Tippins, who has nothing to leave—I have had no scrap of business but this romantic business."

"And I," said Eugene, "have been 'called' seven years, and have had no business at all, and never shall have any. And if I had, I shouldn't know how to do it."

"I am far from being clear as to the last particular," returned Mortimer, with great composure, "that I have much advantage over you."

"I hate," said Eugene, putting his legs up on the opposite seat, "I hate my profession."

"Shall I incommode you, if I put mine up too?" returned Mortimer. "Thank you. I hate mine."

"It was forced upon me," said the gloomy Eugene, "because it was understood that we wanted a barrister in the family. We have got a precious one."

"It was forced upon me," said Mortimer, "because it was understood that we wanted a solicitor in the family. And we have got a precious one."

"There are four of us, with our names painted on a door-post in right of one black hole called a set of chambers," said Eugene; "and each of us has the fourth of a clerk—Cassim Baba, in the robber's cave—and Cassim is the only respectable member of the party."

"I am one by myself, one," said Mortimer, "high up an awful staircase commanding a burial-ground; and I have a whole clerk to myself, and he has nothing to do but look at the burial-ground, and what he will turn out when arrived at maturity I can not conceive. Whether, in that shabby rook's nest, he is always plotting wisdom, or plotting murder; whether he will grow up, after so much solitary brooding, to enlighten his fellow-creatures, or to poison them; is the only speck of interest that presents itself to my professional view. Will you give me a light? Thank you."

"Then idiots talk," said Eugene, leaning back, folding his arms, smoking with his eyes shut, and speaking slightly through his nose, "of Energy. If there is a word in the dictionary under any letter from A to Z that I abominate, it is energy. It is such a conventional superstition, such parrot gabble! What the deuce! Am I to rush out into the street, collar the first man of a wealthy appearance that I meet, shake him, and say, 'Go to law upon the spot, you dog, and retain me, or I'll be the death of you?' Yet that would be energy."

"Precisely my view of the case, Eugene. But show me a good opportunity, show me something really worth being energetic about, and I'll show you energy."

"And so will I," said Eugene.

And it is likely enough that ten thousand other young men, within the limits of the London Post-office town delivery, made the same hopeful remark in the course of the same evening.

The wheels rolled on, and rolled down by the Monument and the Tower, and by the Docks; down by Ratcliffe, and by Rotherhithe; down by where accumulated scum of humanity seemed to be washed from higher grounds, like so much moral sewage, and to be pausing until its own weight forced it over the bank and sunk it in the river. In and out among ships that seemed to have got ashore, and houses that seemed to have got afloat—among bowsprits staring into windows, and windows staring into water—the wheels rolled on, until they stopped at a dark corner, river-washed and otherwise not washed at all, where the boy alighted and opened the door.

"You must walk the rest, Sir; it's not many yards." He spoke in the singular number, to the express exclusion of Eugene.

"This is a confoundedly out-of-the-way place," said Mortimer, slipping over the stones and refuse on the shore, as the boy turned the corner sharp.

"Here's my father's, Sir; where the light is."

The low building had the look of having once been a mill. There was a rotten wart of wood upon its forehead that seemed to indicate where the sails had been, but the whole was very indistinctly seen in the obscurity of the night. The boy lifted the latch of the door, and they passed at once into a low circular room, where a man stood before a red fire, looking down into it, and a girl sat engaged in needle-work. The fire was in a rusty brazier, not fitted to the hearth; and a common lamp, shaped like a hyacinth-root, smoked and flared in the neck of a stone bottle on the table. There was a wooden bunk or berth in a corner, and in another corner a wooden stair leading above—so clumsy and steep that it was little better than a ladder. Two or three old sculls and oars stood against the wall, and against another part of the wall was a small dresser, making a spare show of the commonest articles of crockery and cooking-vessels. The roof of the room was not plastered, but was formed of the flooring of the room above. This, being very old, knotted, seamed and beamed, gave a lowering aspect to the chamber; and roof, and walls, and floor, alike abounding in old smears of flour, red-lead (or some such stain which it had probably acquired in warehousing), and damp, alike had a look of decomposition.

"The gentleman, father."

The figure at the red fire turned, raised its ruffled head, and looked like a bird of prey.

"You're Mortimer Lightwood, esquire; are you, Sir?"

"Mortimer Lightwood is my name. What you found," said Mortimer, glancing rather shrinkingly toward the bunk; "is it here?"

"Tain't not to say here, but it's close by. I do every thing reg'lar. I've giv' notice of the circumstarnee to the police, and the police have took possession of it. No time ain't been lost, on any hand. The police have put it into print already, and here's what the print says of it."

Taking up the bottle with the lamp in it, he held it near a paper on the wall, with the police heading, FOUND DROWNED. The two friends read the hand-bill as it stuck against the wall, and Gaffer read them as he held the light.

"Only papers on the unfortunate man, I see," said Lightwood, glancing from the description of what was found, to the finder.

"Only papers."

Here the girl arose with her work in her hand, and went out at the door.

"No money," pursued Mortimer; "but three-pence in one of the skirt-pockets."

"Three. Penny. Pieces," said Gaffer Hexam, in as many sentences.

"The trowsers pockets empty, and turned inside out."

Gaffer Hexam nodded. "But that's common.

Whether it's the wash of the tide or no, I can't say. Now, here," moving the light to another Found Drowned placard, "*his* pockets was found empty, and turned inside out. And here," moving the light to another, "*her* pocket was found empty, and turned inside out. And so was this one's. And so was that one's. I can't read, nor I don't want to it, for I know 'em by their places on the wall. This one was a sailor, with two anchors and a flag and G. F. T. on his arm. Look and see if he warn't."

"Quite right."

"This one was the young woman in gray boots, and her linen marked with a cross. Look and see if she warn't."

"Quite right."

"This is him as had a nasty cut over the eye. This is them two young sisters what tied themselves together with a handkecher. This is the drunken old chap, in a pair of list slippers and a night-cap, wot had offered—it afterward come out—to make a hole in the water for a quartern of rum stood aforehand, and kept to his word for the first and last time in his life. They pretty well papers the room, you see; but I know 'em all. I'm scholar enough!"

He waved the light over the whole, as if to typify the light of his scholarly intelligence, and then put it down on the table and stood behind it looking intently at his visitors. He had the special peculiarity of some birds of prey, that when he knitted his brow his ruffled crest stood highest.

"You did not find all these yourself; did you?" asked Eugene.

To which the bird of prey slowly rejoined, "And what might *your* name be, now?"

"This is my friend," Mortimer Lightwood interposed; "Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

"Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, is it? And what might Mr. Eugene Wrayburn have asked of me?"

"I asked you, simply, if you found all these yourself?"

"I answer you, simply, most on 'em."

"Do you suppose there has been much violence and robbery, beforehand, among these cases?"

"I don't suppose at all about it," returned Gaffer. "I ain't one of the supposing sort. If you'd got your living to haul out of the river every day of your life, you mightn't be much given to supposing. Am I to show the way?"

As he opened the door, in pursuance of a nod from Lightwood, an extremely pale and disturbed face appeared in the doorway—the face of a man much agitated.

"A body missing?" asked Gaffer Hexam, stopping short; "or a body found? Which?"

"I am lost," replied the man, in a hurried and an eager manner.

"Lost!"

"I—I—am a stranger, and don't know the way. I—I—want to find the place where I can see what is described here. It is possible I may know it." He was panting, and could hardly speak; but, he showed a copy of the newly-

printed bill that was still wet upon the wall. Perhaps its newness, or perhaps the accuracy of his observation of its general look, guided Gaffer to a ready conclusion.

"This gentleman, Mr. Lightwood, is on that business."

"Mr. Lightwood?"

During a pause, Mortimer and the stranger confronted each other. Neither knew the other.

"I think, Sir," said Mortimer, breaking the awkward silence with his airy self-possession, "that you did me the honor to mention my name?"

"I repeated it, after this man."

"You said you were a stranger in London?"

"An utter stranger."

"Are you seeking a Mr. Harmon?"

"No."

"Then I believe I can assure you that you are on a fruitless errand, and will not find what you fear to find. Will you come with us?"

A little winding through some muddy alleys that might have been deposited by the last ill-savored tide, brought them to the wicket-gate and bright lamp of a Police Station; where they found the Night-Inspector, with a pen and ink, and ruler, posting up his books in a whitewashed office, as studiously as if he were in a monastery on the top of a mountain, and no howling fury of a drunken woman were banging herself against a cell-door in the back-yard at his elbow. With the same air of a recluse much given to study, he desisted from his books to bestow a distrustful nod of recognition upon Gaffer, plainly importing, "Ah! we know all about *you*, and you'll overdo it some day;" and to inform Mr. Mortimer Lightwood and friends, that he would attend them immediately. Then, he finished ruling the work he had in hand (it might have been illuminating a missal, he was so calm), in a very neat and methodical manner, showing not the slightest consciousness of the woman who was banging herself with increased violence, and shrieking most terrifically for some other woman's liver.

"A bull's-eye," said the Night-Inspector, taking up his keys. Which a deferential satellite produced. "Now, gentlemen."

With one of his keys he opened a cool grot at the end of the yard, and they all went in. They quickly came out again, no one speaking but Eugene: who remarked to Mortimer, in a whisper, "Not *much* worse than Lady Tippins."

So, back to the whitewashed library of the monastery—with that liver still in shrieking requisition, as it had been loudly, while they looked at the silent sight they came to see—and there through the merits of the case as summed up by the Abbot. No clew to how body came into river. Very often was no clew. Too late to know for certain, whether injuries received before or after death; one excellent surgical opinion said, before; other excellent surgical opinion said, after. Steward of ship in which gentleman came home passenger, had been round to

view, and had no doubt of identity. Likewise could swear to clothes. And then, you see, you had the papers, too. How was it he had totally disappeared on leaving ship, 'till found in river? Well! Probably had been upon some little game. Probably thought it a harmless game, wasn't up to things, and it turned out a fatal game. Inquest to-morrow, and no doubt open verdict.

"It appears to have knocked your friend over—knocked him completely off his legs," Mr. Inspector remarked, when he had finished his summing up. "It has given him a bad turn to be sure!" This was said in a very low voice, and with a searching look (not the first he had cast) at the stranger.

Mr. Lightwood explained that it was no friend of his.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Inspector, with an attentive ear; "where did you pick him up?"

Mr. Lightwood explained further.

Mr. Inspector had delivered his summing up, and had added these words, with his elbows leaning on his desk, and the fingers and thumb of his right hand, fitting themselves to the fingers and thumb of his left. Mr. Inspector moved nothing but his eyes, as he now added, raising his voice:

"Turned you faint, Sir! Seems you're not accustomed to this kind of work?"

The stranger, who was leaning against the chimney-piece with drooping head, looked round and answered, "No. It's a horrible sight!"

"You expected to identify, I am told, Sir?"

"Yes."

"Have you identified?"

"No. It's a horrible sight. Oh! a horrible, horrible sight!"

"Who did you think it might have been?" asked Mr. Inspector. "Give us a description, Sir. Perhaps we can help you."

"No, no," said the stranger; "it would be quite useless. Good-night."

Mr. Inspector had not moved, and had given no order; but the satellite slipped his back against the wicket, and laid his left arm along the top of it, and with his right hand turned the bull's-eye he had taken from his chief—in quite a casual manner—toward the stranger.

"You missed a friend, you know; or you missed a foe, you know; or you wouldn't have come here, you know. Well, then; ain't it reasonable to ask, who was it?" Thus, Mr. Inspector.

"You must excuse my telling you. No class of man can understand better than you, that families may not choose to publish their disagreements and misfortunes, except upon the last necessity. I do not dispute that you discharge your duty in asking me the question; you will not dispute my right to withhold the answer. Good-night."

Again he turned toward the wicket, where the satellite, with his eye upon his chief, remained a dumb statue.

"At least," said Mr. Inspector, "you will not object to leave me your card, Sir?"

"I should not object, if I had one; but I have not." He reddened and was much confused as he gave the answer.

"At least," said Mr. Inspector, with no change of voice or manner, "you will not object to write down your name and address?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Inspector dipped a pen in his inkstand, and softly laid it on a piece of paper close beside him; then resumed his former attitude. The stranger stepped up to the desk, and wrote in a rather tremulous hand—Mr. Inspector taking sidelong note of every hair of his head when it was bent down for the purpose—"Mr. Julius Handford, Exchequer Coffee-House, Palace Yard, Westminster."

"Staying there, I presume, Sir?"

"Staying there."

"Consequently, from the country?"

"Eh? Yes—from the country."

"Good-night, Sir."

The satellite removed his arm and opened the wicket, and Mr. Julius Handford went out.

"Reserve!" said Mr. Inspector. "Take care of this piece of paper, keep him in view without giving offense, ascertain that he *is* staying there, and find out any thing you can about him."

The satellite was gone; and Mr. Inspector, becoming once again the quiet Abbot of that Monastery, dipped his pen in his ink and resumed his books. The two friends who had watched him, more amused by the professional manner than suspicious of Mr. Julius Handford, inquired before taking their departure too whether he believed there was any thing that really looked bad here?

The Abbot replied with reticence, "Couldn't say. If a murder, any body might have done it. Burglary or pocket-picking wanted 'prenticeship. Not so, murder. We were all of us up to that. Had seen scores of people come to identify, and never saw one person struck in that particular way. Might, however, have been Stomach, and not Mind. If so, rum stomach. But to be sure there were rum every things. Pity there was not a word of truth in that superstition about bodies bleeding when touched by the right hand; you never got a sign out of bodies. You got row enough out of such as her—she was good for all night now" (referring here to the banging demands for the liver), "but you got nothing out of bodies if it was ever so."

There being nothing more to be done until the Inquest was held next day, the friends went away together, and Gaffer Hexam and his son went their separate way. But, arriving at the last corner, Gaffer bade his boy go home while he turned into a red-curtained tavern, that stood dropsically bulging over the dirty causeway, "for a half-a-pint."

The boy lifted the latch he had lifted before, and found his sister again seated before the fire at her work. Who raised her head upon his coming in and asking:

"Where did you go, Liz?"

"I went out in the dark."

"There was no necessity for that. It was all right enough."

"One of the gentlemen, the one who didn't speak while I was there, looked hard at me. And I was afraid he might know what my face meant. But there! Don't mind me, Charley! I was all in a tremble of another sort when you owned to father you could write a little."

"Ah! But I made believe I wrote so badly, as that it was odds if any one could read it. And when I wrote slowest and smeared out with my finger most, father was best pleased, as he stood looking over me."

The girl put aside her work, and drawing her seat close to his seat by the fire, laid her arm gently on his shoulder.

"You'll make the most of your time, Charley; won't you?"

"Won't I? Come! I like that. Don't I?"

"Yes, Charley, yes. You work hard at your learning, I know. And I work a little, Charley, and plan and contrive a little (wake out of my sleep contriving sometimes), how to get together a shilling now, and a shilling then, that shall make father believe you are beginning to earn a stray living along shore."

"You are father's favorite, and can make him believe any thing."

"I wish I could, Charley! For if I could make him believe that learning was a good thing, and that we might lead better lives, I should be a most content to die."

"Don't talk stuff about dying, Liz."

She placed her hands in one another on his shoulder, and laying her rich brown cheek against them as she looked down at the fire, went on thoughtfully:

"Of an evening, Charley, when you are at the school, and father's—"

"At the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters," the boy struck in, with a backward nod of his head toward the public house.

"Yes. Then as I sit a-looking at the fire, I seem to see in the burning coal—like where that glow is now—"

"That's gas, that is," said the boy, "coming out of a bit of a forest that's been under the mud that was under the water in the days of Noah's Ark. Look here! When I take the poker—so—and give it a dig—"

"Don't disturb it, Charley, or it'll be all in a blaze. It's that dull glow near it, coming and going, that I mean. When I look at it of an evening, it comes like pictures to me, Charley."

"Show us a picture," said the boy. "Tell us where to look."

"Ah! It wants my eyes, Charley."

"Cut away then, and tell us what your eyes make of it."

"Why, there are you and me, Charley, when you were quite a baby that never knew a mother—"

"Don't go saying I never knew a mother,"

interposed the boy, "for I knew a little sister that was sister and mother both."

The girl laughed delightedly, and her eyes filled with pleasant tears, as he put both his arms round her waist and so held her.

"There are you and me, Charley, when father was away at work and locked us out, for fear we should set ourselves afire or fall out of window, sitting on the door-sill, sitting on other door-steps, sitting on the bank of the river, wandering about to get through the time. You are rather heavy to carry, Charley, and I am often obliged to rest. Sometimes we are sleepy and fall asleep together in a corner, sometimes we are very hungry, sometimes we are a little frightened, but what is oftenest hard upon us is the cold. You remember, Charley?"

"I remember," said the boy, pressing her to him twice or thrice, "that I snuggled under a little shawl, and it was warm there."

"Sometimes it rains, and we creep under a boat or the like of that; sometimes it's dark, and we get among the gaslights, sitting watching the people as they go along the streets. At last, up comes father and takes us home. And home seems such a shelter after out of doors! And father pulls my shoes off, and dries my feet at the fire, and has me to sit by him while he smokes his pipe long after you are abed, and I notice that father's is a large hand but never a heavy one when it touches me, and that father's is a rough voice but never an angry one when it speaks to me. So, I grow up, and little by little father trusts me, and makes me his companion, and, let him be put out as he may, never once strikes me."

The listening boy gave a grunt here, as much as to say "But he strikes *me* though!"

"Those are some of the pictures of what is past, Charley."

"Cut away again," said the boy, "and give us a fortune-telling one; a future one."

"Well! There am I, continuing with father and holding to father, because father loves me and I love father. I can't so much as read a book, because, if I had learned, father would have thought I was deserting him, and I should have lost my influence. I have not the influence I want to have, I can not stop some dreadful things I try to stop, but I go on in the hope and trust that the time will come. In the mean while I know that I am in some things a stay to father, and that if I was not faithful to him he would—in revenge-like, or in disappointment, or both—go wild and bad."

"Give us a touch of the fortune-telling pictures about me."

"I was passing on to them, Charley," said the girl, who had not changed her attitude since she began, and who now mournfully shook her head; "the others were all leading up. There are you—"

"Where am I, Liz?"

"Still in the hollow down by the flare."

"There seems to be the deuce-and-all in the

hollow down by the flare," said the boy, glancing from her eyes to the brazier, which had a grisly skeleton look on its long thin legs.

"There are you, Charley, working your way, in secret from father, at the school; and you get prizes; and you go on better and better; and you come to be a—what was it you called it when you told me about that?"

"Ha, ha! Fortune-telling not know the name!" cried the boy, seeming to be rather relieved by this default on the part of the hollow down by the flare. "Pupil-teacher."

"You come to be a pupil-teacher, and you still go on better and better, and you rise to be a master full of learning and respect. But the secret has come to father's knowledge long before, and it has divided you from father, and from me."

"No it hasn't!"

"Yes it has, Charley. I see, as plain as plain can be, that your way is not ours, and that even if father could be got to forgive your taking it (which he never could be), that way of yours would be darkened by our way. But I see too, Charley—"

"Still as plain as plain can be, Liz?" asked the boy, playfully.

"Ah! Still. That it is a great work to have cut you away from father's life, and to have made a new and good beginning. So there am I, Charley, left alone with father, keeping him as straight as I can, watching for more influence than I have, and hoping that through some fortunate chance, or when he is ill, or when—I don't know what—I may turn him to wish to do better things."

"You said you couldn't read a book, Lizzie. Your library of books is the hollow down by the flare, I think."

"I should be very glad to be able to read real books. I feel my want of learning very much, Charley. But I should feel it much more, if I didn't know it to be a tie between me and father.—Hark! Father's tread!"

It being now past midnight, the bird of prey went straight to roost. At mid-day following he reappeared at the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, in the character, not new to him, of a witness before a Coroner's Jury.

Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, besides sustaining the character of one of the witnesses, doubled the part with that of the eminent solicitor who watched the proceedings on behalf of the representatives of the deceased, as was duly recorded in the newspapers. Mr. Inspector watched the proceedings too, and kept his watching closely to himself. Mr. Julius Handford having given his right address, and being reported in solvent circumstances as to his bill, though nothing more was known of him at his hotel except that his way of life was very retired, had no summons to appear, and was merely present in the shades of Mr. Inspector's mind.

The case was made interesting to the public by Mr. Mortimer Lightwood giving evidence touching the circumstances under which the de-

ceased, Mr. John Harmon, had returned to England; exclusive private proprietorship in which circumstances was set up at dinner-tables for several days, by Veneering, Twemlow, Podsnap, and all the Buffers: who all related them irreconcilably with one another, and contradicted themselves. It was also made interesting by the testimony of Job Potterson, the ship's steward, and one Mr. Jacob Kibble, a fellow-passenger, that the deceased Mr. John Harmon did bring over, in a hand-valise with which he did disembark, the sum he had realized by the forced sale of his little landed property, and that the sum exceeded, in ready money, seven hundred pounds. It was further made interesting by the remarkable experiences of Jesse Hexam in having rescued from the Thames so many dead bodies, and for whose behoof a rapturous admirer, subscribing himself "A friend to Burial" (perhaps an undertaker), sent eighteen postage-stamps, and five "Now Sir"s to the editor of the *Times*.

Upon the evidence adduced before them the Jury found, That the body of Mr. John Harmon had been discovered floating in the Thames, in an advanced state of decay, and much injured, and that the said Mr. John Harmon had come by his death under highly suspicious circumstances, though by whose act or in what precise manner there was no evidence before this Jury to show. And they appended to their verdict a recommendation to the Home Office (which Mr. Inspector appeared to think highly sensible), to offer a reward for the solution of the mystery. Within eight-and-forty hours a reward of One Hundred Pounds was proclaimed, together with a free pardon to any person or persons not the actual perpetrator or perpetrators, and so forth in due form.

This Proclamation rendered Mr. Inspector additionally studious, and caused him to stand meditating on river-stairs and causeways, and to go lurking about in boats, putting this and that together. But, according to the success with which you put this and that together, you get a woman and a fish apart, or a Mermaid in combination. And Mr. Inspector could turn out nothing better than a Mermaid, which no Judge and Jury would believe in.

Thus, like the tides on which it had been borne to the knowledge of men, the Harmon Murder—as it came to be popularly called—went up and down, and ebbed and flowed, now in the town, now in the country, now among palaces, now among hovels, now among lords and ladies and gentlefolks, now among laborers and hammerers and ballast-heavers, until at last, after a long interval of slack-water, it got out to sea and drifted away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE R. WILFER FAMILY.

REGINALD WILFER is a name with rather a grand sound, suggesting on first acquaintance

brasses in country churches, scrolls in stained-glass windows, and generally the De Wilfers who came over with the Conqueror. For, it is a remarkable fact in genealogy that no De Any ones ever came over with Any body else.

But, the Reginald Wilfer family were of such commonplace extraction and pursuits that their forefathers had for generations modestly subsisted on the Docks, the Excise-Office, and the Custom-House, and the existing R. Wilfer was a poor clerk. So poor a clerk, though having a limited salary and an unlimited family, that he had never yet attained the modest object of his ambition: which was, to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time. His black hat was brown before he could afford a coat, his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots, his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons, and, by the time he worked round to the hat again, that shining modern article roofed-in an ancient ruin of various periods.

If the conventional Cherub could ever grow up and clothed, he might be photographed as a view of Wilfer. His chubby, smooth, innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down. A stranger entering his own poor house at about ten o'clock P.M. might have been surprised to find him sitting up to supper. So boyish was he in his curves and proportions, that his old schoolmaster meeting him in Cheapside, might have been unable to withstand the temptation of caning him on the spot. In short, he was the conventional cherub, after the supposititious shoot just mentioned, rather gray, with signs of care on his expression, and in decidedly insolvent circumstances.

He was shy, and unwilling to own to the name of Reginald, as being too aspiring and self-assertive a name. In his signature he used only the initial R., and imparted what it really stood for to none but chosen friends, under the seal of confidence. Out of this, the facetious habit had arisen in the neighborhood surrounding Mincing Lane of making Christian names for him of adjectives and participles beginning with R. Some of these were more or less appropriate: as Rusty, Retiring, Ruddy, Round, Ripe, Ridiculous, Ruminative; others derived their point from their want of application—as Raging, Rattling, Roaring, Raffish. But his popular name was Rumty, which in a moment of inspiration had been bestowed upon him by a gentleman of convivial habits connected with the drug-market, as the beginning of a social chorus, his leading part in the execution of which had led this gentleman to the Temple of Fame, and of which the whole expressive burden ran:

"Rumty iddity, row dow dow,
Sing toodlely, teedlely, bow wow wow."

Thus he was constantly addressed, even in minor notes on business, as "Dear Rumty;" in answer

to which, he sedately signed himself, "Yours truly, R. Wilfer."

He was clerk in the drug-house of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles. Chicksey and Stobbles, his former masters, had both become absorbed in Veneering, once their traveler or commission agent: who had signalized his accession to supreme power by bringing into the business a quantity of plate-glass window and French-polished mahogany partition, and a gleaming and enormous door-plate.

R. Wilfer locked up his desk one evening, and, putting his bunch of keys in his pocket much as if it were his peg-top, made for home. His house was in the Holloway region north of London, and then divided from it by fields and trees. Between Battle Bridge and that part of the Holloway district in which he dwelt, was a tract of suburban Sahara, where tiles and bricks were burnt, bones were boiled, carpets were beat, rubbish was shot, dogs were fought, and dust was heaped by contractors. Skirting the border of this desert, by the way he took, when the light of its kiln-fires made lurid smears on the fog, R. Wilfer sighed and shook his head.

"Ah me!" said he, "what might have been is not what is!"

With which commentary on human life, indicating an experience of it not exclusively his own, he made the best of his way to the end of his journey.

Mrs. Wilfer was, of course, a tall woman and an angular. Her lord being cherubic, she was necessarily majestic, according to the principle which matrimonially unites contrasts. She was much given to tying up her head in a pocket-handkerchief, knotted under the chin. This head-gear, in conjunction with a pair of gloves worn within doors, she seemed to consider as at once a kind of armor against misfortune (invariably assuming it when in low spirits or difficulties), and as a species of full dress. It was therefore with some sinking of the spirit that her husband beheld her thus heroically attired, putting down her candle in the little hall, and coming down the door-steps through the little front court to open the gate for him.

Something had gone wrong with the house-door, for R. Wilfer stopped on the steps, staring at it, and cried: "Halloa?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilfer, "the man came himself with a pair of pincers, and took it off, and took it away. He said that as he had no expectation of ever being paid for it, and as he had an order for another LADIES' SCHOOL door-plate, it was better (burnished up) for the interests of all parties."

"Perhaps it was, my dear; what do you think?"

"You are master here, R. W.," returned his wife. "It is as you think; not as I do. Perhaps it might have been better if the man had taken the door too?"

"My dear, we couldn't have done without the door."

"Couldn't we?"

"Why, my dear! Could we?"

"It is as you think, R. W.; not as I do."

With those submissive words, the dutiful wife preceded him down a few stairs to a little basement front-room, half kitchen, half parlor, where a girl of about nineteen, with an exceedingly pretty figure and face but with an impatient and petulant expression both in her face and in her shoulders (which in her sex and at her age are very expressive of discontent), sat playing draughts with a younger girl, who was the youngest of the House of Wilfer. Not to encumber this page by telling off the Wilfers in detail and casting them up in the gross, it is enough for the present that the rest were what is called "out in the world," in various ways, and that they were Many. So many, that when one of his dutiful children called in to see him, R. Wilfer generally seemed to say to himself, after a little mental arithmetic, "Oh! here's another of 'em!" before adding aloud, "How de do, John," or Susan, as the case might be.

"Well, Piggywiggies," said R. W., "how de do to-night? What I was thinking of, my dear," to Mrs. Wilfer already seated in a corner with folded gloves, "was, that as we have let our first floor so well, and as we have now no place in which you could teach pupils, even if pupils—"

"The milkman said he knew of two young ladies of the highest respectability who were in search of a suitable establishment, and he took a card," interposed Mrs. Wilfer, with severe monotony, as if she were reading an Act of Parliament aloud. "Tell your father whether it was last Monday, Bella."

"But we never heard any more of it, ma," said Bella, the elder girl.

"In addition to which, my dear," her husband urged, "if you have no place to put two young persons into—"

"Pardon me," Mrs. Wilfer again interposed; "they were not young persons. Two young ladies of the highest respectability. Tell your father, Bella, whether the milkman said so."

"My dear, it is the same thing."

"No it is not," said Mrs. Wilfer, with the same impressive monotony. "Pardon me!"

"I mean, my dear, it is the same thing as to space. As to space. If you have no space in which to put two youthful fellow-creatures, however eminently respectable, which I do not doubt, where are those youthful fellow-creatures to be accommodated? I carry it no further than that. And solely looking at it," said her husband, making the stipulation at once in a conciliatory, complimentary, and argumentative tone—"as I am sure you will agree, my love—from a fellow-creature point of view, my dear."

"I have nothing more to say," returned Mrs. Wilfer, with a meek renunciatory action of her gloves. "It is as you think, R. W.; not as I do."

Here, the huffing of Miss Bella and the loss of three of her men at a swoop, aggravated by the coronation of an opponent, led to that young

lady's jerking the draught-board and pieces off the table: which her sister went down on her knees to pick up.

"Poor Bella!" said Mrs. Wilfer.

"And poor Lavinia, perhaps, my dear?" suggested R. W.

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Wilfer, "no!"

It was one of the worthy woman's specialties that she had an amazing power of gratifying her splenetic or worldly-minded humors by extolling her own family: which she thus proceeded, in the present case, to do.

"No, R. W. Lavinia has not known the trial that Bella has known. The trial that your daughter Bella has undergone, is, perhaps, without a parallel, and has been borne, I will say, Nobly. When you see your daughter Bella in her black dress, which she alone of all the family wears, and when you remember the circumstances which have led to her wearing it, and when you know how those circumstances have been sustained, then, R. W., lay your head upon your pillow and say, 'Poor Lavinia!'"

Here, Miss Lavinia, from her kneeling situation under the table, put in that she didn't want to be "poored by pa," or any body else.

"I am sure you do not, my dear," returned her mother, "for you have a fine brave spirit. And your sister Cecilia has a fine brave spirit of another kind, a spirit of pure devotion, a beau-ti-ful spirit! The self-sacrifice of Cecilia reveals a pure and womanly character, very seldom equaled—never surpassed. I have now in my pocket a letter from your sister Cecilia, received this morning—received three months after her marriage, poor child!—in which she tells me that her husband must unexpectedly shelter under their roof his reduced aunt. 'But I will be true to him, mamma,' she touchingly writes, 'I will not leave him, I must not forget that he is my husband. Let his aunt come!' If this is not pathetic, if this is not woman's devotion—!" The good lady waved her gloves in a sense of the impossibility of saying more, and tied the pocket-handkerchief over her head in a tighter knot under her chin.

Bella, who was now seated on the rug to warm herself, with her brown eyes on the fire and a handful of her brown curls in her mouth, laughed at this, and then pouted and half cried.

"I am sure," said she, "though you have no feeling for me, pa, I am one of the most unfortunate girls that ever lived. You know how poor we are" (it is probable he did, having some reason to know it!), "and what a glimpse of wealth I had, and how it melted away, and how I am here in this ridiculous mourning—which I hate!—a kind of a widow who never was married. And yet you don't feel for me.—Yes you do, yes you do."

This abrupt change was occasioned by her father's face. She stopped to pull him down from his chair in an attitude highly favorable to strangulation, and to give him a kiss and a pat or two on the cheek.

"But you ought to feel for me, you know, pa."

"My dear, I do."

"Yes, and I say you ought to. If they had only left me alone and told me nothing about it, it would have mattered much less. But that nasty Mr. Lightwood feels it his duty, as he says, to write and tell me what is in reserve for me, and then I am obliged to get rid of George Sampson."

Here, Lavinia, rising to the surface with the last draughtman rescued, interposed, "You never cared for George Sampson, Bella."

"And did I say I did, miss?" Then, pouting again, with the curls in her mouth; "George Sampson was very fond of me, and admired me very much, and put up with every thing I did to him."

"You were rude enough to him," Lavinia again interposed.

"And did I say I wasn't, miss? I am not setting up to be sentimental about George Sampson. I only say George Sampson was better than nothing."

"You didn't show him that you thought even that," Lavinia again interposed.

"You are a chit and a little idiot," returned Bella, "or you wouldn't make such a dolly speech. What did you expect me to do? Wait till you are a woman, and don't talk about what you don't understand. You only show your ignorance!" Then, whimpering again, and at intervals biting the curls, and stopping to look how much was bitten off, "It's a shame! There never was such a hard case! I shouldn't care so much if it wasn't so ridiculous. It was ridiculous enough to have a stranger coming over to marry me, whether he liked it or not. It was ridiculous enough to know what an embarrassing meeting it would be, and how we never could pretend to have an inclination of our own, either of us. It was ridiculous enough to know I shouldn't like him—how *could* I like him, left to him in a will like a dozen of spoons, with every thing cut and dried beforehand, like orange chips. Talk of orange flowers indeed! I declare again it's a shame! Those ridiculous points would have been smoothed away by the money, for I love money, and want money—want it dreadfully. I hate to be poor, and we are degradingly poor, offensively poor, miserably poor, beastly poor. But here I am, left with all the ridiculous parts of the situation remaining, and, added to them all, this ridiculous dress! And if the truth was known, when the Harmon murder was all over the town, and people were speculating on its being suicide, I dare say those impudent wretches at the clubs and places made jokes about the miserable creature's having preferred a watery grave to me. It's likely enough they took such liberties; I shouldn't wonder! I declare it's a very hard case indeed, and I am a most unfortunate girl. The idea of being a kind of a widow, and never having been married! And the idea of being as

poor as ever after all, and going into black, besides, for a man I never saw, and should have hated—as far as *he* was concerned—if I had seen!”

The young lady's lamentations were checked at this point by a knuckle, knocking at the half-open door of the room. The knuckle had knocked two or three times already, but had not been heard.

“Who is it?” said Mrs. Wilfer, in her Act-of-Parliament manner. “Enter!”

A gentleman coming in, Miss Bella, with a short and sharp exclamation, scrambled off the hearth-rug and massed the bitten curls together in their right place on her neck.

“The servant-girl had her key in the door as I came up, and directed me to this room, telling me I was expected. I am afraid I should have asked her to announce me.”

“Pardon me,” returned Mrs. Wilfer. “Not at all. Two of my daughters. R. W., this is the gentleman who has taken our first-floor. He was so good as to make an appointment for to-night, when you would be at home.”

A dark gentleman. Thirty at the most. An expressive, one might say handsome, face. A very bad manner. In the last degree constrained, reserved, diffident, troubled. His eyes were on Miss Bella for an instant, and then looked at the ground as he addressed the master of the house.

“Seeing that I am quite satisfied, Mr. Wilfer, with the rooms, and with their situation, and with their price, I suppose a memorandum between us of two or three lines, and a payment down, will bind the bargain? I wish to send in furniture without delay.”

Two or three times during this short address, the cherub addressed had made chubby motions towards a chair. The gentleman now took it, laying a hesitating hand on a corner of the table, and with another hesitating hand lifting the crown of his hat to his lips, and drawing it before his mouth.

“The gentleman, R. W.,” said Mrs. Wilfer, “proposes to take our apartments by the quarter. A quarter's notice on either side.”

“Shall I mention, Sir,” insinuated the landlord, expecting it to be received as a matter of course, “the form of a reference?”

“I think,” returned the gentleman, after a pause, “that a reference is not necessary; neither, to say the truth, is it convenient, for I am a stranger in London. I require no reference from you, and perhaps, therefore, you will require none from me. That will be fair on both sides. Indeed, I show the greater confidence of the two, for I will pay in advance whatever you please, and I am going to trust my furniture here. Whereas, if you were in embarrassed circumstances—this is merely supposititious—”

Conscience causing R. Wilfer to color, Mrs. Wilfer, from a corner (she always got into stately corners) came to the rescue with a deep-toned “Per-fectly.”

“—Why then I—I might lose it.”

“Well!” observed R. Wilfer, cheerfully, “money and goods are certainly the best of references.”

“Do you think they *are* the best, pa?” asked Miss Bella, in a low voice, and without looking over her shoulder as she warmed her foot on the fender.

“Among the best, my dear.”

“I should have thought, myself, it was so easy to add the usual kind of one,” said Bella, with a toss of her curls.

The gentleman listened to her, with a face of marked attention, though he neither looked up nor changed his attitude. He sat, still and silent, until his future landlord accepted his proposals, and brought writing materials to complete the business. He sat, still and silent, while the landlord wrote.

When the agreement was ready in duplicate (the landlord having worked at it like some cherubic scribe, in what is conventionally called a doubtful, which means a not at all doubtful, Old Master), it was signed by the contracting parties, Bella looking on as scornful witness. The contracting parties were R. Wilfer, and John Rokesmith, Esquire.

When it came to Bella's turn to sign her name, Mr. Rokesmith, who was standing, as he had sat, with a hesitating hand upon the table, looked at her stealthily, but narrowly. He looked at the pretty figure bending down over the paper and saying, “Where am I to go, pa? Here, in this corner?” He looked at the beautiful brown hair, shading the coquettish face; he looked at the free dash of the signature, which was a bold one for a woman's; and then they looked at one another.

“Much obliged to you, Miss Wilfer.”

“Obliged?”

“I have given you so much trouble.”

“Signing my name? Yes, certainly. But I am your landlord's daughter, Sir.”

As there was nothing more to do but pay eight sovereigns in earnest of the bargain, pocket the agreement, appoint a time for the arrival of his furniture and himself, and go, Mr. Rokesmith did that as awkwardly as it might be done, and was escorted by his landlord to the outer air. When R. Wilfer returned, candlestick in hand, to the bosom of his family, he found the bosom agitated.

“Pa,” said Bella, “we have got a Murderer for a tenant.”

“Pa,” said Lavinia, “we have got a Robber.”

“To see him unable for his life to look any body in the face!” said Bella. “There never was such an exhibition.”

“My dears,” said their father, “he is a diffident gentleman, and I should say particularly so in the society of girls of your age.”

“Nonsense, our age!” cried Bella, impatiently. “What's that got to do with him?”

“Besides, we are not of the same age:—which age?” demanded Lavinia.

"Never *you* mind, Lavvy," retorted Bella; "you wait till you are of an age to ask such questions. Pa, mark my words! Between Mr. Rokesmith and me there is a natural antipathy and a deep distrust; and something will come of it!"

"My dear, and girls," said the cherub-patriarch, "between Mr. Rokesmith and me there is a matter of eight sovereigns, and something for supper shall come of it, if you'll agree upon the article."

This was a neat and happy turn to give the subject, treats being rare in the Wilfer household, where a monotonous appearance of Dutch-cheese at ten o'clock in the evening had been rather frequently commented on by the dimpled shoulders of Miss Bella. Indeed, the modest Dutchman himself seemed conscious of his want of variety, and generally came before the family in a state of apologetic perspiration. After some discussion on the relative merits of veal-cutlet, sweet-bread, and lobster, a decision was pronounced in favor of veal-cutlet. Mrs. Wilfer then solemnly divested herself of her handkerchief and gloves, as a preliminary sacrifice to preparing the frying-pan, and R. W. himself went out to purchase the viand. He soon returned, bearing the same in a fresh cabbage-leaf, where it coyly embraced a rasher of ham. Melodious sounds were not long in rising from the frying-pan on the fire, or in seeming, as the fire-light danced in the mellow halls of a couple of full bottles on the table, to play appropriate dance-music.

The cloth was laid by Lavvy. Bella, as the acknowledged ornament of the family, employed both her hands in giving her hair an additional wave while sitting in the easiest chair, and occasionally threw in a direction touching the supper: as, "Very brown, ma;" or, to her sister, "Put the salt-cellar straight, miss, and don't be a dowdy little puss."

Meantime her father, chinking Mr. Rokesmith's gold as he sat expectant between his knife and fork, remarked that six of those sovereigns came just in time for their landlord, and stood them in a little pile on the white table-cloth to look at.

"I hate our landlord!" said Bella.

But, observing a fall in her father's face, she went and sat down by him at the table, and began touching up his hair with the handle of a fork. It was one of the girl's spoiled ways to be always arranging the family's hair—perhaps because her own was so pretty, and occupied so much of her attention.

"You deserve to have a house of your own; don't you, poor pa?"

"I don't deserve it better than another, my dear."

"At any rate I, for one, want it more than another," said Bella, holding him by the chin, as she stuck his flaxen hair on end, "and I grudge this money going to the Monster that swallows up so much, when we all want—every

thing. And if you say (as you want to say; I know you want to say so, pa) 'that's neither reasonable nor honest, Bella,' then I answer, 'May be not, pa—very likely—but it's one of the consequences of being poor, and of thoroughly hating and detesting to be poor, and that's my case.' Now, you look lovely, pa; why don't you always wear your hair like that? And here's the cutlet! If it isn't very brown, ma, I can't eat it, and must have a bit put back to be done expressly."

However, as it was brown, even to Bella's taste, the young lady graciously partook of it without reconsignment to the frying-pan, and also, in due course, of the contents of the two bottles: whereof one held Scotch ale and the other rum. The latter perfume, with the fostering aid of boiling water and lemon-peel, diffused itself throughout the room, and became so highly concentrated around the warm fireside, that the wind passing over the house roof must have rushed off charged with a delicious whiff of it, after buzzing like a great bee at that particular chimney-pot.

"Pa," said Bella, sipping the fragrant mixture and warming her favorite ankle; "when old Mr. Harmon made such a fool of me (not to mention himself, as he is dead), what do you suppose he did it for?"

"Impossible to say, my dear. As I have told you times out of number since his will was brought to light, I doubt if I ever exchanged a hundred words with the old gentleman. If it was his whim to surprise us, his whim succeeded. For he certainly did it."

"And I was stamping my foot and screaming, when he first took notice of me; was I?" said Bella, contemplating the ankle before mentioned.

"You were stamping your little foot, my dear, and screaming with your little voice, and laying into me with your little bonnet, which you had snatched off for the purpose," returned her father, as if the remembrance gave a relish to the rum; "you were doing this one Sunday morning when I took you out, because I didn't go the exact way you wanted, when the old gentleman, sitting on a seat near, said, 'That's a nice girl; that's a *very* nice girl; a promising girl!' And so you were, my dear."

"And then he asked my name, did he, pa?"

"Then he asked your name, my dear, and mine; and on other Sunday mornings, when we walked his way, we saw him again, and—and really that's all."

As that was all the rum and water too, or, in other words, as R. W. delicately signified that his glass was empty, by throwing back his head and standing the glass upside down on his nose and upper lip, it might have been charitable in Mrs. Wilfer to suggest replenishment. But that heroine briefly suggesting "Bedtime" instead, the bottles were put away, and the family retired; she cherubically escorted, like some severe saint in a painting, or merely human matron allegorically treated.

And by this time to-morrow," said Lavinia when the two girls were alone in their room, "we shall have Mr. Rokesmith here, and shall be expecting to have our throats cut."

"You needn't stand between me and the candle for all that," retorted Bella. "This is another of the consequences of being poor! The idea of a girl with a really fine head of hair, having to do it by one flat candle and a few inches of looking-glass!"

"You caught George Sampson with it, Bella, bad as your means of dressing it are."

"You low little thing. Caught George Sampson with it! Don't talk about catching people, miss, till your own time for catching—as you call it—comes."

"Perhaps it has come," muttered Lavvy, with a toss of her head.

"What did you say?" asked Bella, very sharply. "What did you say, miss?"

Lavvy declining equally to repeat or to explain, Bella gradually lapsed over her hair-dressing into a soliloquy on the miseries of being poor, as exemplified in having nothing to put on, nothing to go out in, nothing to dress by, only a nasty box to dress at instead of a commodious dressing-table, and being obliged to take in suspicious lodgers. On the last grievance as her climax she laid great stress—and might have laid greater, had she known that if Mr. Julius Handford had a twin brother upon earth Mr. John Rokesmith was the man.

ONLY TWELVE LEFT.

[“The Committee on Revolutionary Pensions reported a resolution, tendering thanks to the surviving Soldiers of the Revolution, *twelve in number*, for their services in that war by which our Independence was achieved and our Liberty obtained, and sincerely rejoicing that their lives have been protracted beyond the period usually allotted to man: and that they receive a sum of money, as pensioners, which shall help to smooth the rugged path of life on their journey to the tomb: and that copies of this resolution be sent by the Speaker to each Revolutionary Pensioner:—Unanimously adopted.”—*Journal of Congress*, March 4, 1864.]

Only Twelve left:—Twelve worn and weary men,
 With the soft spray of age upon their locks,
 In white remembrance of the storm-time when
 To Freedom's haven they were outer rocks.

Only Twelve left:—How short has grown the roll;
 A nation calls it with suspended breath,
 Lest from its hand should pass the sacred scroll,
 To the last calling of the voice of death.

Only Twelve left:—The ranks are thin, and wide
 Apart in the dim armies of the past;
 Faint and afar they stand, who side by side
 Their steel-clamped columns on the foeman cast.

Only Twelve left:—In the still camps of death
 The comrades of their toils and triumphs lie;
 And marble sentries guard with noiseless breath
 Their green encampments of eternity.

Only Twelve left:—With slow and feeble tread
 Yet for a little time their march they keep,
 From the far fading fields of doubt and dread,
 To the near fortresses of rest and sleep.

Only Twelve left:—The sacred leaves to turn
 Back to the records of unvalued worth,
 And fix young Freedom's lineage at the urn
 Of his red baptism, who beheld his birth.

Only Twelve left:—The golden-fruited years
 Have dropped unheeded bounty on the sod,
 While a proud nation's feet 'mid wrongs and tears
 Have turned to paths these heroes never trod.

THE LETTER G.

"MADGE, you are an angel!"
 "Oh, Peter!" exclaimed the angel, blushing like the rosy dawn.

It was summer-time. The two were sitting in a honey-suckle-scented arbor, out of which they walked, engaged to be married.

How can I help it if my hero's name is Peter? I don't invent like other story-tellers; and this is an owre true tale.

Next day when Master Peter Brooks, sumptuously attired for the occasion, asked Mr. Bolton, with whom he was a great favorite, for the hand of his daughter, that old gentleman refused him plump.

It was a most touching condition of things. Two despairing lovers, a cruel step-mother, and a hard-hearted father, all *en regle*.

"Very well, my dear," the step-mother had observed to her husband the night previous—"very well. You have permitted that boy, not yet out of college and not worth a cent, to come here, day after day, hanging round Madge, the consequence of which is that he and she walk in from the bower last evening all joy and blushes, evidently having exchanged mutual vows of everlasting love."

"Bless my soul! you don't say so!"

"Yes, I do. They are two children, and don't know any better: at least Madge don't. As to that Brooks boy, you know he has only the eight hundred dollars which his grandfather left him, unless his uncle chooses to give him something—a very brilliant alliance for your heiress. Come to think of it, I dare say he does not love her; he is after your money."

"After my money!" A dart of indignation flamed out of the good man's eyes. "Not love my precious little girl! What if she loves him, and breaks her heart about him!"

"Break her heart! she won't break her little finger. She will sob and cry, lament and sigh for six hours, and forget all about him in six days."

And thus it came to pass that the next day Peter was received with tremendous stiffness, his hand and heart pooh-pooh'd, and his handsome person shown the door.

I shall not harrow up my reader's sensitive feelings with an account of the unspeakable anguish which the lovers endured for some days after this, because worse is coming. We will hasten on to the miserably blissful day, late in August, when Madge ran away to the city of New York, per railroad, with a carpet-bag and Peter. They arrived in the dusk of evening and made instant search for a clergyman. They found one who united them in five minutes, and wrote a certificate in two more; and behold "man and wife" walked forth in the sweet moonlit night, Peter strutting like a warlike bantam in his pride and happiness.

Love's young dream. For six weeks it was like a story out of an Annual. The regulation

penitential letter had been written to the obdurate parents, and the regulation no answer had been returned; for Mrs. Bolton took precious good care to have an unfailing supply of caustic on the end of her tongue, which kept Mr. Bolton's rage up to burning heat.

Peter had engaged apartments in the Byron House, Fifth Avenue—not *too* expensive, you know, for we are going to be very economical as the ensuing conversation will show, which took place a week after the marriage. The two had written letters again—he to his uncle and guardian, for Peter was an orphan; and Madge to her father, giving their present address.

They were eating dinner—soup, a partridge, macaroni, salad, and meringues glacé—all perfectly plain, and of course cheap.

"Ah!" cried Peter, laying down his knife and fork to rub his hands gleefully, "ah! isn't it gorgeous! a cozy little parlor, a capital little dinner, and a lovely little wife. I would not change with the king on his throne."

"Nor I!—we shall get along so beautifully. We must be very practical, you know. Now, let's calculate expenses. How much did your grandpapa leave you?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Eight — hundred — dollars! Goodness! what an enormous sum! why papa never gave me more than twenty dollars at a time. Now let's count;" and she took a tiny gold pencil out of her pocket, and a scrap of paper from a little table. "How much do we pay here?"

"Fifty dollars a week—that's rent, you know."

"Yes, fifty dollars; four weeks one month; four times fifty, two hundred. Well, rooms two hundred dollars a month. There, I've got that down. Now what else, Peter?"

"Meals."

"Oh yes, meals. They will cost hardly any thing, we eat so little. I only want chicken, and meringue, and such things."

"Say fifty dollars a month."

"Yes. Oh how nicely we are getting on! Then my dress. Let me see—I saw mamma's bill at Stewart's last year. It was twenty-two hundred dollars. But, bless your dear heart, I sha'n't spend a cent hardly; say fifty dollars a month for me; and another for you. You don't have to give *more* than fifty dollars for a pair of pantaloons, do you?"

"No, you little goose! not half of fifty. My uncle did not allow me as much a month for my whole wardrobe."

"Well, then, that will do splendidly. And we must have some nice books."

"And go to the opera sometimes."

"And have a carriage to make visits."

"And a good cigar or two. George! what a long column!" ejaculated Peter, stopping short.

"I think we had better count up." He made a hasty calculation, and the result stood as follows:

Rent of room	\$200*
Meals	50
Dress (Madge)	50
Dress (Peter)	50
Opera	20
Books	20
Carriage	20
Cigars	10
	\$420

Madge looked perfectly blank at the sum total, and could not help a little tremble in her voice as she said—"But you know, dear, we can not do without these things, can we?"

"No, darling, though it makes my grandfather's bequest melt away like snow under the sun."

At this moment a servant entered and said, some trunks and a small parcel had come for Mrs. Brooks.

"For Mrs. Brooks?" repeated Peter; "send them up."

Two large trunks were brought into the room, and a package handed to Madge.

"Why how heavy it is! What can it be—a bracelet? Yes, it feels like one, and from dear papa! He has forgiven us! he has forgiven us!" and she gave a little skip and crow of joy.

Her color went and came, and she held the packet still sealed, a vague dread creeping through her joy.

"Open it, darling," said her husband.

Madge did so with trembling fingers, and took out the keys of her trunks and her last letter unopened.

The reaction and disappointment were so bitter that she burst into tears just as the servant had knocked, entered, and had handed a letter to Peter.

"Never mind, darling," he said, kissing her tenderly. "It is all the doings of that horrid old step-mother. Hallo! here is a letter from my uncle; he couldn't hold out any longer. I told you he was a regular brick; we're all right, never you fear."

He broke the seal. Inclosed was his own appeal unopened, and a short pithy note from his uncle, stating that as his hopeful nephew had chosen to go and make a donkey of himself before he was twenty years old, he might run through his little property as fast as he pleased, and break his wife's heart in the bargain; but he was not to expect any assistance by word or deed from, etc., etc.

"What a thundering old flint!" ejaculated Peter. "What a deuce of a fix!"

"Deuce of a fix? There's the eight hundred dollars dear, and we will be so very, very economical. I'll go and unpack my trunks; perhaps papa has put some money in them."

She ran into the next room, radiant with this hope, just as the servant entered and handed an open envelope to Peter.

It was a bill, and read thus:

BYRON HOUSE, August 31, 1863.

To rent of rooms No. — and No. —, one week	\$50
Meals in private parlor and attendance "	35
Gas, one week	2
Sundries, one week	10
	\$97

* They ignored the odd days in eleven of the months.

"Whew! George! Jupiter!—here goes nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board!" exclaimed Peter, the picture of dismay. "I had no idea it cost such a prodigious amount to live! How *could* we eat up thirty-five dollars in one week! We must be two regular ogres! Thunder, this is a fix and no mistake."

"My darling Peter, what are you saying all those dreadful words about? What is the matter?" cried Madge, running in from her trunks. "What has happened to give you such a terrible long face?" and she put up her mouth for a kiss.

"Only a cap sheaf," answered Peter, giving the kiss. "Our letters are sent back, and here is a bill for nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board."

"One hundred dollars? It's perfectly monstrous! Let's go somewhere else, dear; the Saint Romnald or the Coleridge. I'm sure they can't charge such wicked prices! We boarded at the Coleridge last winter. I don't know what papa paid, but we had a great big parlor with the loveliest curtains, and such a splendid mantle glass, and a perfectly elegant Wilton carpet; and I remember papa said the charge was very reasonable, considering."

"Was it, darling? Then we will go and try."

They set off in high glee to get cheaper accommodations at Saint Romnald Hotel, but found upon inquiry, to their unspeakable astonishment, that the same style of rooms would cost them just double.

This wouldn't do; the Coleridge was very little better; and our two children went back to the Byron, not knowing where else to go, and staid five weeks longer, to the tune of six hundred dollars more, counting incidental expenses; and then there was just two hundred left in the bank.

They had had *such* a delightful time! Peter, still all lover, could not resist bringing home, once in a while, a basket of fragrant flowers to his darling, in whose lap he would gladly have poured all Tiffany's treasures. They had given two little *recherché* dinners to friends of Peter's who had happened in town, and his friends had slapped him on the back and volubly envied him the possession of such an angel; and he loved her, if possible, a thousand times more than ever.

But now another guest came: a scarcely-defined shadow of Care began to sit at the table unbidden.

It was now the 1st of October. People were beginning to come into the city for winter-quarters. The proprietor of the hotel wished Peter to engage the rooms he occupied, at least until January—just such rooms, he said, were wanted "by the acre." It was plain that they must leave.

In the evening after this, as the poor boy looked at the beautiful, unconscious face of his wife, and thought how much curtains, chickens, and other bare necessities cost, and how very little money was left, and how soon they might come

to utter destitution, he suddenly groaned aloud and wrung his hands.

"Darling, what is the matter?" cried Madge, running to him and kissing him. "Peter, what made you utter that dreadful groan?"

"We are beggars!" moaned Peter.

"What? You don't mean it! Can't we get some more money somewhere?"

"Yes; we can beg, borrow, or steal."

"Oh, Peter!"—and the little hands went up in dismay; two piteous eyes became dim with big tears;—then a soft arm went curling round his neck. "We have each other, darling!" said her loving, pleading voice. "We can work. I know how to crochet very well, and you write such heavenly poetry! I'm sure somebody will give you loads of money for it. Just think of that sweet thing you wrote about me! I'll tell you what," she continued, suddenly brightening up, "let's go to housekeeping!—not in a whole house, you know, but in two rooms, like Mrs. Jones, mamma's seamstress, did when she married the carpenter. That will be the very thing! I'll go to market, and cook. I know how to stir a pudding—I did it once for fun! Yes, I am certain I shall be a capital poor man's wife, and we shall get on famously. What fun! Will you, dear?"

Good little wife! precious little soul! sly little woman! cheating him out of his heart-ache to hide it with her own. Oh, what an artful witch every good wife must learn to be! And so this extra-designing one got her husband to do her bidding with tolerable philosophy; for in two days the last hotel bill was paid, and our young couple settled in three small, plainly-furnished rooms, in the third story of a shabby house in a retired street—where, with a little cooking-stove, a large cookery-book, just one hundred and fifty dollars, and undiminished affection for each other, they began this new phase of their married life.

Peter went vaguely about in search of employment, and Madge did the marketing. Such fun as it was! The first day she sallied forth with a small basket on her arm—bought a chicken, which she put in her basket; then went to a grocery-store which the butcher had recommended, and asked for butter. She must taste it, of course, for Peter was very particular indeed about butter—so she told the grocer.

"Yes, mum," he said, "I keeps the primeest butter in market; and this is only thirty-eight cents."

"Thirty-eight cents, is it? Well, it is excellent! You may send it home."

"Send the tub, mum?"

Madge thought an instant, and decided that, as he was so kind as to offer, the tub might be a good thing to have in the house; so she said,

"Oh, thank you! yes—send the tub, if you please; and I want some macaroni—Peter is so fond of it."

"Yes, mum. How much, mum?"

"How much do you usually sell to private families?"

"The genteelerest customers allays takes a box, mum."

"Oh, do they? Well, send it. If there is too much for once, you know—will it keep?"

"Lor' bless you, mum! keep a year," said the grocer, shaking with inward laughter.

"Well, then, send the butter and macaroni with the bill;" and she gave her address, and went joyfully home.

She busied herself making the little rooms look as inviting as she could; and just before Peter came home she had popped her chicken in the oven attached to the cooking-stove, and was clapping her tiny hands, and laughing, and declaring to herself that, "after all, lace curtains and Wilton carpets were no great things."

When Peter came in he was followed up the stairs and into the room by a man with a large, heavy tub on his shoulder. He set this down, went out, and returned with a box about two feet square, marked "Macaroni." This he also set down, and taking a bill out of his hat handed it to Peter.

"What the deuce is this?" he cried: "40 pounds of butter, at 38 cents a pound, \$15 20; and 30 pounds of macaroni, at 20 cents a pound, \$6 00! Who told you to bring this here?"

"Fifteen dollars for butter!" exclaimed Madge. "Why, the dreadful man told me it was only thirty-eight cents, and I didn't think there was more than two or three pounds."

"Forty pounds, ma'am, in the tub; forty times thirty-eight, fifteen twenty; all right, you see," said the man.

"Oh, Peter, what *shall* I do?" sobbed the poor child. "I was going to have every thing so nice; and there is such a lovely chicken cooking in the oven!"

"Never mind, darling; we must pay for these things, I suppose; they will last the rest of our lives; and we will have the chicken, if it is done, for I am as hungry as a hawk."

The bill was paid, and Madge dried her tears. Peter and she set the table together, and were soon screaming with laughter over their own awkwardness, as man and maid of all work. A loaf of bread was placed on one corner, and some of the butter on another. Then the chicken was taken out of the oven. It was brown enough, for one thing; and Peter, thrusting his fork on either side of the breast-bone, prepared to cut it. It was a momentous crisis. Madge's eyes grew wide with expectant pride and happiness in the success of this her first step in the majestic science of cooking. The knife fell, and rattle, rattle, rattle, like small shot, went about half a pint of corn all over the dish!

Madge grew ghastly pale: nothing of this kind was ever in the chickens at her papa's table. What sort of strange monster was it?

Peter gave one cut more, dropped his knife and fork, and fell back in his chair, the image of consternation and despair. Suddenly he darted up, clapped his hands, and tore round the room, screaming with laughter. "Oh, oh, hold me!" he cried. "I shall burst. She forgot to

take the insides out—the dear little innocent kitten! She has cooked insides, crop, and all. Ha! ha! Oh, what a brute I am!”

With this sudden change of tune he ran to his wife, who sat, white and miserable, staring through fast-dropping tears at the unfortunate chicken. If she had bought it with the feathers on, it would have gone into the oven all the same, with undoubting faith that it would come out ready for the table; and now to be so laughed at, and to deserve it!—she was ready to die with distress.

But after a while her husband comforted her with the axiom that accidents would occur in the best-regulated families; and then he went out and bought some oysters, and they had a nice time after all. Poor things! they were devoted to each other. Grim, gaunt Poverty had not planted herself quite yet on their hearthstone, and Love bravely held his own.

But the time did come. In vain had Peter tried to sell his poetry, and his wife's crochet-work: the newspapers and fancy stores declined speculating in amateur performances. Then the poor fellow, unknown to his wife, had answered two advertisements, one of which directed the anxious inquirer to send four postage-stamps, and receive in return an infallible receipt for making a fortune—no capital required. Peter got liberal directions how to make *waffles*: pouring the mixture out of an oil-feeder, cooking, and afterward carrying them round for sale, kept hot on a portable stove. The other proved to be an invitation, if he was “small and spry,” to join a negro-minstrel band, in the capacity of female-dancer.

It was now November, and Mr. Bolton had come to the city with his wife. Madam had kept the whip hand over him in splendid style; for he had not dared to write to his little Madge, and forgive her, as he longed to do.

“Wait a while,” said the superior power. “Master Brooks's money will certainly last six months. After that, when it is gone, and they have felt the consequences of their disobedience, it will be time enough for forgiveness.”

And so the poor old man, with his gray hair a shade whiter, and one or two additional furrows in his kind, weak face, put his hands in his pockets, and went brooding up and down the house like a heavy old ghost.

He took rooms at the Coleridge, and the very next day went wandering, in an anxious, stupid way, all round the sidewalks of the Byron House, staring up at the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the sweet face he loved so dearly. Not succeeding, he took courage, buttoned up his coat tight, and gave a desperate ring at the bell.

“What? gone away?” he echoed after the servant. “Gone where?”

“Don't know, Sir.”

“Don't know, you scoundrel! You *do* know. Tell me instantly, instantly, you rascal!”

“You better ask at the office,” said the man.

The Office did not know either. They had been gone since the 1st of October; and the poor old chap went home with a big lump behind his left vest pocket, and a smaller one in his throat, which would not go away.

Some weeks after this Mr. Bolton heard a lady who sat next him at dinner telling her neighbor on the other side of such an interesting young person, who had applied at their Society for work. “She could bring no references,” the lady continued; “but her sweet face and modest, trembling manner moved my pity, and I gave her some coarse sewing. She brought it back this morning, spotted here and there with tiny red dots of blood, which had come from her poor little pricked fingers. She is evidently not used to needle-work, for the stitches are seven ways for Sunday, and by no means presentable; but I gave the poor thing more work, and shall unpick some of the first and sew it properly. She refused to tell me where she lived; but I am certain there are some romantic or sad circumstances attached to her present destitution.”

Mr. Bolton listened with his lips apart and a blanched face. He began counting on his fingers, “September, October, November: not quite three months. No, no,” he thought, “it can not be *my* darling! God forbid it! My wife said his money would last six months.”

That same evening he met the lady in the hall. “Madam,” he said, his voice trembling, “I heard you telling at the dinner-table to-day about a poor young creature who was trying to earn bread. Give her this, and God bless you!” He put a fifty-dollar note in her hand, and almost ran away. The lady looked extremely astonished, then extremely thankful; for she had taken a singular interest in this case.

But it *was* Madge who had come to this pitiful pass! Day after day had her husband rushed desperately out, determined to saw wood if he could do no better, while the weeping little wife sat alone brooding and brooding, thinking how to be beforehand with utter destitution. They owed for rent, and starvation with giant strides was close at hand.

Then she bethought herself of applying to her landlady. She seemed kind-hearted in her rough way, and the hapless girl went down, timidly knocked at her door, and, when bidden to enter, told her wishes.

“Can you do braiding on merino? I can git you lots of that.”

“Not well, I am afraid,” answered Madge, sadly. “I would rather try some very plain sewing.”

“Why, can't you do *fine* sewing?” said the woman, with a shade of contempt in her voice. “I'll pit my Jane agin any sewing-machine in the world for nice even stitches. If you can't sew well why don't you get a machine? You can't help making nice work with that.”

She might as well have asked why she didn't leave this sorrowful world and fly up to the moon on a broomstick. Madge simply said she could not buy a sewing-machine; whereupon the

good soul twisted her brows, and bit her thumb, and having thus refreshed her memory, said: "Well, I believe the ladies in Transfiguration Church gives out work to poor folks. You might try there, and to-day is the day."

Poor little Madge thanked her; and lest her courage should fail, hurried on her bonnet and shawl and almost ran to the church, with what success you have already learned.

Meanwhile Peter had got copying to do for a lawyer; and thus the two barely managed to keep the wolf from the door. More they could not do, except to love one another; and this love melted, like electricity, the iron chains of despair as fast as the cruel links were forged, and kept their hearts from breaking.

They began to look gaunt and hungry. They were wretchedly shabby in their dress, for the best of their wardrobe had gone, long since, to the pawnbroker's. Yes, they had learned the way to that dreadful tomb, where, laid away like corpses, were myriad tokens of better days, and with them unutterable anguish.

But they loved each other; and in their wildest misery they learned to trust in God; they learned to kneel together and pray to him at sunrise and nightfall, and were thus nerved to endure the daily presence of the sword which hung over their heads, not knowing when its bare and glittering blade would fall.

One day when Madge took back her work she looked so unusually wan, almost wild, that her kind friend, with delicate questioning, begged once more to know her history. It was the first time the Society had met after Mr. Bolton had given the fifty-dollar note, and Mrs. Easton was anxious to bestow it immediately; but at the first inquiry Madge's trembling lips closed, after one little deep sob, and she froze into a white statue.

Then Mrs. Easton tried pretended harshness. "Your sewing is very badly done, Mrs. King" (she had given this name); "it is always spotted with blood. I can help you, perhaps, in a better way. I can assist you with money, and—"

"Madame!" Up the blood rushed to her face, forth flashed a dart from her eyes, and trembling all over, she cried: "I do not want your money! I want work!" Then nature resenting the fierce struggle with her pride gave way suddenly, and she sank down, fainting; on the floor, one hand pressed against her crushed and bleeding heart, which that offer of money had torn like a barbed arrow.

Mrs. Easton hastened to call assistance and unloose the dress of the poor little creature. After a while a faint color came creeping back to her lips, and she made a feeble attempt to rise. But she was powerless, and she lay there fearing, hoping, that she should die; uttering half unconscious farewells to her husband, who would go back to his uncle and be forgiven. She was quite broken down; and so her friend and another lady putting their arms tenderly round her raised her to her feet, and assisted her into Mrs. Easton's own carriage at the door;

and Madge was forced to whisper her address, and glad to lie with her head on the other's kind breast until they arrived at her poor home.

Then, when she had been gently laid upon her own bed, and Mrs. Easton had smoothed back her hair, and kissed her, Madge opened her heart, and, with stormy, scalding tears, told all her story, except her name.

"Sixteen and nineteen! two mere children, and struggling for bread!" murmured Mrs. Easton. "Something must be done, and instantly." She looked round the room. It was as neat as hands could make it, but cold, dreary, for the small fire in the little stove made poor resistance against a gloomy December day. She did not dare to buy food and send it to Madge, whose resolute words, "I want work!" still rang in her ears, and defied her to make a pensioner on charity of this young thing, at once so frail and so indomitable. Suddenly a thought struck her, and affectionately patting Madge's cheek, she said: "Take courage, dear—take hope to your heart. The worst has passed. Since you will not take money for your bitter needs, I will send you that which will make money for you this evening, if I can. Good-by. Keep up a brave heart, better times are coming."

She called up the woman who let the rooms and saw her replenish the fire, and then went away; while Madge, still too weak to rise, lay, with closed eyes, wondering over her friend's words, and soon after fell into a dreamless sleep.

Toward evening it grew stormy. Peter had written and written all day, until the characters danced on the page, and his brain felt idiotic; yet he had a thick roll of MSS. which must be copied that evening. Desolate and desperate, mortally tired, he fought his way against the sharp blinding sleet, which the sobbing gusts of wind drove into his face. Gaining his home, he paused a moment at his room-door to call into his haggard countenance a hopeful look, for these two loving hearts wore masks, when in each other's presence. Yes, they acted such white, white lies as God, in his mercy and compassion, will surely forgive.

He opened the door; he glanced at the bed; a great shudder shook his frame, and a black veil seemed to come down over his eyes. She lay there so still, her face so white in such a deathlike hush. Was it sheet or shroud which covered her?

"Madge!" How strange his voice sounded, like a far-away hoarse whisper. Mastering his awful terror with a strong effort he advanced to the bed; leaned over, straining his eyes blinded with fear, and saw the gentle rise and fall of her quiet breathing. "Thank God, it is not death but sleep!" he almost screamed. He broke down utterly; he flung himself on his knees at the foot of the bed, and buried his face in the clothes. Great sobs burst from his laboring, heaving breast; the veins in his temples stood out tense like cords; then a hot rain of tears poured from his eyes, and his cry was "My lit-

tle wife! my little, little wife! I thought I had murdered her."

In vain Madge, who had started up in affright at his first exclamation, implored him to look at her; to speak to her; to stop those dreadful tears. His passionate anguish would have way, and remorse was tugging at his heart-strings; he had deliberately robbed his darling of every earthly comfort—so it seemed now to him; his selfish love confronted him, and, pointing at the wan face and emaciated figure of his wife, held him to the rack and kept him there.

"Madge, Madge!" he said, in a tone of such bitter sadness that it brought great wistful tears in her eyes—"I wonder you do not curse the day you ever saw my face. Let me take you back to your father and go my way alone. I will kneel to him! I will kiss his feet!" he cried, frantically; "but you shall no longer die by inches! I have been cruel! I am a wretch! O God! help me to save my darling, my little, little wife!"

"You don't love me, then; you want to send me away:" and her cheek grew livid, her breast heaved, and her woeful eyes grew more hollow and shadowy.

"Oh, Madge, you know better! You know how wholly, entirely, my heart is yours. It is because I have loved you so selfishly, and stolen from you all the bloom, and light, and bliss of youth that I wish to save you. Why were you lying in that deathlike sleep? Was it not exhaustion from overwork?"

"Why no, dear, nothing of the kind;" and with changing color she recounted the adventures of the morning, and the strange, hopeful language of her friend Mrs. Easton.

Then she rose, and steadying herself so her husband should not see how weak she still was, hastened to make a cup of tea, for they both sadly needed this innocent cheer. If she had dared she would have brought out two tiny mutton chops, put away for the next day's dinner; but there was "the next day" sitting on the chops, like a goblin keeping guard, and she shut the cupboard door with a sigh.

They had just sat down to the tea and some dry toast; for the last of the tub of butter had been eaten the day before. It had lasted three months, and had been a capital purchase after all; but to have any more of so great a luxury was not to be thought of. Madge had poured out one cup of tea, when some one knocked at the door. Being bidden to enter, a man came in with a small table on his shoulder. He set it down, went out, returned with a vast bundle, set that down, said there was nothing to pay, and vanished.

"Some amiable lunatic seems to have sent us a piece of furniture," said Peter.

"I haven't the slightest idea what it can mean, dear. What an odd little table, isn't it, with such a strange ornament in the middle of it? I declare it looks like a big letter G. How funny! What can that mean?"

"Being sent to you, it stands for little goose,

darling," said Peter, getting up from his untasted tea, and going round to the mysterious table to examine it. "Don't you see what it is? It's a sewing-machine."

"No, it isn't, dear. I've seen one at Mrs. Jones's—mamma's seamstress—and it was not the least like this."

"I tell you it is," insisted Peter. "Here's the wheel, and here's the place for the foot. Listen."

He gently moved the treadle, and in a moment an almost imperceptible tiny "tick, tick" was heard, like the faint echo of a cheery little cricket on the hearth. Then Peter opened a small drawer: in it were three or four strange-looking little instruments, some needles, and a pamphlet. He took the last out and turned over the leaves. "Oh," he said, "those odd-looking steel customers are hemmers, fellers, wrench, etc., are they? And here are some jolly directions for using it. I tell you what, Madge, it will be just next to nothing to turn out a dress with twenty-nine flounces. Gorgeous letter G!"

But what was that foolish little Madge doing standing there so absorbed and silent?

Oh! was this blessed relief meant for *her*? With a pale face and clasped hands she listened to her husband, her gaze fastened on the magical letter which had power to bring such unutterable comfort to their home—debts paid, sufficient food, bright fires. All at once Mrs. Easton's words—"I will send you that which will make money for you"—flashed into her mind. She understood! Her heart beat loud and fast, and then tide upon tide of rosy color overspread her face and neck, until, at last sinking slowly upon her knees, the big tears bursting from her uplifted eyes, she sobbed out, "Thank God! oh, thank God! it *is* for me! Now we need not starve!"

The next instant she was raised and clasped in her husband's arms, and these two poor lonely children had a good cry together.

"You won't think now of sending me home, darling, will you?" murmured Madge, nestling close to his heart. "Here is my home." And she pressed her soft cheek against him—she was "just as high as his heart."

She got a tight hug for answer, and then they found out that they were very hungry, and the tea was stone cold. Madge flew round, and made more tea, although it was the very last drawing but one, declaring she didn't care a fig for the extravagance; and then, getting more excited, she whipped the mutton-chops out of the cupboard in a trice, and broiled them without the slightest compunction about next day's dinner, and made toast, brown, crisp, and hot as fire, and said, laughing, "Oh, never mind the butter!"

After tea Peter helped to wash the dishes, and the clever clumsy fellow broke a plate, and Madge laughed at it—yes, actually laughed, if you'll believe me—such a blithe little laugh!—and all because there stood in the room a small

table ornamented with the letter G. They had quite forgotten the bundle all this time; but now Madge opened it, and found a note inside. It read thus:

"December 22.

"DEAR MRS. KING,—A kind old gentleman accidentally heard me tell a friend of your painful needs, and it was he who gave me the money for you, which you refused. I have therefore purchased and sent you the sewing-machine. In the drawer attached is every necessary implement, and a little pamphlet of 'simple and explicit' directions. With your superior cultivation and quickness, you will be able to understand and use the machine almost immediately; so I send a dozen fine white shirts from our Society. You will please make a hem and three small tucks on each, for which we shall pay you seventy-five cents apiece. I shall take good care to keep you well supplied with work, and am your sincere friend,

"MARY EASTON."

She very nearly got crying again over this note, thankful grateful tears, and not trusting herself to speak, she handed it to her husband and sat down at the machine with the little book of directions in her hand. It would almost go of itself! She adjusted her work, put her foot on the treadle and began. Absorbed, fascinated, now pale, now flushed, her lips apart, her eyes shining like stars, she watched the white seam gliding swiftly away. The letter G was a magical living thing to her, and its gentle little "tick, tick" was like the joyous song of the lark to her upward-lifted, praying, grateful heart.

One hour and a half, two, and the shirt was finished; with a radiant, glad smile Madge threw it to her husband, who had been watching the work with almost breathless interest.

"Oh, darling letter G!" cried Madge. "Seventy-five cents! It would have taken me three days to have earned this much money with my fingers; and here you sing a dear little song, and, presto! the seventy-five cents are mine!"

"It has brought back hope and life to my darling," said Peter; "and I say long life and happiness to the good old cove whose money bought it. Bless his spectacles, wig, and whiskers! he is worth an army of such as your cruel old father and my snarling old uncle."

"Don't say so. But really I think I ought to thank him."

"Do you? Well, write a pretty little note, and tell him he's a darling and you're another."

"I shall do no such thing; I shall thank him with all my heart for my letter G."

And so she did.

Before two days were over she had finished and taken to the Society rooms the dozen shirts, and nine dollars were handed to her. She sat as one tranced, believing that she must be a second Danae, with the golden shower falling round her.

She gave her note to Mrs. Easton with a blush and smile, and begged her to hand it to her kind unknown friend, and hurried home with a new supply of work.

At the door she met her landlady.

"Was it a sewing-machine, ma'am," she inquired, "which came to you the other night?"

"Yes," answered Madge.

"Lor', ma'am! my Jane's almost crazy with the work they want her to do for Christmas. She's got all of a dozen children's dresses to braid, which it ain't possible to do half. If you could help her, ma'am, of course you'd get the money for all you'd do. Is there a braider to your machine?"

"Come up and I'll see," said Madge.

The landlady only waited to run into her room and bring out a bundle when the two ascended the stairs. Madge hurried to the little drawer and took out her book of directions.

"Yes, yes!" she said, joyfully, "here it is! 'The braid is passed through a hole in the foot.' Yes, I can do it, and thank you a thousand times!"

"Well, here's a little merino dress, all stamped, and here is the braid; and that's the machine, is it? which it's an odd one any how," and off went the good soul, quite relieved.

In the afternoon, just before the sun set, Peter came in. She could hardly stop to give him welcome with a kiss. Her dress was nearly done.

"Madge, do you know it is Christmas-eve?" asked Peter.

"Yes, darling." And a little fluttering sigh escaped her.

"What an unkind, unforgiving, uncharitable old blunderbuss your father is!"

"Hush, dear! Poor papa! I'm sure he'll be lonesome to-night. I wish—oh, how I wish he could have forgiven me! I should be glad and thankful to live here just as we do if papa would forgive me and love me again."

Fast-coming tears blinded her. She had to stop working and hide her pale face on her husband's shoulder. They were so absorbed in each other that they had not heard the door open. They did not see standing there in the dusky gloom, as if transfixed, an old man, with remorse and grief convulsing every feature. His lips moved, but no sound came from them; it seemed as if this remorse and grief had swelled in his throat and closed it. His eyes were strained upon the wan, tear-stained face of the young girl. With a violent effort he raised his hands and pressed his head between them, as if to keep his brain from bursting, and uttered a hollow groan.

"What's that?"

With a piercing, sudden scream which rang through the room, Madge was in his arms, crying, sobbing, laughing, with her lips against his cheek, and murmuring, "Father, dear father! Thank God! thank God!"

"Oh, Madge, darling," he cried, "forgive me, try to forgive me! I know you do; but oh! say it, my little Madge, whom I have treated so cruelly. And you, my son, you will not refuse my hand? Oh! God bless you both and forgive me. She said I must wait six months; she said I must punish you for your disobedience. But oh, my darling, will God ever forgive me for bringing you to this?"

He held her tight, and great scalding tears

fell from his eyes upon her face. His very heart was torn by the sight of that pale, patient face, so unlike his blooming, dimpled Madge.

"Never mind, papa," she said at last; "don't be so grieved; it is all right now; and I would not have had it different. We have had a hard struggle, but it has taught us a precious lesson; it has taught us to trust in and lean upon God, our Heavenly Father. But how did you find us out? Oh, I know; the note I wrote."

"Oh, my little Madge, when I handed that money to Mrs. Easton for the poor suffering creature, little did I dream it was for my own darling. As I sat down to dinner to-day Mrs. Easton handed me your precious note. Your handwriting! I jumped up with a loud cry, upsetting my chair, and rushed out of the room. I suppose they thought me mad. But I have you once more, my pet. You shall never leave me again. You and Peter must come away immediately. She *shall* give way. She *shall* forgive you. She ought to ask *your* forgiveness. And we shall all be happy again."

They told him of all that had happened. They softened the bitterest part of the sad narrative, for his poor old heart was so grieved and remorseful.

Then they made a little feast for him; for he had lost his dinner in the mingled joy and anguish of finding his child, and they two had appetites sharpened and quickened by their happiness. I told you in the beginning that my tale was neither made up nor silly; so do let my characters be flesh and blood, and eat when they are hungry, for patience' sake!

So Peter ran out and bought a capital porter-house steak and some Philadelphia ale. It took all his money, but we won't mention it; and when he returned he set the table, while Madge broiled, and turned, and tossed the steak in a manner to reflect undying honor on her skill as a cook; while her father first pulled the corners of his mouth down to cry, then suddenly twitched them up to laugh, winking very hard between misery and amusement that his little girl should have been brought to such a pass.

But oh! wasn't it jolly? wasn't it gorgeous?—these are Peter's vulgar expressions, not mine. If I were permitted to paint the scene I should say: "They sat down to partake of the refreshments, feeling as if all that was passing was but a bewildering, rapturous dream; Madge with her heavenly blue eyes fixed upon her 'venerable, but equally unexpected' parent—her husband with his adoring eyes fixed upon her—and the kind old father burying his face every other minute in his fine cambric pocket-handkerchief. Their bliss was far too great to permit of eating, and the meal passed almost untasted."

Stuff! No such thing! That beef-steak was the theme of universal admiration, and not an atom except the bone was left on the dish. It was worth double the money it cost, let me tell

you! and Christmas-eve and Merry Christmas were drank in the foaming ale, and every body was forgiven, and all the sad past was forgotten; and a sweet, fresh look of joyous peace came into Madge's eyes, and you would have thanked your stars if you could have seen it—that's all.

They could not go away that night, though they had hard work to persuade Mr. Bolton to wait. But very early the next morning, the blessed Christmas morning, Peter went to that awful place, the pawnbroker's, and redeemed their wardrobe with some of the money which Mr. Bolton had given to his darling. Then he came, little suspecting that the dainty silk dress that Madge wore had just been brought from such a place. They would not tell him; for it would have renewed all his grief.

Then the good landlady was paid, and presented with such little articles of furniture as they had bought; and a half sad, half happy farewell look was taken of the poor, little rooms, which had witnessed so much suffering, so much trust in God, and so much happiness.

"Peter can you carry it?" asked Madge.

"Carry what, darling?"

"Why my precious letter G, dear. Do you think I shall ever part with it?"

Yes, it went with them, and the step-mother, ashamed and sorry, made much of it, and hid her face over it to hide the grief she felt when she saw and heard what those two young things had suffered. And old Mr. Bolton just put his arms round Mrs. Easton's neck, and hugged her as if she was a big doll, and he had got her in her stocking; and, furthermore, thanked her for helping his darling by a present of a pair of bracelets twice as big as any manacles you ever didn't see; for I hope my reader never saw one. I never did.

Madge did not dream of relinquishing her dearly-bought self-reliance, and becoming once more a useless fine lady. No indeed! She and her letter G, both singing, made almost every thing she wore, with no end of tucking and hemming; and many of her dresses sprouted out in "curly-cues and whirligigs" of the most intricate and beautiful patterns of braiding. Oh yes! and better than this, many another letter G made music in the wretched homes where, hitherto, Hood's "Song of the Shirt" had been sobbed out by fainting, starving souls. Madge picked her father's pocket with impunity for this purpose. With every gift of one his poor old heart grew lighter. It seemed like expiation for his unkindness to his darling, and soothed his bitter memory of her troubles.

And when, nearly a year after, little babe Madge came, and lay nestling soft on her happy young mother's breast, seeming like a tiny child-angel which had floated down to her out of heaven, the snow-white robes in which the wee thing was tenderly wrapped owed their dainty grace to the letter G.

A DEAD LOVE.

HER love, she said, in coldest tones, was dead;
 Her face seemed like a statue's carved in stone;
 She took, with trembling fingers, from her hands
 The rings I gave, and laid them in my own.
 I might have spoken many bitter words,
 For bitter thoughts were struggling in my heart,
 But forcing back the angry flood, I said,
 "If it be so, 'tis better that we part."

Does she remember? we had wandered where
 My lips first whispered love unto her ear;
 'Twas in October, and the maple's leaf
 Wore the rich crimson of the later year.
 The golden reed upon the uplands glowed
 And through the fields the narrow pathway lined;
 The painted sumac's swaying branches waved
 Their fiery tassels in the Autumn wind.

She gave me back my letters, and unclasped
 Upon her slender wrist the band of gold;
 And when her touch met mine it seemed to freeze
 The blood within my veins, it was so cold.
 And few and cold the parting words we spoke,
 So different from the lingering farewells—
 The sweet "good-by," in which I seemed to hear
 A distant music as of marriage bells.

Long years have passed since then; twin roses blush
 Beside the fragrant garden's graveled walk;
 The cream-white lily, with her heart aflame,
 Bends low upon her slender, tapering stalk—
 And still I keep the trinkets and the gems,
 As one might keep some relic of the dead,
 Shut close within a casket from all eyes,
 The hidden souvenirs of moments fled.

I sometimes lift the lid and look within,
 And sometimes read my letters o'er again,
 Seeming like one who has a pleasant dream,
 And, waking, feels a dull, vague sense of pain—
 Such dreams as linger on the edge of night
 And vanish with the morning's earliest beam,
 When, raising heavy eyelids to the light,
 We grieve to find it only was a dream.

Yet though our love is dead, like some poor flower
 Which never more by garden-paths shall blow,
 I sometimes wonder if in other worlds
 Dead love a resurrection may not know—
 For often when alone, in silent mood
 And from the careless crowd I sit apart,
 Its ghost will come with sad and pallid face
 To haunt the vacant chambers of my heart.

WHY I WROTE IT.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—A few weeks since I sent you a story, and yesterday it came back to me with "compliments and many thanks." Ah me! as if compliments and thanks, however numerous and however courteously expressed, could warm, and feed, and clothe baby and me. But I am not complaining. I didn't tell you that the story was written with the view of obtaining food and clothing for myself and baby. I can not expect you to feel personal sympathy with every person who sends you a contribution. Still I have thought that if I should tell you the circumstances under which that story was written, you might think them worth publishing.

In order to do that I must tell you something of my own history:

I am by birth a Tennessean. My father married a penniless girl. He had no profession, was unused to work, and possessed little idea of the value of money. Fabulous accounts of the beauty and productiveness of Texan lands were firing the imaginations of young and old. Leagues of fertile prairie land, rank with the finest pasturage, and needing only the plow-share to fit it for the culture of cotton and sugar, to be had for the asking, as it were! The very thought of vast bodies of unbroken land of which you can become master at a trifle is inspiring. Among Southern planters there seems a kind of mania for fresh lands. No sooner do their plantations begin to speak of the reckless drains upon them than the planters begin to think of new lands. They are haunted by visions of black loamy acres. Every poor red hill, with its dwarfish cotton-stalks, looking sickly and yellow, suggests by contrast valley-lands and plateaus where gigantic white pyramids stand in regal beauty, and where every acre cheerfully yields its bale.

So it was that parties of emigrants were daily leaving the neighboring States for the new Republic of Texas. My father attached himself to one of these emigrant companies, leaving his wife with the promise that she should join him as soon as possible.

"Should I never come back," he said, "and you should be forced to ask advice and assistance, go to John. He is cold and hard, I know, but he is just and reliable; he'll be honest with you."

My father's plan was to invest the little money he had in horses and cattle, and engage in stock-raising.

"It will cost me nothing to keep them," he said to my mother. "I shall need only to put my mark on them and turn them on the prairies, and in a few years I shall have a thousand head of cattle ready for market. Then as I have money to spare I shall invest it in land, and one of these days," he added, with a teasing smile, "we'll have a fortune for our boy."

Had my father lived—oh how many times have those words been wrung from me! How

the might-have-been has haunted me! But he died without a chance to try his plans. He was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which, from the absence of proper medical attention and nursing, proved fatal. He died at a settler's log-cabin, where his comrades had left him, and was buried on the prairie. The boy for whom my poor father was to make a fortune was born after his death and proved to be only a girl.

I shall endeavor to pass briefly over my childhood, for I do not love to linger on it. It was not such a childhood as—please God—my child shall have.

One of my earliest remembrances is of being taken from my bed one autumn night, and conveyed by my colored nurse to my mother's sick chamber. The scene which met me in that sick chamber rises at this moment as fresh as do the transactions of this morning, while months and years which followed are buried from memory. A high mahogany bedstead, with its white muslin curtains looped back to the carved posts by broad, green ribbons; the tall physician, with his white hair in curls on his shoulders; two neighboring women, Aunt Dinah with arms akimbo and head drooping, and the figure propped by pillows with haggard face and skeleton hands, and vacant, staring eyes—that is the tableau which memory has repeated a thousand times. My mother was dying. As her large sunken eyes rested on me and recollection slowly dawned a faint smile transfigured her face and she feebly held out her arms. I wonder that I did not shrink from her as from something unearthly. How glad am I that I did not! The sweet memory is mine of having nestled with a child's trust and love close to her dear bosom—of having passed my fingers tenderly over her brown hair, and of seeing her smile at the loved caress. I remember some brooding words of love which have ever since lain soothingly on my heart, and then of being taken from her and restored to my lonely bed.

From the mention my father had made of his brother John, the latter seemed to consider himself obliged to provide against my becoming a vagrant or the inmate of an orphan asylum. My father had given a correct summary of his brother's character—hard and stern, but reliable and just—just but never generous; a man of strong and obstinate will, deliberate in forming an opinion, stubborn in clinging to it. He had, years before my birth, buried, in one summer, his wife and four children. His affliction—so said his old acquaintances—did not soften his character; his sternness settled into hardness.

I have always believed that a place in my uncle's heart was worth possessing—that there was strength and endurance in his affections when once secured, but I never felt that I had secured a place there. "I will do my *duty* toward my dead brother's child," he seemed to say. I was provided with all necessities, and my uncle paid my bills; but he never made me a present. No toy or book came to me at my

birthday or on Christmas to tell me that I was lovingly remembered. Yet by no word or act or look of my uncle's was I ever reminded of my dependence. Had I not learned it from others, I should never have known that he did any thing for me.

My uncle placed me with his wife's sister, one of the few women whom he condescended to esteem. And now let me guide my pen carefully, for 'tis of the dead I write. Mrs. Patterson—by this fictitious name I choose to designate the woman with whom the greater portion of my childhood was passed—was the wife of a wealthy planter and resided on a plantation. I half suspect that I was unreasonable, for surely cleanliness and order are commendable; yet I hated the system, and precision, and cold elegance of that establishment. A little dust or an occasional cobweb in the house—a weed or spray of grass on a flower-bed, a stray tendril or independent branch which dared to grow except after set rules, would have proved a relief. Mrs. Patterson never meant to be unkind; but my life with her was miserable. She was childless, and in that fact, since I became a mother, I have found the explanation of her failure and its excuse. There is nothing like maternity to call out the good and beautiful in woman. She rarely comprehends a child's nature and wants until she has studied them with a loving, deathless interest in her own darling. Spotless dress and apron; immaculate face and hands; hair smooth and braided; two hours devoted to knitting, ditto to sewing, ditto to studying, ditto to walking in the garden; elegant meals taken with silver fork and napkin; slumbers taken between snowy linen sheets. There is nothing, I allow, like hardship or misery in the picture. But take from childhood its dolls, and toys, and picture-books; its fairy stories and nursery rhymes; its Santa Claus, and Christmases, and New Years, and birthdays, and—ah me!—what is the remainder worth?

The result of Mrs. Patterson's training and tuition was that I learned to knit and sew neatly—a knowledge scarcely worth, in these days of sewing-machines and stocking-looms, what its acquisition cost me. I acquired at an early age considerable facility in reading, writing, and spelling, and before I was nine years old could recite all the rules in Murray's Grammar, and all the coarse print of Olney's Geography. Had the time been devoted to learning the story of Mother Hubbard and her wonderful dog would it not have been better improved?

Then until my fifteenth year my education was sacrificed to save a debt. I do not think my uncle intended it so—there **was** nothing nigardly in the provision he made for me. I believe he meant to deal kindly by his dead brother's child, but he erred gravely.

At fifteen I was sent to a boarding-school. My advantages here were not of the highest order, but they were fair. I made little advance in music or the languages, was above the average in composition, and pre-eminent in mathe-

matics. If we had a difficult lesson I was called to enact the part of pioneer to the class, was the first to be sent to the board. If I confessed my inability to master a knotty point every member of the class was immediately set at ease; all took shelter behind my failure. If we had visitors I was called to the board, and the credit of the class thrown upon me; and at examinations the most difficult problems were somehow sure to come to me.

This sounds like egoism, but surely it is little I claim; a superiority over some twenty girls in a science where the female sex is proverbially weak. But I mention this superiority because it first drew to me the attention of one with whom my destiny must be forever linked.

Charles B—— was reading medicine in the village where I was at school. After a public examination in which I was conscious of having won honors, a gentleman asked my permission to present a friend, and soon after I found myself conversing with Charles B——. The acquaintance thus begun was prosecuted at rare intervals as opportunity offered, for we girls were subjected to the boarding-school espionage. So it came that in less than a year I was promised in marriage to Charles B——.

Then followed eighteen months of bliss, made up of stolen interviews, smuggled letters, and all those little nothings so dear to lovers. I don't know how it was discovered, but at the end of these eighteen months my uncle was in possession of all the facts of the case. I had never desired to conceal the matter from him; it was the vigilance of my boarding-school guardians I had wished to elude. I had never thought of my uncle's caring any thing one way or the other about the matter. But it seems he did care about it, for he took measures, of what nature he would never condescend to inform me, to interrupt the engagement. This I set down, perhaps too hastily, as an unwarrantable interference with a most sacred right. We quarreled; I should say rather that I expressed my mind quite freely. Charles B—— went from the village without seeing me or sending me a line, leaving no clew as to his destination, except such as might be gathered from a vague rumor that he had gone to Florida.

I was at just the age when such a disappointment is a blow, a blow square in the face, for I loved Charles. I accepted a home kindly proffered me by a friend, and secluded myself from society and every thing of a cheerful nature. Soon my health began to fail, and the following summer my physician pronounced me in a decline, and advised a trip North. I awaited my uncle's decision on this advice with deep anxiety, for I knew he hated every thing pertaining to the North with all the intensity of his strong nature. I shall never forget the feeling of refreshing relief with which I received the announcement that I was to spend a year in a Northern school. There was hope and promise in it. I believed that some opening would present itself by which I could achieve my inde-

pendence. At the South a woman can not teach or engage in any work without losing caste; but at the North work is acknowledged. There was inspiration in the thought. A few weeks later I was steaming up the turbid Mississippi.

In a few days I had entered, in a Northern city, my last school year. My school duties were not heavy, leaving me a fair margin of unappropriated time. This was spent in discussing the ever-present question: What can I do? How can I earn a living? How can I achieve an independence of my uncle?

Two avenues invited me. Of course I thought of teaching, every educated woman seeking employment thinks of it. But this could not be entered upon for a year, and, in the mean time, my dependence must continue. I shrank, too, from applying for a teacher's situation, as such a step would have compelled an explanation, and started troublesome questions and surmises. I was aware that already my schoolmates wondered at the absence of style in my wardrobe—at my old-fashioned dresses; I knew they suspected me of a mean parsimony that I did not return some of their numerous kindnesses forced upon me in the way of suppers, fruits, rides, etc. Ah! those were days of heart-burnings, of impatient longings. It was hard when I was called on for a contribution for some picnic or festival, or for a present to a teacher, to say that I could give nothing. They didn't know that every penny I spent had to be taken from the hand of a man whom I sometimes feared that I hated.

The other road to independence of which I thought the oftener was the higher and more ambitious way which authors tread. I thought I should like my old friends and acquaintances, my uncle, and Charles to hear of me as famous. It would be pleasant to know that they were reading my articles, thinking and talking about me. I wrote some things which delighted me during the excitement and glow of writing and disgusted me two days after.

After reminding myself a great many times that I must make a beginning, I one afternoon started to the publishing-house of a daily newspaper with a MS. in my dress-pocket which had been re-written and re-read more than once. It was a short article of a humorous character on a local topic with a fictitious signature attached. When I left the Seminary I felt brave enough for almost any enterprise, but my courage diminished as my distance from the printing-office diminished, and by the time I had read the formidable sign in gilt letters over the door, and had caught sight, through the window, of a tall, pale, literary-looking youth I had no more courage. So I walked on by the office. But when those formidable gilt letters, and that pale, literary-looking youth were no longer in sight, I felt my courage rapidly reviving, and soon I had retraced my steps and was again at the door. On it was the word "Push," and by a desperate effort I obeyed the behest and found myself in the counting-room, face to face with the tall,

pale youth. He stared at me, walked a few steps forward, and inquired by his looks my business.

"Are you the editor?" I asked.

He replied, waving me to a staircase, "No, I am not the editor; the editors' rooms are on the next floor."

I made my way up a dark, worn, dirty stairway, and came suddenly upon youth No. 2, who stood at a desk, pen in hand.

"Can I see the editor?" I inquired of him.

"Which editor do you wish to see?"

"I was puzzled by the question, for I was ignorant of the adjectives which distinguish the members of an editorial corps.

"The commercial editor?" he asked, suggestively.

It did not take me long to arrive at the conclusion that my article could have no bearing on the commerce of nations or cities, so I replied in the negative.

"The financial editor?" he again suggested, trying his pen on his left thumb nail, preparatory to using it.

I had no finances to arrange with any editor, that was certain, so I again answered, No.

"The local editor is in there," he said, pointing to a door, and then resuming his writing by way of dismissing me.

The local editor! My article pertained to a city matter. Yes, it must be that I wanted to see the local editor. "Thank you," I said, and moved to the door and rapped.

A small man with sandy hair, and sandier whiskers, and very light eyes, answered my knock. The room he occupied was lighted by a single window—the dirtiest and cobwebbiest I ever saw—and was a trifle larger than the very large bedstead which stood in my chamber at the Seminary. There were a couple of chairs and a writing-desk piled with newspapers in this editorial *sanctum*.

I was so embarrassed that a momentary dizziness and blindness came over me as I stood, for the first time in my life, face to face with a gentleman of the press. Could I have improvised an excuse for my appearance there, my real errand would never have been revealed to him. But my wits seemed paralyzed, so I stammered out something about having written a short article which he could publish if he should consider it worthy a place in his columns, and I drew the MS. from my pocket, and placed it in his hands.

"Have a seat, ma'am?" he said, placing a chair for me, and proceeding to read the MS.

My impulse was to snatch it from him, and run away and hide myself in my chamber. As he perused it I also read it from memory. I could judge from the direction of his eyes just what passage he was perusing, and my cheek tingled afresh at each well-remembered weak point. Alas, they all seemed weak points as I sat there!

"We shall be happy to give your article a

place in our Saturday's paper," said the editor, when he had finished its perusal.

How long it seemed before Saturday arrived! I wondered how long my article would be; how it would look in print; and, above all, what people would say about it. Saturday at length arrived. I knew the paper never reached us earlier than three P.M., but at one o'clock I seated myself at the front window to watch for it, that I might have the first reading. It is needless to say that time moved slowly, but after looking at the clock for the twentieth time, perhaps, I descried the news-boy with his bundle of papers strapped over his shoulders. I was across the veranda and at the gate in a moment. He handed me a paper damp from the press. I opened it, and ran my eye eagerly from article to article. In a conspicuous place I found my contribution, and with a beating heart I ran over it. It was not as long as I had expected to see it; there were some half dozen typographical errors which spoiled some of my finest sentences; then there were several solecisms and two glaring grammatical errors—there they were, staring me impudently in the face, all very plain now that they were irrevocably given to the public. I read my article again and again, and decided that the signature—which I give here as "Fanny France," choosing to withhold my real *nom de plume*—looked well in print.

At the head of the local column I found a paragraph calling attention to a racy article from a new correspondent, "Fanny France," and inviting farther contributions.

The Principal of the Seminary, Dr. W——, entered as I was reading this notice for the third time.

"Would you like to see the evening paper?" I asked, handing it to him.

He sat down to reading, while I took up my knitting-work—a blue Sontag—purposing to ascertain if he read my article, and to mark the effect. I soon perceived that he was perusing it. At the second sentence his mouth began to twitch, then a quiet kind of a smile overspread his features. He finished it with a low laugh, and inquired if I had read the article? And when I had answered with flushing cheek in spite of my efforts at composure, he said, "Pretty well done, isn't it? Pretty well done," he continued, dwelling on the words as he turned the paper. "I wonder who Fanny France is!"

That evening I heard the article read by one of the teachers to the girls and the other teachers as they sat around the study-table, and found some difficulty in appearing unmoved amidst their comments and criticisms.

The next week I sent a second contribution to the paper through the Post-office, and the following Saturday had the satisfaction of seeing it in print. By the time a third contribution had appeared the school was alive with curiosity. A dozen times a day I had to evade the question, "Who is Fanny France?" I was alternately amused and vexed, elated and depressed, flattered and discouraged by the opin-

ions of my school friends and of outsiders, as reported to me, or in my hearing. Soon the editor began to mail me letters left at the printing-office for Fanny France, and to send me papers into which my articles were copied.

One day on opening a paper I found an article headed "Fanny France." The editor said that he would state, in answer to the scores of letters of inquiry with which he was besieged, that Fanny France was a school-girl, a resident of the city. Of course this increased the people's interest—the school-girls' particularly. With a whole school of girls on my track I could not long escape detection. Then cards and invitations and calls began to pour in upon me. I was pointed at, stared at, talked about, and written about. Requests for autographs, letters complimentary, condemnatory, and advisory clogged my port-folio.

But my purse was no heavier for the laurels I was winning, and my wardrobe seemed poorer and more old-fashioned than ever, as I was brought in contact with the *ton* of the city. And here I must acknowledge a temptation which beset me, but which I had strength enough to combat. Had I yielded to it I should not, I fear, be so ready to publish it. I felt that a small sum judiciously expended would enable me to appear like a new creature, and I was tempted to draw on my uncle for the money; I knew it would be promptly furnished without a word of inquiry. But after an hour's contemplation of the advantage and pleasure which the money could procure, I invariably concluded to wear my old dresses rather than increase my indebtedness to him.

I went into the library one day, and my bills for board and tuition were handed me. They came earlier than I had expected. I was disappointed; for I had half hoped that by some means I should of myself be able to meet them—that I would be spared the humiliation of sending them to the man who had occasioned me the deepest sorrow I had ever known. I crushed the papers in my hand, and went up to my room. I sat down by the window, and looked out upon the night. It was in the autumn, and a cold rain, mixed with sleet, was falling. I looked through the waving, leafless branches to the lamp-lights beyond, and there came over me such a homesick, lonely feeling as I shall never forget. Why was I separated hundreds of miles from kindred, and friends, and every thing I had known or cared for? Why were all those weary leagues dividing me from him who should have been my protector and support? Of course I wept—woman's eyes are her heart's safety-valves—and I found relief in the act. Then my thoughts began to form themselves into a purpose; for my impatience at my dependence had grown with the hope of relief. I determined to see Mr. J——, the proprietor of the paper to which I had been contributing, frankly acquaint him with my situation, and ask of him employment and compensation. This resolution taken, I retired, but not to sleep. I went

over and over what I intended to say to Mr. J——; but having thoroughly learned my lesson, doubts as to my ability to recite it when the moment of trial should arrive began to intrude. I felt brave enough being there in the dark, but I knew myself too well not to have some fears that I should prove the veriest coward at the moment when coolness and self-possession were necessary to a proper representation of my circumstances. At the best I was afraid that I should make a lame story, for I was never a fluent speaker. Concluding that my plea would be more effectually presented in writing, I wrote a letter, sealed and addressed it, and then went to sleep.

The next morning, which was Saturday, I mailed my letter, expecting to hear from it in the course of the following week. That evening I went to prayer-meeting. When I returned a card was handed me, and I was informed that the gentleman awaited me in the parlor. With a rising heart I read the name to which my letter of the previous evening had been addressed; he was giving it prompt attention.

The result of my interview with him was an agreement on his part to pay me one hundred dollars per year for my contributions, the number and length to be left to my choice.

"Here are twenty-five dollars," he said, as he rose to take his departure, "and remember, you are to send us an article as it suits your convenience. I am sorry I can't offer you more for your very acceptable articles, but a daily political paper can't very well sustain a literary department."

Twenty-five dollars! Here was a chance to take a breath; but a hundred dollars would not meet my tuition bills for the year, and there was my board, beside other expenses. I was not yet independent, but my success was encouraging.

My next step was to withdraw from the English department of the Seminary, and to pursue my English studies in my room without the aid of a teacher; then I made arrangements with the French teacher to give her English lessons in return for private tuition in French. By these retrenchments I should reduce my expenses some twenty-five dollars per term. Through my Latin recitations I continued my connection with the Seminary.

About this time our Principal spoke to me about taking charge of two classes, one in geometry, the other in spelling, for which it seemed no teacher in the Seminary could find time. Nothing was said by either of us in reference to compensation; I thought that perhaps my Latin tuition would be given me for my services. I devoted an hour and a half each day to these two classes, besides attending to my own studies. I did all my own sewing—I was not able to put out any—and prepared a weekly article for publication. It will be seen that I had little time for farther literary efforts.

So time passed, and the academic year drew to a close. I passed the examination, being

the successful competitor for the composition prize, and was voted a diploma.

And now a serious disappointment awaited me; my bill was presented. Nothing was allowed me for my services in teaching the two classes before mentioned, and I was charged with English tuition. Ah! no eyes saw the bitter tears which I shed over that little scrap of paper. How I had worked to save that twenty dollars! and here I was unexpectedly called to pay it. I made several resolutions to speak of the matter, but postponed the unpleasant subject from time to time, and finally abandoned it. Two years later the mistake was discovered and rectified.

And now the vacation had arrived, I had my diploma, and I determined to seek a situation as teacher. I naturally thought of the Seminary in which I had passed the year. After some negotiating, I was placed in charge of a department of some twenty little girls from nine to thirteen years of age, with the vague promise in reference to compensation that they would do as well for me as they could. I acknowledge that my effort in this department was not a marked success.

As a pecuniary speculation, an estimate may be formed of it from the following facts, premising that my relation with Mr. J——, the publisher, remained unchanged: I purchased one spring dress for eight dollars; a bonnet for six dollars; a pair of gaiters for a dollar and a half; a pair of kid gloves for one dollar; gave three dollars to the missionary cause; and fifty cents toward a present for our Principal's wife. I did not spend during the year another penny, yet when my account with the Seminary was closed I was four dollars and seventy-eight cents in its debt.

Opportunities for teaching in other places offered, but I was chagrined at my failure in the Seminary, and anxious to vindicate myself. The next year I had charge of the composition department with a few classes in mathematics, at a fair salary. I think all acquainted with the facts will admit that my success in this second effort was unusual. The following year I held the same pleasant position with the same salary. For a third year it was at my disposal, but I chose a like situation in another city.

During those years of labor and trial I had heard nothing from Charles. Time, the skillful, kindly physician had done much to soothe, but there were memories associated with him which haunted and saddened all the days. At times I felt a glad sense of freedom in being removed from the scenes of my disappointment, but oftener I was possessed by an unutterable yearning to revisit the places consecrated by my intercourse with him.

As to my uncle, I received from him during the first year of my absence an occasional letter on business. At the end of that time there came a peremptory summons for my return South, with a remittance to defray expenses. I returned the money with a declaration of my independ-

ence, and the information of my purpose to engage in teaching.

My residence at the North had shown me how erroneous the opinions, and baseless the prejudices of the Southern people are in reference to their Northern brethren, and my convictions I endeavored in my letters to communicate to some of my Southern friends. As mildly and gently as possible—for I understood the depth of their prejudices and the bitterness of their hatred—I told them some truths, and endeavored to disabuse their minds of some errors.

During the three years in which I was engaged in teaching numerous efforts of various characters were made to procure my return to the South. In the mean time the rebellion was inaugurated at Sumter. We are none of us likely to forget the hurricane of denunciation from the loyal press and people which swept over the great North. It was purely sublime in its might and majesty so long as its fury was directed against the ambitious, informed politicians, with whom this fearful work originated. My heart gave its Amen and Amen. I said let them be Anathema maranatha. But after a time people and press began to indulge in a wholesale, indiscriminate denunciation of every thing pertaining to the South. It was Nazareth, and no good could come out of it. I frequently heard this said in so many words. Ah! I knew better. In answer to these things, honest faces, lives beautiful and noble, and characters fair as the morning—the generous, the chivalrous, the brave; appealed to me to speak. There were times when it seemed that to keep silence was to be false to my absent friends. I used to remain silent until my heart was ready to burst with its scorn and indignation at the injustice and ignorance which the speakers betrayed; then I would pour out some vehement words of refutation or apology, and, when opportunity offered, seek relief in tears. Yet in my calm moments I could scarcely find it in my heart to censure the most violent. Theirs was but a most righteous indignation going beyond bounds. As far as I was personally concerned there was no abatement of the affectionate courtesy which every where met me, and assurances of sympathy were frequent and repeated.

In the summer of 1862 I received intelligence that a party of Southern friends were in Canada just across the frontier, and desired a visit from me. As they sent the money to defray my expenses there was nothing to prevent my joining them, and I gladly did so. There was in the party a well-known Confederate official, whose name has figured in the papers. From the fact that all the party were wearing false names and hailing from Northern localities, and that my own arrival was registered under a fictitious name, and from various suspicious movements and remarks, I was persuaded that they were not in Canada simply to avoid the inconveniences of war, or to escape the hardships of a beleaguered people. I have since learned, what I then suspected, that the gentlemen were on

business for the Southern Confederacy. One of them, with his wife, was *en route* for Europe, and offered to defray my expenses if I would accompany them. This I declined, not wishing to incur so heavy a debt of obligation.

Those of the party who contemplated a return to the South exerted their powers of persuasion to induce me to return with them. It was not without some effort that I resisted the pressure which was brought to bear upon me; many times, half ashamed of turning my back upon the South, almost persuaded that I was mean and false in so doing, I was on the eve of yielding—of casting my lot with the South, for better for worse. But however my heart vacillated my intellect was clear enough. I knew the right was not with the South. Yet I returned from my visit to my Southern friends homesick, my heart yearning over the South. I loved her—loved her in her pride and wickedness and suffering more, it seemed to me, than ever before. In my calm, unprejudiced moments I wished for the triumph of the Northern cause. I know I did. Yet when the news came of a success of the Federal arms, and I heard the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, saw the waving of flags, and witnessed the rejoicings of the multitudes, I thought of my people shamed, and defeated, and sorrowing, and then I doubted where my sympathies were. I knew not whether to rejoice or weep. But I must not linger here.

Shortly after the visit to my friends above mentioned I received a letter from one of the number whose husband had been suddenly called to return South, stating that she had just learned that my uncle was sinking with consumption; that he could not possibly live through another winter, and was in need of my care. Would I go to him? If so, meet her and husband on Monday afternoon at N—.

I had but an hour in which to make my decision, for it was necessary if I accompanied them that I should take the next train. I saw a lonely old man dying with, perhaps, none to minister to him, and in a moment after reading the letter, even as I read it, my heart pronounced his forgiveness. I remembered how he had through all the helpless years of my childhood provided for me, and perhaps, I argued with myself, he consulted what he considered my good in breaking my engagement with Charles. It did not take me many minutes to decide that I would go to him.

Some little matters were arranged, and shortly after I was on my way to my old home. How the journey was accomplished, by what means the obstacles in our way were surmounted, I might, could I speak with definiteness, consider myself in honor bound to preserve in secrecy. But these things are a profound mystery to me. After some strange movements, but without any annoying adventure, I found myself amidst familiar scenes. No, I recall that phrase. I should never have recognized the once familiar spots, they were so changed.

The country had been ravaged by two armies, wasted by fires and guerrillas, and scourged as by a sirocco. Twenty-three engagements, of more or less importance, had taken place within a circuit of twenty miles of the plantation where my childhood had been passed, and one not two miles removed. The country with its deserted plantations, its tenantless negro cabins falling to decay, its fenceless gardens and fields overrun with rank weeds, all proclaimed some unusual state of affairs. Go where I would I met no young men, except an occasional soldier on furlough. And the old men were organized into Home Guards, with their drills and regular military duties. No young woman or child over six years was found who was not a member of some military company.

I had heard much of the Union sentiment at the South. I found no evidence of its existence in this locality; an unmitigated hatred of Northerners, and a determination to endure all things before surrender, was the universal sentiment. "Fighting to repel invasion," "Defending our hearth-stones," was the language of every lip.

Our homes and our firesides! Nothing will rouse and fire a people like that cry. The watchword of our flag and the Union are fireless in comparison. There are multitudes who comprehend nothing of the nature of our Government, to whom the Union was but a sounding word, and the flag but a patchwork of bunting. But when leaders cry "Our homes are in danger: the invader is upon us!" all understand the call.

If my heart had burned because of the ignorance and injustice of the Northern people concerning the South, the ignorance and injustice of Southerners toward the North was enough to make the very stones cry out. And in this mutual misunderstanding between the sections may, in my opinion, be found the cause of all our troubles. The Southern people would never have sustained their leaders in the secession movement had they not been misled as to the feeling of the North concerning them. A single example will give some idea of the delusion prevalent among the people.

I was conversing carefully and cautiously—for I knew that in their excited state an imprudent word would be like a spark on their freshly-ginned cotton—on the all-absorbing topic with a company of intelligent ladies, when one of them asserted that before Fort Sumter had been fired upon the churches of New York, and Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, had flaming placards above the pulpits headed, "Beauty and Booty," containing a call for men to go South—that the officiating ministers took their texts from the placards, and gave flaming harangues, which, eliminated and reduced, meant that the South was to be sacked and pillaged, and Southern women given up to outrage. To my indignant denial of this she replied that Mr. G—— was in New York at the time and saw and heard these things. The said Mr. G—— is a New

Englander by birth and education. His story had received universal credence in the place. As I looked into this woman's honest blue eyes my heart sank. Not until that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed will the masses of the Southern people be convinced.

We have received at the North conflicting statements relative to the condition of the Southern people, some accounts reporting an abundance of all necessities, while others would lead us to believe that the people are on quarter rations. I can speak from observation of a single locality as I found it in the autumn of 1862. If the North, with its wealth and its numerous laborers and artisans, its open ports and unrestricted commerce, feels the pressure of the iron hand of war, how must it be with a people whose fields and plantations are deserted, whose soil is invaded, and whose ports are blockaded? A few cases of which I was cognizant may give some idea of the condition of affairs.

Mr. F——, one of the wealthiest men in that section of the State, whose property has been estimated at nearly two millions some twelve years since, had a daughter born unto him. Two hours after her birth he had two hundred bottles of wine buried to be used at her marriage supper. Last spring he had it unearthed and sent every bottle of it to the hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers. During my stay at the South I dined at this gentleman's house by invitation. We sat down to a dinner of chicken, corn-dodgers, and sweet potatoes. No desert and no drink, except cold water.

When I was at boarding-school one of my classmates had become enamored of a black-eyed, mustached clerk in a shoe-store. He had a small, delicate hand, and wore the daintiest of boots—"the cunningest things in the world," she used to say. On the contrary she wore gaiters number five; but once in five weeks she would purchase of her clerk a pair of number one gaiters. Arrived at the Seminary, not being able to wear them, she would present them to some girl who was fortunate in possessing a smaller foot. Yet this girl, who could afford to give away twenty-five dollars' worth of gaiters per year for the sake of creating the impression in a single mind that she had a small foot, I saw wearing a pair of shoes of her own manufacture made of her brother's old coat, and put to soles cut from the legs of his cast-off boots.

The last case I shall mention is that of a gentleman, who, it was said with his little daughter, was living on a plantation with nothing to eat except ash-cakes, as the negroes call them. These are made of Indian meal solely, and wet into a dough with water. This is moulded into a cake about the circumference of a tea-plate, a spot in the fire-place is cleared of ashes, on which the little mound of dough is deposited, its greatest elevation being some three inches. This is then covered with warm ashes, coals are heaped on the top, and it is left to bake or roast some forty minutes. It is then taken from its bed, the ashes brushed off as thoroughly as pos-

sible, when it is well washed in clean hot water. The result is a cake of delicious flavor and sweetness, a piece of which, surreptitiously conveyed to me by some colored sympathizer, used to delight my childish heart more than Mrs. Patterson's most delicate pastry. This man lost his right arm in some engagement, and was discharged from the rebel service. During his absence his slaves had run away *en masse*. There were over a thousand acres of land in his plantation, yet the only living he could afford was as above mentioned. The following anecdote is told of this man. At seventeen he enlisted without the consent of his parent or guardian for the Mexican campaign. He wrote to his mother, a wealthy widow, for money. She sent him three hundred dollars a few days previous to his departure for the seat of war. Indignant at the small amount, with childish impatience and spitefulness he chewed up the bills and spit them as far as his indignant lips and tongue could send the mass.

I could multiply such cases as the above, but I must return to my story.

I found that the story of my uncle's illness was much exaggerated; indeed, that it was but little better than a *ruse* to procure my return. He had a cough, it is true; but I found him Captain of a company of Home Guards, and working day and night for "the Cause." The rebellion seemed to have waked him from his selfish repose. I was chagrined at the imposition which had been practiced upon me; but I did not regret the opportunity of revisiting my friends, and of ascertaining for myself, amidst the contradictory accounts, something of the feeling among the people.

By one of those inexplicable coincidences which transpire in almost every life, and which startle and awe, Charles B——, on furlough from the rebel army, was visiting for the first time, since his unexplained departure, the home where I had first known him. I knew nothing of his presence in the place until I accidentally met him at the house of a friend. I pass over the manner of our meeting as well as other particulars of this unexpected interview after a separation covering five years. I was then made acquainted with the measures which my uncle had taken to separate two loving hearts. I was surprised at the revelation; his course was such as I should never have anticipated from my knowledge of his character.

When Charles asked me to marry him I did not hesitate a moment. I was of age, there was no one then to interpose. I remembered that he was a rebel; but I couldn't make it cause any difference in my feeling for him. I listened to my heart alone, and that called for him. He wished to have our union consummated at the earliest practicable moment before my uncle should learn of his presence in the village. So the very next day I stood up with him, though he wore the rebel uniform, and promised to love and honor him till death should us part. Thank God that I did so.

A period of happiness for fifty days, despite my uncle's displeasure, followed our marriage; and then, my husband's furlough having expired, he bade me farewell and rejoined his regiment. Then came months of anxiety relieved by frequent letters breathing the deepest love to me, and for the South a zeal as unfaltering and as unquestioning as that which animated Marion and his men. Of course I read with avidity all the war news that came within my reach; Northern papers frequently fell into my hands. I had occasion to remark that in most engagements both sides claimed a victory more or less decided.

One day the dispatches brought the tidings of a desperate battle having been fought, in which my husband's regiment was engaged. I was locked in my room all that day, with my heart torn and divided in its desires. I did not wish the Southern cause to triumph. I had no question now as to where my sympathies lay. But that day I could scarcely bear to think of my husband as among the defeated. In my hopeful nature it did not occur to me that any thing worse than defeat could overtake him.

After a few days of anxious waiting we had some reliable intelligence in reference to the battle. I had gone out to the gate and stood leaning on the fence, waiting for the news-boy. I was thinking that when the Union should be restored—as I had no doubt it would be some day—I should persuade Charles to go North, or, if he should be forced to leave his country, I thought of Canada; that we would settle just across the lines, where I could sometimes see my Northern friends. They would love him, for he was noble; and he, cured of his errors and prejudices against the North, would love those who had honored and fostered his wife.

My reverie was interrupted by the news-boy's whistling "Away down South in Dixie." He handed me a paper over the palings, and went on. I remember looking after him, and thinking that he probably had a father or "big brother" in the army, whose old soldier-clothes he was wearing; for his pants were very long in the seat and very short in the legs, and both they and his coat were very baggy. Then I opened the paper and turned, of course, to the telegrams. The Confederates had been driven from the field, leaving their slain and wounded in the hands of the Federals. Then came that dark and bloody record, which the stranger can run over so carelessly, but which women who have loved ones in the ranks read with a fearful dread. I ran over it, thinking I might find a familiar name; it met me in my husband's—"Killed."

I do not know just what I did and said when this thunder-bolt burst upon me. I should not write it here for the public eye could I recall every particular. Let the writers of fiction display their skill at dissecting the human heart and in analyzing a sorrow. I choose to be forever silent concerning those days of anguish.

I found numerous comforters, the burden of

whose condolence was that my husband had fallen in a holy cause. "Miserable comforters are ye all!" was the answer of my heart. One day my scorn burst forth. "It is not true!" I exclaimed, with passionate impatience. "It is not a holy cause to which he has been sacrificed. My husband was honest, but he was deceived. The South is duped, and will be brought to shame. Your leaders—" I checked myself, remembering too late that such language there was treason.

From that time I was conscious of being the object of distrust, and felt a relentless espionage pursuing and overshadowing me. My warmest friends cut me to the heart with their coldness. If I went out it was to feel that the finger of scorn was leveled at me, and that the eyes of persecutors were upon me. There can be nothing worse than the desolation I felt then. I should have wished to die but for the sweet hope of solace and love which centred in my unborn babe. In that was my comfort. I counted the days which must elapse before the desired event, and each morning jealously deducted the past day.

The time was at length accomplished, and a winsome, helpless baby lay in my bosom. I had wished for a boy, whom I could call Charlie; but they brought me instead a baby-girl, with dainty limbs and a noble head, and eyes so like her father's that I cried until I thought I should never cease crying. I teased them to let me keep the baby in my arms the first night, for I was not very sick; so, while all the others slept, I waked and watched with my darling with a deeper happiness in my heart than had ever been there before. There was a love in my bosom which I knew to be deathless for my orphaned girl. I said then—oh! so honestly and so believingly—that I could never have a feeling of impatience, or anger, or weariness toward my baby; that I should always be good for her sake; that I would strive to eradicate every thing from my nature that was not noble and beautiful; that I would consecrate every hour of my life to her. As soon as I was able I should begin to bathe and dress her. No menial hands should rob me of the sweet labor. From me she should learn to walk and talk; and when the time came there was a world of happiness for me in the training of her mind and character. I thought it all out that night as I lay there with my baby softly sleeping in my arms. That was, despite my loneliness and helplessness, the sweetest, happiest night I ever spent.

I had received the necessary attention during my sickness, because a woman in child-birth is an appeal to every other woman. But when I grew convalescent I was conscious of the old coldness, and I felt that I must get away from the stifling atmosphere. As before, the star of hope and promise hovered in the North. So, when we were able, baby and I, I went to a friend who had influence in high Government circles, and through his assistance succeeded in reach-

ing Wilmington, North Carolina. The English steamer, the *G*—, was lying in port, and the rumor was prevalent that she was taking in a cargo preparatory to running the blockade. I consulted a tried Confederate official, and by his advice and through his agency I found myself a passenger on the *G*—, a long, low, side-wheel steamer of great power. I found some thirty passengers on board, three of whom were bound for Europe, the others for the Northern States and Bermuda. It was currently believed on board that one of the three above mentioned was a courier bearing dispatches. The steamer had a cargo of 450 bales of cotton, several boxes of tobacco, and a few barrels of turpentine.

I felt lonely enough amidst the strange faces which met me on every side; then, too, I was naturally anxious for the result of this new movement. The utmost cheerfulness and apparent freedom from apprehension prevailed among crew and passengers. If our captain had expected to get to sea without attracting the attention of the blockaders he was doomed to disappointment. We had scarcely got under way when the heavy boom! boom! boom! of the Federal guns smote to our hearts the presence of danger.

"No damage done yet; the firing is too high; shots go over her masts," were the words which were soon passing from mouth to mouth. Even as they were on our lips the thunder of cannon was again in our ears, and the steamer quivered from bow to stern.

"Three men are knocked down, the windlass is broken, and the bulwarks are torn away!" was now the information which anxious men retailed.

Boom! boom! boom! The firing was thick and fast; our steamer bellowed and shrieked like some wounded monster, but moved straight onward, piling the waters right and left. Boom! boom! again, and a shot came whizzing directly through the cabin, two feet above water-mark, creating a commotion among crockery and chandeliers. I hugged my baby closer. It seemed as though wings had been lent our steamer, so arrow-like were her movements. "We are gaining on our pursuers; the distance between us is steadily widening; the shot fall far in our wake!" was the welcome intelligence which was being rapidly telegraphed from one to another; when suddenly the welkin rang with a shout of triumph from our victorious steamer. We had successfully run the blockade!

We made the voyage from Wilmington to Halifax in four days and twenty hours. As we came in sight of the latter place the *G*— ran up the Confederate flag amidst the shouts of the passengers. She rode gallantly into port, greeted by the huzzas of the multitude that thronged the wharf.

Eager for a re-union with my friends at an early day, I took passage on the *C*—, which cleared for Boston. There were some English gentlemen and several Canadians on board, among whom the American war, the acts of

the Administration, and kindred topics, were frequently discussed. Military arrests, the restrictions upon the press and upon the speech of the people, the excited feeling at the North, were dwelt upon at large. From these things doubts began to enter my mind as to the reception I should meet from my Northern friends and acquaintances. What welcome could I expect from them when I was weeping behind my sable veil for a rebel? How did I dare go to those who had given their dear ones to crush the rebellion, while their graves were yet fresh, and ask them to countenance and aid the widow and child of a rebel? Would they believe me when I should tell them that my love for the old flag is stronger than ever, and that my prayers follow the Federal arms? And even if those who know me best should trust and sustain me, will not others be found ready with the cry of "traitor" and "spy?" All the intolerant are not of the South.

So the questionings and doubts grew until, to my lonely and dispirited heart, the world not only appeared cold and without a friendly face, but arrest and imprisonment for myself and destitution for my child seemed imminent.

The nearer I approached my destination the more I doubted, and the greater was my shrinking from a meeting with my former friends; and when the cars stopped at —, I stepped off, many miles short of my original destination. Estranged friends I did not wish again to encounter. I could not settle down in idleness. Economize as I would, my slender purse would soon be empty unless replenished. How could this be accomplished? My baby was at such an age that I could not go into the school-room even if I could have obtained a teacher's situation in a strange place. I naturally thought of my pen. I was soon at work on a story—a very quiet, simple story about a young soldier who died at Fortress Monroe. I wrote at odd moments while my baby slept, or as she lay on the bed looking at her little hands, and softly cooing her admiration of her dainty pink fingers. I used to watch the clock, and I don't think I ever secured fifteen consecutive minutes for my writing, except when baby slept, and she seldom in the day slept half an hour. Every few moments I was obliged to throw aside my pen—in the middle of a sentence, perhaps, and just as I was becoming engaged with my thought, and felt that I was expressing it with some felicity. There would be an interruption of an hour or two; and when I returned to my writing, cold and weary, I felt that all warmth and enthusiasm were gone. Often I had lost the word or illustration, and sometimes the thought itself had escaped me.

But the story was at length completed. Then I borrowed a little carriage from a neighbor, and having tucked baby in it, she and I went to the post-office. When we arrived there she was asleep, so I left the carriage on the sidewalk while I ran in and got the MS. weighed. Twenty-three cents was the postage on it, and a very

large sum it seemed, as I took it from my scanty purse. I hadn't learned the new postal regulation concerning MSS. passing between publishers and authors. I mailed the story to the editor of a Philadelphia magazine.

Every few days I drew baby to the Post-office. It was ten days before I heard from my story. At the end of that time, as I inquired at the little square office-window, I saw the clerk, as he ran over the letters, pause at a huge document in a yellow envelope. My heart sank; I felt that my story had been returned.

"Where are you expecting letters from?" he asked.

"From Philadelphia," I replied, remembering, with a lonely kind of feeling, that I had no correspondents elsewhere. He handed me the package; I put it in my dress-pocket and left the office.

"Little darling!" I murmured, as I stopped to tuck the shawls around baby before starting home with her; "we must look somewhere else."

When I reached an obscure street I drew the carriage to one side, and taking the rejected MS. from my pocket, with a feeling of pity for the poor slighted thing, I broke the seal. I found a kind, courteous letter from the editor, which brought the quick tears to my eyes. The story was written with feeling and ability, he said; but, owing to the stringency of the times, he was restricted by the publishers in his purchase of MSS., and was compelled to return my story.

Being ignorant, as I have said, of the new postal bill, and feeling that I could not afford to throw away postage-stamps, my next move was to address a letter to the editors of a New York paper, inquiring if they had room for new contributions, provided, of course, there was merit in them. In a few days I received a printed reply, to the effect that they had all the matter on hand which they could possibly use (I do not believe they said through all time), and concluding with, "We herewith return your MS."—not quite applicable in my case, it seemed to me, since I had sent no MS.

A few days after I mailed the story to another Philadelphia magazine, with a note stating that the editor of so and so had been pleased to express a favorable opinion of the story. A few days brought me a letter from some member of the editorial corps, acknowledging receipt of MS., complaining of the deluge of contributions with which they were afflicted, and concluding with the question, "Why did not Mr. — accept it?" By the next mail I sent stamps to pay return postage.

Somewhat discouraged by these repeated failures, a few days of irresolution succeeded. During this time I met with the statement that, owing to the hard times, many of the best writers in America were out of employment. If this was true, it was, I decided, most ridiculous for me, who had no name, perhaps deserved none, to expect success. It was folly for me to attempt to live by my pen: I had no gift, no talent; my vanity had led me astray. So I went to work

one day, and prepared a package for the flames. I put into it all my published articles, and all MSS. prepared for publication; all those delightful complimentary notices I had so carefully cut from the papers publishing or copying my articles; all the letters I had received encouraging or commending my efforts—all so dear to me once. I had condemned them to be burned as a meet punishment for the deception they had so long practiced upon me; but their familiar, loved faces made such an appeal that I commuted their punishment to imprisonment. So I deposited them at the very bottom of an old trunk, under books and boxes, etc.

That night my baby was attacked with inflammation of the brain. Then came weary days and nights of watching and agonizing suspense. With medicines, and the doctor's bill, and fuel, and lights, there was a fearful drain on my purse. Every few days I would steal off and count over its pitiful contents; for I thought I should probably lose my baby, and I could not endure that her little grave should be in the Potters' Field.

But my baby was spared me, and I felt strong again for work. I began to think of asking for work at the shops, for something which I could do at home; for I would not listen to the suggestion of leaving my baby to the care of others.

A few weeks since an old number of *Harper's Magazine* fell into my hands, in which the editor invited contributions, and promised to read

and pronounce upon them. I somehow felt encouraged by the kindly tone to make another effort. I resurrected my story, and re-read it, pen in hand, now dotting an *i* or crossing a *t*, and now making some change in the punctuation, or altering the structure of a sentence. The three introductory pages I rewrote; they were fictitious, and seemed cold and formal as I read them with a secret fear that the editor might condemn the story before getting through with them. At the earliest opportunity I mailed the story to *Harper's Magazine*. I stated in the beginning that it was returned.

I thought I would tell you why I wrote that story; that I would like to have you know that I was writing that I might live, and that I might keep my baby with me. I fear that I have made my story too long, and that it teems with faults. But think how it has been written: a line at one time, a half-dozen lines at another. I have never been able to get off more than a half-page of MS. without an interruption. I have sometimes written with my baby on one knee, reaching for my pen and paper. I used to think that if I could dress her up, and lay her away on a shelf, as I used to do with my doll, for a single morning, so that I could give all my mind to my writing, that I might accomplish something worthy your acceptance.

You may say that, circumstanced as I am, I should not attempt the part of an author; that I should seek a livelihood by other means. What means? I ask beseechingly. What can I do?

HOMŒOPATHY,

IN ONE OR MORE CHAPTERS AND SEVERAL SUB-CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—WASHINGTON.

"**T**HANK Heaven, there's no particular way to spell in Scotch!" So said Davie Tait, in writing from "Auld chuckie Reekie," Edinburgh, to his douce wife in the "kintra," as he nearly foundered on the ugly snag of an English polysyllable. Thank Heaven, say I, that a chapter has no particular length. It may fill half a volume, or it may consist of half a dozen lines. Nay, I remember that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his "What will he do with It?" has a chapter (Book III., Chapter III.) which, title and all, contains only two words, viz.:

"Dénouement. POODLE."

And who that has read Southey's delightful "Doctor" can forget his famous one-word chapter, and that word,

"Ballibooribanginorribo?"

But an ingenious Yankee has excelled both Southey and Bulwer in both wit and "brevity, which is the soul of wit."

While the annexation of Texas to the United States was still an open question a wealthy Abolitionist offered a handsome prize for the best essay, of moderate size, against annexation. Some wag, and I think it was my old friend Elizur Wright, then editor of the *Boston Chrono-*

type newspaper, but better known in the literary republic as the translator of La Fontaine's fables, announced that the prize had been awarded to an essay which consisted, as this article of mine is to consist, of *two chapters*, but which, very unlike this article of mine, was composed of but *two words*, viz.:

Chapter I. Tex-as.

Chapter II. Tax-es.

I am resolved that my article on Homœopathy shall consist of two chapters—two *doses* would, perhaps, be the more appropriate term, considering the nature of the subject; but what will be the length of either I will hazard no prophecy. One may be long—a sort of *Allopathic* dose—and the other short and sweet, like a Homœopathic pellet; or, as Artemus Ward might say, *vice versa*. One thing, however, is fixed "as firm as Ailsa rock," and that is, that my first chapter shall begin in *Salem*, proceed to *Boston*, and conclude in *Washington*. Like the parson who took for his text "the flesh, the world, and the devil," and informed his astonished audience that he should "dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the devil," I announce this threefold division of Chapter I.

In his witty way the poet Burns asserts of something true that it's

"As sure's the deil's in hell
Or Dublin city."

That Washington resembles Dublin in at least one particular, I think that no expert, be he Homœopath or Allopath, will venture to deny.

With this brief "*doch an' dorrach*" I begin my narrative excursion, starting from

SALEM.

In Salem, then, and in the counting-room of that honest man, "merchant prince," and true Christian, the late Michael Shepard, let this history commence. Mr. Shepard was largely engaged in East India commerce, particularly with that other "merchant prince," the Imaum of Muscat, royal in rank, and almost as royal in character as his Salem compeer. It was he who sent, through Mr. Shepard, to President Van Buren, certain Arabian horses of the highest nobility of equine blood; and to Mr. Shepard himself he was ever transmitting the pleasantest testimonials of his regard—sometimes in the shape of Mocha coffee that my mouth waters over as I remember its rare flavor and savor; sometimes in the form of *dates* so delicious that even "ladies of uncertain age," to whom all common dates are dreadful, might love to hear them named. In short, the Imaum, "may his shadow never be less!" was a very clever fellow.

Prosperity did not harden Mr. Shepard's heart. He always took a personal and affectionate interest in every officer who sailed his ships, and in every man whom those officers commanded. Those who served him faithfully served him long; the best the longest. Be he captain, with Caucasian fairness of complexion, or cook, with the burned skin of Ethiopia, Mr. Shepard watched over his welfare with paternal vigilance, remembering the far-off sailor, and not forgetting the dear ones whom he left behind.

Among these objects of Mr. Shepard's regard was an old negro, who had sailed for many years and many voyages in his employment as cook and steward. We will call him Cato; Scipio, Cæsar, or Cato, it makes no difference which. I beg his pardon, with all my heart, for having forgotten his real name; and among the classic pseudonyms I have no choice:

"Tros, Tyriusve, nullo mihi discrimine habeo."

And so we will call this Ethiop Cato.

Is it not odd that the old Greeks and Romans, from Homer to Ovid, should have fancied that the negro complexion was occasioned by that rash boy Phaeton's driving the Chariot of the Sun too near the Equinoctial, and thus roasting the natives into perpetual blackness?

"Sanguine tunc credunt in corpore summa vocato
Æthiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem!"

Let no hasty reader imagine from my seemingly vagrant course of narrative that I, like Phaeton, have lost my way, or can not guide the frisky steeds of my memory or imagination. I know the path and whither it leads, and will now return to the highway of my story.

In an hour of weakness Cato was tempted to

smuggle, and attempted to smuggle homeward a bale of brilliant Madras handkerchiefs; and a baleful speculation did they prove to him. The custom-house officials at Salem were too vigilant for the success of Cato's enterprise. The handkerchiefs were seized, and so was he. Greatly to his surprise, Cato found himself raised to the dignity of defendant in the District Court, and held to bail in the sum of six thousand dollars. Mr. Shepard and another Salem merchant became his sureties.

My late lamented friend, Robert Rantoul, Jun., of Beverly, was then the United States District Attorney; a man whom I knew well and loved much, and whose sudden death I mourned with such tears as men seldom shed over any but their own flesh and blood; a man of rare natural endowments, and of acquisitions still more rare; one of the illustrious Essex County THREE—Choate, Cushing, Rantoul; and by no means the least of the three—brave, honest, true, and, like Bayard himself, "*sans peur, et sans reproche*;" and who was struck down in the midst of a brilliant career, at an hour when the country seemed most to need his services, by one of those mysterious providential dispensations which overwhelm all hearts with grief, set at naught all our philosophy, and subject our faith to the most trying ordeal.

His career as a politician was successful; but although he was learned in the law, and, when he threw himself into a case, tried it with consummate ability, he had not what is called a legal mind; and, as Judge Wilde, of the Massachusetts Supreme Bench, once said of him to me, "Although he tried a case well, he tried it like a layman, not like a lawyer." His practice, therefore, was never very large, and he owed his appointment as District Attorney to his political standing rather than to his position at the bar. His integrity was beyond question; but a want of method sometimes involved himself and others in perplexity and embarrassment.

In Cato's case Mr. Rantoul, being satisfied that it was the first, and would be the last offense, agreed to discharge the defendant on easy terms—the payment of costs and a penalty of three hundred dollars. The money was paid, a simple receipt given for it, and satisfaction of the claim ought to have been entered on the records of the court. But this entry Mr. Rantoul forgot to make, and the case stood open, and was continued from term to term, and year to year, until Mr. Rantoul's death.

A new District Attorney succeeded, *longo intervallo*, to Mr. Rantoul's office and docket in the person of Benjamin F. Hallett, another remarkable man, of whom, as well as of Mr. Rantoul, I have a hundred interesting reminiscences, which I will, God willing and editors consenting, embody some time in a chapter, or series of chapters, for *Harper*.

Under Mr. Hallett's administration the case of United States *vs.* Cato was reached and put upon the trial list, and one day called; but, though the crier of the Court could, like Glen-

dower, "call spirits from the vasty deep," yet in his case, as in that of the choleric Welshman, they "would not come when he did call." Cato was called, but as he happened at that moment to be drinking a whisky toddy just under the lee of the island of Perim, in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, he neither heard nor answered the call, and was thereupon defaulted. In due course of time the Bail, who had for years forgotten the suit, well knowing it had been adjusted, were astonished by a notice from the new District Attorney, informing them that they were liable to be sued for six thousand dollars. Mr. Shepard, not at all comprehending the reason of this notice, came at once to

BOSTON,

and placed the matter in my hands for investigation.

I soon ascertained to my own satisfaction, and that of Mr. Hallett, that the money agreed upon had been paid to Mr. Rantoul, but that not a tittle of evidence existed to prove that Mr. Rantoul had accounted for it to the Government.

Under these circumstances, with my client's approval, I offered to pay once more the sum of three hundred dollars to the United States, together with costs to Mr. Hallett, to be taxed at fifty dollars, and have the satisfaction of judgment "entered of record." Mr. Hallett, who was essentially a good-natured man, felt all the hardship of this case, and was inclined to accept my proposition. But he hesitated to take the responsibility, and desired that I should first obtain the sanction of the Solicitor of the Treasury at Washington, to whom he gave me a letter requesting the desired authority.

The Solicitor was a young Western lawyer with whom I had no acquaintance. But the Attorney-General, Hon. Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts (another of "the Essex Three"), was a gentleman whom I knew well. Mr. Shepard was also acquainted with Mr. Cushing, and fancied that, instead of writing to him or to the Solicitor, it would be well for me to visit the Federal capital, and obtain a personal interview with those gentlemen; thus hastening the decision, and perhaps determining its character. I agreed to go at my earliest leisure; and to insure tolerable quarters in that then crowded institution, "Chargehigh House," I telegraphed the hotel clerk to secure me a comfortable apartment, and was promised one to my "entire satisfaction." His rascality cost me a fever, but I have long since forgiven him. If, however, his own conscience forgives him without at least two barrels of penitential tears, it must be one of those consciences, "easy as old Tilly," which smart under no affront, and take offense at no outrage. It is said that a well-fattened porker may pass unharmed through a den of rattlesnakes, grunting with undisturbed serenity while a dozen of those crotaline monsters are striking their fangs, with idle rage, into the adipose matter with which he is armed "in panoply complete." The conscience of that clerk, if it stung him not

for his imposition on me, might safely venture upon a similar excursion to Rattlesnake Hill.

WASHINGTON.

I reached Washington late on Saturday night, drove wearily to the "Chargehigh Hotel," and was shown directly to my "reserved room" on the second floor. The night was cold and blustering, the worst weather of the latter end of March. The room was small. No fire-place or stove offered its grateful welcome. The one solitary window was wide open. I closed the window, and being too tired and sleepy to make complaint that night, I went to bed. Before I slept, however, I again opened the window, nor did I dare to shut it again that night. I will not infect or incense my readers by dwelling on the annoyances of that long night of horrors. Years afterward, when I read of the poison epidemic that decimated the "National," I recalled the mephitic atmosphere of the cell I occupied that night in the "Chargehigh House."

I rose early, and rose with a full consciousness of poison and fever in every drop of blood in my veins. The hours dragged heavily along. I had no appetite, and breakfast disgusted me. My head ached. I had a sense of weariness and pain, "*Zerschlagenheitsschmerz*," as our German polyglots so well call it, in every joint and limb. At times my heart seemed too big for my breast, and the blood galloped through my veins with pulsations that smote on my brain like the footfalls of a squadron of horse at full charge.

In this feverish condition I remembered that my former friend and college classmate, the Rev. Stephen A. G. Collis ("*stat nominis umbra*"), was pastor of one of the metropolitan churches, and my heart warmed toward him with a return of the old, boyish, college affection. I recollected him as one of the finest writers and declaimers in the University. He had gained the reputation of a pulpit orator of uncommon merit. I had often longed to hear him preach; and so I yielded to my wish. I ought to have sent for a physician; I went for a parson. I ought to have gone to bed; I went to church. Had I sent for a doctor, it would have been Dr. Lyndesay, the allopathic practitioner, whom I had known some fifteen years before as the partner of Dr. Sewall; and in that case this article on Homœopathy would never have been written, and I should have lost some of the pleasantest scenes of my life.

The bell had nearly done tolling as I reached the church, and took my seat, under the sexton's pilotage, in the pastor's pew. The Rev. Stephen—"Saint Stephen" we used to call him at "old Brown"—Saint Stephen, as I sat down, was occupied in arranging the lessons of the morning, and did not see me come in; nor indeed did he once look up until I had had full five minutes' opportunity to study his honest and pleasant face. I had not seen him for fifteen years, and time and trial had written their touching records in many a line around the mouth and eyes, had thinned the hair upon his temples,

and stolen the morning glow of youth from his cheeks. As I gazed on the countenance thus changed, yet still familiar, Saint Stephen looked up and cast his eyes slowly around upon the congregation. I watched the progress of his glance until it rested upon me. No sun-flash ever lit up a morning cloud with a sweeter radiance than that which now glorified the face of my friend. He sprang instantly to his feet, hurried down the pulpit stairs, and approaching me with rapid steps, to the manifest astonishment of his entire congregation, seized me by both hands, and gave me a welcome as loud, hearty, and demonstrative as though we were standing by his own hearth. This greeting was very delightful, but somewhat embarrassing, and I felt considerably relieved when, at the end of some two minutes, during which time, as one of my country neighbors used to say, we had been "the centre of a focus," the enthusiasm of my friend subsided, and he returned to his pulpit.

My attention and the regards of the whole assembly were soon concentrated on the appropriate exercises of the morning service, every part of which was "beautiful exceedingly." The sermon was rich with thought, brilliant with illustration, and full of tender pathos. Its subject was "*the Baptism of our Lord*." The preacher, with exquisite grace, described and reproduced the scene. The waters of Jordan flowed before our eyes; we saw ten thousand men, women, and children clustered on its banks beneath that glorious sky of Palestine, and underneath the shadows of tree and vine of Oriental strangeness. We saw our Lord descending into the watery grave of baptism; and, as he rose with radiant face from Jordan, the celestial dove fluttered around his head, and a voice from heaven was heard declaring, "This is my beloved Son!" How my blood thrilled as he closed this description by the eloquent exclamation: "Here, for the first time in the history of man, did God in each of the three persons of his Godhead make himself manifest to human sense—the Son incarnate, the Holy Ghost resting visibly on his head, and the voice of the Father Almighty sounding aloud from the sky above!"

After church Stephen and I again met and opened our hearts to each other; lived o'er the past, and were again young and joyous colleagues. He found that I was ill, and insisted, with an earnestness that could not be resisted, on my coming at once, "bag and baggage," to his house. "My wife," said he, "will be delighted to see you; she is a warm-hearted Southern woman, and makes my friends her own." I yielded, not unwillingly, to his hospitable entreaties, and in another hour had transferred myself and "traps" from the mephitic den of "mine inn," to a well warmed and spacious chamber in the admirably appointed establishment of my old friend.

My reception there was most hearty and delightful. Husband, and wife, and three pretty children, and a demure young lady, a niece,

from New England, "Miss Lizzie," seemed to emulate and outvie each other in their endeavors to make me feel at home.

It is, at best, a sad and dismal thing to be sick away from one's real home, and from the family who cherish his life and health as their own. But here, with Stephen and his loving circle of friends, the affliction was rendered as light as possible, and I felt, in the language of Scripture, that "my lines had fallen to me in pleasant places."

I struggled hard with my illness, and would not be sick; at least I would not succumb to my fever until I had called on the Attorney-General and put my business in such a train that all anxiety on that score should be removed from my feverish mind. Mr. Cushing I knew to be a business man in the best New England sense of the term; at his office early and late, devoting himself to its duties with an incumbent application and enthusiasm of industry which have always characterized this extraordinary man as scholar, lawyer, politician, judge, and statesman.

I called at his office at 9 o'clock Monday morning and inquired for "General Cushing." "Are you a member of Congress, Sir?" asked the door-keeper. "No." "Then you can not see him until after 12 o'clock," replied the man. "I think I can," said I, "as I have come from Massachusetts for that very purpose. Show him my card."

The next minute Mr. Cushing had me by the hand, and greeted me in such fashion that to this day my pulse quickens at the recollection. "My dear fellow"—those were his first and very words—"My dear fellow, you ought not to be here, you are in a raging fever; you ought to be in bed, and under a doctor's care."

"I can not afford to be sick, General," said I, "until you know my errand here." In less than three minutes I told him Mr. Shepard's story, and had this generous answer, "Give me Mr. Hallett's letter to the Solicitor; by 12 o'clock the whole thing shall be arranged; and do you go directly home to your excellent classmate's; go to bed, and send for a doctor. You shall hear from me this afternoon." I obeyed him. He is a man to be obeyed always; but when, as in this case, his imperial eye was bright with kindness, and the sweet authority of friendly solicitude spoke in every tone, obedience was the pleasantest of duties. I obeyed him, and he kept his promise. He attended at once to my case, and within the specified time a note from him informed me that my business was all arranged, and that I had only to "*get well as fast as possible*."

I went to bed. My Southern hostess had spread the bed with *linen* sheets—fine, soft, and snowy. But Miss Lizzie, with shrewd sagacity, foreseeing that in my feverish state the touch of linen would produce "a chill"—one of those horrid premonitory typhoidal agues which are so near akin to death—interposed gently in my behalf, and substituted cotton. In that one lit-

tle act I recognized not merely a thoughtful and kindly character, but that instinctive clearness of perception and promptness of action which make the true Sister of Mercy or Charity—the native-born nurse, and genius of the sick chamber.

And now came the question of a doctor. Mrs. Collis informed me that her own "family physician" would call within the hour, to see one of the children whose sickness, "the measles," had kept the mother away from church the day before, and that she would send him in to me.

He came; a tall young man, not polished and gentle, but rough and rather noisy; "frosty but kindly." He touched my pulse; "fever, 120 beats!" He looked at my tongue: "coat, overcoat, and shawl!" He then produced from a little pocket a little case, and from the little case some little bottles, six to a mouthful, filled with little pellets, "grains of mustard seed," in which I had then no "faith;" Liliputian canister-shot; and to my utter horror and dismay, I—I, an allopathic disciple, and believer in huge doses, in what good old Dr. Shattuck, of Boston, my family physician, used to call his "wringers and twisters," I found that I was now in the hands of a "HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTOR!"

My pulse ran up at once to a hundred and thirty. But I resolved, heroically, to submit to fate for one day at least, to hide from the kind eyes of my kind entertainers all my distrust and skepticism, and make a twenty-four hours' experiment with aconite of the forty millionth dilution. And the next day I renewed my resolution for another day's experiment; and on the day following—extremely weak, and feeling as though I had been confined a month—my pulse, however, indicating less than *eighty*. I forgot all about resolutions, pellets, homœopathy, "and a' that," and only knew that I was getting well.

Now I defy mortal man, or "the immortal gods" of Olympus, to furnish one pleasure in this world, of a merely bodily and sensuous kind, that can, for a moment, compare with this—the *delicious sense of getting well*.

I got well rapidly; and as rapidly became acquainted with, and attached to, the several members of this charming family. With Stephen, or to him rather, I talked and read Shakspeare, and opened to him, in that divine genius, a world of delight till then to him unknown. With Mrs. Collis I discussed a hundred graceful, womanly topics, and heard her Southern chat on Southern themes, with now and then an allusion to Miss Lizzie's flirtations with a certain Doctor Weeden. With Miss Lizzie I talked *Boston*, of course, as she lived in the vicinity of that "*hub of the universe*"—the Delphic *Omphalos*, whence come all "Boston notions," and all oracles worthy of credence!

And so passed several happy, convalescent days. God bless the dear friends who helped to make them so bright and happy! The first of April found me sitting up. About noon that day, after a noisy ringing of the door-bell, one

of the servants came in "to tell Massa Noel what a white lady—a lady—white lady—from Bob-bob-Boston have called to see Mass' Noel!" Gracious, how my heart leaped to my mouth as the strange, glad thought, "my wife has come!" rushed into my mind! "Is it my wife, Sallie?" asked I.

"Oh no, Mass'," said the grinning girl, "'spect not—it's very young lady from Bo-bo-Boston."

"Well, Sallie, whoever it is, show her in." The lady approached with bonnet on and her veil down, the room obscure with a sort of "dim, religious light," and my ears disturbed by a strange movement of feet, and a queer sound of whisper and giggle, in the entry. The lady came in and sat down, and just as a hysteric, choked sort of laugh from outside suggested to my stupid soul the idea of April 1, she lifted her veil, and lo, Miss Lizzie herself! She had "*fooled*" me completely.

An hour afterward the bell rang furiously again, and the servant brought in to "Miss Lizzie" a very large letter in a strange hand, whose contents made Lizzie both laugh and blush as she read them. She read it more than once, and then handed the letter to me to read. I read it aloud, and with an emphasis and fluent facility that betrayed the authorship to quick-witted Lizzie. Here it is:

DR. WEEDEN.

The Doctor was a prudent man,
Who ne'er forgot his coat,
Who always his umbrella took,
And muffled up his throat.

The Doctor was methodical,
A gentleman discreet,
And over-shoes he always wore
Upon his tender feet.

He loved his patients like himself,
And for *their* sakes took care
On every cold and windy night
His over-coat to wear.

But Cupid shakes the calmest man,
Breaks all his habits down,
Unsettles the philosopher
As surely as the clown.

One flash from Lizzie's laughing eyes
Capsized good Doctor Weeden,
Reduced to chaos his ideas,
And almost spoilt his breeding.

The Doctor is an altered man,
His once pale face is flushed,
His toilet now neglected is,
And his dark curls unbrushed.

He wanders off—I know not where,
And stays—Heaven knows how long;
A hundred funny things he says,
And does some *I* deem wrong.

One blust'ring night, not long ago,
In spite of wind and rain,
Kind Lizzie at the Doctor's called
To see his sister Jane.

She called, with cousin Ned, at *eight*,
And lingered until ten;
Alas, for Lizzie's saddened heart,
He came not even then!

At ten o'clock she started up,
And grasped her shawl to go,
But on the door-step met a man!
"The Doctor?"—Even so.

With hearty haste he clasped her hand,
Escort her home he would,
While cousin Edward lagged behind,
As younger cousins should.

Heedless of cold, of rain, of wind,
The lovers stroll'd until eleven,
Their shoes obstructed by the mud,
But all their *souls* in heaven.

At home at last! The door-bell rings,
"Won't uncle Stephen scold?"
Just then poor Weeden shook as if
The night or he were cold.

Opens the door—"Oh, naughty girl!"
So does the impatient speech begin:
But uncle then the Doctor spies,
And softly adds—"Come in!"

Within the hall now Lizzie sees
With strange surprise and care
That Weeden has nor cloak nor shawl
Upon his shoulders bare.

Her heart sinks—far below her belt:
Her sweet eyes fill with tears;
A while one word she can not speak,
But sighs, and looks, and fears.

"You careless man!" at last she cries;
And, casting off *her* shawl,
Throws it around the stalwart form
Of Doctor Weeden tall.

Each end she tightened, and each fold
Her gentle touch caressed,
While feelings very new and nice
Warmed Weeden's manly breast.

With tender touch our Lizzie drew
That shawl about his waist,
And as the Doctor watched her mouth
I *vow* he took *one* taste.

But here the curtain drops, and I
Must hasten to repose,
And who wears now that sacred shawl
My rhymes shall ne'er disclose.

As I stopped reading, Lizzie exclaimed, "I don't believe but what you wrote it yourself! But—how—did you—know he—kissed me?"

"Ah, Lizzie, I didn't know it until now!"

A day, or two, or three, after this incident I was on my way to Boston, where I arrived without accident, having fully accomplished my errand at Washington, and became also far less fearful than before of the perils of Homœopathy.

TOWARD SUNSET.

THOSE of us who live in cities are hardly aware of the changes of the hours as they appear on the dial, and are noted by country people who live in close relations with sunshine. We can readily, indeed, tell what o'clock it is; and the clocks that look upon us, and anon speak to us from so many towers, imply that we have lost the primitive calendar of the hours, and need the cunning hand of art to make up for the loss. In the fields, under the open heavens, among the flowers, and trees, and birds, and

beasts, we find constant signals of the passing time; and an expert eye might perhaps tell the hour of the day, not only by the shadows cast by the sun, but by the sights and sounds of the landscape, from the aspect or fragrance of the flowers, or the note of birds and insects, or the turn of the cattle. Each hour has not only its external signs, but also its interior marks, and the mood of the life keeps step with the march of the day. Morning is what it pretends to be in the country, and not a sleepy appendage to the night, as it is apt to be with us in cities. It insists upon opening our eyes, and does not allow us to hide behind brick walls, or forests of chimneys, or close curtains and shutters. It comes upon us in a blaze of glory, and encounters no rivalry from gas-lights in the street or the chamber. Its rays in themselves are highly stimulating, real arrows of Apollo, with points not rusted by city vapors, nor blunted by contact with city brick and stone. The morning light itself in the open country is the best of tonics, and braces the will to its work. Labor begins with its dawning, and continues with its continuance, and closes with its closing. Sunrise and sunset are the natural limits of the farmer's day, and although city habits may urge upon him the need of the ten-hour system with good reason, the result will probably be to deduct the surplus time from the burning mid-day, and to keep the old system of beginning with sunrise and ending with sunset.

The intellectual life in the country shares considerably in the influence of natural conditions. The student there more readily works at his books and pen in the morning, and catches the habit of the early bird. Hard study he does cheerfully before his city friends are stirring, and continues at his task until the sun nears the meridian, and the heat in summer abates his vigor. As evening comes on his mind is moved in a different vein, and tends to such reading and meditation as rather entertains than tasks the faculties, more fond of being the guest than the host, or of yielding to genial companionship than providing for others' nurture by painstaking care. Or, if he is moved to play the host, it is rather to such guests as bring their own welcome than to such as need any anxious attention. We there with him keep open house to the thoughts, fancies, and remembrances that come to us of themselves, and easily make themselves at home. The sunset hour is especially fruitful in such companions, and it is not easy to face the pavilion whose gorgeous curtains are receiving the parting day without feeling our own hearts opening in fellowship to receive and entertain all friends, scenes, and visions that have ever passed from our sight.

The old religion made great account of this sunset hour, and the vespers of the ancient church evidently belong to its pensive and solemn inspiration. The vesper hymn ought to be sung while the sun is sinking from sight; and the simple and beautiful prayer of the old English Even Song, beginning, "Lighten our dark-

ness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night!" has great Nature herself for the intoning priest at this mystic time. We, indeed, who live in cities may hardly be able to tell when it is sunset, for we may be wholly in the shadow in our parlor or our pew, while the sunlight may be blazing upon the church-spire or the house-top. In fact, within the city walls the sun rises and sets to most people unannounced, and the day and the night fail to utter to our ears their most eloquent speech. We can, indeed, make up for the loss by especial helps of art and companionship. We may have our witching twilight hour of charmed fellowship, and hardly miss the glow of the evening red in the sky, while faces are lit up with hallowed recollections, and friendly eyes shine upon us with the light of other days; or we can rebel against our exile, and, like the Orientals, we can go to the house-top to muse or pray. He is a happy man whose house stands well not only with the social world, where no pests annoy, but also with the elements of nature, so as to give free play to the air and the light. Commend us to a position that allows the evening sunlight to pour into our window, and tell us its witching story of all that we have ever loved, whether lost or kept. We prize a good western exposure more than an eastern, because it is so full of poetry, and because, moreover, we are more sure of being awake to its charms than to the charms of the morning ray. For a man to be sure of seeing the sunset from his own home as long as he lives is happiness rare indeed, and ought to be a great element in his education and comfort. The world in the city is so restless and troubled that we need constant soothing, and if we can not keep a chaplain or poet to cheer or calm us, we may thus keep the most practiced and efficient of comforters, who has been doing God's blessed work since the first day closed in the bowers of Paradise.

In the city it is not easy, however, to choose our prospect, and a poet or devotee may find himself fixed between inexorable walls that present nothing more varied and animating than rows of windows or stacks of chimneys. In the country we may do very much what we choose with nature, and look to all quarters of the heavens as freely as the weather-cock that follows the veering breezes to all points of the compass. I confess to having paid some attention to the points of the compass in the fitting up as well as the laying out of our little domain; and our pet Waldstein makes me fancy sometimes that the whole globe is ours, and north, south, east, and west are waiting our bidding, and a few steps can transport us from the morning land to the evening land, or from the pole to the tropics. The last enlargement of our range of vision is given by clearing up a wild tangle of cat-brier and brush that shut in a charming little grove, which crowns a hillock that looks toward the setting sun. The work was thoroughly done, the ground grubbed and graded

to allow sweet honey-suckle and green grass to carpet the earth before covered with weeds. At the foot of the stately cedars the clematis or virgin's bower was freely planted, to furnish an awning fairer than the tent-maker can provide. A belt of evergreens—the Norway spruce, the Scotch fir, and Austrian pine—was set out to encircle the whole as a kind of rural Pantheon. A rustic seat is placed on the tuft of the hillock so as to face the west, and a winding path of some hundred yards connects this pleasant haunt with our cottage. I call the place Vesper Knoll, and the seat Vesper Seat. If there seems to be affectation or conceit in this arrangement, so let it be. We all have our hobbies, why should not I have mine? One man fancies horses, another dogs, another yachts, another tends most to wine, or cigars, or to some other or to all forms of dainty living; while the ladies are free to set their affections on all things below, from puppies in pantaloons to poodles in collars, from parrots in caps and curls to parrots in cages. I have a fancy for books and nature, and especially for such combinations of the two as brings the life of literature into play with the life of nature. This pretty evening haunt does this; and all the Muses are generally to be found there about sunset, with their mystic mother Mnemosyne, ready to soothe and cheer you so far as you are willing to open your heart to them at that witching hour. Come and see me sometime, and we will talk over this matter together under influences less prosy than my poor pen can bestow.

But why dwell on individual tastes and especial instances? We all know very well that there is an evening tone that speaks in nature, human life, and in religion. The sounds of nature are then in a sympathetic, plaintive strain, and the minor key prevails in the notes of birds and insects. If there be music in colors, they may be said to speak the same language and sing the same songs with the sparrow, the whippoorwill, and the nightingale. Some of the sunset tints are glaring and gorgeous indeed, but the gentler and more pensive shadings prevail, and the violets and kindred hues, that are like the sweet tones of the soprano, are sure to lead on the coming night, and give their pensive cadence to the vesper hymn of nature, as chanted by the notes of her prismatic scale. The rays of the sun themselves seem to have a different quality from that which marks their morning glow. They are less stimulating and more soothing, as if vacated of the electric force that sends them fresh at dawn from Apollo's new-strung bow. We are not sure what the physical fact is, but to us the evening ray has a peculiarly soothing influence, and it seems to stir less the vital powers of plant and animal. It may be, indeed, that the change is in the objects acted upon, not in the agent, and that the weary earth, after yielding for the day to the call of her lord in the sky, no longer heeds the spur as in the morning, and the slanting solar beam abates its noonday directness, and falls upon tired and ex-

hausted nature. The sun himself is apparently never weary and never rests, yet his virtue comes out variously as he is differently touched, and his evening quality to his subjects differs from that of the morning and the noon.

The nervous system of animals and men, and perhaps of plants, if they have any, appears to have its evening mood. It is more sensitive and less active, more ready to be acted upon than to act, more prone to play than work, to muse than to reason. Some of the flowers evidently have their twilight sensibility, and send forth a rare fragrance that made Linnæus call them melancholy flowers. The cattle are in a mild, genial temper, as the poet noted when he said:

"The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea."

We of human kind are in the tone of nature, and the more mystical functions of our being come into play. Our senses, sensibilities, thoughts, and fancies seem to move of themselves, and to be possessed by peculiar visitants. The night side opens upon us in harmony with the night side of nature. The eye has its visions and the ear its voices without any straining of the powers of attention. The eye, if fixed on vacancy, is not vacant; and the ear, though arrested by no engrossing sound, yet is in a hearing spirit; and the senses wait upon inward powers, ready to serve such spirits as may rise from the deep or come down from the heavens. The memory is wonderfully moved, and opens her great theatre of her own accord, lights her lamps, and passes before us her manifold scenes, and rehearses the life-drama, that she is always working upon and never finishing. She often shows us facts and faces that we had forgotten and could never recall by any act of our own will. This spontaneous function of memory is too little appreciated in our usual estimate of this faculty, and we have absurdly given over to the routine of dunces and book-worms a power that is full of inspiration, and capable of informing past and present with the light and humanity of God. A great artist is this very memory, and in a manner the mother of all arts, reproducing the materials and images of the past with new features, combinations, and powers, and not only re-collecting but remembering the rich treasures in her store-house.

That action or passion of the mind, or both action and passion, that we call Meditation, opens itself to us most readily as the evening draws on, and we find ourselves thinking unawares, and that unconscious movement of the mind from which the best thoughts spring appears. If we have been thinking all day upon some perplexing subject or knotty problem, without making much progress, we may find, as we sit at sunset, without any effort of forced attention, that the difficulty is cleared away at once, and the subject opens itself to us in full proportion and light. Especially in all subjects of higher interest, or such as call for the affections and fancy, and are capable of inspiration, is this mood of spontaneous meditation effective. Gen-

ius—which every soul has undoubtedly to some extent, and enables us all in some way to have inspirations, and to be possessed by superior powers—generally loves the sunset hour, and joins its wizard spell to the witchery of nature, Goethe, as quoted by Eckermann, spoke profoundly of this experience when he said, "Every production of highest art, every significant insight, every invention, every great thought, which bears fruits and has consequences, stands in no man's power, and is raised above all earthly might. Such things man has to regard as unlooked-for gifts from above, as pure children of God, which he is to receive and honor with grateful joy. In such cases man is to be considered as the instrument of a higher Providence—as a fitting vessel for the reception of divine influence."

We believe that we all have something of this receptive power, that is open to Heaven's best gifts. Yet our habits of life and methods of culture make too little of it, and spur us on to too much mere will-work, as if we were forced to do every thing, or almost every thing, for ourselves, and as if God and Nature would do little or nothing for us. It may be that the human will tends westward, and we who live on this side of the Atlantic lack the receptive spirit that so marks the Orientals, and that having all the world before us, a new country to make, we bear ourselves as if nothing were finished and to be enjoyed, and every thing were still to be done. The evening hour, fitly used, helps us correct this folly, and gives us something of the Oriental's quiet contemplation and receptive sentiment. The sunset tells us that the day is done, and the solemn light of history looks upon us from its parting rays, and shows us an image of the great past in this one passing day as emphatically as if it were a thousand years. We find our impatience checked, our feverish haste soothed, as we behold the earth sinking into her repose after toil; and nature, before so anxious and striving, is now peaceful, and moves retrospection instead of care. It is well to keep open soul to this tranquil vision, and let it do as it will with us. We find then that we are prepared to receive that majestic guest, and that we are born of Him who made the universe, and our better acquaintance is constantly bringing out the closeness of the relation. All the senses, especially the master-senses, the eye and ear, unveil their curtains to welcome the visitation. The breeze, the ripple or dash of the waters, the insects, the birds, the cattle, the evening tones of home and village, the shadows of the earth, the colors of the sky, the light of the stars—all touch answering chords within us, and the harmony is greater the less we try to force it, and the more we leave the elements within and without to their own free communion. Each sense is a mystic under such inspiration, and even the palate and the nostrils rise into priestly dignity, as some stray fragrance of a flower seems a delicious dream, and each sip of the cheering cup or taste of luscious fruit interprets the dogma of transubstantiation, and

tells us that it is not wholly absurd to believe that matter may rise into spirit, or spirit may descend into matter.

We are yet to learn how great a grace and indeed a virtue is geniality, or openness to all good influences and true fellowship, and that life would not be nearly as poor and hard as it is if we would only take the gifts that God and Nature are so ready to give us. If we were more genial we must be not only more cheerful and calm, but also more earnest and original; and nothing more saddens and impoverishes us than the idea that we must be always exhausting ourselves, and never filling up—always on the go, and never in perfect rest. We are nearly all overworked, and what we call our pleasure is often our hardest work, and keeps us forever on the drive. Society goes with a rush as much as business, and tongues and plates clatter at night after the clink of dollars and the din of hammers cease with the going down of the sun. As soon as day ends we try to quarrel with God's law, and force night into an unnatural day at our presumptuous bidding, reversing instead of perfecting the true economy of the hours. We will not quarrel with art for trying to seize and continue the spell of nature, and prolong the witchery of twilight by music and conversation, paintings and the drama, and the other devices that refresh the genial soul, and entertain without exhausting the waiting intellect, sensibility, and fancy. The longer we live in the great city the more are we convinced that art is one of the most rational and healthful of influences among us, and is doing much to carry out the work of nature, and save us from the follies of artificial society. An evening hour or two in a picture-gallery or at the opera prolongs the charm of sunset, and deepens its delight without of necessity destroying its tranquillity. There is something in all true art that is in the evening tone, and suggests the finished day, and knocks at the door of the genial soul. Each picture or song is, in its way, a rounded whole, and asks to be taken into our hospitality as a ready guest to soothe and cheer, not to fret and fever us. The work of art is of itself something done already, and even a picture of sunrise or the morning chorus of the hunters is a finished composition, and thus bears with it something of the expression of the parting day. But society, as it generally prevails, is unfinished, restless, striving, uncomfortable, and adds the glare and hurry of the morning to the borrowed vexations, the chills and heats, the crowds and blaze of the artificial evening. We would give more for an hour at sunset with a friend or two, under genial sky, than for all the midnight magnificence of our crowded and heated drawing-rooms. It is one of the growing charms of our city life that we are not forced to go far from home to enjoy this solace, and nature is now opening her Eden in the very midst of our rising homes. Our great Park is reclaiming the very hour by many most of all neglected; and the jeweled clasp that binds the mantle of night upon the bosom of

day, that sunset hour which is so often lost at the dinner-table or in the after-dinner nap, is becoming a favorite hour with multitudes to revel in the charms of our public gardens, groves, and waters. Art, too, is helping out the spell, and combining her voices and visions with the concerts and galleries of nature. God crown the union until the whole city enjoys the delight, and pleasure rises into refinement, and society becomes a school of education!

We remarked lately in an essay in these pages that the Christian church has reversed the order of the natural year, and made the autumn and winter of nature the spring and summer of the soul, beginning her spring-time at Advent, which generally opens with December, and fixing the two great festivals of Christmas and Easter at seasons when among us the earth withholds her bloom. We do not quarrel at this arrangement, and are glad to have the inward life genial as the outward world is cold and dreary. The heart, too, enjoys the contrast, and the Christmas carol and Yule-tide log meet the craving for social joy and godly mirth when snow and ices bind the landscape. It is wise to follow the same principle in the order of the day, and not reverse, but rather interpret and complete the meaning of the hours by a just method. Night is the winter of the day in its darkness and coldness, and we need therefore to do what we can to cheer it into a summer of the soul, instead of yielding passively to its humors. Probably, if left to ourselves, we would go to sleep soon after sundown with the beasts and birds; and not so much our individual inclinations as the habits of society keep us awake, and secure to us our round of pleasures and occupations. What we ought to seek in the round of the day, as of the year, is such adaptations as carry out instead of annulling the laws of God and nature. In winter we wisely follow the reaction of the heart from the chill of nature, and try to make life genial and spiritual without vainly forcing the season into an unnatural summer; so we should make the evening social and thoughtful, without trying to bring back the cares and worry and glare of the day. The true evening tone of life is a matter that we are to study as never before—to make it genial without dissipation, intellectual without straining, refining without affectation, and devout without pretension.

It would be well if our higher education as well as our social accomplishments paid more regard to what may be called the evening tone of thought and fellowship. Surely as a people we greatly need geniality; and as we put away convivial excesses we ought to cherish the convivial virtues, and have hearty companionship without relying upon the decanter or the beer-mug. Our leading men ought to help us, and we ought to help them, live more at ease and on terms of greater social simplicity, and look upon communion as quite as essential as originality. We ought to be willing to come together more quietly and happily, without demanding

the zest of some great excitement or the novelty of some great demonstration, whether of numbers or talent. In our homes, schools, conventions, churches, we should have calm fellowship, allow an hour at least for quiet communion, as under the setting sun or the evening star, and not insist upon being forever under the spur of some popular agitation or impassioned appeal, or even original thought. We exhaust ourselves and our leaders by the constant demand for excitement, and err as much as if we insisted that the sun should never set, and life should always be in the noonday blaze.

If we have a brilliant man we insist upon his always shining, without remembering that his lamp must rest and be filled that it may duly shine, and that even genius keeps its original force only by due fellowship with other minds; and geniality is the receptive side of originality, the mother heart of that masculine head. We ask the day always to continue, the flower always to bloom, the vine always to bear. In fact, there is something tragic in the possession of genius, as of beauty, and they who worship it cruelly insist upon having its light and joy always. Few brilliant men live long and bear constant fruit, partly, perhaps, because such rare gifts are too costly and exhaustive to last long, but frequently because they are not allowed to rest and lie fallow. In no one respect is the prevailing error more conspicuously shown than in our church methods. We generally exhaust or kill our best preachers by insisting that they shall shine always and be one perpetual day. We ask them to shine not a few times in the year, but every week, if not every day; and not once, but twice or three times the same day we exact of them the rare and costly fruits of original thought and composition. Our people do this, not meaning any harm, but ignorant of the first principles of mental economy; and they often quietly set down the original gifts of their minister as part of the fixed social and spiritual capital upon which they and their children are to live and make a figure in this world and in the next. The result is that our ablest preachers die young, or are driven from the pulpit hopeless invalids before the time when men of other professions have matured their gifts and fame. The secret of this appalling fact lies in the exhausting nature of original thinking and composition, and in the incessant call for brilliancy and fire, and the refusal of ample quiet and communion.

The whole country has lately rung with the name of one of our most gifted orators and writers, who died before completing his fortieth year. We will not undertake to fathom the secret purpose of Divine Providence in removing from the world so soon a mind so rare and a temper so genial and fascinating. But it seems to us rather a marvel that he lived so long than that he lives no longer. We hear of monthly, and even perpetual roses, and ever-bearing berries, that keep their promise for a few years during the summer-time; but who has heard

of a vine or tree in perpetual bloom, or fruitage without respite? As well ask the vine or apple to put forth fresh leaves and fruit forever, as expect the human brain to be forever originating thought. Starr King died from the effect of disease upon a constitution overwrought by the work of original composition and exciting utterance. In his case this may have been, and probably was, well, for the especial need demanded especial effort, and the pen and voice call for heroes and martyrs as well as the sword. He evidently was aware of the excessive demands made upon his strength in the pulpit, and in the arrangements for his new church in California he expressly guarded against the prevailing error of making the preacher's brain the principal and almost the sole fountain of light and life, and he introduced an order of devotional service that secures communion, instead of depending always upon originality. He read wisely the lesson of the evening hour far away on that Pacific shore, and instituted a form of vespers very much upon the idea of the ancient church, with modifications suited to our own age and country. The progress of a similar service among our people so generally is one of the noteworthy signs of the times; and it is a remarkable fact that its calming influence is more craved by the popular taste than the old sensation preaching; and crowds throng to church to hear the old hymn and chants and scriptures, more comforted by the brief exhortation or exposition than by the usual elaborate and lengthy sermon.

Without going into any ecclesiastic antiquities, it might interest readers to know the temper and usage of the ancient church as to the evening hours, and have a glimpse of the forms of devotion and treasures of literature that have gathered around the vesper service. The tone of the service is eminently affectionate and homelike. The Magnificat, or Hymn of Mary of Nazareth, is the favorite melody that has been sung for ages immemorial, even in Protestant England, as evening comes on and the lengthening shadows move thoughts of home on earth or heavenward. As the cultus of the Virgin Mother grew into the creed of Christendom the Catholic vespers were more given to Mariolatry, and probably most of the hymns of this class were inspired by the romance of this season. It is hard to believe that this belief has prompted so much of the lyrical literature of Catholicism. The modern reader is astounded in looking over the grand collection of Latin hymns issued in Germany to find that so many of them are in honor of Mary. Of the three volumes of hymns, the second is wholly filled with lyrics of this class, and is larger than the first volume, that is devoted to the hymns in praise of God and his angels. If there is sad superstition in this, there is also something of our better nature; and we will not wholly scorn the human heart for seeking refuge from a hard and monkish theology at the feet of that lovely vision of faith, the Blessed Mother, who was thought to be first of God's creatures and Queen of Heaven.

Even our great iconoclast, Theodore Parker, does not escape this tendency to run for shelter to a divine Mother's arms; and he constantly preached of and prayed to the mother God, whom he regarded as coeternal and coessential with the Eternal Father. To him God was both Mother and Father; and his life would have been longer, and his ministry more edifying, if he had held more of his service in the motherly key, and spared the public much of his self-will and antagonism. He had a kind heart in private relations; but his ministry was not always kind, but struck rudely at the Mother Church, and mother faith and love of the greater part even of tolerant Christians. His voice sometimes, indeed, calls us home to God, but deals more with battle-cries than household words. His divine Mother is presented more as an idea than as a power, and he had little love for the great house, the Church Universal, where maternal love for ages has nursed her children and guarded them from harm, and to which she calls all poor prodigals back as to their native home. He held no evening service generally, and his morning utterances were more frequently a war-cry than a homily, and not even his devout prayer could always secure the hearer's edification. The gentler spirit was in him, and few felt more than he the spell of the evening, or could have given in his better hours a richer book of vesper meditations to the world. He felt the maternal pulses in the heart of nature and humanity, and undoubtedly a considerable part of his evident worry and dissatisfaction with himself came from the conviction that he was often at sword's-points with himself; and his sharp invective belied the tenderness of his affections, and his hand brandished the sword and his head planned the campaign, while the dove of peace was nestling in his heart.

The day must come when such unquiet spirits find rest, and cease to make us restless. Why should not the large humanity, and bold convictions, and progressive faith of our advanced thinkers conquer for us and for them a peace, and give us peaceful evening contemplations after their day of toil, and storm, and strife is over? They ought to help us to a home affection deeper and broader than that which seeks the family hearth-stone; they ought to make us feel at home with the master-minds of our race, or domesticate us in the great family of humankind. They should help us, as the day wanes and the night comes, to see in majestic vision the great day's work of the children of God through continuous ages, and hear the ascription that rises from them all as they salute each other before the eternal throne. Something of this great brotherhood we are already feeling, and at twilight not only do the faces of lost kindred and friends come back to us, but the forms of the great thinkers, heroes, and saints, who have made us all brothers, come to mind, and we are no longer alone, but with the great family that the Eternal Father has been gathering together throughout the ages. Every book, picture, wall, garden, house, church, then, has a

monumental character, and opens to us the things that have been, and makes the mighty past smile upon us and speak to us as a familiar friend. Looking out from our quiet vesper seat, I see the spire on the western hills, and the stones in the grave-yard near looming up in the evening shadows, and with the setting sun come thoughts of home that do not end with earthly habitations, nor merely dream of some bower of bliss within those gorgeous curtains that veil that pavilion of gold that seems to welcome the vanishing day. It is good at such times to muse and chat, as mind and tongue will have it, and we have taken you, kind reader, into our confidence, and seated you by our side. Good-evening, and then good-night!

NORTHWARD.

UNDER the high, unclouded sun
That makes the ship and shadow one,
I sail away as from the fort
Booms sullenly the noonday gun.

The odorous airs blow thin and fine,
The sparkling waves like emeralds shine,
The lustre of the coral reefs
Gleams whitely through the tepid brine.

And glitters o'er the liquid miles
The jeweled ring of verdant isles,
Where generous Nature hold her court
Of ripened bloom and sunny smiles.

Encinctured by the faithful seas
Inviolate gardens load the breeze,
Where flaunt, like giant warders' plumes,
The pennants of the cocoa-trees.

Enthroned in light and bathed in balm,
In lonely majesty the Palm
Blesses the isles with waving hands—
High Priest of the eternal Calm.

Yet northward with an equal mind
I steer my course, and leave behind
The rapture of the Southern skies,
The wooing of the Southern wind.

For here o'er Nature's wanton bloom
Falls far and near the shade of gloom,
Cast from the hovering vulture-wings
Of one dark thought of woe and doom.

I know that in the snow-white pines
The brave Norse fire of freedom shines,
And fain for this I leave the land
Where endless summer pranks the vines.

Oh strong, free North, so wise and brave!
Oh South, too lovely for a slave!
Why read ye not the changeless truth—
The free can conquer but to save?

May God upon these shining sands
Send Love and Victory clasping hands,
And Freedom's banners wave in peace
Forever o'er the rescued lands!

And here in that triumphant hour
Shall yielding Beauty wed with Power;
And blushing earth and smiling sea
In dalliance deck the bridal bower.

THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE SOUTH.

PROFESSOR CAIRNES, of Dublin, in his very valuable and generally accurate work on the "Slave Power," says :

"In the Southern States no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous; and constantly reinforced, as they are, by all that is idle, worthless, and lawless among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition. . . . Such are the 'mean whites' or 'white trash'. . . . This class comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven-tenths of the whole white population of the South."

This opinion of Professor Cairnes is no doubt shared by a large portion of the people of the Northern States and of England. But it is a great error. Having read of, or seen, the wretched specimens of humanity who loiter about the railway stations, or hover around the large plantations on the great Southern thoroughfares, they have inferred that they represent "seven-tenths of the whole white population" of the South! The idea is preposterous, for, if it were true, one half of the Southern people would be paupers, while no community could support that proportion of non-producers. But it is not true. The great mass of "poor whites" are superior (and I say this with due deliberation, and after sixteen years' acquaintance with them) to any other class of uncultivated men, save our Northern farmers, on the globe.

The eight millions of Southern whites may be divided into three general classes :

First, *The ruling class*, which includes the planters, and the higher grades of professional men, and numbers about one million. Second, *The middle or laboring class*, which includes the small traders, mechanics, farmers, and farm and other laborers, and numbers about six and a half millions; and, third, *The mean white class*, which includes all who are appropriately called "poor trash," who glean a sorry subsistence from hunting, fishing, and poaching on the grounds of the planters. This class numbers about half a million, and to it only does Professor Cairnes's description apply.

The two latter classes are of very marked and decidedly opposite characteristics. One labors; is industrious, hardy, enterprising; a law-abiding and useful citizen: the other does not labor; is thieving, vicious, law-breaking, and of "no sort of account" to his family or to society.

The mean whites do combine "the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities." Their houses are often the pole wigwams of the Indian, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with merely a hole at the top to let the smoke out and the rain in; but generally

they are small huts of rough logs, through the crevices of which the wind in winter whistles a most melancholy tune. The one room of these huts is floored with nothing but the ground—hardened with mauls, and hollowed at the centre, as if to hold the rain that comes in at the roof—and it is furnished with a few rickety chairs, a pine log—hewn smooth on the upper side, and made to serve as a sofa—a cracked skillet, a dirty frying-pan, an old-fashioned rifle, two or three sleepy dogs, and a baker's dozen of half-clad children, with skins and hair colored like a tallow-candle dipped in tobacco-juice. In one corner there may be a mud oven, half crumbled back to its original earth, and in the others, two or three low beds, with corn-shuck mattresses and tattered furnishings. The character of the inmates is suited to their surroundings. They are given to whisky-drinking, snuff-dipping, clay-eating, and all manner of social vices.

The costume of these people is of the most meagre and mean description. The women go with bare heads and feet, and their only garment is a coarse cottonade gown, falling straight from the neck to just below the knees. The men wear slouched hats, and linsey trowsers, and hunting shirts, so begrimed with filth, and so torn and patched in a thousand places, that scarcely a vestige of the original material is left visible to the naked eye. Many of them—owing, no doubt, to their custom of intermarrying—are deformed and apparently idiotic, and they all have stunted, ague-distorted frames, dull, heavy eyes, saffron-hued skins, small, bullet-shaped heads, and coarse, wiry hair, which looks like oakum shreds bound into mops and dyed with lampblack.

They answer, in their general characteristics, to the "scum" of our Northern cities, and to the vile denizens of the back slums of London and other large European towns; but it may be questioned whether there is any where a class of whites quite so degraded and so utterly useless as they are. Every where but in the Slave States the poor man labors, produces something toward the support of himself and of others, but the "mean white" of the South does not know how to labor; he produces nothing; he is a fungous growth on the body of society, absorbing the life and strength of the other parts.

As I have said, the laboring poor whites are a very different people. They comprise fully three-fourths of the free population of the South. The census shows that on the first of June, 1860, there were in the fourteen Slave States, exclusive of Delaware, 1,359,655 white males engaged in agricultural and other outdoor employments. Of this number, 901,102 are classed as "farmers"—men who till their own land: 230,146 are classed as "farm-laborers"—men who till the land of others: and 228,407 are classed as "laborers"—men engaged in outdoor work oth-

er than the tillage of land. The "farmers" are not to be confounded with the planters—men who work large tracts of land and large bodies of slaves, but do not work themselves—for the census takes distinct account of the latter. *They* number only 85,558, but—such has been the working of the peculiar institution—they own nearly three-fourths of the negroes and landed property of the South. These one million three hundred and odd thousand laboring white men represent a population of about six millions; and if we add to them the four hundred thousand represented by the planters, and the one million represented by men in trade, manufactures, and the professions, there can hardly remain, in a total population of less than eight millions, "five millions of human being who eke out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder." Half a million—the number I have stated—is vastly nearer the truth.

Little is known at the North of this large farming population, for the reason that they live remote from the great thoroughfares, and have been seldom seen by travelers. They are settled generally in the "up-country" and "backwoods," and there lead industrious and plodding lives. From them have sprung such men as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Alexander H. Stephens, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, President Lincoln, and nearly all the representative men of the Slave States. In fact they are the bone and sinew of the South, the strength of its armies, the men who are now so patiently fighting and enduring in the cause of Secession; and they will be, when the Union is restored, the ruling class, the real political South of the future.

To illustrate the habits and characteristics of the farmer class of "poor whites"—(this name is a misnomer, for a man can hardly be called "poor" who owns his own house and farm, and enjoys all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life)—I will introduce to the reader one of its representative men, whom I met at his home in Tennessee, about thirteen years ago, and again encountered at Murfreesboro, in the month of May, 1863; and I will let him "speak for himself," in his vernacular dialect, as I may thereby give a more correct idea of the peculiarities of his class than by a more general description.

Late in November, 1850, while journeying on horseback from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Louisville, Kentucky, I was overtaken by a storm one day, just at nightfall, and forced to ask shelter at a small farm-house near the little town of Richmond, in Bedford County, Tennessee. The house stood in a small clearing a short distance from the highway, and was one story high, of hewn logs nicely chinked and whitewashed, with a projecting roof, a broad, open piazza, and an enormous brick chimney-stack protruding at either gable. As I rode up to it the farmer came out to meet me. He was dressed in homespun,

and had a wiry, athletic frame; a dark, sun-browned complexion; an open, manly face; and a frank, cordial manner that won my confidence in a moment. He bade me "good evenin'" as I approached him, and returning his salutation, I asked him for shelter for myself and horse.

"Sartin, Stranger," he replied; "I nuver turned away one o' God's images yit, ef they wus a Yankee—an' some o' them is drefful pore likenesses, ye mought bet a pile on thet."

"Why do you think I am a Yankee?" I asked, smiling.

"I sees it all over ye. But come, alight; ye's welcome ter all I hes, an' ef ye kin spin a yarn or tell a lie any bigger'n I kin, I'll 'low a Yankee ar smarter'n a Tennesseean—an' I nuver know'd one as war yit."

Dismounting, I requested him to give my horse some oats, remarking that I made free with him, because I expected to pay for what I had.

"Pay!" he exclaimed; "nuver ye tork uv pay, Stranger, 'tween two sich men as ye an' me is, or ye'll make me fight another duel. It's agin my principles, but I fit one onst, an' it mought be ye wouldn't loike ter hev me fit another."

"Not with me, I assure you. I'd take free quarters with you for a month rather than fight a duel."

"Yer a sensible man; fur I shud, fur shore, sarve ye jest as I done Clingman—thet famous North Car'lina chap. P'raps ye nuver yered how I fit him?"

"No, I never did."

"Wall, I'll tell ye on it. But yere, Jake" (to a stout, cheerful negro, who just then appeared at the corner of the house)—"yere, Jake, tuck the gen'leman's nag, rub him down, an' guv him some oats, an' mind, doan't ye guv no parson's measure wuth the oats."

"Nuver you far, Massa. Jake'll gub it ter 'im chock-heapin'—loike you gub's ebery ting, Massa," rejoined the negro, bounding nimbly into the saddle, and riding off to the barn-yard.

The farmer then turned and led the way into the house. At the door of the sitting-room we were met by his wife—a comely, dark-eyed woman of about thirty, neatly clad in a calico gown, and a spotless lace cap perching cozily on the back of her head.

"Sally," said my host, as we entered the room, "yere'r a stranger; so tuck him in; guv him fritters an' apple-jack fur supper, fur he'm a Yankee, an' thar's no tellin' but ye mought save the kentry ef ye made him fall in love wuth ye."

The good woman laughed, gave me a cordial greeting, asked me to a seat by the fire, and went about preparing supper. As I seated myself with her husband by the broad hearth-stone I glanced around the apartment. It occupied one half of the building, and had a most cozy and comfortable appearance. On the floor was a tidy rag carpet, and the plastered walls were covered with a modest paper, and ornamented

with a half dozen neatly-framed engravings. A gilded looking-glass, festooned with sprigs of evergreen, hung between the front windows, and opposite to it stood a huge piece of mahogany, half a side-board, half a bureau, which in its day had graced some statelier mansion. A dozen rustic arm-chairs, covered with untanned deer-skin, a small stand in the corner piled high with such books as the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Doddridge's Expositor," and a large pine table, on which my hostess was arranging the tea-things, completed the furniture of the room. A little boy of five and a little girl of seven were helping the good-wife set the tea-table, and through an open door at the rear I saw an older child, with her mother's dark-brown hair and her father's expressive features, busily frying the fritters over the kitchen fire.

After asking me where I "come from," where I "mought be moseyin' ter," and other similar questions, my host said:

"So ye niver yered how I fit Clingman—thet big Whig chap over thar ter North Car'lina?"

"No," I replied, "I never did, but I would like to, for I know Clingman."

"Wall, ye sees, it war jest afore the last 'lection, when ye put in ole Zack fur President. The Whigs they had a big barbacue down ter Richmond, an' Clingman an' a hull lot uv 'em went inter speechifying ter kill. Wall, in the coorse uv Clingman's speech he said thet Cass, our canderdate, was a nigger-trader down thar ter Newbern way, an' wus in jail fur passin' counterfit money, an' ef we 'lected him, we'd hev ter bail him out ter 'naugerate him. Now, I couldn't stand thet, no how, so I telled Clingman he lied loike blazes. Wall, he stopped short ter onst, an' axed me fur my redress."

"Address," said his wife, pausing in her work, and looking pleasantly at me.

"Thet's so, Sally," replied the farmer. "Stranger, Sally hes all the larnin' uv the fambly. She's a quality 'ooman—she is! Wall, I guv Clingman my name, an' whar I hung out, an', shore 'nuff, jest arter dark, a feller rid up yere wuth a challenge, all writ out in Clingman's own hand—an' ye knows he's a right smart scholar, an' a durned clever feller ter boot, ef he ar a Whig. I couldn't read the thing—I hain't got no funder nur prent yit—so I guv it ter Sally. Sally she screeched out when she seed whot it war 'bout, but I telled har ter stand up, an' die loike a man, an' so she sot down, an' 'cepted the challenge. Now, ye knows, the challenged 'un alers hes the chise o' weapons, so I said I'd hev swords, mounted."

"Then you are familiar with sword practice?" I remarked.

"Furmilye wuth it! I niver seed more'n one sword in all my borned days, an' thet war so durned rusty a ox-team couldn't dror it. It hung over dad's front door when I war a young 'un. Dad said he fit wuth it ter Cowpens, but I know'd he didn't, 'case he couldn't ha' been more'n two y'ar old at thet writin'.

"Wall, I said swords, mounted, at sun-up the next mornin', over agin my r'ar pinery. Now, I hes a drefful smart ox-brute thet I'se a raised up fur my privat' ridin'. The brute he doan't loike a spur, an' when ye puts one inter 'im, he'll pitch, head-foremose, inter the fust thing he comes ter, be it man or beast. Wall, in the mornin' I tuck out the cow-horn (ye'd think Gabriel war a soundin' the last trump when I blows it), cut a right smart stick fur a sword, put it inter a yaller bag thet lucked loike a scabbard, got out the ox-brute, tied a red rag ter his horns, put on him my wife's best kiverlet—Sally hed it agin we got morried; it hes more colors nur Joseph's coat, but red an' yaller dominates. Wall, I put on the kiverlet fur a saddle, an' moseyed off ter the dueling ground.

"Clingman, he war thar, wuth two seconds, a doctor, an' a hull 'pothecary store uv cuttin' instruments, all waitin' an' ready ter make mince-meat uv my carcass. Soon as he seed how I war 'coutered, he up an' 'jected ter fightin', but I counted out the terms uv the duel—swords, mounted—an' I telled him ef he didn't stand an' fight loike a man I'd post him all over the State o' North Car'lina fur a coward. Wall, finarly he 'cluded ter do it. So, we tuck our stands, the seconds they guv the word, Clingman he put spurs inter his hoss, an' I put spurs inter mine, an', Stranger, ye'd better b'lieve when my ox moseyed down onter his mar, wuth horn a blowin', an' kiverlet a flyin', the mar she piked out quicker'n a whirlygust chasin' a streak o' lightnin', an' she niver helt up till she got clean inter North Car'lina. I'se allers telled Sally sense thet thet kiverlet ar the flag I means ter live under, ter sleep under, an' ter die under."*

When I had somewhat recovered from the immoderate fit of laughter which expressed my appreciation of the farmer's story, his comely wife said to me:

"Fotch up yer cheer, Stranger. We hain't nothin' 'cept common doin's, but we's 'nuff o' them."

And there was "'nuff o' them." The table was loaded down with bacon, venison, wild-fowl, hominy, corn-pone, fritters, tea, cider, and apple-jack, all heaped upon it in promiscuous confusion. I had ridden far, and eaten nothing since the morning, but I might have relished the viands had my appetite been much daintier than it was.

A desultory conversation followed till the close of the meal. When it was over, again seating myself with the farmer before the blazing light-wood fire, while his wife and elder daughter went about clearing away the tea-things, I said to him:

"Now I want to ask you how you live, what you raise, how many negroes you have—all about yourself, for I've already fallen in love with you and your wife."

"Fall'n in love wuth me! ha! ha!" echoed

* Subsequent inquiry satisfied me that the farmer's account of this singular duel was substantially true.

the farmer. "Stranger, I nuver fell in love wuth nary man 'cept Sally, but I fell inter it so deep wuth she thet I'se willin' all creation shud love har jest loike I does—an' they wud, ef they only know'd har so wall as me."

"I have no doubt of it. Does she do all her own housework?"

"Uvery thing—she an' the little gal. She woan't hev no lazy nigger wimmin round. They make more wuck nur they does."

"Do yer wife wuck, Stranger?" asked the lady. "They say wimmin all wucks ter the North."

"Nearly all do—except my wife. *She* don't, because I have none. But I intend to have one. I shall probably wait till your husband breaks his neck, and then pop the question to you."

"Wall, I reckon I'd hev ye, fur I'se sort o' tuck ter ye. 'Pears loike ye Northern gentlemen hain't stuck up, an' doan't 'count tharselves no better nur wuckin' folk, like the 'ristocracts does round yere."

"The heart, not the wealth or the intellect, Madam, makes the true aristocracy," I replied, gravely.

"Thet's whot our parson sez; an' in heaven, he sez, them as gits the highest hes hearts jest loike little childerin—thet loves uvery thing, an' uvery body, an' hain't no larnin' at all. Ef thet's so, Bible'll be one on the biggest on 'em, fur he's got nigh ter no larnin'—he kin only jest make out ter spell—an' his heart ar big 'nuff ter holt all o' creation."

"Doan't ye say thet, Sally," said the farmer looking at his wife with a tender light in his eyes, and a beautiful smile on his rough features: "The Lord moughtn't be uv yer 'pinion."

"Yas, He ar, fur He knows ye jest loike I does."

The farmer made no reply, and a short silence followed. I broke it by saying:

"Come, Bible, if that is your name, answer my questions—tell me all about yourself."

"Thet hain't my name, Stranger, though it'r whot I goes by. Ye sees my name ar Smith, an' dad chrisund me Jehoshaphat*—ter 'stin-guish me frum the t'other Smiths, but, somehow, I got shortened ter Bible, an' it'r been Bible unter this day. I wuck'd 'long uv dad till I war twenty-one, for the ole 'un he said he'd a fotched me up when I war a young 'un, an' he war bound ter git his pay out o' me agin I war grow'd, an' he done it.

"Wall, the day I war uv age dad axed me out ter the barn, an' totin' out a mule-brute as hed been in the fambly uver sense Adam warn't no higher'n lettle Sally, he sez ter me, sez he: 'Thar, Bible, thar's my last wull an' testamunt; tuck it, an' gwo an' seek yer fortun'.' I hadn't nary chise, so I tuck the mule-brute an' moseyed out ter seek my fortun'. I squatted down right squar onter this dead'nin', hired my nig Jake

(I owns him now), an' me, an' Jake, an' the mule-brute went ter wuck loike blazes—all but the mule-brute—he war too tarnal lazy ter wuck; he war so lazy I hed ter git my ox ter help him dror his last breath. Wall, Jake an' me added acre ter acre, an' mule-brute ter mule-brute, as the Scriptur' sez, till finarly I got ter be right wall forehanded. Then, one day, I sez ter Jake: 'Jake,' sez I, 'ye's got a wife, an' ye knows whot durmestic furlicity is—ter be shore ye hes ter keep it seven mile away; but whot's thet when I guvs ye Saturday arternoons an' Sundays all ter yerself. Now I hain't nary furlicity at all. Whot shill I do?'

"'Git a wife, Massa,' sez Jake; 'git a wife, Massa. Saddle de mar, Massa, an' gwo out on a 'splorin' expedition. Jake'll luck arter de fixin's while you'm away.'

"Now thet nig ar allers right; he's got a head longer'n the moral law; so I saddled the mar an' sallied out arter Sally. I hed ter scour nigh 'bout all o' eration, an' it tuck me four hull months ter do it, but—I found har. Soon as I sot eyes on har I know'd it war she, an' I telled har so; but she say, 'Ye must ax Par.' (Sally hes book-breedin', ye sees, so she sez *par* instead o' *dad*, which ar the nat'ral way.) Wall, I axed 'par'; he's one on yer quality folk, been ter Congress, an' only missed bein' Guv'nor by —not gittin' the nomuration. I axed him, an' he shuck his head; but I guv him jest a week ter think on it, an' moseyed out ter git ready agin the weddin'. I know'd he'd come round, an' he done it. So I sez ter Sally: 'Sally,' sez I, 'we'll be morried ter-morrer.'

"'Ter-morrer!' screeched Sally, holtin' up har hands an' openin' har eyes; 'why, I hain't a ready. I hain't no cloes!'

"'Cloes!' sez I; 'nuver mind yer cloes; I doan't morry ye fur them.'

"So Sally she consented, an' I piked out fur a parson. Now thar warn't none nigher'n over a branch, an' it so happin'd it rained loike blazes thet night, an' toted off all the bridges; so when the parson an' me got down ter the run jest arter noon the next day—we wus ter a been morried at 'levin—thar warn't no way o' crossin'; but thar war Sally, on the t'other side uv the run, in har sun-bunnet an' a big umbrell', onpatiently waitin' fur us. Thar warn't no other how, so I sez ter the parson: 'Parson,' sez I, 'say over the Prayer-book—Sally's got the hull uv it by heart agin this time—we'll be morried ter onst right yere.' So the parson he said over the Prayer-book, Sally she made the 'sponses—all 'bout the 'beyin' an' so on—an' we's been man an' wife uver sense; an' Stranger, I doan't keer whar the t'other 'ooman ar', thar hain't nary one livin' quite up ter Sally."

"An' does ye b'lieve thet story, Stranger?" asked Sally, who, having finished clearing away the tea-things, had, with the older daughter and the younger children, taken a seat near me in the chimney-corner.

"I can't say that I do. Not altogether," I replied.

* His name according to the army rolls is WILLIAM J. SMITH.

"I'm glad on it; fur we wus morried in a house, loike Christun people—we wus."

"Is Jake your only slave?" I asked the farmer after a while.

"Yas," he'r my only 'un, but he's as good as any two ye uver know'd on. Ye sees, I raises nigh on ter no craps 'cept mule-brutes an' horned critters, an' them, ye knows, browse in the woods, and doan't make much wuck."

If space allowed I would tell the reader more of this farmer's family; how every thing about the house and outbuildings was the model of neatness; how the comely housewife strove, with grace and cheerfulness, to do honor to a stranger guest; how tidily she kept her handsome brood, all clad in homespun of her own weaving, and her own making; how the younger children climbed their father's knee, pulled his beard, and laughed at his stories, as if they had never heard them before; how nimbly the elder daughter sprang to do her mother's bidding, how she fetched the apples from the loft, and the apple-jack from the pantry, and, between times, helped to lull the sleepy little ones to sleep, or to keep them, wakeful, out of mischief; how when we parted for the night, Sally read a chapter from the big Bible, and then, all kneeling down, made such a prayer as the Good All-Father loves to hear; how when I bade them "good-by" in the morning all had to kiss me, from the mother to the youngest; and how Bible, giving me a parting grasp of the hand, said as I mounted to ride away,

"Come out an' settle yere, Stranger; we'll send ye ter Congress—the man as hes cheek enuff ter kiss a man's wife afore his vury face kin git any office in this part o' the kentry!"

For nearly thirteen years I saw nothing of my Tennessee friend; but one day, last spring, as I alighted from the cars at Murfreesboro, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a strangely familiar voice accosted me with,

"I know'd it wus ye. I know'd ye the minnit I sot eyes on ye."

Turning on the speaker I saw a spare, squarely-built, loose-jointed man, above six feet high, with a strongly-marked face, a long, grizzly beard, and silvery black hair hanging loosely over his shoulders like a woman's. He wore an officer's undress coat, and the boots of the cavalry service, but the rest of his costume was of the common "butternut" homespun. Taking his extended hand, and trying hard to recall his features, I said to him:

"I know your voice, but I don't remember your face."

"Doan't remember me! me, Bible—Bible Smith! Why I'd a know'd *ye* ef yer face hed been blacker'n yer Whig principles."

The name brought him to my remembrance. Again grasping his hand, and shaking it this time with a right good-will, I exclaimed:

"I'm delighted to see you, Bible; and to see you *here*—true to the old flag."

"Ye mought hev know'd thet."

He accompanied me to my lodgings, and there, seated on the piazza after dinner, told me the story of his life since we parted. As it illustrates traits of character which are common to all of his class, I will give it, in part, to the reader.

The world had gone well with him till the breaking out of the rebellion. That event found him the owner of fifteen likely negroes, a fine plantation of nine hundred and thirty acres, and a comfortable framed dwelling and outbuildings. His elder daughter had married a young farmer of the district, and his younger—little Sally, whom I remembered as a rosy-cheeked, meek-eyed wee thing of only seven years—had grown up a woman.

In the spring of 1861, when there were no Union troops south of the Ohio, and the secession fever was raging furiously all over his county, he organized one hundred and six of his neighbors into a company of Home Guards, and was elected their captain. They were pledged to resist all attacks on the person or property of any of their number, and met frequently in the woods in the vicinity of their homes. This organization secured Bible safety and free expression of opinion till long after Tennessee went out of the Union. In fact, he felt so secure that, in 1862—a year after the State seceded—under the protection of his band of Home Guards he inaugurated and carried through a celebration of the Fourth of July at Richmond, Tennessee, under the very guns of a rebel regiment then forming in the town.

An act of so much temerity naturally attracted the attention of the Confederate authorities, and not long afterward he was roused from his bed one morning before daybreak by three hundred armed men, who told him that he was a prisoner, and that all his property was confiscated to the Government. They at once enforced the "confiscation act;" "and this," he said, taking from his wallet a piece of soiled paper, "ar' whot I hed ter 'tribute ter the dingnation consarn. It'r Sally's own handwrite, an' I knows ye loikes har, so, ye kin hev it, fur it'll nuver be uv no manner uv account ter me."

The schedule is now before me, and I copy it *verbatim*: "14 men and wimmin" [Jake eluded the soldiers and escaped to the woods], "1600 barrils corn, 130 sheeps, 700 bushls wheat, 440 barley, 100 rye, 27 mules, 5 cow-brutes, 105 head hogs, 17 horses and mars, and all they cud tote beside."

"Wall, they tied me, hand an' fut," he continued; "an' toted me off ter the Military Commission sittin' ter Chattanooga. I know'd whot thet meant—a short prayer, a long rope, an' a break-down danced on the top o' nothin'. Better men nur me hed gone thet way ter the Kingdom—sevin on 'em wuthin a month—but I detarmined I wouldn't go ef I could help it; not thet I 'jected ter the journey, only ter goin' afore uv Sally. Ye sees, I hedn't been nigh so good a man as I'd orter be, an' I reckoned Sally—who, ye knows, ar the best 'ooman thet uver

lived—I reckoned she, ef she got thar a leetle afore o' me, could sort o' put in a good word wuth the Lord, an' git Him ter shot His eyes ter a heap o' my doin's; an' sides, I know'd I should feel a mighty strange loike up thar without har. Wall, I detarmined not ter go, so thet night, as we war camped out on the ground, I slid the coil, stole a nag, an' moseyed off. Howsumuver, I hedn't got more'n a hun'ed rods 'fore the durned Seecesh yered me, an' the bullets fell round me thicker'n tar in January. They hit the hoss, winged me a trifle, an' in less nur ten minnits, hed me tighter'n uver. They swore a streak uv blue brimstun', an' said they'd string me up ter onst, but I telled 'em they wouldn't, 'case I know'd I war a gwine ter live ter help do thet ar' same turn fur Jeff Davis. Wall, I s'pose my impudence hed suthin' ter do wuth it, fur they didn't hang me—ye mought know thet, fur, ye sees, I hes a good neck fur stretchin' yit.

"Wall, we got ter Chattanooga jest arter noon. The Commission they hed too many on hand thet day ter 'tend ter my case, an' the jail wus chock-heapin', so they put me inter a tent under guard uv a hull Georgy regiment. Wall, I didn't know whot ter do, but thinkin' the Lord did, I kneeled down an' prayed right smart. I telled Him I hedn't no face ter meet Him afore I'd a done suthin' fur the kentry, an' thet Sally's heart would be clean broke ef I went afore har, but, howsumuver, I said, He know'd best, an' ef it war His will, I hed jest nothin' ter say agin it. Thet's all I said, but I said it over an' over, a heap o' times, an' it war right dark when I got off uv my knees. The Lord yered me, thet's sartin, 'case I hedn't more'n got up fore a dirty gray-back, drunker'n a member uv Congress, staggered inter the tent. I reckon he thort he war ter home, fur he drapped down onter the ground an' went ter sleep wuthout so much as axin' ef I wus willin'.

"Then it come inter my head, all ter onst, whot ter do. Ye sees, the critters hed tied me hand an' fut an' teddered me wuth a coil ter one o' the tent-stakes, so I couldn't move only jest so fur; but the Lord He made the drunken feller lop down jest inside uv reachin'. Wall, when I war shore he war dead asleep, I rolled over thar, drawed out the bowie-knife in his belt wuth my teeth an' sawed off my wristlets in no time. Ye kin reckon it didn't take long ter undo the 'tother coils, an' ter 'propriate his weapons, tie 'im hand an' fut loike I war, strip off his coat, put mine onter 'im, swap hats, an' pull the one I guv him down onter his eyes loike as ef he nuver wanted ter see the sun agin. When I'd a done thet, I stopped ter breathe, an' luckin' up I seed a light a comin'. I spicioned it war ter 'xamine arter me, so I slunk down inter a crack o' the tent jest aside the door. They wus a leftenant an' three privits makin' the rounds, an' the light showed me nigh onter a army uv sentinels all about thar. Thet warn't no way encouragin', but sez I ter myself: 'Bible,' sez I, 'be cool an' outdacious

an' ye'll git out o' this yit;' so when the leftenant luck'd in, an' sayin', 'All right,' put out agin, I riz up an' jined the fellers as wus a follerin' on him. I kept in the shadder, an' they, s'posin' I war one on 'em, tuck no kind uv notice uv me. We'd luck'd arter three or four pore prisoners loike I war, when I thort I'd better be a moseyin', so I drapped ahind an' arter a while dodged out beyont the second line o' pickets. I'd got nigh onter a patch uv woods half a mile off, when all ter onst a feller sprung up from a clump uv bushes, yelled 'Halt!' an' pinted his musket stret at me. I mought hev eended 'im, but I reckoned others wus nigh, an' sides, I nuver takes humin life ef I kin help it; so I sez ter 'im: 'Why, Lord bless me, cumrad', I didn't seed ye.' 'I s'pose ye didn't. Whot is ye doin' yere?' sez he. 'Only pursuin' a jug o' blue ruin I'se out thar hid under a log,' sez I. 'Ye knows it'r agin rule ter tote it inside, but a feller must lick.' 'Wall, lick up ter-morrer,' sez he. 'We's got 'ticklar orders ter let no 'un out ter-night.' 'Blast the orders,' sez I. 'Ye'd loike a swig yerself.' 'Wall, I would,' sez he. 'Wull ye go snacks?' 'Yas,' sez I; 'an' guv ye chock-heapin' measure, fur I *must* hev some o' thet afore mornin'.' Thet brung him, an' I piked off for the ruin. (It warn't thar, ye knows—I nuver totch the dingnation stuff.) Ye'd better b'lieve the grass didn't grow under my feet when onst I got inter the woods. I plumbed my coorse by the stars an' made ten right smart miles in no time.

"I'd got ter be right wall tuckered out by thet time. So I put fur a piece uv timber, lay down under a tree, an' went ter sleep. I must hev slept mighty sound till 'long 'bout mornin', when I woke up. Then I luck'd all round an' seed nuthin', but I *yered*—not a mile off—the hounds a bayin' away loike a young thunder-gust. I luck'd at the 'volver I'd stole from the soger, seed it war all right, an' then clumb a tree. 'Bout so quick as it takes ter tell it the hounds—two 'mazin' fine critters, wuth a hun'ed an' fifty apiece—wus on me. I run my eye 'long the pistol-barr'l an' let drive. It tuck jest two shots ter kill 'em. I know'd the Seecesh wus a follerin' the dogs, so ye'd better b'lieve I made purty tall racin' time till I got ter the eend uv the timber.

"Jest at night I run agin some darkeys, who guv me suthin ter eat, an' nothin' more happin'd 'fore the next night, when I come in sight o' home. I got ter the edge uv the woods, on the hill jest ahind uv my barn, 'bout a hour by sun; but I darn't go down, fur, ye knows, the house stood in a clarin', an' some uv the varmunts mought be a watchin' fur me. I lay thar till it war thick dark, an' then I crept ter the r'ar door. I listened; an' whot d'ye s'pose I yered? Sally a prayin'—an' prayin' fur *me*, so 'arnest an' so tender loike, thet I sot down on the doorstep an' cried loike a child—I did.

"She telled the Lord how much I war to har; how she'd a loved me uver sense she'd a fust seed me; how 'fore har father, or mother, or even

the chillen, she loved me; how she'd tried ter make me love Him; how she know'd thet, way down in my heart, I did love Him, though I didn't say so, 'case men doan't speak out 'bout sech things loike wimmin does. An' she telled Him how she hed tried ter do His will; tried ter be one on His raal chillen; an' she telled Him He hed promised not ter lay onter His chillen no more'n they could b'ar, an' *she* couldn't b'ar ter hev me hung up as ef I war a traitor: thet she could part wuth me if it war best; thet she could see me die, an' not weep a tear, ef I could only die loike a man, wuth a musket in my hand, a doin' suthin' for my kentry. Then she prayed Him ter send me back ter har fur jest one day, so she mought ax me once more ter love Him—an' she know'd I would love Him ef she axed me agin—an' she said ef He'd only do thet, she'd—much as she loved me—she'd send me away, an' guv me all up ter Him an' the kentry fur uver!

"I couldn't stand no more, so I opened the door, drapped onter my knees, tuck har inter my arms, lay my head on har shoulder, an' sobbed out: 'The Lord hes yered ye, Sally! I wull love Him! I wull be worthy of sech love as ye's guv'n me, Sally!'"

He paused for a moment, and covered his face with his hands. When he spoke again there was a softness and tenderness in his tone that I never heard in the voice of but one other man.

"Sense thet minnit this yerth hes been another yerth ter me; an' though I'se lost uvery thin', though I hes no home, though night arter night I sleeps out in the cold an' the wet, a scout-in', though my wife an' chillen is scattered, though nigh uvery day I'se in danger uv the gallus, though I'se been roped ter a tree ter die loike a dog, though a thousand bullets hes yelled death in my yeres, though I'se seed my only boy shot down afore my vury eyes, an' I not able ter speak ter him, ter guv him a mossel uv comfort, or ter yere his last word, I'se hed suthin allers yere (laying his hand on his heart) thet hes helt me up, an' made me luck death in the face as ef I loved it. An' ef ye hain't got thet, no matter whot else ye's got, no matter whot money, or larnin', or friends, ye's pore—porer nur I ar!"

I made no reply, and after a short silence he resumed his story.

"Jake—thet war my boy—ye remember him, ye hed him on yer knee—he war eighteen an' a man grow'd then: wall, Jake an' me made up our minds ter pike fur the Union lines ter onst. Sally war all night a cookin' fur us, an' we a gittin' the arms an' fixin's a ready—we hed lots o' them b'longin' ter the Guards, hid away in a panel uv the wall—an' the next day, meanin' ter start jest arter sunset, we laid down fur some sleepin'. Nigh onter dark, Black Jake, who war a watchin', come rushin' inter the house, sayin' the Secesh was a comin'. Thar was only twenty on 'em, he said, an' one was drunk an' didn't count fur nuthin', so we detarmined ter meet 'em. We tuck our stands nigh the door, each on us men—Black Jake, the boy, an' me

—wuth a Derringer in his pocket, two 'volvers in his belt, an' a bowie-knife in the breast uv his waiscoat, an' the wimmin wuth a 'volver in each hand, an' waited fur 'em. Half a dozen on 'em went round ter the r'ar, an' the rest come at the front door, yellin' out:

"'We doan't want ter 'sturb ye, Miss Smith, but we reckons yer husban' are yere, an' we must sarch the house. We hes orders ter take him.'

"I opened the door stret off, an' steppin' down onter the piazzer—Black Jake an' the boy ter my back, an' the wimmin' ter the winder—I sez ter 'em,

"'Wall, I'se yere. Take me ef ye kin!'

"They was fourteen on 'em, uvery man wuth a musket, but they darn't lift a leg! They wus cowards. It'r nuthin' but a good cause thet guvs a man courage—makes him luck death in the face as ef he loved it.

"Wall, they begun ter parley. 'We doan't want ter shed no blood,' said the leftenant; 'bnt we's orders ter take ye, Mister Smith, an' ye'd better go wuth us, peaceable loike.'

"'I sha'n't go wuth ye peaceable loike, nur no other how,' sez I; 'fur ye's a pack o' howlin' thieves an' traitors as no decent man 'ud be seed in company uv. Ye disgraces the green yerth ye walks on, an' ef ye doan't git off uv my sheer uv it, in less nur no time, I'll send ye—though it'r agin my principles ter take humin life—whar ye'll git yer desarts, sartin.'

"Then the leftenant he begun ter parley agin, but I pinted my 'volver at him, an' telled him he'd better be a moseyin' sudden. Sayin' he'd 'port ter his cunnel, he done it.

"We know'd a hun'ed on 'em 'ud be thar in no time, so, soon as they was out o' sight, the boy an' me, leavin' Black Jake ter luck arter the wimmin, struck a stret line fur the timber. We hedn't got more'n four mile—ter the top uv the tall summit ter the r'ar uv Richmond—afore, luckin' back, we seed my house an' barns all a blazin'! The Heaven defyin' villuns hed come back—shot Jake down in cold blood, druv my wife an' darter out o' doors, an' burnt all I hed ter the ground! We seed the fire, but not knowin' whot else hed happin'd, an' not bein' able ter do nothin', we piked on inter the woods.

"We traviled all thet night through the timber, an' jest at sundown uv the next day come ter a clarin'. We wus mighty tired, but 'twouldn't do ter sleep thar, fur the trees wus nigh a rod asunder; so we luck'd round, an' on t'other side uv the road, not half a mile off, seed 'bout a acre uv laurel bush—ye knows whot them is, some on 'em so thick a dog karn't git through 'em. Jake war tireder nur I war, an' he said ter me, 'Dad,' sez he, 'let us git under kiver ter onst. I feels loike I couldn't stand up no longer.' It wus fool-hardy loike, fur the sun warn't clar down, but I couldn't b'ar ter see the boy so, an', agin my judgment, we went down the road ter the laurels. We lay thar till mornin', an' slep' so sound thet I reckon ef forty yerthquakes hed shuck the yerth they wouldn't hev woked us. Soon as sun-up Jake riz an'

went ter the edge uv the thicket ter rekonoitter. He hedn't stood thar five minnits—right in plain sight, an' not more'n two hun'ed rods frum me—afore I yered a shot, an' seed the pore boy throw up his arms an' fall ter the ground. In less nur no time fifty Secesh wus on him. I war springin' up ter go ter him, when suthin' tuck me by the shoulder, helt me back, an' said ter me, 'Ye karn't do nothin' fur him. Leave 'im ter the Lord. Save yerself fur the kentry.' It went agin natur', but it 'peared the Lord's voice, so I crouched down agin 'mong the bushes. I niver know'd whot it war thet saved me till nigh a y'ar arterwuds. Then I tuck thet leftenant pris'ner—I could hev shot him, but I guv him his life ter repent in, an' he done it: he's a decent man now, b'longin' ter Cunnel Johnson's rigiment. Wall, I tuck him, an' he said ter me, 'I wus aside uv thet pore boy when he war dyin'. He turned his eyes onter me jest as he war goin', an' he said, "Ye karn't kotch him! He's out o' the bush! Ha! ha!"' He said thet, and died. Ter save me, died wuth a lie on his lips! Does ye b'lieve the Lord laid thet agin him?"

"No, no! I am sure not. It was a noble action."

"It 'pears so ter me, but it war loike the boy. He war allers furgettin' himself, an' thinkin' uv other folk. He war all—all the pride uv my life—him an' Sally—but it pleased the Lord ter tuck him afore me—but only fur a time—only fur a time—'fore long I shill hev him agin—agin—up thar—up thar!"

His emotion choked his utterance for a while. When he resumed, he said,

"At the eend uv a fortnit, trav'lin' by night an' sleepin' by day, an' livin' on the darkeys when my fixin's guv out, I got inter the Union lines 'bove Nashville."

"And what became of your wife and daughter?" I asked.

"Lettie Sally went ter har sister. My wife walked eighty mile ter har father's. He's one on yer quality folk, an' a durned old Secesh, but he's got humin natur' in him, an' Sally's safe thar. I'se seed har twice ter his house. The old 'un he's know'd ont't, but he hain't niver said a word."

Bible's intimate knowledge of the country, and acquaintance with the loyal men of the district, induced General Rosecrans to make him a scout, and he has performed more actual service to the Union cause than a regiment of men in the ranks. Hiding in the woods, or secret-ing himself in the houses of his friends by day, he sallies forth by night, and, penetrating far into the rebel lines, frequently gathers information of great importance to our army. Often days without food, sleeping out in the cold and the rain, hunted down with blood-hounds, betrayed by pretended friends, waylaid by whole regiments, the mark for a thousand rifles, and with the gallows ever before him, he goes on in his perilous work with a single-hearted devotion to his country, and an earnest, child-like reli-

ance on God, that would do honor to the best names in history. His scouting adventures would fill a volume, and read more like a romance of the Middle Ages than a matter-of-fact history of the present time. I will narrate but one, mostly in his own words.

On one occasion, when about five miles outside of our lines, he came, late at night, upon a party of officers making merry at the house of a wealthy Secessionist. Riding coolly up to the mounted orderly on guard before the doorway, he pinioned his arms, thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, and led him quietly out of hearing. Then bidding him dismount, and tying him to a tree, he interrogated his prisoner, and learned that the party consisted of nine officers; that their arms were piled in the hall, and that only one of them, a surgeon, had a revolver.

Fastening his horse in "the timber," and creeping up to the house, he then reconnoitred the kitchen premises. The old man—a stout, stalwart negro of about fifty—sat dozing in the corner, and his wife, a young mulatto woman, was cooking wild-fowl over the fire. Opening the door, and placing his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, Bible beckoned to the woman. She came to him, and, looking her full in the eye for a moment, he said to her; "I kin trust ye. Wud ye an' yer old 'un loike ter git out o' the claws uv these durned Secesh?"

"Yas, yas, Massa," she replied, "we wud. We's Union! We'd loike ter git 'way, Massa!"

Then awakening her husband, Bible said to him: "Uncle, wud ye risk yer life fur yer freedom?"

"Ef dar's a chance, Massa, a right smart chance. Dis dark'y tinks a heap ob his life, he does, Massa. It 'm 'bout all hem got, but I loikes a chance, Massa, a right smart chance."

Bible soon convinced the negro that he would have a "right smart chance," and he consented to make the hazardous strike for his freedom. Entering the house, he returned in a few moments to the scout, confirming the sentinel's report: the weapons were reposing quietly in the hall, near the doorway, and the officers, very much the worse for liquor, were carousing with his master in the dining-room. Selecting two of the best horses from the stables, Bible directed the yellow woman to lead them into the road, and to bring his own from where it was fastened in the woods. Then, with his sooty ally, he entered the mansion. Removing the arms from the hall, he walked boldly into the dining-room.

"Gentlemen," he said, pointing his pistols—one in each hand—at the rebel officers, "ye is my pris'ners. Surrender yer shootin' irons, or ye's dade men."

"Who are you?" exclaimed one of them, as they all sprang to their feet.

"Cunnel Smith, uv the Fust Tennessee Nigger Regiment—one old black man an' a yaller 'ooman," coolly replied the scout.

"Go to —," shouted the surgeon, quickly drawing his revolver, and discharging it direct-

ly at Bible's face. The ball grazed the scout's head, cut off a lock of hair just above his ear, and lodged in the wall at his back. The report was still sounding through the apartment when the surgeon uttered a wild cry, sprang a few feet into the air, and fell lifeless to the floor! The negro had shot him.

"Come, gentlemen, none o' t'et," said Bible, as coolly as if nothing had happened, "guv me the shootin' iron, and surrender."

Without more hesitation the colonel handed the scout the fallen man's pistol, and then they all, followed by the scout and the negro, marched quietly out of the front door. The mulatto woman, holding the horses, was standing in the highway.

"Hitch the nags, my purty gal," said the scout, "an' git a coil. An' ye, gentlemen, sot down, an' say nothin'—'cept it mought be yer prayers; but them, I reckon, ye hain't larned yit."

The negress soon returned with the rope, and while Bible and her husband covered them with their revolvers, she tied the arms of the prisoners. When this was done, the scout affixed a long rope to the waist of the officer on either flank of the column, and, taking one in his own hand, and giving the other to the negro, cried out:

"Sogers uv the Fust Tennessee! Mount!"

The regiment bounded into the saddle, and in that plight—the planter and the eight captive officers marching on before, the self-appointed "cunnel" and his chief officer bringing up the rear, and the rest of his command—the yellow woman—a *straddle* of a horse between them, they entered the Union lines.

I could fill this article with Bible's scouting adventures, but it is my purpose to say only enough of him to give an idea of his character. If I have outlined that distinctly the reader has perceived that he is brave, simple-hearted, outspoken, hospitable, enterprising, industrious, loyal to liberty, earnest in his convictions—though ignorantly confounding names with things—a good husband and father, with a talent for bragging, and that quiet humor which flavors character as Worcester sauce flavors a good dinner. In all these particulars he is a representative of his class; and his stories and conversation illustrate that disposition to magnify every thing—even himself—and that intensity of nature which leads the Southerner to do nothing by halves; to throw his whole soul into every thing he undertakes; to be, like Jeremiah's figs, "if good, very good; if bad, not fit to feed the pigs."

At the outset of Bible's career he had but one slave—poor Jake, who was "faithful unto death"—and the farmers of his class seldom own more than one, and generally they have none at all. In rare instances, however, the more industrious acquire five or ten; but whether they have many or few they work side by side with them in the fields, and treat them very much as the Northern farmer treats his hired workmen.

Before the war the traveler in the interior of

North Carolina would have heard the axe of master and man falling with alternate strokes in the depths of the evergreen forest, or he would have seen the two "camped out" together in the same tent or pine-pole cabin, drinking from the same gourd—the darkey always after his master—eating from the same rude table, and sharing the same bed—the cabin floor—in common. So, too, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Middle and Upper Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, he would have seen the white and the black plowing side by side, or, bared to the waist, swinging the old-fashioned seythe, in good-natured rivalry as to which could cut the broadest swath of yellow wheat or waving timothy, or tote the biggest bundle of corn to the evening husking-bee. And when the evening had come he would have found them gathered in the old log-barn, husking, and singing, and shouting, and dancing in company, to the tune of "Ole Virginny," or "Rose, Rose, de coal brack Rose," played by "old Uncle Ned," who "had no wool on de top ob his head," but whose skinny fingers, with handy blow, *could* rap the music out of "de ole banjo."

Bible had got "no furdur nur prent yit," and fully one half of his class never get so far as that, though the more wealthy, like the father of Sally, sometimes give their children what might be called "a fair common-school education."

The reason of this is, there are no schools for the common people at the South. In a village, ten or twenty miles distant, there may be a pretentious "Female College," or "Institute of Learning for Young Men," where "a little Latin and less Greek" is dispensed to the young idea at the rate of four or five hundred dollars per annum, but these prices place their "stores of knowledge" far above the reach of the hard-toiling farmer. Only in Tennessee, so far as I know, are there any free schools, and the scanty State allowance which formerly supported them was dealt out with a most parsimonious hand. How much light those institutions gave the people may be guessed at from the fact that any one was qualified to instruct in them who could "read, write, and do sums in addition."

But the fact that a large proportion of the Southern farmers have no "book-larnin'" is no evidence against their intelligence. At the North if a man has not been to school he knows nothing. The South is more like Greece and Rome, where one might be really *educated* and yet not know how to read and write. Reading and writing at the South is considered something like playing on the piano at the North—an accomplishment rather than a necessary. The men of this class, of the better order, however (as in the case of Bible Smith and the father of Thomas Jefferson), almost always marry above them, so that not unfrequently the wife reads while the husband can not; of course the children have the advantage of the mother's education, and, therefore, the class is constantly rising. They have also a sort of innate faculty

for culture and gentlemanliness, and this makes a little "book-breedin'" go a long ways.

But as the Southern farmer can not read, he is forced to derive his knowledge of current events and political affairs from his wealthier neighbor who can read, and who is sure to be a slave-owner. At a political barbecue, or a court-day gathering, he may hear, once or twice in the year, the two sides of every national question but the, to him, all-important one of slavery. If that subject is at all touched upon on such occasions, it is shown to be of divine origin—dating back to the time when Ham first cast a black shadow across his looking-glass, and only to end when the skins of his descendants no longer wear mourning for their forefather's sin. Thus instructed, is it strange the Southern farmer deems slavery altogether lovelier than freedom? What does he know of real freedom? What does he know of what it has done for the poor man at the North? Nothing. He never saw a Northern man in all his life, except, it may be, a Yankee peddler. If the Southern workingman knew what freedom is; if he knew how it has built a free school at every Northern cross-road; how the Northern laborer is comparatively rich, while *he* is wretchedly poor; how the Northern farmer has a comfortable house for himself and outbuildings for his cattle, while *he* lodges in a mud-chinked hovel, and stables his cows in the woods; how the Northern farmer is respected and honored *because* he labors, while *he* is looked down upon and despised for doing the same thing; if he knew all this, would he not crush slavery and end the rebellion in a day? He would. And slavery will not be effectually crushed, or the rebellion ended, until he *does* know it. We may overrun the South, we may make its fields a desolation, and its cities heaps of ruin, but until we reach the reason and the hearts of

these men, we shall stand ever on the crater of a volcano, whose red-hot lava may at any hour again burst forth and deluge the land with blood and fire!

But how—while every able-bodied Southern man is in the army—can we reach these people? By fighting them with a sword in one hand and a Union newspaper in the other—by giving them ideas as well as bullets. By scattering loyal publications broadcast over the conquered districts, and by starting a free press wherever we hold a foot of Southern soil. If the men are away in the army, the women will be at home, and will read these things, and that will be enough. If we convert *them*, the country is saved. Woman, in this century, is every where that "power behind the throne" which is mightier than the throne itself, and the Southern women have been, and are, the mainspring of this rebellion. Every dollar thus planted in the South would spring up a man, in tattered hat and ragged butternuts, it might be, but still a man, hardy, earnest, brave—who for what he thought was right would march straight up to the cannon's mouth, and meet death "as if he loved it."

I have failed of my purpose in writing this article if I have not shown that the great body of "poor Southern whites" are an honest, industrious, enterprising, brave, and liberty-loving people, who need only to know the true issues of this contest to become the firm friends and supporters of the Union. Henceforth they must be the real South. We must enlighten and elevate them. Only in that way can we uproot the despotic power of the aristocracy, and plant in the South a loyal element which will make it one with the North in interest and in feeling. Only in that way can we secure lasting peace, and freedom, and Union, to our distracted country.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 20th of April.—The proceedings in Congress have not possessed special interest. Much of the time has been spent in debate concerning the general policy of the Government, and the measures proper to be employed in suppressing the rebellion. On April 8th the Senate passed the joint resolution amending the Constitution, as follows: "ART. XIII. Sec. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.—Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation." This must be passed by the House, signed by the President, and ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, when it will become a part of the Constitution. On April 12th Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to establish a Bureau of Freedmen, with a commissioner and clerks, the bureau to guard the interests of freedmen against loss or failure from cupidity,

cruelty, or accidental causes. On the 16th the Senate passed a bill prohibiting gold-gambling, and designed especially to put an end to time-sales, under a penalty of \$1000 for each offense. This action was induced by the course of speculators in forcing gold to the enormous figure of 190, and depressing Government securities.—Other general bills passed by the Senate were the following: The Naval Appropriation bill, with an amendment restoring the Naval Academy to Annapolis, Maryland; to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company; giving the Revolutionary soldiers an additional bounty of \$100; to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana, with a section allowing all persons, of whatever color, to vote, to which the House subsequently disagreed.—On April 4 the House unanimously adopted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression

that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the republic of Mexico; Therefore they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the people of the United States to acknowledge a Monarchical Government erected on the ruins of any Republican Government in America under the auspices of any European Power." On the 8th, in the course of debate, Alexander Long, a representative in Congress from the Second District of Ohio, declared himself in favor of recognizing the independent nationality of the Confederates, avowing other sentiments regarded as offensive to the loyal sentiment of the country. On the 9th, Speaker Colfax offered a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Long. This led to a debate extending over five days, during which the greatest excitement prevailed. Finally, on the 14th, the resolution was modified so as to declare Mr. Long "an unworthy member of the House," and in that form was passed; 80 to 70. During the debate Mr. Harris, of Maryland, expressed approval of Mr. Long's sentiments, and was also censured by a vote of 92 to 18. Mr. Fernando Wood, during the same debate, said that he agreed perfectly with Mr. Long, that he would prefer recognition as an alternative rather than that the people of the South should be subjugated and exterminated.—Among the bills passed by the House are the following: to establish an ocean mail-steamship line between the United States and Brazil; to establish a postal money-order system; to authorize the construction of a railroad bridge over the falls of the Ohio, near Louisville, Kentucky. The National Bank act, after mature consideration, was also passed. The bill confines the entire notes for circulation issued under this act to \$300,000,000; every association may charge on any loan or discount seven per cent. interest; and no association shall have a less capital than \$100,000, nor less than \$200,000 if in a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants.

Military operations have continued with some activity during the month. The Red River Campaign has not been attended with entire success. On the 26th of March a fight took place at Cane River, thirty miles above Alexandria, where the armies of Generals Banks and Smith united, between some of General Smith's forces, consisting of 6000 infantry and one brigade of cavalry, and General Dick Taylor's Confederate army, estimated at 12,000, posted in an advantageous position. The fight lasted three hours, when the enemy gave way, with a loss of 200 in killed and wounded and 500 prisoners. The Federal loss was 18 killed and 60 wounded. General Smith at once pushed forward in pursuit. Meanwhile Confederate deserters have come into our lines in large numbers, and within a fortnight after our occupation of Alexandria 900 negroes entered the place and claimed the protection of the Federal flag. Some five hundred citizens have taken the oath under the Amnesty proclamation, and on the 4th of April a large Union meeting was held, at which strong anti-slavery sentiments were avowed. On the 6th of April the army left Grand Ecore, a point sixty miles above Alexandria, the cavalry in the advance. On the 8th, after driving the enemy two days, the cavalry were confronted by an overwhelming Confederate Force at Pleasant Hill, fifty miles east of Shreveport, and a large body of infantry hurrying forward a stubborn battle ensued, resulting in the defeat of our entire force, the cavalry being seized with panic and sweeping the infantry with them from the field. Finally, however,

the Nineteenth Army Corps, with 7000 men, came up, and succeeded in checking the enemy, enabling all our trains except those of the cavalry to escape. Our total loss was from 1200 to 1500; that of the enemy was over 1500. General Stone, of General Banks's staff, had direction of the battle. On the 9th General A. J. Smith, with the Nineteenth Army Corps, again engaged the enemy, and defeated them, capturing 2000 prisoners and 20 cannon. The Confederate Generals Morton and Parsons were killed. After the first day's fight General Banks, being short of rations, sent word to Admiral Porter to return with the fleet, which had advanced to within eighty miles of Shreveport, and was preparing to blow up the steamer at New-Falls City which the Confederates had sunk in the Channel. On the way down the fleet was attacked by large numbers of the enemy on both sides of the river, who attempted to capture the transports. A fight ensued between the gun-boats and Confederates, in which the latter were repulsed, with 500 or 600 killed and a large number wounded, while none on the gun-boats were injured. General Greene, commanding the enemy in this action, had his head blown off by a shell.

In Texas there have been some movements of importance. Indianola was evacuated on the 13th of March, the troops taking the land route and crossing the bayous by pontoon ferries. In doing so 34 men were drowned by the swamping of boats. Subsequently to this evacuation a force of 4000 Federal cavalry occupied Eagle Pass, 400 miles above Brownsville, and the outlet of a Confederate highway, by which cotton and other articles have been run into Mexico. About the same time Corpus Christi, at the mouth of Nueces Bay, was reoccupied by our troops, who captured 1000 Confederates stationed at that point, together with immense quantities of cotton. The movements in the Red River, in connection with those of General Steele, who has advanced beyond Arkadelphia, in South-western Arkansas, with a force of 30,000 men, must have an important bearing not only on the Confederate occupation of Texas, but on the entire situation in the Trans-Mississippi Department. The enemy will find it impossible long to hold out against the heavy columns moving against them. General Steele, in his advance, fought two considerable engagements with the enemy, in both of which they were defeated with loss.

Active preparations for the opening of the campaign are still going on in the Army of the Potomac. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps have been consolidated under the title of the Twentieth Corps, and Major-General Hooker assigned to the command; Major-General Howard has taken command of the Fourth, relieving General Gordon Granger; and General Slocum is to report to General Sherman. On the 8th of April an order was issued by General Grant ordering all civilians, sutlers, and their employés to the rear, with all property for which there was no transportation. By the same order furloughs were stopped. During the month Lieutenant-General Grant visited Fortress Monroe, Annapolis, and other points, and by personal observation informed himself of the condition of the several departments. General William F. Smith has been assigned to General Butler's department, and will direct military movements on the Peninsula, which will probably be made simultaneously with the advance of the Army of the Potomac, which has been largely reinforced for the spring campaign.

On the 26th of March a small Federal force marched from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to Mount Elba and Longview, on the Washita River, destroying at the latter place several pontoon bridges, a train of thirty-five wagons loaded with camp and garrison equipments, ammunition, stores, etc., and capturing 320 prisoners. On the 30th the same force engaged 1200 Confederates at Monticello, routing them, and capturing a large quantity of small-arms, many wagons, and over 300 horses and mules. Our loss was but fifteen, and that of the enemy over one hundred. The Confederates are still roving about some parts of Kentucky and Western Tennessee. On the 13th of April the Confederate General Buford appeared before Columbus, Kentucky, and demanded the surrender of Fort Halleck, giving five hours for the removal of women and children, and promising protection to white soldiers (in case of surrender), but none to colored troops found in arms. Just at that time a steamer arrived from New Orleans with 3000 veterans, on their way home on furlough. These were landed with a battery, and fighting immediately commenced, Colonel Laurence, the Union commander, refusing to listen to the summons to surrender. Subsequently the enemy retired, but threatened for some days to renew the attack.

On the 12th of April the Confederate General Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi River, some seventy miles above Memphis, and sent a flag of truce demanding its surrender. This, as was a second demand, was refused by Major Booth, the Federal commander, when a vigorous attack was made by the Confederates, which resulted in the surrender of the fort, after several hours' fighting. Major Booth was killed, together with several other officers. Upon taking possession of the fort, which had only a garrison of 600, the Confederates commenced an indiscriminate butchery, not only of the soldiers—black and white—but of the women and children, killing in all some 400 persons, mutilating the dead, cruelly bayoneting the wounded on the field, and shooting some of them in the hospitals. The negroes, against whom the Confederates cherish a deep animosity, were treated with particular indignity. Five were buried alive. Six guns were captured by the Confederates and carried off, including two 10-pounder Parrots and two 12-pounder howitzers. A large amount of stores was destroyed or carried away. In other parts of the field operations have been without importance. Both sides appear to be preparing for the grand struggle of the summer, in which the vital question of the time is to be finally decided.

The spring elections in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Missouri, New Jersey, and other States, show heavy Union gains. In Maryland and Louisiana the elections for delegates to State Constitutional Conventions were carried by the friends of unconditional emancipation; and in both States slavery will soon be abolished by constitutional amendments. The Louisiana Convention met in New Orleans on the 6th of April.

EUROPE.

The Schleswig-Holstein question remains without material change. Hostilities have been continued during the month, but without any definite result. The siege of Düppel has been persisted in by the Prussians, who have, however, been several times repulsed—once in a grand assault all along the line. Their progress toward the reduction of the place amounted, at the latest dates, merely to

the opening of the first siege parallel. It was said an effort would be made to flank the position. The town of Sonderburg has been bombarded and partly destroyed by the Prussians. In the siege of Fredericia the Austrians, failing to accomplish any satisfactory results, for a time suspended active operations, but were preparing at the close of March to renew them. The strength of the Prussian army at Düppel, at the last accounts, was 40,000 men; the Austro-Prussian corps, which has invested Fredericia, consisted of 16,000 men; and about 8000 were in the northern part of Jutland. The repulses sustained by the Germans at Düppel and Fredericia are represented to have given fresh encouragement to the Danes, who display the most robust confidence in their cause and themselves. The King maintains his original resolute attitude, declaring that, while he desires peace, he will never submit to humiliation. The negotiations for a Conference in London were still going on, but doubts are entertained whether any solution of the complication will be reached. All the Powers, however, will probably participate. At the close of the Norwegian Storthing the King, in his speech, said that Sweden, jointly with the other Powers, would endeavor to obtain peace, but, at the same time, was prepared to render assistance to Denmark against an overpowering force.

The Poland troubles continue, and several engagements between the insurgents and the Russians have taken place. The Polish peasants have issued a manifesto against the Czar. The paper contains a programme of organization for the raising of a peasant army of a million of men, from the ages of sixteen to sixty, who are to assault Warsaw and the other Polish cities held by the Russians.

Hungary is also excited by renewed revolutionary agitation. A military organization is said to be forming on the basis of a former regimental list of the National Guards.

Garibaldi has arrived in England, and been received with great enthusiasm.

In the English House of Lords, on the 5th of April, the Marquis of Clanricarde moved for the correspondence with the Confederate States in reference to the removal of the British consuls from Southern ports and the enlistment of English subjects in the rebel army. Earl Russell agreed to the motion, the words "so-called" being inserted before "Confederate States," lest it should be imagined that Parliament had recognized the Confederacy. The House of Lords has decided against the crown in the *Alexandra* case, and the vessel would be restored to her owners. Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., has resigned his seat in the British Cabinet, in consequence of the French official repetition of his complicity with Mazzini and Greco in the conspiracy against Napoleon's life. Lord Palmerston, speaking on the subject, said that the "personal" and "dynastic safety" of Napoleon were essential to the best interests of Europe.

JAPAN.

A new Embassy from Japan has arrived at Suez. The embassy will visit Paris, and apologize to the Emperor for the misdeeds of the Tycoon; and will then proceed to London, Vienna, and also to Switzerland. It is noteworthy that while European Powers are constantly involved in difficulties of some sort with the Japanese, the American Government, without any sacrifice of principle or interest, maintains perfectly peaceful relations. During the present year Mr. Pruyn, the United States Minis-

ter, has negotiated a treaty with the Japanese Government which considerably enlarges the facilities for commerce between the two countries. It was signed at Yeddo on the 28th of January, and provides that the articles used in the preparation and packing of teas shall be free of duty; that the following articles shall be admitted at the reduced duty of five per cent: Machines and machinery, drugs and medicines [except opium], iron, in pigs or bars; sheet-iron and iron wire, tin plate, white sugars, in loaves or crushed; glass and glass-ware, clocks and watches, watch-chains, wines, malted and spirituous liquors; and that the citizens of the United States importing or exporting goods shall always pay the

duty fixed thereon, whether such goods are intended for their own use or not.

MEXICO.

Maximilian has not yet been declared Emperor of Mexico at the close of this Record. After adjusting a treaty with Napoleon by which the interests of France were secured, a difficulty arose in the Imperial family of Austria respecting the presumptive right of Maximilian to the Austrian crown. This difficulty, however, after some negotiation, in which a French General who was sent to Vienna for the purpose participated, was adjusted, and the final announcement of the Archduke's acceptance of the throne of Mexico was daily expected.

Literary Notices.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, by JOHN HANNING SPEKE. We have already spoken at length of this the latest and one of the most valuable of the contributions which have within ten years been made to our knowledge of the African continent. We refer to the work here mainly for the purpose of giving a brief outline of the results of modern explorations in Africa. Barth, starting in 1849 from Tunis, after some preliminary travels in the northern portion, struck due southward, passing through the northern desert, and reaching the fertile region around Lake Tsad and the country drained by the Niger. Southward he went to about the latitude of ten degrees north of the equator, westward to Timbuctoo in about longitude five degrees west of Greenwich. The region over which his researches extend is about thirty degrees from east to west, and the same number north and south, embracing one-third of the territory of the continent. Though written in a somewhat hard and dry manner, his three large volumes abound with minute information as to the geography, productions, ethnology, and history of what, for the want of a better term, may be styled the civilized part of Africa. It will probably be long before any notable additions will be made to his work, which for the present is the great store-house of material for our knowledge of that portion of Central Africa down to about four degrees north of the equator. Livingstone, about the same time, after a long residence in the great southern desert, set out on his great expedition across the continent. He describes mainly the central portion lying between the parallels of ten and twenty degrees south latitude; though his inquiries extended to within four degrees of the equator. The inhabitants of the region described by Livingstone differ widely from those with whom Barth came in contact.

Between the region traversed by Barth and that gone over by Livingstone lies a tract of about eight degrees in breadth—four on each side of the equator—which, with the exception of a narrow line on each coast, eastern and western, has until recently been wholly unknown. On the eastern belt the population has a large infusion of Arab blood. Slavery prevails; but few slaves from this shore have ever reached America. The western shore is the great hive from which the American population "of African descent" have involuntarily swarmed. Here are Ashanti, Dahomey, and Congo; here are the "Grain Coast," the "Ivory Coast," and the "Slave Coast." The books relating to this region

are numerous. The best, by all odds, is that of the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, whose modest volume is pronounced by Livingstone to be the best volume which he had ever seen relating to the West Coast of Africa. There are but three books of any value upon the interior of this equatorial belt. Paul du Chaillu, a naturalist of no inconsiderable acquirements, who had established himself in trade upon the West Coast, made several excursions into the interior, almost on the line of the equator. He went about three hundred miles eastward, which brought him somewhere about a quarter across the continent from west to east; a hundred miles on each side of the equator would comprise the northern and southern limits of his explorations; but within these limits he traveled, always on foot, nearly 8000 miles through a region wholly unexplored. He is the first traveler who professes to give from his own observation any accounts of the gorilla or of the cannibal tribes of the interior. His narrative has been the subject of much discussion, many writers considering it almost wholly fabulous; but those best qualified to judge are fully convinced of its entire truthfulness. The nearer subsequent travelers approach to the scene of his explorations the nearer are the character and habits of the people found to correspond with Du Chaillu's descriptions. Burton, starting from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast, went a third of the distance across the Continent. The line of his journey was, however, mainly south of the fifth parallel of latitude, and therefore only on the edge of the equatorial belt. Still, from the accounts of native traders, he was able to gather much new and valuable information respecting the Lake Region of Central Africa.

Speke, who had accompanied Burton on this expedition, and had discovered the great Lake N'yanza, in which he at once concluded must be found the source of the Nile, set out on an independent expedition in order to verify the truth of his theory. He followed his old route due west nearly a thousand miles, then turned directly north, skirting the western and northern sides of the lake to its outlet, which he ascertained to be a large, and in all probability the main, branch of the Nile. This journey northward led him for a full thousand miles in a straight line through a region never before visited by a white man, until he reached Gondokoro, in latitude five degrees north, the farthest southern limit of previous explorers. From thence, following the Nile another thousand miles, he reached Khartoom, at the junction of the Blue Nile and the

White, fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the river. This journey of Speke's is probably the longest one of pure exploration ever accomplished by any private expedition. It has, we think, made more positive additions to our stock of knowledge than any other single expedition. Some English critics have endeavored to discredit Speke's claim to having discovered the true source of the Nile. There seems little reason to doubt that this river receives one, and probably several, large affluents from a direction still further West. But, as far as our present meagre knowledge of the topography of the country enables us to judge, none of these can drain a tract sufficiently extensive to give rise to a stream so considerable as that which forms the outlet of Lake N'yanza. At all events, no future explorations can deprive Speke of the honor of having discovered the source of a great, and probably the greatest, affluent of the Nile. Apart from the geographical and ethnological information which it contains, Speke's Journal is one of the most clear and interesting narratives of personal adventure ever written.

The Southern portion of the African continent, from the 35th to the 15th parallels, is of special interest to the ethnologist and student of natural history. With the exception of a few tracts of limited extent, which have been seized upon by English and Dutch colonists, the whole region is unfitted for a residence for civilized man. In the centre is an arid desert, as barren as that of Sahara, shading off toward each coast into a region which affords admirable retreats for wild beasts. The inhabitants of this whole region are among the lowest of the human family. They vary greatly in physical character, but mentally and morally bear a close affinity. They lead a miserable life, alternating between gluttony and starvation, and are engaged in continual wars, the main object of which is to steal each other's cattle, extermination of the owners coming in as an inevitable though accidental adjunct. Their country is, however, the paradise of hunters; and the best, in fact the only good books upon it, have been written by men who have gone thither primarily in the capacity of Nimrods, though some of these were men of no inconsiderable acquirements. Gordon Cumming led the way in this direction some fifteen years ago. His book, however, is wholly one of personal adventure, adding almost nothing to the amount of knowledge of the region. His range was on the east side of the great Kalahari Desert. Andersson comes next: his ground was on the west side. His two books, "*Lake Ngami*" and the "*Okovango River*," while they abound in personal adventure, embody also much information respecting the country and its inhabitants. His discovery of a great river, flowing from toward the coast directly into the interior of the continent, is of special significance in its bearings upon some disputed points of African geography. The last writer upon our list of those who describe the southern part of Africa is Baldwin, whose hunting adventures in the whole region from Natal to the Zambesi are excelled by nothing of the kind in any language. The incidental information given by Baldwin is of considerable scientific value.

When the great equatorial belt shall have been explored, so that we can know the physical character of the water-shed which divides the streams which ultimately find their way into the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, and the Mediterranean; whether there is really any mountain range answering es-

entially to that known on our maps as the Mountains of the Moon, dividing the continent of Africa, nearly on the line of the equator; and when the region lying west of Speke's route, between the basins of Lakes Tsad and N'yanza has been laid open, the remaining problems of African geography will have been solved.

Life of Edward Livingston, by CHARLES HAVENS HUNT. Livingston's fame rests mainly upon his labors as a jurist. The code which he prepared for the State of Louisiana is acknowledged to be a model of simplicity, clearness, and humanity, and is the source to which may be traced the leading ameliorations which have been made in our penal codes. His career as a politician and statesman was also distinguished and honorable. At two periods, a generation apart, he exerted as powerful an influence as any other man for the preservation of the Union. When, almost at the beginning of the Administration of the elder Adams, the largest State in the Union seemed on the point of adopting the heresy of "State Sovereignty," Livingston, then in his early manhood, was one of the most able and earnest of the men through whose exertions the maintenance of the Union was the paramount consideration, was recognized as the fundamental article in the creed of the Democratic party. Forty years later, when the doctrine of Nullification again threatened the national life, it was to Livingston, next after Jackson, that we owe the defeat of the attempt. He was the trusted adviser and counselor of the President, and the author of the famous proclamation in which the duty of the Government was laid down in terms that no man could mistake. "For what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union?" said Jackson, in the words of Livingston; "for the dream of separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power.... But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce to you that you can not succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject. My duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution deceived you. They knew that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws; and they knew that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion; disunion by armed force is treason." To great ability and high culture Livingston added the highest personal worth. Mr. Hunt in this work has made a welcome addition to American biography. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

The Veil Partly Lifted, by W. H. FURNESS. From the title of this work one would naturally be led to expect a series of very orthodox essays, having for their object the more complete revelation of the Saviour. The author takes as his principle the following; namely, that it is not giving such extraordinary power to man to suppose him capable of detecting the fabulous as it would be to suppose him capable of producing fables bearing so far the semblance of facts as to be incapable of detection. He then proceeds on the hypothesis that the atonement, as it is understood among orthodox Christians, is a human fabrication. To support this ground more fully he adduces the fact that the ancients had likewise their doctrine of the atonement. Now the author must admit that both among the ancients and among Christians the atonement, so

far as it has been believed in at all, has so far worn the semblance of a veritable fact to the believer; and these, by his own showing, have been the overwhelming majority of the human race. Well, there are some who do not believe. To them it does not wear the semblance of truth. What follows from these premises? Plainly that man has both the power of fabricating a fable which has the semblance of truth, and, in addition to this, a certain intellectual power which can tear away this semblance. Mr. Furness looks upon the atonement as a fable; Christians generally credit it as a veritable fact. The former can no more demonstrate his position than the latter. Mr. Furness sees something which Christians generally do not see; and they also see something which he does not. Is the veil then lifted? We think not, except to the author and those whose visual organs are in sympathy with his. We do not mean that these books have no effect. This work and Renan's "Life of Jesus" are calculated to influence men, and they do: they help on a skeptical tendency prevalent in the intellectual world; but they can not affect the stronger current of nature. We look therefore upon works of this class with this feeling—that they are characteristic of special tendencies and movements that have their course, their eddying maelstroms, and sometimes their sad shipwrecks, but they are not the wide ocean-current that sways the tides of humanity. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.)

A Popular Hand-Book of the New Testament, by GEORGE CUMMING McWHORTER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In a brief compass this volume contains a resumé of the main results of the labors of those who have critically investigated the subject of the canon of the New Testament. The stand-point of the author is that the Scriptures are an expression of the mind and will of the Holy Ghost, containing or implying all that He deemed necessary for man to know, and wholly free from error in faith and practice. In what manner the Divine Author guided the human instruments through whom the revelation was made, "has not," in the words of the book, "been revealed, and therefore can not be defined; yet it may be confidently affirmed that the inspiration is *plenary*, is *sufficient*, rendering the Scriptures the word of God." Starting from this point of the inspiration of some Scripture, the author gives a condensed statement of the reasons which have led to the reception by the Christian world of the various books which form the canon of the New Testament, as that Scripture given by the inspiration of God. Mr. McWhorter has performed with judgment and discretion the task which he undertook.—He has also (D. Appleton and Company, publishers) put forth a volume of *Church Essays* upon various matters of Christian faith, characterized by a tone of reverent feeling, and expressed in a pure and graceful style which will commend them to every devout reader.

Daleth: the Homestead of Nations, by EDWARD L. CLARK. (Ticknor and Fields, Boston.) This beautiful volume of Egyptian travel embodies a selection from all the results which time has accumulated—a selection in which history is blended with modern discovery: Herodotus shaking hands familiarly with Belzoni and Champollion. The work is not a critical one, nor is it designed to present any new material. It is not, however, by any means a mere compilation; the taste of the author, and the spirit of enthusiasm which animates him throughout, gives the book at the same time an air of fresh-

ness and elegance. The style is popular, and the interest of the reader is not disturbed by burdensome details or technicalities. The vague spirit of poetry, which leads the writer to conceits bordering on phantasy, will harm no one, while to a large class of readers it will prove a great fascination.

Private Miles O'Reilly: His Book. Under the fantastic garb of poems, speeches, and reflections of a mythical private of the Hibernian persuasion, are embodied more sound sense, keen suggestions, and trenchant satire than can be found in the debates in Congress for a session. The poem on "Sambo's Right to be Kilt," which is to be sung to the rollicking tune of the "Low-backed Car," contains in three stanzas the whole argument for the employment of colored troops in our army, which has been so laboriously and wearily inflicted upon Congress, and spread out on the pages of the *Congressional Globe*—which luckily nobody is obliged to read. Underlying the apparently reckless humors of the mythical Private Miles—who, however, wears the well-won shoulder-straps of a Major in the army of the Union—is a vein of tender pathos, which elevates his book into the realm of true poetry.—Different from this, and yet somewhat akin, is a volume of poems entitled *Lyrics of a Day*. The audience, "fit" though perhaps "few," who call to mind a volume of poems issued some fifteen years ago by HENRY H. BROWNELL, will know who it is that in this volume styles himself simply a "Volunteer in the U. S. Service." Reproduced from the earlier volume are a few admirable poems, among which is what we think the very best out of a score of good versions of the wonderful "Dies Iræ," and a wild poem, "Obed the Skipper," than which a poorer has made many a literary reputation. Besides these reproductions there are in this little volume quite a score of the most stirring lyrics for which the war has given occasion. They were flung by the author upon the pages of a dozen periodicals. He has done well in reclaiming his fugitive offspring. (Published by George H. Carleton.)

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1864. For completeness of topics, carefulness of arrangement, and accuracy of statement, this volume comes nearer to perfection than any book of its class which we have occasion to consult. It will be found absolutely indispensable for any man who wishes to have at hand, ready for consultation, a condensed and reliable statement of the material facts in the history of the past year. (Published by George W. Childs.)

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864, edited by DAVID A. WELLS, presents a resumé of the most important discoveries and improvements in the various departments of Science, Industry, and Arts. The book is in every way valuable as a work for reference and consultation. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

Villas and Cottages, by CALVERT VAUX. Mr. Vaux was the associate of the late A. J. Downing, to whom, more than to any other man, is owing the advance which has been made in the rural architecture of the Northern States. Mr. Vaux has wrought in the spirit of his friend, and his admirable work contains several designs which are their joint production. In this enlarged edition will be found several new designs completely worked out, besides a great number of illustrations of architectural details. The designs range from a simple log-cottage, which will cost only the labor of the settler, to a splendid villa costing \$60,000. The majority of

the designs are for buildings costing from \$1500 to \$5000, and thus within the means of ordinary farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen. A great proportion of them have been carried into execution in different parts of the country, and in these cases the actual cost of building is given. The general design and the plans for the interior are so carefully given that they may be satisfactorily carried out by any clever mason and carpenter. The book should be introduced into every school library; for those who now fill the benches in our district schools are they who will soon build for themselves, and they should be taught in time that, by the exercise of taste and judgment, they can put up a dwelling which shall combine all the requirements of a home at an expense scarcely exceeding that of a mere shelter. In fact, one of the most suggestive designs in the book is that of a simple log-cottage. It contains nothing which an expert woodman could not execute with his axe, by a week's labor beyond that which would be required to erect a mere cabin of a single room, in which a whole family of men, women, and children eat, drink, sleep, wash, dress and undress all together. Some of the cottages which have actually been built for from \$1500 to \$3000 are, though upon a small scale, as graceful in exterior and convenient in interior arrangements as though they had cost five times as much. Many of the designs are so arranged that they can be enlarged from time to time, as the increasing family and means of the owner render it desirable and practicable. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Illustrated Horse Management, by EDWARD MAYHEW. This volume should be in the hands of every man who owns or expects to own a horse, and he should insist that his groom should read a chapter, or at least look at the illustrations, every morning. The book shows what an amount of wrong is inflicted, sometimes through brutality, oftener, we hope, through ignorance, upon the noblest conquest which man has made from the animal kingdom. It contains full remarks upon almost every point connected with the management, training, and treatment of horses, illustrated to the eye in a series of drawings quite as effective as the text. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Company.)

Christian Memorials of the War, by HORATIO B. HACKETT, D.D. A collection of some hundred and fifty anecdotes illustrating the intelligence, earnestness, Christian principle, and heroism of a large class of the soldiers who have gone forth to fight the battles of our country. It is safe to say that no army ever contained so large a proportion of men of virtue and intelligence as that which is now enlisted under the flag of the Union. While it can not be denied that military life tends, in one direction, to loosen the bonds of social life and principle, it is equally true that it has also a strong tendency—quite as strong, and we think stronger, in the opposite direction. Our own army is composed almost wholly of volunteers. Some have undoubtedly volunteered from recklessness or in ignorance; but the great majority, we are persuaded, have entered the army from motives as exalted as those which have led others to missionary service. We believe that our army, officers and privates, is, as a whole, a fair representative of the virtue and intelligence of the nation. We believe, moreover, that the men who went into the army good men will, nine times out of ten, leave it better men. If any thing were needed to confirm this opinion it

would be such a collection of anecdotes as this of Professor Hackett. We trust that the number of them will be multiplied. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

Woman and her Era, by ELIZA W. FARNHAM. The idea of this work, as is pompously announced by the author, is to demonstrate "the Superiority of Woman:" not simply, as appears in the course of the argument, that she is superior in certain respects and for certain ends, but that she is absolutely superior. We say in the outset that in our judgment the book is every way a bad one: bad in purpose, bad in tendency, and bad in execution. To justify our opinion we proceed briefly to lay down its leading points, usually in the words of the author. The leading argument is thus stated in syllogistic form: "Life is exalted in proportion to its Organic and Functional Complexity; Woman's Organism is more Complex and her Totality of Function larger than those of any other being inhabiting our earth; Therefore her position in the Scale of Life is the most exalted—the Sovereign one." The arguments by which the minor proposition is supported belong rather to the lecture-room of the anatomist than to the library of the non-professional reader. Michelet should have pondered it before writing his "L'Amour;" perhaps, in that case, one bad theory might have neutralized a worse one. The "Organic Argument" having been presented, the "Religious Argument" follows. From a mass of obscure utterances upon this point we extract the following, which we present as the best summary of the scope of the whole: "Organic Superiority is in itself proof positive of Super-organic Superiority. . . . Life is the most advanced which employs, in the service of the greatest number of powers, the most complex mechanism for the End of Use. We are therefore prepared to find in it" [the feminine structure] "the embodiment of a larger number of powers and higher aims in its Use, . . . a deeper feeling for the Ends of Use, a more abiding faith in and loyalty to Development, as the one aim that makes life worthy of acceptance, and sweet in its passing taste, and on the other hand to see that its failure herein is more fatal and destructive than it is in the masculine life. . . . The feminine includes the masculine, transcending it in both directions." Herein lies the argument of the book, which is spread over two volumes of cloudy phrases. The final conclusion is reached near the close of the second volume. Here it is: "The question of Rights settles itself in the true statement of Capacities. Rights are narrowest where Capacities are fewest—broadest where they are the most numerous. . . . It is plain, then, as between masculine and feminine, where the most expanded circle of Rights will be found; and equally plain the absurdity of man, the narrower in capacities, assuming to define the sphere of Rights for Woman, the broader." Such is Mrs. Farnham's idea of "Woman and her Era." We trust that it will be long before Woman adopts it. (Published by A. J. Davis and Company.)

Strategy and Tactics, by General G. H. DUFOUR. The author of this book is Chief of the General Staff of the Army of Switzerland. It is translated and slightly modified by Captain WM. P. CRAIGHILL, lately Professor in the Military Academy at West Point. The names of the Author and Translator are a sufficient guarantee of the value of the work. It is, moreover, published by Mr. D. Van Nostrand, whose imprint upon any book relating to military affairs is of itself a warrant for its value.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great Fair was the great interest of the early Spring. It was proper that the general movement for the benefit of the national charity known as the Sanitary Commission should culminate in the Fair of the city of New York, which is our chief city, if not a true metropolis; and coming as it did in the midst of the elections, which were prodigious indications of the tenacity of the national purpose, it served but to make that purpose visible in its humanest form. For the feeling whence the Commission springs, and the true charm of all these noble efforts to help it, is sympathy with the soldiers who are fighting the great battle in the field. As Mr. Choate well said in his speech at the formal opening of the Fair in New York, the soldiers, as they turn their eyes homeward, will see in this vast combination of industry, and this general and generous emulation in heaping up money for their assistance, the most signal proof of the care and love and interest which follow them to the field, and cherish them in perpetual remembrance.

It seemed to be the imposing success of the Fairs in Chicago and Boston which immediately inspired the movement in New York. It began rather languidly. The prospectus was large and imposing, but the response was not at first so promising. It was not that sympathy or interest had flagged, but that there was a general shyness in giving to them the precise form which was suggested, and which, to be of real service, must be of truly metropolitan proportions. But as the time approached all doubt vanished. Gradually every body was drawn into the grand conspiracy. The brains, the fingers, and the purses of faithful men and women throughout the city, neighborhood, and State, as well as those of our countrymen in foreign lands, were all busy with the one object of preparing for a demonstration which should be equally worthy of the city and the cause. And when the opening day arrived, and, under the auspices of the Commanding General of the Department, a military parade took place to signalize the occasion, its success was already secured, and the imposing spectacle of the parade was but emblematic of the triumph.

Within the last few years there have been many remarkable military processions in Broadway. The march of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment on the 17th of April, 1861, was perhaps the most truly interesting. That of the Seventh New York Regiment on the 19th of the same month was the most exciting. That of the Twentieth Regiment of United States colored troops in the early spring of this year was the most significant. But among them all the parade of the 4th of April, 1864, was not the least memorable; for the three years since the Massachusetts regiment passed one Wednesday morning, amidst the doubt and wonder and dismay of the spectators, had transformed a parade of our citizen soldiers from a curious and pretty pageant into a spectacle full of reality and meaning. The thousands of men who marched, with waving banners and melodious bands, in honor of the opening Fair, through the long street packed with people, and under the houses and windows and doors and balconies swarming with spectators, looked no longer like holiday militia, but like soldiers in the midst of a tremendous war, who knew that their next march might be to the battle-field. The distinction between regulars and volunteers had van-

ished. The soldiers of that day were a corps of the great actual army of the people.

By five o'clock the parade was over, and at six the doors of the Fair were opened. A prayer; Dr. Holmes's Army Hymn, nobly sung; a patriotic speech by General Dix, and an admirable response by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, were all the immediate opening ceremonies. That evening, and for many days following, the Fair was the great event of the city. Every morning its daily history was published, and enormous as the success was, it was well deserved. Each department was wonderfully complete. There was the finest collection of pictures ever gathered in the city. There was the most interesting and copious museum of military trophies of the country. There was a curiosity shop unsurpassed as a museum of things quaint and rare. There was a children's hall—a vast nursery—of profuse and delightful attraction. There were living reproductions of the ancient days in the Knickerbocker Gallery and the Cockloft Summer House. There were war-dances by Indians from the Rocky Mountains; and as the chief substance and business of the Fair, there were booths, tables, and counters, at which every useful trade was represented, and every article of luxury or necessity could be purchased: while a lofty floral temple, blooming with flowers and blithe with birds, rose in the centre of the great hall. The finest orchestras filled the air with music: and a spacious restaurant, occupying two floors of a temporary building erected for the purpose, were so incessantly thronged by an eager and merry company that, as a wit suggested, its walls should have been appropriately tapestried with Gobbins'.

The episodic attractions were endless. The mind of a certain kind of piety could not but see with satisfaction that the unspeakable crime of raffling was not tolerated; while the generous charitable human soul was glad to know that "subscriptions" were possible for albums and caskets of exquisite sketches by our best artists, which few single purses could afford. The expenditure was noble and profuse. The prices of wares were not exorbitant, and the hours and fairies did not hesitate to give change. The gossip that floated through the Fair and beyond took a golden magnificence of tone, as when it was whispered that one rich man said that he would give as much as any body, and another rich man hearing it, drew his check for a hundred thousand dollars. But these rumors in the air were unavoidable. They arose naturally out of the dazzling profusion and wild elegance of the scene. It was a Saturnalia of charity and good-feeling. How could it be too opulent, too extravagant? This surpassing flower of sympathy sprung from the red battle-field, from the hushed dimness of military hospitals, from the pain of wounded brothers. Drop, little child, your penny in this box. Give, kind Sir, five dollars for this subscription. Pay, dear Madame, a hundred, a thousand, for this shawl. They shall soothe the aching brow. They shall prop the dying head. Listen! through all the music and the murmur and the various splendor, there is one refrain that continues its ceaseless song; *but the greatest of these is charity.*

New York will yet have many a striking spectacle. Some happy day her bells will ring in a Fourth of July which shall dawn over a reunited, free, and prosperous people. Many a new anni-

versary will arise from the great struggle, and each return be hailed with joy. But hardly shall she see a nobler sight than this spring saw: when, in the midst of the huge struggle for Union, Liberty, and Peace, she stretched her hand still wider and farther to smooth the sick bed of the soldiers.

LAST April we were talking about the removal of Mr. Verplanck from the presidency of the Century Club in this city, on the ground of his openly expressed sympathy with the enemies of the country. Whoever will take the trouble to turn to our pages for April will perceive the manner in which we discussed the subject, and the grounds upon which we justified it. It seems that there are those who do not agree with our view. Indeed, one gentleman very plainly says that to assert that those who do not sympathize with the Government in its struggle against the rebellion should be proscribed in all organizations of whatever character is but another method for asserting that Democrats are traitors. Heaven save the mark! It is no more another method of saying that than it is of saying that all Englishmen are cannibals.

For let this gentle Sir consider his own words. He says as plainly as words can that Democrats do not sympathize with the Government. But by what right does he confound Democrats with a class of men distinctively known as Copperheads? The new president of the Club is quite as good and eminent a Democrat as the old. General Dix and General Butler are quite as good Democrats as can be found, or as ever were found, in the country. If the gentleman who makes this extraordinary statement is serious, and means to call himself a Democrat because he does not sympathize with the Government, and by necessary implication does sympathize with the rebellion, he misunderstands entirely the position which the leading Democrats of the country hold, and merely ranks himself with the national enemies. That such a gentle Sir should think it eminently unfair to remove Mr. Verplanck from his representative position in a social and literary club of men who *do* sympathize with the Government is no more surprising than that Mr. Valandigham should commend the old club facetiously called "Union" for *not* expelling Judah Benjamin.

The Century Club is not a political body. True. Neither is the war a political debate. It is something very different. It is the mighty military effort of the Government against a desperate conspiracy, which began and continues its work in blood. It is an effort in which all faithful citizens are terribly in earnest. But how can any body believe them—how can they believe themselves to be in earnest, if in a club for their social relaxation their president, or representative man, openly declares that the war is a crime upon the part of the Government, and that we are all gone to the deuce. The sons, friends, brothers of these men are laying down their lives. Their homes are desolate; their hearts are pierced and broken; but they believe in the cause and in the war. Does any body suppose that they are going to tolerate as their president a man who, by sneering and scoffing on the one side, and open words of sympathy upon the other, is really sustaining the slaughter of their brethren and friends, and that it is to be done under the plea of a difference of opinion?

Pray, if a club is established for social relaxation, and in the heat of a civil war, the Easy Chair, as a member, comes in on some pleasant evening bring-

ing an English Fauteuil or a French Camp-stool; in a word, introducing a stranger—and hears his brother called a fool, and his son a simpleton, and his government knavish or imbecile, and its enemies right, and its cause contemptible, and its course unjustifiable—how much social relaxation does he derive from his Club? His friends, the strangers, naturally and properly estimate the general sentiment of society by what they hear said and see to be quietly assented to. Obviously one of two things will happen; either the Easy Chair and all who agree with him will be driven from the Club, or those who cherish and defend the men who are massacring their friends will be compelled to cease to represent the Club.

This is all that has happened. The Club is not so childish as to call sympathy with public enemies in arms a political difference of opinion; nor is it so exquisitely absurd as to consider that sympathy the distinctive sign of a Democrat. Indeed the Easy Chair's attention was drawn to this disagreement with its views by "a Democrat of thirty years' standing," living five hundred miles west of Chicago.

When the Plague devastated Florence eight centuries ago, a party of young friends fled from the city to the sunny gardens of Fiesole, and there told stories to beguile the time, and to win their minds from the sorrow of the city. Perhaps there are some who believe that garden to be the ideal of an American social club in the midst of this war. But not so think the Centurions. They neither forget, nor wish to forget, the tremendous struggle in which their hearts are invested, and their future welfare, with their children's, is involved. If an old Revolutionary patriot could not comfortably worship in a church where the minister prayed for King George, how can an American citizen to-day comfortably frequent a club in which the President justifies the Rebellion?

"DORINDA'S name is legion. The Easy Chair's comments upon the occasional rudeness of women in the cars have drawn forth a volley of replies, all courteous, all interesting, and all flattering, as showing that his words were considered worthy a reply. As many of the incidents narrated in them are really illustrative of manners, let us consider some of them. One Doriṇda says:

"I had been paying a visit to some relatives in — County, and my husband not being able to come after me, I was obliged to return home alone. My friends accompanied me to the station, where we met the morning train to P—, and one of them had barely time to see me safe in the lady's car, when the whistle blew and he rushed to the door leaving me 'alone in crowds to wander on' and find a seat for myself.

"We had traversed the length of the car when we entered, and every seat seemed to be occupied—but I *made no remark about it*. I said I was alone. I was, in one sense of the word, but not in another. I had with me a babe of nine months old, and the encumbrance of a small basket, an extra shawl, and an umbrella. The cars began to move, and I rushed into the first vacant place I saw. It was a single seat just inside the door, and so placed that I had to ride backward, which always gives me the headache.

"Opposite me sat a young lady, with her crinoline spread over a double seat, who eyed me, baby and bundles, as though I had just dropped from the moon, but made no offer of assistance. Every time the door was opened, which was frequently, the wind blew furiously right on my baby's head. I didn't despair, however, thinking when we next stopped I would try again. When the conductor came around I asked him to get me another seat as soon as he saw one vacant. He said he would, and that was all of it, for he never bothered himself about it. So I sat there,

cooped up, with my basket under my feet, my shawl in a huge bundle stuck between me and the wall, the baby jumping and crowing in my lap, requiring all my strength and presence of mind to keep him out of danger for more than half the way home. I can assure you I was now in a very bad humor, and determined, when the cars stopped at the next station, to make a bold push for a seat. The young lady in front of me, who, after the first stare, had persistently looked out of the window, utterly oblivious of me and my surroundings, now leaned forward and said: 'I'll hand you your things if you want to change seats.' As if she didn't know that two hours ago! Well, at last, with this tardy assistance, I succeeded in getting a better seat; with the slight drawback of seeing baby's hat, the strings of which were untied, brushed off his head by a passer-by, trampled under foot, and, I thought, carried out of the car by the trailing garments of the ladies. I was mistaken in this, however, for a lady picked it up and gave it to me. It was a knit cap, luckily, or it would have been utterly ruined.

"Now, Monsieur, don't you think I was victimized? There were plenty of gentlemen occupying double seats, and, as I am neither old nor ugly, I really think it would not have been so disagreeable to them 'to do the polite.' And the baby wasn't old enough to eat candy, and thus soil their clothing in any way. In fact, he was an extremely well-behaved baby, as well as a handsome one (of course). He did not cry once the whole journey through. I am sure I was an 'object of interest!' Do not you think so? The conductor was, undoubtedly, to blame; but, as churlishness is his characteristic, nothing better is to be expected of him. And as for the young lady, I hope, if she ever arrives at the dignity of maturity, and should be similarly situated, she may meet with better luck than I did.

"Now, Sir, you may keep this for your own private perusal, or publish it for the edification and improvement of Sister 'Dorindas' and uncivil gentlemen. I will say, however, to the credit of the latter, the above instance is the only one in my personal experience. I once went from Philadelphia to Weldon, North Carolina, alone, and met with courtesy and attention the whole way through."

Another Dorinda pleasantly chides the Easy Chair for growing churlish; then slides into sarcasm, and says that it is never surprising when women are reminded that they are not properly grateful for the nameless incessant courtesies they receive from men. But we can fearlessly ask this Dorinda whether the Easy Chair's remarks justified such a thrust as that. She also tells a story:

"While the stage was waiting at the hotel for passengers a tired, travel-worn woman, with her traveling-bag on one arm, a baby on the other, and another little toddling child that could scarcely walk unsupported, came to get in. She had just reached the high steps when a tall, and, had I seen him under other circumstances, I should have said gentlemanly-looking man, came from the hotel, and, stupidly blind to the woman and her children, strided past them, and took his seat next the door, which remained open, and before which stood the poor creature with her babies and bundles, the high steps of the stage looming up like Mont Blanc, and for her, possibly, equally as accessible of ascent. Poor thing! she did not possess but two arms—how, then, was that little toddler, when both of those were full, to be helped up those steps, which, after two or three ineffectual attempts, she found it was unable to climb alone? And there, meanwhile, sat my Lord Lofty with the child and woman at his very feet, probably concocting his next editorial—for he is both minister and editor. Immediately opposite him, and equally indifferent to the demands on their gallantry, sat two well-dressed young gentlemen volubly discussing the chances of a horse-race which they were intending to attend, and for which purpose they had taken the stage, as it was to come off a few miles from the city on the stage route. At last a young lady, who had sat at the far end of the stage quietly reading until this scene attracted her attention, with burning cheeks and indignant face sprang forward with, 'Here, Sir, let me help you; I see there is no one else.' And taking

the child by the arms, with the woman's satchel also, helped her to a seat. In my opinion that young lady rebuked an outrage of 'the fine laws of behavior,' to say nothing of common kindness. Possibly it may be asked what business had the woman to travel in so helpless and friendless a condition? The answer is ready. Her errand might have been a most important one, and she doubtless relied on the courtesy and kindness of American gentlemen upon which our brothers felicitate themselves so gracefully."

Still another says, after likewise regretting that the Easy Chair should have been so severe:

"I was once traveling with a lady, a confirmed invalid. It was an intensely hot day, so we opened the coach windows, and she, to avoid the cinders that would fly in, rode backward. Before we took our seats I carefully surveyed the premises, and saw neither satchel, shawl, nor umbrella—not as much as a walking-stick, to show that the seat had been occupied. After we had ridden four or five miles a gentleman came in from another coach, walked toward my friend, and with a refreshing coolness, considering the heat of the day, said, 'Madam, you have my seat; I want it.' It is needless to add it was given him. Another experience. I was coming home alone from a short journey. In Syracuse we changed cars, and looking after my baggage made me late in getting a seat. I walked through three coaches, and could find no vacant place, but in the fourth there were several with only one gentleman in each; and as not a seat was offered me, I leaned against the door, feeling *à la* Mungo Park before the black woman gave him shelter, until fatigue, combined with the headache, obliged me to ask for a seat. If I were an old woman, reverence for age should have given me a seat; if I were a spinster of very certain years, pity for my forlorn condition should have given me at least half a seat; and if I were young and pretty, gallantry should have said, 'Miss, may I offer you a seat?' I don't live in the metropolis or in the hub of the universe, still I have ridden in street cars—*en passant*, I detest them—and I am very sure I have seen half a dozen ladies standing, while more than that number of gentlemen were sitting. Now, don't imagine I think less of American gentlemen than you do. I only write to give my experience; and isn't the rudeness of sexes exceptional?"

Another Dorinda says that she "agrees with the Easy Chair exactly," and asks "what can make a woman more disagreeable than to claim as her right those little civil attentions which she ought to receive with graceful kindness?"

The Easy Chair accepts all the raps over his knuckles administered by almost all his correspondents, because even what he has now printed will go far and be read often, and many a traveler will bless the day when he asked counsel of Dorinda. He only wishes to exculpate himself so far as to say that he did not in his words, any more than in his heart, throw more, or insinuate that more should be thrown, upon the gentler sex than their own responsibility. When one of the Dorindas asks "Isn't the rudeness of the sexes exceptional?" she certainly strikes near the truth. And it would be much more exceptional if we only reflected that an innumerable cloud of witnesses holds us in full survey every time that we are tried, and some one of them is watching with peculiar interest and sympathy to see how we emerge.

You, for instance, who as you roll along are sitting alone and skimming this page may presently be tried. The pair of ladies will enter; there will be no seat; you must decide. Now at least one pair of eyes in the car is watching you, whether it seems so or not. If your courtesy fails, what says vanity? Do you declare that you will do nothing upon compulsion? Jack Falstaff said the same. Do you say that courtesy ought to be pure and not constrained? Very well, what ought selfishness to

be? Isn't courtesy, even a little mixed in motive, better than unadulterated self-indulgence? Come, good friend, you will make nothing of it by delay or excuse. You know that you ought to get up. She may be blunt, uncourteous, even surly. You may insist upon her thanking you if you will. But there is only one course for you. You must get up!

IN June, when these leaves will put out, the poor little Emperor Maximilian ought to have arrived at his imperial seat of Mexico. We say poor, not because he is a Prince of mean ability, for report most highly praises his capacity. But it is a word by which we mean to express the profound doubt which overhangs his fate. His coming marks an era in the history of this continent. The hand of the Old World upon the New had been relaxed. Taking advantage of our troubles the hold has been renewed. Is that hold to endure or to be shaken off? Can it endure without peril to this country? Can it be shaken off without a menace, and probably a war, for which we are ill prepared?

These are the questions that play persistent around the ship that brings the young Emperor to his throne. And who is the Emperor, and what is the throne? The throne is Mexican, the Emperor is Austrian; and he comes because the Frenchman has sent an army to clear the way and hold the door open. Would an Austrian be seating himself upon a Mexican throne if the Frenchman had staid at home?

The scope of the question has been vaguely glimmering before the mind of this country ever since the war began, but we have only lately felt how pressing and critical the movement was becoming. Occasionally, during the last three years, the Easy Chair has remarked some aspect of the case, but we are optimists, we Americans, and we were satisfied because France helped us in the Revolution, forgetting that it was hatred of England, not love of America, which inspired her action. Perhaps, at last, we are more thoroughly roused. At least one point must be clear to every man; namely, that a division of this Union into two or more powers, each of which could be played off against the other, is the cardinal necessity of any French-Austrian empire in Mexico which expects to endure. And since France, or Louis Napoleon, who is France for the nonce, is the strength of the enterprise, it is interesting to remember that he has spoken no word of sympathy for us since the war began, and has unquestionably urged England to interfere; while we, good innocent souls! have doubled up our fists and sworn like the whole Flanders army at John Bull, Jean Crapeau slyly stroking his mustache in the mean while.

From the quiet precincts of the Chair we look out upon these huge events heralded by tremendous portents. In the midst of our own war, for instance, every member of our House of Representatives, of every party, who is present when the vote is taken, records his name against the French scheme; and those who are absent, on the next day obtain leave to add their names to those of their associates. This unanimity undoubtedly represents that of the country, and it certainly does not indicate either inaction or acquiescence.

THE city has been excited during the spring by the sudden rise of omnibus fares. From ancient times New Yorkers have been trundled from their homes to their offices for sixpence, until the city

cars intervened with discomfort and fivepence. From the old Brouer four-horse stages, with a seat for the conductor by the side of the door, down to the present carriage, which is facetiously supposed to convey twelve passengers, and where there is a constant struggle to thrust the fare through the roof (and not out of the door, Dorinda!), the uniform charge has been six cents. And that time-honored institution has now fallen! That beacon, pointing to what orators rhetorically call "the better days of the republic," has departed in their company. One of the "landmarks" has disappeared, and New York must pay ten cents for its journey up and down Broadway.

It will be curious to watch the effect of this audacious innovation. Our own impression is that it is only a sign of insanity. It is the madness which precedes sure destruction. It is Cæsar's wrapping of the mantle around his form that he may fall with dignity. Because it is clear that the one thing which must now strike the eye interested in omnibuses is the presence of rails at the Battery—the great terminus of streets branching off in every direction; rails in Union Square; rails in Broom Street and Barclay; rails across Broadway at Bleecker; rails every where; a universal railyery, foreboding the decline of the whole Broadway omnibus system. The Legislature would not, indeed, listen to the project of the tunnel or underground railroad; but nevertheless the rails are every where closing in upon the old stage routes. New York will soon be rail-ridden and ridden upon a rail; and where then will be the time-honored, traditional landmark, monument, beacon, and institution, the Broadway omnibus?

These are the reflections which have doubtless absorbed the mind devoted to omnibuses as it has contemplated Broadway; and to make what little hay may be possible during the small sunshine that remains is undoubtedly the intention of this movement. For while this price is raised to exactly double that of the cars, the latter are by charter restricted to their original fare of five cents. What will be the result? It is a foregone conclusion. Many will walk, and be better for it, and the abominable crowding of the cars will be—increased and continued. For that is one of the things which triumphantly defies, cowers, and tramples under foot the pride and power of the empire city. It can not help itself. It shrieks, and sneers, and protests, and preaches, and the sublime inconvenience of the cars silently overbears all. How it is to be helped is difficult to say, unless the number of passengers in each car be limited by law. That is certainly easy enough and just enough. For the companies make great profits, and treat passengers like cattle. But to cook your hare, first catch him. To make your law, first secure your legislators. And who does that? Ah me!—or ah us! in this case—why is it, and how, that certain persons in the city always secure certain ends at Albany? Meanwhile let us make up our minds to it. If we wish to ride up and down town we must henceforth do so in crowded cars, until that Phoenix of a Legislature appears which will consult the interest of the public instead of the monopolies. For so long as the power of the people of New York in their Assembly can not make street cars carry only a certain number of passengers, so long it is the Company that triumphs over the people, with the consent of the legislators.

THERE was a large meeting of "working men"

during the past month, to protest against legislative prohibition of trades'-unions or combinations proceeding by force. Now the right of men to combine and fix prices for their labor is not only patent, but it is patented. It is affirmed and protected by law. But the right of other Easy Chairs to insist that the present Easy Chair shall not receive less than a hundred thousand dollars monthly for its services is—to make a bull—not a right, but a wrong. The utmost freedom in the adjustment of wages ought to be a fundamental principle with all who live by them. Combinations to keep wages high follow the eternal law. When wages are high the increase of workmen presently lowers them. The old rule of demand and supply is as active and as efficient here as every where. Impatience seizes a club which presently falls back upon its own head.

The history of such efforts in other countries is full of sadness and instruction. Many of the most interesting English novels of later years have turned upon some aspect of the struggle. The selfishness of capital, the desperation of labor, is one of the oldest tragedies. But such means as forcibly preventing a starving man, for instance, from selling his labor for what it will bring, are not less tragical. Men may combine, of course, and say that they will work only for certain wages, and that when less are offered they will refuse to work, and will meanwhile support each other out of a reserved fund. But if they go further, and declare that if any man who has not agreed with them shall work for less wages they will forcibly compel him to desist, they invade one of the most sacred and precious rights of every man, namely, the right to dispose of his own labor; a right which they themselves fully enjoy.

It is no more necessary to invite our friends to read Dickens's new story than to exhort them to eat the fresh strawberries. They will be very sure to do both; and in both cases they will find the old flavor unimpaired. Dickens begins "Our Mutual Friend" with a buoyancy which shows all the vitality and opulence of his genius—just as Thackeray's "Denis Duval" reveals the unshaken and ripper power of Thackeray. Had the latter only lived we should have renewed the old delightful days of Pendennis and Bleak House, when the two great athletes contended, and every generous reader wished each combatant to win. Only one remains, but the other still speaks to us. In the pages of our next Number will be found both Thackeray's "Denis Duval" and Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend;" and rich as all other Magazines may be, we are modestly content with our own.

Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the most curious phases of human nature is that which presents itself when something ludicrous happens in the midst of a sermon, a funeral, or any other solemn time. Then, like a bent bow that flies suddenly back to its place, the mind that was strained to its utmost tension before rebounds, and he who was ready to weep is now more than ever disposed to laugh.

Farmer B—— was sitting in a country church. He had been working hard in the harvest-field; hands were scarce and Farmer B—— was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length the good man closed the lids of the Bible and concluded as follows: "Indeed, my

hearers, the harvest is plenteous, and the laborers are few." "Yes," exclaimed Farmer B——, "I've offered two dollars a day for cradlers, and can't get them at that."

In the "Old White Meeting-House" the reverend editor of the New York *Observer* tells even a more remarkable story of sermon interruption than this. He says that the Rev. Dr. Rodgers was preaching on the destruction of Jerusalem. Describing the horrors of the famine to which the wretched citizens were reduced, he cited from Josephus the fact that the Roman soldiers were attracted by the smell of meat to enter a house, and demanding it, a woman brought out the remains of her own child, which she had cooked for food. In the congregation sat an elderly maiden, slightly cracked in the head-piece, who became greatly excited as the preacher proceeded with the harrowing description; and when the baked baby came out she flew off the handle. She sprang up and caught an old man in front of her by the hair, and shrieked out in her madness, "You're the man that's got my child!" It may well be believed that this startled the house; and two of the deacons, stepping forward, disentangled her talons from the poor man's hair, and led the crazed woman out of doors.

BUT the Drawer has heard of another case that takes the wrinkles out of all before it.

In the old Bay State, and in a county that shall be nameless, the Rev. Mr. Paine went to the parish of Hayfield to preach by exchange with a brother minister, who lived some twenty miles off. He went on Saturday, and put up himself and his horse with one of the congregation. The morning of Sunday came, and it was found that his horse had left the pasture in which he had been put overnight, and was gone no one knew where. Inquiries were made, but all in vain. As in duty bound, he let the horse go and went to church, determined to preach as well as he could that day, and get home as well as he could the next day. When time for sermon came he announced his text, with no thought of its relation to his recent loss: "O that I knew where I might find him!" "This," said he, "is an expression of sorrow—'O that I knew!' It is of sorrow over one that has been lost—'O that I knew where I might find him!'" Just at this moment a green, red-haired Yankee lad cried out, "Mr. Paine, Mr. Paine, you needn't be worryin' about that hoss; he's over in Deacon Jones's back pastur." This was too much. It relieved the preacher's anxiety for his lost "hoss;" but alas for his sermon! it was worse than spoiled.

In all creation is there a stupider man than he who figures in a late London police report? Read and wonder:

Of all the matter-of-fact men we have heard or read of commend us to the "middle-aged man, dressed in the garb of an engineer," who, as the police report tells us, entered the Southwark Police Court "in rather a flurried manner," and begged his worship's assistance with regard to a letter sent to his son, bearing on the envelope the words "On Her Majesty's service." The letter fell not into the son's hands but the father's, and threw the simple man at once into a state of bewildered agitation. When he opened it he found to his horror it was a summons, and bearing in mind the words on the outside, probably his idea, if he was able to form one, was

that his son had been guilty of high treason. True, it was headed "Court of Hymen;" but not having had the advantage of a classical education, this only made the matter worse, and plunged him into still deeper terror and perplexity. Reading on, he was dismayed to find his son summoned to "appear on the 14th at the Court of Hymen to answer the charge of stealing the heart of Amelia Smart," the summoning officer signing himself "J. Lovewell." Flat burglary! "I have read it," said the terrified father, "and can't make out what it means. I don't know any such place as the Court of Hymen. I know this police court, therefore I thought it advisable to come here about it." "But can't you see," said the clerk, "what it is? It is a valentine. I suppose it has been sent to your son by some young woman he knows." Even then the knot was not solved for him. "It does not look like a valentine," said he, "and I think something ought to be done to stop their circulation, as they are liable to frighten some people." Then it came out that the son has "a young woman" who "comes after him;" and his father, not yet awake to the joke, wishes to know if he could not prosecute her for sending "such a summons," and left the court "very dissatisfied" when he found he could not. No explanation could convince him that the Court of Hymen and Amelia Smart were compatible with his peace of mind.

A WISCONSIN correspondent is fairly into us. He says: You have given us some stories about Western "notisses" and Western courts for which I feel under obligation to furnish one that occurred in your city. I left New York January 9, 1849, in the good schooner *Olivia*, Captain Paulsen, for California. The vessel and cargo were owned by a company of ten residents of New York City, who had joined their fortunes and bought the vessel. The Captain went into the office of the company the day before sailing and said to the owners, "I must have a chronometer." They took a blank stare at each other all around, when one, more venturesome than the rest, broke out, "Well, Captain, haven't you got enough to eat already?" The Captain explained to them the difference between a chronometer and an oyster, after which they got the "costly thing."

THE mystery of banking and exchange is here very cleverly shown:

On the banks of the noble Susquehanna, among the mountains of the interior of Pennsylvania, stands the pleasant village of Clearfield. Like all places of its kind it has its merchants and its banker, and naturally enough the merchant deposits his funds in bank until his necessities require them. An instance of sharp practice in this connection occurred there a short time ago, which I consider worthy a mention in the *Drawer*. Mr. M——, a merchant, being on the eve of starting to Philadelphia to purchase goods, called upon Mr. F——, his banker, for a large amount of funds which he had from time to time deposited, and which he now would have occasion to use. Having to travel some distance by stage, Mr. M—— was advised by Mr. F—— not to risk carrying the money, but to purchase a draft on a banker in the city. Although exchange was worth one per cent., yet F—— kindly agreed to charge him only five-eighths, whereupon the draft was accepted. The next morning, as M—— was taking his place in the stage, he was hailed by F—— with "I say, M——, I have a small package I wish you would carry to Philadelphia for me." M—— willingly took charge

of the package, and finding it addressed to the same party upon whom the draft was drawn, made no delay in delivering it upon his arrival in the Quaker City. Great was his surprise, however, when the gentlemanly banker proceeded to cash his draft by coolly opening the package he had himself carried, taking from thence the amount of his deposits at home *less five-eighths per cent.*, and handing it to him with a polite "Good-morning, Sir!" M—— thinks Clearfield great on banking, and F—— "some" on exchange.

THE worthy chief editor of a popular newspaper published in this city is extremely forgetful, rather irascible sometimes, and prone to indiscriminate—well, call it reproach, though that is very mild. On looking over the compositors' book of proofs one fine morning he saw an article which attracted his attention, and drawing it out, sat down to criticise it. His pen went through sentence after sentence, until at length, getting out of patience, he called his assistant and said,

"Mr. Scriblerus, I am sorry to see that you have written this so carelessly. It is inexcusable, I must say it is disgraceful, Sir, that a man of your ability should permit himself to use such slovenly expressions. Look here; and here" (pointing to the errors). "Do you think I can admit such matter to the columns of this journal? You must be more careful in future, Sir."

During this little oration the astonished subordinate opened not his mouth, but, as the best defense he could offer, went out, brought in the "copy," and laying it before the chief departed again, silent but elated.

Unhappy chief! It was his own copy.

ONCE, on an emergency, I successfully made use of the services of an old lady who, as a "yarb doctor," was deemed to be equal to those possessed of "book larning;" and I subsequently drew on her great experience in relation to a very sore finger. After prescribing certain "yarb" poultices, she recommended that the finger be first washed with warm water and Castile soap—and departed. She had not been gone long before she bustled back to warn me to be "very cautious when getting the Castile soap to ask for the old, as the kind made nowadays was not made of the best steel!"

HERE is one from the Eighth Minnesota, doing duty on the Northwest frontier of Minnesota:

On a bitter cold night, which only Minnesota knows how to appreciate, there arrived at a post on the frontier line of defenses, mid-way between Fort Abercrombie and St. Cloud, a small Government train, in one of the sleds of which was a box containing the body of a soldier, well packed for transmission to his friends below. The teams having been driven within the stockade and put up, the Corporal in charge reported the fact to the Acting Assistant Quarter-Master, a Teutonic gentleman of the olden school, who immediately went to the Orderly Sergeant, who had retired for the night, and, after arousing that functionary of details, thus made known his business:

"Otterly Sagent, I an' te Captin, we been speaking togedder, an' dere be a tead man standin' out dere in te pox, an' we want to watch him. You will detail an extra guard, an' put him on right away!"

The Orderly, who obeys all orders, promptly de-

tailed and placed the guard as indicated, and reported the facts to the Captain, who for the first time heard of the circumstance. That officer, though surprised that a "tead man should be standin' out dere in te pox," after reconnoitring thought that the regular guard was sufficient to keep the "tead man" from running away during the night, and relieved the extra from further watching.

IN the summer of '62 the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers were in General Abercromby's Brigade. On the march from Winchester to Warrington they sorely tried the General's patience by straggling and "foraging on their own hook," oftentimes getting miles ahead of the marching column. One day the General, finding himself some few miles ahead of his column, entered a house on the roadside to get a hasty breakfast. Scarcely was he seated when he saw half a dozen soldiers pass by toward the front. He halted them at once with the interrogatory,

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"Twelfth Massachusetts," was the answer.

"The Twelfth. Ha! I know you, boys; you're always ahead of me. Go back to your regiment; I intend to lead the brigade myself this morning!"

THE following is confided to the Drawer, with full consent to publish:

At the opening of the Senatorial contest, several years ago, in California, when the lamented Broderick first appeared as a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Senator Gwin, the following correspondence passed, which has two merits—first, that of being terse and pointed; and, second, wonderfully illustrative of the "filthy pool" of politics:

"CONFIDENTIAL.

"DEAR SIR,—If you will consent to withdraw your name as a candidate for the United States Senate, I will use my influence—and you know its value—to have you nominated for Governor. The nomination is equivalent to an election. Your obedient servant, WM. M. GWIN.

"MR. D. C. BRODERICK."

"CONFIDENTIAL.

"MR. D. C. BRODERICK presents his compliments to Senator Gwin, and begs to inform him that Mr. Broderick is in the habit of making the Governor of California himself.

"Hon. WM. M. GWIN."

COLONEL T——, at present occupying a high Federal office in California, found himself some time since in Yreka, a mining town in the north of California. An immensely heavy losing at "poker" one night left him without money to pay his bills or get away, and he remained in bed late in great disgust. During the morning a man came to the landlord of the hotel and told him he needed a first-rate lawyer to conduct an important case for him. The landlord told him that a celebrated San Francisco lawyer was up stairs, and showed him up to Colonel T——, who listened with great eagerness to the man's story. His case was this: A neighbor had a pet rattlesnake which had escaped from his cage and bitten the complainant's horse. The horse died, and he wanted to prosecute for damages, and a first-class lawyer to bring suit.

"How much was your horse worth?" asked Colonel T——.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"I am very sorry," said Colonel T——, "that I can't serve you. *I am retained for the snake!*"

WHEN the oil regions of Pennsylvania began to be

famous, our neighbor Jones, being of a speculative turn, was seized with the petroleum fever, and immediately emigrated to this land flowing with oil and money. Having rented an eligible site for operations, he began fighting his way to fortune. Yet it proved every thing but the smooth and oily way he had dreamed of. He bored and bored, day in and day out, but, alas! failed to "strike ile." His despondency grew apace, and was very much aggravated by frequent visits from his immediate and more successful neighbors, who lost no opportunity of *boring* our hero with all manner of impertinent questions and criticisms as to his plans and success in boring. Jones bore their taunts and his reverses with true Christian fortitude, until one morning, in a fit of desperation, he painted in flaming capitals, and erected at the mouth of his well, this cabalistic sign:

"OIL, OR CHINA!"

By that sign he conquered; for on that very day his *terrestrial* penetrations were crowned with success, and he was spared the necessity of forcing a passage into regions *celestial*. He struck a vein which gushed forth what proved to his desponding soul the veritable "oil of joy." Verily "all's well that ends well"—even an oil well.

LIEUTENANT B. F. CLARK, of the Seventeenth Michigan Infantry (that regiment of raw recruits which gained such notoriety for courage and noble daring on the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam before it had been three months in the service), called on me a few days since, and during his stay related many interesting incidents of those battles, one of which I think will do for the Drawer:

As our army moved from the latter field of blood and carnage, it passed among heaps of rebel slain slightly covered with earth. From one of those heaps an arm protruded, with palm opening upward, toward the passing column; at the sight of which an Irish soldier exclaimed, "Jazez! Lieutenant, an' see the rebel; he is after *raching* out his hand to *git* his land-warrant!"

A WESTERNER writes as follows:

A few months ago I had occasion to visit a friend, a Mr. E——, who is a great admirer of pictures and pictorial papers, such as *Harper's Weekly* and the *London Illustrated News*, with which the walls of his house were papered, thus making them useful as well as ornamental. Among other illustrations was that of "The Murder of the Princes in the Tower," upon which I made some passing remark. Mrs. E—— inquired if I understood the piece, stating that she could not find an explanation of it in the paper. I was about to reply when Mr. E—— (commonly known as WHIT) turned toward his wife in great surprise, and said, "Why, Ange, hein't you seen that and read about it lots o' times?"

"No, Whit, I have not," answered his better-half.

"Well, now, *you bet* I have," said Whit. "*That's in the Bible!*"

In the well-known village of Whisky Diggings lives one of its "oldest inhabitants" who keeps a hotel, and is a Dutchman. One fine day last spring a miner, with a pack of blankets and "prospecting tools" on his back entered the town, and passed all other houses and called on the Dutchman, stating that he was "straped," and wished to remain for a few days, and seek employment, and "mak a raise." "Vell," said the Dutchman, "there pe now blenty

work; I dink you get soon some monish, an it pe all right." The fellow remained two weeks, and of course failed to "get work;" so he shouldered his pack to leave, when the landlord accosted him with, "Vell, I guess you owns me somedigs; petter you pay first." His boarder looked at him for a moment, and then reminded him of his statement on his first appearance, as well as his disappointment and inability to pay, whereupon the landlord swore a few; said it was a "mean dricks to shtop in mine house a couple of weeks an' den gleer out." Our miner very deliberately unbuckled his pack, laid it down, and turning coolly to the Dutchman, said, "Well, old man, if it is any accommodation to you, I'll stay a week or two longer!"

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman sends to the Drawer an anecdote of Dr. Bethune:

Several years ago, according to invitation, the late Rev. Dr. Bethune delivered an address before one of the societies at the anniversary of the Theological Seminary at Andover. It was my fortune to light him up to bed that night at my father's house. Taking his bulky manuscript, written only upon one side, out his pocket, he laid it upon the bureau with a sigh. "Ah, poor thing!" said he, as he turned over the leaves, "my pen ran on till it was too long, and there are several things that I was obliged to omit that I would have liked to read. Ah! here is one that in my hurry I overlooked," pointing to a page written in his clear hand, and reading aloud from it a most humorous description of the condition of the modern minister, "going around from place to place, like Diogenes with his tub, not unlike which many of our modern pulpits are constructed!"

THE same reverend correspondent adds a specimen of an incorrigible joker:

A short time ago there was a young man *boarding* for a while in our county jail, who found his unoccupied time hanging too heavily on his hands, and was constantly on the alert to improve it by practical jokes upon his fellow-boarders, or upon outside luckless travelers. One very rainy Sunday, in mid-winter, he spied a gentleman driving by in a buggy, well cloaked up, with an umbrella over him, and instantly shouted vociferously to him from the jail window that "something was the matter with his wheel!" The gentleman stopped, got out, and went all around his buggy, looking for the trouble in vain, and said that he "didn't see any thing the matter with his wheel." "Oh, I thought there was," was the gracious reply; "*it kept going around!*"

ONE of our faithful army chaplains writes to the Drawer:

Not long ago one of our sergeants was recruiting for the Corps d'Afrique, and brought a squad of fine-looking fellows to the Adjutant to have them sworn into the service. As their names, etc., were being entered on the enlistment-roll, one, on being asked where he was born, replied that he did not know; at which a comrade reminded him, quite confidently, that he was born in Arkansas. The Adjutant at once proposed to so enter it on the roll.

"Well, I doesn't know, Sah. De fac is, Sah," scratching his head in apologetic perplexity, "*I's so young den dat I disremember!*"

I AM indebted to the Captain of H Company for the following two:

One of our new recruits was a few days ago post-

ed on camp-guard for the first time. Rebel cavalry was known to be in our vicinity, and as there was some expectation of an attack he was instructed, if there was any firing on the picket-line, to report it instantly. In the course of the evening he observed a fire in the direction of the pickets, which the "reserve" had built for their personal comfort. Supposing this to be the very thing he was cautioned about, he dropped his gun and started through camp yelling at the top of his voice,

"*Fire on the pickets! fire on the pickets!*"

In a twinkling every man was in line, ready for the expected foe. But when the cause of the alarm was explained, the yells and shouts that greeted our new soldier can only be understood by those who have heard a battalion of veterans cheer.

ANOTHER of our new recruits being notified by the Sergeant of his Company that he was detailed for "fatigue duty," very innocently replied, *that he couldn't go, as he was writing a letter!*

I RECOLLECT when a boy attending a celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, on the old battle-ground, and a Hoosic Dutchman offered a toast that seems peculiarly appropriate to the present time. It was this:

"*Domestic traitors; may da hang by de edge of de moon wid dare fingers greased!*"

DEAR DRAWER,—This revenue business brings out the *human hugely*. The incomes are beginning to *come in*, and I send you a specimen brick:

"My profets to the Bes of my noleg From one doller to to dollers pur day Thet is oneday with the other. Rent to Pay By th Mont 19 dollers i hef to Pay now And les yer i pad 16 dollers pur mont"

I HEARD, years ago, the late Rev. James B. Finley, of Ohio—the Old Chief, as we called him—relate the following:

He was a wild boy, and took a full part in all the fun, frolic, and "devilment" which was so prominent a feature of our Western life in its earlier days. There was a practice in vogue in those days of parties stealing into melon-patches at night, eating the luscious fruit to their utmost capacity, and then making a general smash-up of the balance. This was certainly rather rough and malicious fun; but as few except "close-fisted" farmers were visited, who were stingy of melons, the practice was rather popular than otherwise.

There was a German in the neighborhood who had received some slight from one of his nearest neighbors, and meditated revenge. One day, in the melon-season, he came to young Finley and proposed that they should have a good time in a melon-patch that night. The matter was soon arranged, the time and place of rendezvous appointed. The night was dark, and proved chilly for the season, and when the Dutchman appeared he brought a bottle of apple-brandy—or apple-jack, as it was generally called—of which he had already imbibed freely. Long before daylight the parties returned to their homes, the Dutchman elated and chuckling over the consternation with which his neighbor would be filled in the morning. Finley, however, was in more than usually pleasant mood, and certainly had no compunctions of conscience for the part he had in the "trick." He was at work near the house in the afternoon when he saw his Teutonic friend approaching, with a countenance in which sorrow and an-

ger were about equally combined. Finley started to meet him, saluting him,

"How are you, Jonny? *Didn't* we have a big time last night?"

"Oh! Shim (Jim), dem was mine own melons dat we proke last night! What fool we is!" burst out the agonizing Dutchman.

Finley consoled him as best he could; and his friend never suspected that the sad mistake was only the trick of a sober rogue played off on a drunken one.

THIS comes from Chester County, in the Keystone State:

It is a common system of cultivating land in some parts of the country for the owner to take from the tenant one-half the crop in kind for his rent—called, in our old-fashioned neighborhood, "farming on the *shears*." Captain A—— had a nice lot near the county town, and Davy R——, who passed among people who never tried to drive a bargain with him as a little "daft," proposed to the Captain to raise a crop of potatoes from it on the shares, the Captain furnishing the potatoes to be planted. The bargain was made; Davy put in the crop and worked it faithfully; but it was a light one, the season having been an unfavorable one that year in our region. About gathering time the Captain was busy with other things and forgot the potatoes, until one day passing his lot he discovered that they had all been removed. Still he waited on Davy for some word or message about the potatoes; but neither came. At last, concluding that it was time he had the matter adjusted, he sought Davy, and finding him, the following colloquy ensued:

CAPTAIN. "Well, Davy, I see you've gathered the potatoes."

DAVY. "Ya-as, I've got 'em in."

CAPTAIN. "When shall I send for my half?"

DAVY. "Wa'al, Cap'n—no 'casion to send—*there was but half a crop*."

The Captain saw the point, and uttered no complaints; but Davy never planted for the Captain again "on the *shears*."

THE following occurred in Iowa, and is truly recorded for the Drawer:

Josh Gibson is a powerful man, and, though he is civil, he is proud of his reputation as the "best man in the county." Bill Stiles is a notorious braggart, and is always telling of his having drubbed this or that individual, naming some one who is proverbially large, stout, brave, or active. One day Bill was at the hotel when the conversation turned on his favorite topic.

"You all know Josh Gibson," says Bill.

"Yes," was answered by three or four at once.

"Well, I met Josh last Saturday, and he refused to give half the road. I got out and took him off his wagon and mauled him till he begged for mercy."

One of the listeners was a particular friend of Josh, who, on his return, told Josh what Bill said. Josh, on hearing the news, pondered a minute, then said,

"Did he own to it, though? and will you go before Squire Broadhead and swear that he said so?"

"Yes."

"Well," says Josh, "you go to the Squire's and make the affidavit and get a warrant for Bill Stiles for assault and battery, and I'll show him how to abuse people on the highway."

The friend did as Josh told him, and began to

think sure enough Bill had thrashed Josh. Bill was brought before the Squire and pleaded guilty, whereupon the Squire fined him ten dollars and costs, which he paid without hesitation, evidently flattering himself that he had bought fame at a bargain. As Bill left the Squire's office Josh accosted him with,

"Well, Bill, you have just paid ten dollars for thrashing me in my absence, and now I am going to see what they charge for flailing a lying puppy when he is present."

Bill took the hint and began to make excuses, but Josh cut him short by a smart rap below the eye, followed by two or three others that brought him to the pavement.

Bill Stiles staid thereabout two years afterward, and, although he went by the name of "Fighting Bill," he was never afterward known to brag of his exploits in that line of business; in fact Bill was never quarrelsome, and it is believed that the only fight he ever had was the one in which Josh Gibson struck the first blow.

THE sheriff of — County, California, writes to the Drawer, and tells this of his own knowledge:

A few years ago, when Judge Goodman administered the law to the honest miners of Gibsonville, it happened on a certain day when a case was being tried that one Myers, a Dutchman, appeared in Court and demanded an attachment "for to ketch" one Causper, a fellow-countryman, on the charge of assault "mit a putcher-knife" and threatening to kill the plaintiff. The Judge made out the necessary affidavit, issued a warrant, and sent an officer in pursuit of C., who in due time was arrested and taken into Court, just as the jury in the first case was about to retire to the jury-room for deliberation. Causper, who knew nothing of the other case, became alarmed, supposing from the appearance of things that his case was on trial, and addressed the Court:

"Mishter Goort, Mishter Schquire, I like to shtop mit dish dings. I wants un lawyer; I like to zettle mit Myer."

"Very well," said the Court, "you can get a lawyer as soon as this jury retires; there are two of them here."

"Mine Got!" said Causper, "dosh Myer have two?"

Myer stepped forward and declared that he had not yet employed one, upon hearing which Causper proposed that they each employ "un lawyer to zettle mit the Schquire," which was accordingly done. The two limbs of the law withdrew to a corner "to settle," and decided that each party pay his own attorney's fees, and that plaintiff withdraw the suit on payment of costs by defendant. To this the defendant agreed, and stated to the Court that he was "glat dish dings pe zettle," for, said he, "fen Myer not run so fasht I *gills him sure*; but I dose not so any more agin." Then turning to Myers he asked for the loan of \$10, "to pay the Schquire," which sum was advanced by the plaintiff, and both left Court and directed their steps to a lager beer shop.

A LADY in Missouri writes to the Drawer and tells a good story that she knows to be true.

The following shows that Jeff Davis's negroes were taught to pronounce chairs "cheers." During the siege of Vicksburg some of the Sixth Missouri cavalry visited the former residence of "President Davis," and found the blacks all very much alarmed

at the near approach of General Grant, whom they believed would immediately devour them. The frightened creatures asked numberless questions of the boys as to what they should do to appease him if he should visit them. The boys told them the General was not very frightful, and if they would assemble in the yard on his approach and give him three cheers they would be safe. They were very much amused on returning to find the darkeys had nicely swept a place under the trees in the yard and had set out three of the best chairs the mansion afforded.

MR. WHITE is the most diffident of young men. He belongs to our "Literary Circle," where the ladies and gentlemen entertain themselves with flashes of genius, sometimes at the expense of each other. But one of the brightest of our fair friends has rescued Mr. White from his retirement by having the following "original" read at our last meeting:

"The rainbow shows a varied hue,
Of yellow, crimson, green, and blue;
Oh could those hues thus arched unite,
We then might have a beau of *White!*"

DEAR DRAWER,—I have been a reader, but not a contributor. If the following waifs are worthy of a more enduring record, please make a note of them.

A few days since, while passing over the Brooklyn Fulton Ferry, two young men were admiring the beautiful iron ferry-house recently constructed. One said to the other:

"I do not see the policy of building an iron house upon wooden piles."

"Oh," said his companion, "there is no policy on it; you see it is fire-proof."

AGAIN, a young legal friend of mine, in company with "One" of the *Herald*, went up to the Harlem dépôt to see the arrival of the members of the Legislature, who had probably some of them been "seen" before. The *Herald* man, with seeming surprise, exclaimed, "What a lot of dead-heads!"—say about one hundred. "Yes," replied my legal friend, "as Harlem passes the Legislature, I think the Legislature ought to pass the Harlem."

AND yet again. Our same legal friend, on his way down town (having read, probably, *Harper's Weekly*, wherein it is proven that two and two do not always make 4, to wit, when they are twenty-two, with the ready genius of his ancestry, thought he could prove that two-fourths were greater than two-thirds. Meeting a young *littérateur* vending the *Express*, he asked for two copies of the fourth edition. The youth had not the fourth, but offered the third. "No," says our friend, "I am sure two fourths contain more than two thirds."

A CORRESPONDENT in Trenton, New Jersey, says:

Rev. Dr. H—, while making an address to the urchins at the Children's Home in this city, asked them, "How old was Methuselah?" No one was able to tell; so he informed them that Methuselah was nine hundred and sixty-nine years old; and then, to impress upon their minds the length of this period, asked them, "How old do you suppose I am?" Dead silence ensued for a space of a minute, when a bright-eyed little fellow sang out, "About one hundred and fifty years;" and the rest, agreeing with the first, all sang out, "About one hundred

and fifty years." The Reverend Doctor enjoyed it greatly, and took another tack.

COLONEL TODD, of Egremont, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, in years gone by, run a cider-mill and distillery for making cider and cider brandy. Mr. Burton, a man of property and good standing who was not above doing his own work, and who lived in Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York, the adjoining town, was known by reputation, but not personally, to Colonel Todd. One day he brought a load of apples to the mill. Mr. Burton was dressed rather shabbily, as was his wont, and the Colonel mistook him for one of his hired men, and inquired,

"Whose apples are those?"

The reply was, "They belong to old Burton."

"What! old Burton of Hillsdale?"

"Yes."

"Well, you go home and tell old Burton you will not work for him any longer if he don't clothe you better."

LITTLE Nannie is a close student of the Bible, but not very clear as to some points.

"Ma," said she one Sunday evening, after having sat like a "good child" all day in the house, "have I honored you to-day?"

"I do not know, Nannie; why do you ask?" said her mother.

"Because," said little Nan, shaking her curls sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long;' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw!"

GERMANTOWN is close by the city of Philadelphia, whence we have this:

Our little "five-year-old," a few days since, made an observation which we consider quite "good enough for *Harper's*." She had been attending Sunday-school during the day, and seemed for a long time much exercised in mind. Finally, she went to her mother and asked, "Mamma, do you believe that Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old?" "Certainly, my dear," was the reply, "for the Bible tells us so." This did not appear to relieve her; for after a while she asked her brother, "Harry, do you believe Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old?" "Of course," said Harry, "for we read it in the Bible." Still she was not satisfied; so, on going to bed, she asked her nurse the same question, and on receiving the same reply, she burst out, "Well, I don't; I just believe it's some more of that Germantown gossip!"

AN Officer in the Army, now at New Orleans, writes to the Drawer, and says:

The incident from North Carolina, in the September number of the Magazine, reminds me of a like occurrence that happened at Cumberland Gap in the summer of '62. A great number of refugees would come into our lines from East Tennessee, and they were being rapidly organized into regiments, both of infantry and cavalry, for service in the Union army. One sultry afternoon in July an infantry captain belonging to one of the Tennessee regiments was drilling his company. He had his men in two ranks, and wished to change them from that into four ranks. Either not knowing, or forgetting the usual command, he called out, much to the amusement of the by-standers, "*Company, from two strings to four strings—git!*"

THIS comes from Salt Lake City, Utah Territory :

During a fight with the Indians at Provo, in the fall of 1859, a Dutchman named Jacob Hoffhines was captain of a squad of artillery who were industriously, though harmlessly, working an old smooth-bore 12-pounder. The gun was quickly got into position, and a few rounds of canister sent in among the willows, where the Red Skins were supposed to be lurking. Failing, however, to "draw the enemy's fire," Jacob, with great pomposity, gave the following very lucid command : "Sergeant, helevate that gun a little lower, so as to rake the vicke-ups."

A FRIEND in the army writes :

In looking over *Harper* for September, 1856, I saw the picture of "Uncle Alic" in *Porte Crayon's* "Dismal Swamp." Whether it is a good likeness or not the following will show. I was stationed at Suffolk, Virginia, in November, 1862, and heard Uncle Alic was still alive. Once, being field-officer of the day, I had in my grand rounds to visit the picket stationed on the railroad a short distance beyond Alic's hut. I stopped to see the old darkey. He came out on being called, in his shirt-sleeves and a very ragged pair of pantaloons. It was Sunday, and after a little conversation he commenced to expound the Scriptures (I suppose he thought we needed a sermon). With some difficulty I got him to stop long enough to ask him if he remembered the visit of *Porte Crayon* (now Colonel S——). He said : "Yes, massa, I do dat. One day I was sitting down dare reading my Bible, and Massa S—— [*Porte Crayon*], Massa Riddick, and some more ob dem come long dis way and sing out, 'Come up here, you old rascal!' I supposed dey must mean me, so I come out. Massa S—— he tell me to stand in front of him. I do so. 'Now sit down.' I sit down. 'Now stand dis way.' 'Now stand dat way.' I do so just as he tell me. He keep scribble scribble all de time; and bime-by he get off de log and give me de paper and tell me look at it, and Lor bress your soul, massa, I thought he had done gone stolen dis nigger!"

AN old reader of the *Drawer* sends the following fact :

A short time ago Mr. D——g and I were on

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a tour to Lake George and the high waters of the Hudson River. One day we were trolling among the islands of that beautiful lake, and with rather bad luck. We espied a little fellow in a red shirt and old straw-hat, dangling a line over the side of his boat. As we passed him, Mr. D——y, by way of salutation, said,

"Halloo, my boy! What are you doing?"

"Fishin'," came in answer.

"Well, of course. What do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool!—what do you s'pose?"

SEVERAL years ago, writes a clever friend, the good people of Schenectady elected old Squire D—— to the Legislature. During the winter the bill for the enlargement of the Erie Canal was discussed thoroughly, and the member from Schenectady was bitterly opposed to it, for he thought his taxes would be increased, and that was enough to make him oppose it. On the day the bill was up for a third reading Squire D—— jumped up and cried out,

"Mr. Speaker, there is no use of passing this bill, for it is utterly impossible to widen this canal, for Charlie Voorhies's store stands right on the bank!"



FLATTERING PROSPECT.

COUSIN TOM.—"Yes, I see; kind o' used up in the city, and want to pick up a bit. Wa'al, just stay here three months, live on good country fare as we do, an' go to bed early, and you'll go back looking jess like me!"

COUSIN FRED.—"Good gracious! Will I?"



HARD INDEED.

GOVERNOR.—“Theodore, how do they sound the *g* in Lager—soft, as in *Gin*?”
 THEODORE.—“No, Sir, it is sounded hard, as in *Gout*.”



RATHER DOUBTFUL.

MR. DOBBS, who is rather near-sighted, and very deaf, discovers a new formation on his favorite rocks, near Weehawken.

(N.B.—The Target Company, after having imbibed, for the fifth time, are ready to commence firing again. Perhaps they will see Mr. DOBBS.)

Fashions for June.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—BREAKFAST ROBE.



FIGURE 2.—OUT-DOOR DRESS.

THE BREAKFAST ROBE is of cambric. The plaiting down the front is bordered with buttons of the same material, which are also repeated on the sleeves and pocket.

The OUT-DOOR DRESS consists of a pardessus of black silk, edged with black lace, underlaid with a white silk *ruche*, which displays the lace. There is also a gimp *passanterie*.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXX.—JULY, 1864.—VOL. XXIX.



THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the startled valley swept;
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain sad vigils kept.

Oh the ghastly, upturned faces gleaming whitely through the night!
Oh the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepulchral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the morning broke;
But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright summer day,
And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied lay:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb, unceasing prayer,
For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun and air.

But the foemen held possession of that hard-won battle plain,
In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them—night so holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the rest,
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if in sleep;
Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face,
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless repose,
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, un pitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short story told:
How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of stars,
While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices whispering low—
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look round
As they passed with silent shudder the pale corpses on the ground,

Came two little maidens—sisters—with a light and hasty tread,
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing hearts, they stood
Where the Drummer-Boy was lying in that partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their wardrobe's scanty store,
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the pitying tears,
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden shame
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of sorest need,
And they felt that Death was holy and it sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new, strange task was o'er,
And the form that lay before them its unwonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they hollowed out,
And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work was done,
And in crimson pomp the morning again heralded the sun.

And then those little maidens—they were children of our foes—
Laid the body of our Drummer-Boy to undisturbed repose.



SCENE OF THE BATTLE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

X.—LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

WE are at midsummer, 1814. Since the opening of the spring campaign a great change has occurred in the aspect of foreign affairs. After his disaster at Leipsic, the sun of Napoleon's glory rapidly declined. His operations were confined chiefly to the soil of France by bayonets too numerous for him, and a moral force in public opinion outside of that domain still stronger than bayonets. Gradually the allied armies drew toward and around Paris, and hemmed the Emperor and his legions almost within the walls of his capital. There was no chance for escape; and on the 31st of March, 1814, the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the Duke of Wellington entered the city as conquerors amidst the acclamations of the people. The French Senate declared that "by arbitrary acts and violations of the Constitution" the Emperor had forfeited his right to the throne. In May he abdicated, and all that was left of his overshadowing political power was the sovereignty of the large Tuscan island of Elba between his native Corsica and the main. There for ten months he lived in retirement but not in inaction, for he was continually preparing for that bursting of the bars of his prison-house which afterward made Europe turn pale with terror.

The plan of the British campaign in 1814, on the northern frontier of New York, had features similar to that laid down for Burgoyne's guidance in 1777. The State was to be invaded;

the possession of Lake Champlain secured; the country penetrated to Albany and below, while a land and naval force should attempt the capture of New York City; and by holding the Hudson River, separate, by military posts, the New England States from the remainder of the Union. As the downfall of Napoleon might release large bodies of British troops then on the Continent, and allow them to be sent over the Atlantic to assist in the subjugation of the Americans, that event gave joy to the enemy and their friends who composed the disloyal "Peace Party" of that day. The latter flaunted their shame at convivial parties and elsewhere quite as insanely as do their few imitators in our day.

The retirement of Napoleon to Elba did release from Continental service a large body of English troops, and several thousands of them were immediately dispatched to Canada to reinforce the little army there under the Governor-General, Sir George Prevost. They were sent from the Garonne, in Spain, and many of them were Wellington's veterans, hardy and skillful. They arrived at Quebec late in July and in August, and were rapidly pushed up to Montreal. In the mean time the force under Prevost had been very busy in preparations for the invasion of New York, and a flotilla of small war-vessels in the Richelieu or Sorel River had been greatly augmented in numbers and strength during the winter and spring.

On the 9th of May, General George Izard of South Carolina, who had superseded the incompetent Hampton in command of the right wing

of the grand Army of the North, was informed that the enemy was in motion below. Captain Pring, the commander of the British flotilla, was moving up the Richelieu with a little squadron; and from behind Providence Island, in Lake Champlain, he proceeded on the 13th to attack an American flotilla under Lieutenant THOMAS MACDONOUGH, then at Vergennes, Vermont, at the head of the navigation of Otter Creek. Macdonough was early apprised of the movement, and sent a party to reinforce a detachment of light artillery in the manning and working of a small battery at the mouth of the creek. Governor Chittenden also ordered out some Vermont militia to repel the threatened invasion; and when, on the morning of the 14th, Pring's galleys and a bomb-sloop anchored off the mouth of the creek, they found ample preparations for their reception. A brisk fire was opened from the battery. It was answered from the water; and for more than an hour a cannonade was kept up, when the British vessels were driven off. They then entered the Boquet River for the purpose of destroying flour at the falls of that stream. On their return they were compelled to run the gauntlet of a shower of bullets from some militia who had hastily assembled. Many of the British were killed and wounded. Foiled and disheartened, Pring returned to the Richelieu a wiser man; for he had learned that even in Vermont, whose Governor was a zealous opponent of the war, the *people* were ready to fight the common enemy any where. A few days afterward Macdonough sailed out of Otter Creek with his flotilla, and anchored it in Cumberland or Plattsburg Bay, off Plattsburg.

Both parties—Americans and British—now prepared for a struggle for supremacy on Lake Champlain. Both parties were also reinforced during the remainder of May; and General Izard caused a battery of four 18-pounders to be plant-

ed on Cumberland Head instead of at Rouse's Point at the entrance to the Richelieu or Sorel, as directed by the Secretary of War, and urged by Major Totten, his chief engineer.

At the middle of June Izard disposed his troops for a movement into Canada. He sent Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smith, with a light brigade of about fourteen hundred men, to occupy the village of Champlain, five miles below the Canada line. Eight hundred men were at Chazy under Colonel Pearce; and about twelve hundred men occupied the cantonment at Plattsburg on the peninsula between the lake and the Saranac River, the works on Cumberland Head, and a position on Dead Creek, about two miles below Plattsburg. Macdonough with his flotilla was below Cumberland Head watching the little British squadron which lay at the *Isle aux Tetes*. The British had thirty-six hundred troops at La Colle; a Swiss regiment, a thousand strong, at L'Acadia; and two brigades of artillery and three hundred cavalry were at Chambly—making a total of five thousand five hundred and fifty men. There was also a reserve of two thousand regulars at Montreal.

A feverishness was continually manifested among the soldiery and the people along the Canada border. The armed belligerents were eager for a trial of prowess. Finally, on the 22d of June, Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth, the commander of a corps of riflemen, leading seventy sharp-shooters, crossed the frontier line, and at the little hamlet of Odelltown he was attacked by two hundred of the enemy's light troops. Forsyth beat them off, and retired in good order to Champlain, with the loss of one man killed and five wounded. A few days afterward he was again sent in that direction for the purpose of drawing the enemy across the lines. He formed an ambuscade, and then sent a few men forward as a decoy. They met the enemy, fell

back, and were eagerly followed by Captain Mahew and one hundred and fifty Canadians and Indians. When the pursuers were near the ambush Forsyth stepped upon a log to watch the movement, and was shot by one of the savages. His followers immediately arose, poured a deadly fire upon the foe, and drove him across the line with such slaughter that he left seventeen dead on the field. Incensed because of the employment of Indians by the British, the riflemen resolved to avenge the death of their beloved leader. A few days afterward some of them crossed the line, and shot Mathews, the leader of the savages. He was taken to the house of Judge Moore, in Champlain, which was used by the officers of both nations as head-quarters, where he died.

Skirmishing along the borders was a frequent occurrence, but no movement of importance took place until the close of July, when General Macomb's brigade embarked in boats from Cumberland Head for Chazy Landing, at the mouth of the Chazy Creek. On the same day Bissell's brigade started for



THOMAS MACDONOUGH.



ALEXANDER MACOMB.

Chazy village, by land. A competent corps of effective men and invalids were left to complete the works on Cumberland Head; and a fatigue party, four hundred strong, were left in command of Colonel Fenwick to complete three redoubts on the peninsula between the lake and the Saranac River, at Plattsburg. There were now four thousand five hundred effective American troops at Champlain, within five miles of the Canada border. But these were few compared to the number of the enemy in the field and reserved, which was constantly augmenting. During the months of July and August, not less than fifteen thousand armed men, chiefly veterans from Wellington's armies, arrived at Montreal. Only one brigade was sent westward, and the remainder were kept in reserve for the contemplated invasion of New York in such overwhelming numbers as to overbear all opposition. These newly-arrived troops were encamped in the level country between La Prairie on the St. Lawrence and Chambly on the Sorel.

Very soon after the advance of the Americans to Chazy and Champlain, Sir George Prevost arrived at *Isle aux Noix*, where he had concentrated a considerable body of veterans, and took chief command in person; and strong detachments of seamen were sent from Quebec to strengthen the naval power at the same place. It was evident that a speedy invasion

of Northern New York was in contemplation; and yet, with full information on the subject, the United States Government, as if fearful of a conquest of Canada when a spirited general was in command near assailable points, ordered Izard, at that critical moment, to march a larger part of his force westward to co-operate with the Army of Niagara. It was an open invitation to invasion; and the order astonished the army and the people. The disappointed Izard could scarcely restrain his indignation within the bounds of a soldier's privilege, and he wrote to the Secretary of War, saying, "I will make the movement you direct, if possible; but I shall do it with the apprehension of risking the force under my command, and with the certainty that every thing in this vicinity but the lately erected works at Plattsburg and Cumberland Head will, in less than three days after my departure, be in possession of the enemy." He continued to protest against the movement, but, like a true soldier, he obeyed orders. Although his

means for transportation were limited, he soon set four thousand men in motion by the way of Lake George, Schenectady, and the Mohawk Valley, and arrived with them at Sackett's Harbor at the middle of September. He left all his sick and convalescents, and about twelve hundred effective men, to garrison the unfinished works at Plattsburg and on Cumberland Head, and made a requisition on Major-General Mooers of the militia of that district for the assembling of infantry and light dragoons at Chazy. Brigadier-General Alexander Macomb, of the regular army, was left in chief command, with his head-quarters at Plattsburg.

Macomb was vigilant and active. At the close of August he found himself in command of about three thousand four hundred troops; but they



MOORE'S HOUSE, CHAMPLAIN.

were in a weak condition, there being but one organized battalion among them. Full fourteen hundred of them were invalids or non-combatants. The garrisons at different points were composed chiefly of convalescents and new recruits; the condition of the ordnance and stores was chaotic; and the defensive works were all unfinished. Macomb concentrated all his troops at Plattsburg, and worked vigorously in preparations for defense.

On the day when Izard left his camp at Champlain [August 29], General Brisbane crossed the frontier with a considerable body of troops, and occupied that village; and on the 3d of September full fourteen thousand British soldiers were assembled in that vicinity under the general command of Prevost, assisted by General De Rottenburgh as his second. Prevost issued a proclamation, avowing his intention to take possession of the country, and inviting the inhabitants to cast off their allegiance to their Government, and furnish him with supplies. On the following day they moved forward to Chazy, and on the 5th they encamped at Sampson's, about eight miles north of Plattsburg. Captain Pring, with the British squad-



STONE MILL AT PLATTSBURG.

ron, moved up the Sorel at the same time, anchored off *Isle la Motte*, and on the west side of that island erected a battery of three long 18-pounders to cover the landing of supplies for Prevost's army. Macomb, at the same time, was straining every muscle at his command for the completion of his defensive works. His soldiers labored day and night; and by great exertion three redoubts, named respectively Fort Moreau, Brown, and Scott, and two block-houses, were completed on the peninsula. Fort Brown was on the high bank of the Saranac, and commanded the village; Fort Moreau, the principal work, was half-way between the river and the lake; and Fort Scott was near the bank of the lake. The remains of these forts, on a curved line across the neck of the peninsula, are still very prominent. Two bridges spanned the Saranac; one at the village, known as the Lower Bridge, and the other about a mile above, on the road to Salmon River. Between the Lower Bridge and some distance above Fort Brown, the right bank of the Saranac is steep, and from fifty to sixty feet in height; and about sixty rods above the Lower Bridge it is cleft by a deep ravine that extends from the river almost to the lake. Near this ravine a block-house was erected; and on the point overlooking the present steamboat-landing was another. At the mouth of the river, near the Lower Bridge, stood (and still stands) a heavy



SAMPSON'S.



STONE CHURCH, BEEKMANTOWN—CULVER'S HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

stone mill which served an excellent defensive purpose.

To create a spirit of emulation, Macomb divided his army into detachments, and held each responsible for its particular work; declaring that each detachment was the garrison of its own fort or block-house, bound to finish it, and to defend it to the last extremity. Fort Moreau was placed in command of Colonel Melancthon Smith. Lieutenant-Colonel Storrs was intrusted with the command of Fort Brown; and Major Vinson was made the leader at Fort Scott. Captain Smith of the Rifles, with a part of his company and some convalescents, occupied the block-house near the ravine; and Lieutenant Fowler, with a detachment of artillery, held the one on the Point. The light artillery, under Captain Leonard, were directed to annoy the enemy whenever and wherever an opportunity should offer. The main body of Macomb's army lay within the triangular portion of the peninsula formed by the river, the ravine, and the lake.

When the British advanced to Chazy Macomb did not simply await an attack, but sent out troops to confront them. One party was stationed at Dead Creek Bridge, on the lake road, to watch and annoy the enemy, and obstruct his march by felling trees. General Mooers, with seven hundred militia, was sent four miles northward on the Beekmantown or interior road, on the evening of the 4th, on an errand similar to that intrusted to the occupants of Dead Creek Bridge. On the morning of the 5th he went still further northward, and that night bivouacked near the Stone Church in Beekmantown. Early the next morning Major John E. Wool, ever ready for a daring enterprise, volunteered to lead some regulars to the support of

the militia and oppose the advance of the foe, which, it was ascertained, would commence at early dawn. He moved from Plattsburg at about the time when the British broke camp at Sampson's, and at the head of two hundred and fifty regulars and about thirty volunteers he hastened toward the front with orders to set the militia a good example. This was done. He reached Beekmantown before the enemy appeared, and took position near the house of Ira Howe. There the first collision took place, the initial skirmish of the battle of Plattsburg. The enemy in full force was there met and checked by Wool's little band; while the militia, alarmed by the overwhelming numbers of the British and the rattle of musketry, broke and fled toward Plattsburg. Wool fell slowly back toward Culver's Hill, disputing the invaders' march inch by inch, and there made a stand. Some of the militia had been rallied. Steadily the British host, filling the entire road, moved sullenly up the northern slope of Culver's Hill. Their advance was driven back upon the main body by a furious attack by Wool; and their leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Willington of the Third Regiment of Buffs, with an Ensign of the same regiment, was killed. Other officers were severely wounded. The fight was sharp but short. Wool could not long withstand the heavy pressure of the great column of the foe. He also perceived a flank movement on their part, and he fell back to Halsey's Corners, within a mile and a half of Plattsburg. There he was joined, at eight o'clock, by Captain Leonard with two pieces of artillery. These were immediately placed in battery at an angle in the road, and worked by Wool's infantry and some militia. As the enemy came on in heavy mass Leonard opened fire, and his balls cut fearful lanes through their

ranks. Three times that battery hurled its deadly missiles through their lines, yet it did not check their march. The bugles sounded a charge. The men cast away their knapsacks and rushed forward at double-quick. Leonard was compelled to fly, carrying his guns with him; and he and Wool and Mooer's militia made a safe retreat across the Saranac. At the same time the imperiled detachment at Dead Creek Bridge made its way along the shores of Cumberland Bay, and crossed the Lower Bridge before the British advance reached the village. In the affair at Halsey's Corners several British officers were killed or wounded. Among them was Lieutenant Kingsbury, of the Buffs, who received a mortal hurt, and was taken to the residence of the now venerable Isaac C. Platt, where he died. The British made that house a sort of hospital while they remained.

When all had safely crossed the Lower Bridge its planks were torn up and formed into a breast-work near the stone mill, close by which, on a rise of ground, Leonard planted his field-pieces to dispute the passage of the Saranac by the foe. Mooers and his militia had fled across the Upper Bridge and destroyed that in the same way.

When the British reached Plattsburg and found themselves checked by the destruction of the bridges, they prepared to encamp and make ample preparations to force a passage across the fords. They took position in some store-houses near the river, but were soon driven out by fire, communicated to the buildings by hot shot hurled upon them by Captain Brooks. Their light troops endeavored to ford the stream, but were always repulsed. A company of young men, known as *Aiken's Volunteers*, of Plattsburg, stationed in the stone mill, did excellent service in that citadel near the broken bridge. They had been out on the Beekmantown road in the morning, and had smelt powder sufficiently to give them a taste for adventure.

While the British were endeavoring to pass the Saranac at the village, a strong party of

them had pursued Mooers, and were endeavoring to cross the stream near the Upper Bridge. Mooers and his men made a gallant resistance, and kept them at bay. Finding the passage every where too difficult, Prevost ordered his army to encamp upon an elevated ridge about a mile back from the river, and upon the high ground north of the village. He made his headquarters at Allen's farm-house on the ridge, and issued orders for vigorous preparations for attack. Notwithstanding he was at the head of an overwhelming force the events of that day, the 6th of September, convinced the Baronet that the task before him was not a light one. He had lost in killed and wounded, since the dawn, over two hundred men, while the loss of the Americans was only forty-five.

Prevost employed the time between the 7th and the 11th in bringing up his battery trains and supplies, and in erecting several works that might command the river, the bay, and the American forts and block-houses on the Peninsula. The Americans in the mean time were not idle. They worked without ceasing in strengthening their defenses. They removed their sick and wounded to Crab Island, two miles distant, in the lake, and there erected a two-gun battery (6-pounders) and manned it with convalescents.

While these preparations were under way on land the belligerents were making ready for a combat on the water. A greater portion of the British flotilla under Captain Pring had advanced, as we have observed, to *Isle la Motte*, where they were joined by the remainder of the squadron and Captain George Downie, of the Royal Navy, who assumed chief command. Macdonough at the same time had the American squadron at anchor in Cumberland or Plattsburg Bay, and calmly awaited the approach of the enemy.

For almost five days the seamen waited for a general movement of the landmen, which it was at first agreed should be a signal, on the part of the British, for the weighing of anchors and preparing ships for action. During that time no military operations of great importance occurred. There were some minor movements, however, which are worthy of notice. One of these, on the part of the Americans, was a bold one. On the night of the 9th there was tempestuous weather — lightning, rain, wind, and intense darkness. The British had been seen at sunset busily engaged in the erection of a rocket battery opposite Fort Brown. Captain M^cGlassin, who



PLATT'S RESIDENCE.



UP THE SARANAC, FROM FORT BROWN.

was described to me by one who knew him as a "little beardless Scotchman," anxious to distinguish himself, asked General Macomb to allow him to lead fifty men that night to an attack on the builders. Macomb complied, and M'Glassin, who had arisen from a sick bed, sallied out in the gloom with his picked men, from whose gun-locks he had removed the flints, crossed the Saranac, about half-way between Fort Brown and the Upper Bridge, and, unobserved, reached the foot of the hill on which the new battery was rising. There he divided his men into two parties. One went to the rear of the battery by a circuitous route, and, when all was ready, M'Glassin shouted, "Charge! men, charge! upon the front and rear!" His men rushed forward with frightful yells. The British, believing overwhelming numbers were upon them, fled precipitately to their main body. The work was taken, the guns were spiked, and M'Glassin returned without the loss of a single man. Over three hundred veteran troops had been surprised and frightened into a flight by only fifty men; and Sir George Prevost was much mortified.

The morning of the 11th dawned brightly, and at an early hour in the forenoon the British land and naval forces were in motion for a combined attack on the American. Prevost had arranged the movement with Downie. It was agreed that when the British squadron should be seen approaching Cumberland Head the advance of the army under Major-General Robinson should press forward, force the fords of the Saranac, climb the steep banks, and with ladders escalate the American works on the peninsula, while the several batteries around Plattsburg village should open a brisk fire.

Between seven and eight o'clock the squadron was seen advancing, and at eight it rounded Cumberland Head. It consisted of the *Confiance*, 38 (Downie's flag-ship), the brig *Linnet*, 16,

Captain Pring; the sloops *Chub*, 11, Lieutenant M'Ghee, and *Finch*, 11, Lieutenant Hicks. The last two were the *Eagle* and *Growler*, captured from the Americans the year before. There were also twelve gun-boats manned by about forty-five men each. Eight of them carried two guns, and four of them one gun each.

At that moment Macdonough's squadron lay in Plattsburg Bay on a line north from Crab Island, and almost parallel with the shore, at an average distance of two miles from it. On the extreme left, and at the head of the line, were two galleys at anchor, and next to them lay the brig *Eagle*, 26, Captain Henly, just within the point of Cumberland Head. Next south of her was the *Saratoga*, 26, Macdonough's flag-ship; and the next in line was the schooner *Ticonderoga*, 17, Lieutenant Cassin. Next southward in the line lay the *Preble*, Lieutenant Charles Budd, armed with seven guns. She lay so near the shoal extending from Crab Island that it was impossible for the enemy to turn that end of the line. In the rear of these larger vessels were ten gun-boats or galleys, six of them mounting one long 24-pounder, and one 18-pound Columbiad each; and the other four carrying each a 12-pounder. These were so arranged as to fill up the openings between the large vessels in the line, making the order of battle in two lines about forty rods apart. The larger vessels were at anchor, while the gun-boats were kept in position by the use of oars. The force of the American squadron was *eighty-six guns and eight hundred and eighty-two men*; and that of the British *ninety-five guns*, and a little more than *one thousand men*.

The American line of battle had been formed with great skill by the young commander, reference being had to the conformation of the land. It extended completely across the entrance to Plattsburg Bay from Crab Island to Cumberland Head. The enemy, rounding the Head,

was compelled to approach the American squadron with his bows on, giving the latter a great advantage at the beginning. In this approach the little *Finch* led the van and made directly for the right of the American line in the direction of the *Preble*. The *Chub* at the same time moved toward the American left near Cumberland Head, keeping well to the windward of the *Eagle*, to support the *Linnet* in a direct attack on that vessel; while the gun-boats coming up in order, their commanders received from Commodore Downie final instructions for action. He then attempted to lay the *Confiance* athwart the *Saratoga*, while the *Finch* and the gun-boats should attack the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble*. He was baffled by shifting winds, and was compelled to anchor his vessel within two cable's-length of his antagonist.

Macdonough in the mean time had thoroughly prepared to receive the enemy. When his vessels were cleared for action, springs placed in the cables, and all was in readiness, he knelt upon the deck of the *Saratoga* near one of its heaviest guns, with his officers and men around him, and in few words asked Almighty God for aid, and committed the issue into his hands. He arose with assured courage; and as the enemy came bearing down upon him his vessels sprang their broadsides to bear, and the *Eagle* opened the action by firing the first shot. This was followed by the fire of a long 24-pounder from the *Saratoga*, which had been sighted by Macdonough. It entered the hawse-hole of the *Confiance* and went crashing through every obstacle the entire length of her deck, killing several men on its way, and demolishing the wheel. The *Linnet*, as she was passing to attack the *Eagle*, gave the *Saratoga* a broadside, but without serious effect. One of the shots demolished a hen-coop, in which a game-cock was confined. The released and startled fowl flew upon a gun-slide, and clapping his wings crowed lustily and defiantly. The sailors cheered, and regarding it as a good omen, felt their courage strengthened.

The *Confiance* made no reply to the *Saratoga's* 24-pounder until she had secured a desirable position, when she suddenly became a sheet of flame. Her entire larboard broadside guns, consisting of sixteen 24-pounders, double-shot, leveled point-blank range, coolly sighted and favored by still water, were discharged at one time into the *Saratoga*. The effect was terrible. She shivered from round-top to keel as with an ague; and forty of her people—almost one-fifth of her complement—were disabled. But the stunning blow was felt only for a moment. Almost immediately Macdonough renewed the conflict, and the fire of the *Saratoga* was steady and gallantly conducted. Her first officer, Lieutenant Gamble, was killed; and fifteen minutes afterward Commodore Downie was slain.

The battle had now become general, steady, and active between the larger vessels. The *Chub*, while manœuvring near the head of the

American line, received a broadside from the gallant Henly of the *Eagle*, which so crippled her that she drifted helplessly; and after receiving a shot from the *Saratoga* struck her colors. She was towed to the rear and anchored at the mouth of the Saranac. An hour later the *Finch* was driven from her position by the *Ticonderoga*, commanded by the intrepid Cassin. She was badly injured; and drifting upon the Crab Island shoals grounded there, when the invalid corps on the island brought their two 6-pounders to bear upon her and compelled her to surrender.

The British gun-boats now entered vigorously into the fight and soon compelled Budd of the *Preble* to cut his cable and flee to a safer place nearer the shore, where his vessel anchored, and was of no further service in the fight. This success emboldened the enemy, and the galleys, now fourteen in number, made a bold and combined attack upon the *Ticonderoga*. Cassin walked the taffrail in a storm of grape and cannon-shot, watching the movements of the assailants and directing effective discharges of musketry, while the now venerable Admiral Paulding, then a midshipman, touched off the cannon with sparks from the snappings of his pistol, for the matches had become useless. The *Ticonderoga* maintained her position nobly, and covered the extremity of the line to the last, winning from the Commodore and all beholders unqualified praise for her commander and people.

While the fortunes of the day were thus fluctuating at the lower end of the line, the Americans were suffering at the other extremity. The *Eagle* lost the springs of her cable and became exposed to the combined fire of the *Linnet* and *Confiance*. Henly at once dropped her between and a little astern of the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*, and, anchoring her there, opened his larboard guns afresh on the *Confiance* and the British galleys. But the *Saratoga* was left exposed to the whole fire of the *Linnet*, which sprung her broadsides in such manner as to rake the bows of her antagonist.

The two flag-ships soon became disabled. The *Saratoga* had not a single serviceable starboard gun left, and was silent. The *Confiance* was not much better off. Now was the moment for Macdonough to exhibit his splendid seamanship. He did so quickly and effectively. With the aid of Brum, his skillful sailing-master, he wound the ship by means of a stream-anchor and hawsers so that he brought the guns of his larboard-quarter to bear on the *Confiance*, which had vainly endeavored to imitate the movement. Under the direction of acting Lieutenant La Vallette (now Admiral La Vallette) these poured such a destructive fire on the British flag-ship that she soon surrendered. The *Saratoga's* fire was then directed upon the *Linnet*, and in the course of fifteen minutes she, too, struck her colors. The British galleys, in the mean time, had been driven off by the *Ticonderoga* half a mile in the rear of their statelier associates and lay scattered, affording them feeble aid. See-

ing the colors of the larger vessels go down, they too dropped their ensigns; and at little past noon, not one of the sixteen national flags which were so proudly floating over British decks in the morning might be seen. Because the Americans could not immediately pursue, the galleys bent their sweeps, fled down the Sorel, and escaped. Thus ended the *Battle of Lake Champlain*, in the complete discomfiture of the invaders.

For two hours and twenty minutes this severe naval battle raged, while the thunders of cannon, the hiss of rockets, the scream of bombs, and the rattle of musketry were heard on the shore. It was a sublime sight, and was beheld by hundreds of spectators on the head-lands of the Vermont shore, who greeted the victory with shouts. It was a battle characterized by a vigor and destructiveness not excelled by any during the war—indeed seldom equaled any where or at any time. The victory for the Americans was complete and substantial; and from the *Saratoga*, half an hour after the *Linnet* struck and the galleys fled, Macdonough sent the following dispatch ashore in a gig, to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy:

"SIR,—The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war, of the enemy."

Two days afterward he sent Commander Cassin to Washington with the flags of the captured squadron, and a more detailed yet brief account of the victory. The entire loss of the Americans was one hundred and ten, of whom fifty-two were killed. The total British loss was more than two hundred.

Macdonough received the officers of the captured vessels with great courtesy of manner and speech. When they offered him their swords, he instantly replied, "Gentlemen, your gallant conduct makes you worthy to wear your weapons. Return them to their scabbards." They did so; and they all walked the deck of the victorious *Saratoga*—American and English officers—more in the character of friends than of enemies. Lieutenant La Vallette, who had taken formal possession of the *Confiance*, was directed to prepare the prisoners for Crab Island; and before sunset all was quiet on the lake. The British vessels were afterward taken to Whitehall, at the head of the lake, and scuttled. The *Saratoga* shared the same fate. I saw her remains there as late as the summer of 1850.

We have observed that while the roar of the battle-storm was heard on the water its thunders were bellowing over the land. According to arrangement, when Prevost saw, over Cumberland Head, the pennants of the British squadron moving to the attack he set a portion of the British land-forces in motion, under General Robinson, to force their way across the Saranac, at the site of the two bridges and a ford at Pike's cantonment, three miles from the mouth of the stream, and carry the American works by storm. When the first gun was fired on the lake the British land batteries were opened; and under

cover of the shot and shell which they hurled toward the American works the three assailing columns moved. At the Lower Bridge they were repulsed by the guards, block-houses, and artillery of the forts served by Captains Brooks, Richards, and Smith, and Lieutenants Mountfort, Smyth, and Cromwell. At the Upper Bridge the riflemen and pickets under Captain Grovesnor, and Lieutenants Hamilton and Riley, aided by some militia, successfully disputed the passage. At the Upper Ford the enemy were a little more successful. There the Clinton and Essex militia, under Major-General Mooers, and Brigadier-General Wright, were stationed. After being driven back several times, with considerable loss, some companies of the British pushed across the stream, there shallow and rapid, firing briskly by platoons as they advanced, but doing very little harm. The militia fell back, and were soon joined by a large detachment of Vermont Volunteers and a party of artillery with a field-piece under Lieutenant Sumter.

The flying companies were now rallied and drawn up in battle-array to meet the pursuing foe, when Mr. Walworth (late Chancellor of the State of New York), Mooer's Adjutant-General, came dashing up, his horse flecked with foam, and announced the joyful intelligence that the British fleet had just surrendered! These glad tidings were greeted with three hearty cheers. At the same moment they observed their pursuers with their backs turned, making their way in haste toward the ford of the Saranac. Sir George Prevost, who always played the coward when near danger, according to British historians, had become terribly alarmed, and recalled these vigorous and only successful troops. He had experienced the "extreme mortification," he said, "to hear the shout of victory from the American works" when the fleet surrendered on the lake. They had been loud and mighty cheers, iterated and reiterated by corps after corps, as the eye and ear caught knowledge of the victory; and Sir George wisely saw, as he said, that "further prosecution of the service was become impracticable." He had assumed the position of co-operator with the fleet rather than principal, leaving to Downie the brunt of the service, but ready to receive and wear the garlands of honor which might be won. Seeing the British flags humbled on all the ships, and the gun-boats flying, he resolved to fall back toward the Canada border, and halt until he should ascertain the use the Americans intended to make of their naval ascendancy just acquired on Lake Champlain. It was a wise determination. Notwithstanding his number was overwhelming Prevost was really in peril. He might have crushed Macomb and captured the post, but it would have been at the expense of many lives without obtaining any permanent advantage. The British had lost the lake absolutely, and without any fair promises of its recovery; and the militia of all that region were thoroughly aroused, and were rapidly assembling. At the



UNITED STATES HOTEL, PLATTSBURG, in 1812.

close of that memorable day, no less than twenty-five hundred Green Mountain Boys (Vermonters) were on the Saranac under General Strong. The militia of Washington and Warren counties were also streaming toward Plattsburg at the call of General Mooers; and reinforcements of regulars were on their way. Prevost's army would very soon have been equaled in numerical strength, and perhaps surrounded and its supplies from Canada cut off. He perceived these dangers when the navy was lost; and the moment the forces under General Robinson returned to camp he made preparations to abandon the siege, notwithstanding General Brisbane offered to cross the Saranac in force and carry the American works by storm in twenty minutes.

The fire from the British batteries was kept up until sunset, and Fort Brown, then under the immediate command of the gallant Mountfort, sent back responses with so much spirit and accuracy, that the British believed and reported that French artillerymen were employed by the Americans. When night fell Prevost sent all his artillery and baggage for which he could find transportation Canada-ward; and at two o'clock in the morning of the 12th the entire army fled with a precipitation that indicated a panic. It was caused by a report, purposely communicated to Prevost, that Governor Chittenden, of Vermont, was approaching with ten thousand men. The sick and wounded, and a vast amount of munitions of war were left behind; and they had reached Chazy, eight or ten miles distant, before the Americans were apprised of the flight. Light troops, volunteers, and militia started in pursuit, but heavy rains compelled them to relinquish the chase. Prevost halted at Champlain, and on the 24th left the territory of the United States forever, and retired to Montreal with the main army. He had lost in killed, wounded, missing, and deserters not much less than two thousand men, according to careful estimates made at

the time. The American loss, on land, was less than one hundred and fifty.

The victory at Plattsburg on the 11th of September, 1814, produced a thrill of intense joy throughout the country; and spontaneous honors were every where awarded to the principal actors in the great drama. Bonfires and illuminations blazed in almost every city and village in honor of the event, and substantial testimonials of respect were given to the several commanders. The Congress of the United States voted them the thanks of the nation, and ordered a gold medal to be given to Macomb and Macdonough, Henly and Cassin.

A few days after the battle the citizens of Plattsburg gave Macdonough a public dinner at the United States Hotel; and honorable burial was awarded to Commodore Downie and other British officers of the army and navy who fell there. In a beautiful cemetery, in the suburbs of Plattsburg, the remains of these men were interred, and an engraved slab of marble marks each grave. A pine-tree was planted on each side of Downie's grave, and these grew to be noble specimens of their species, when one decayed and disappeared. The victory was the subject for many a ballad, but none was so popular as that written by Michael Hawkins (afterward a grocer in Catharine Street, New York) for the proprietor of the Albany Theatre, and first sung there before Governor Tompkins and a great crowd, in the character of a negro sailor, commencing:

"Back side Albany stan' Lake Champlain,
Little pond, half full o' water;
Plat-te-burg dar, too, close 'pon de main!
Town small—he grow bigger, do', herearter.



GRAVES OF THE SLAIN, PLATTSBURG.

On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam sit he boat,
An' Massa Macdonough sail 'em;
While General Macomb, make Flat-te-burg he home,
Wid de army, whose courage nebber fail 'em."

The freedom of the city of New York was given to Macomb in a gold box, and Vermont gave him a fine farm on Cumberland Head. He afterward became the General-in-chief of the armies of the United States, on the death of General Brown; and over his grave, in the Congressional burial-ground at Washington, rests a beautiful white marble monument to his memory.

With the repulse of the British at Plattsburg ended the most important military operations on the northern frontier of New York. Peace came a few months later. That repulse was almost simultaneous with the defeat of the British at Fort Erie, their expulsion from Baltimore, and their closing military operations of importance on the New England coast.

New England experienced very little actual war within its borders; yet it felt its pressure heavy in the paralysis of its peculiar industries, the continual drain upon its wealth of men and money, and the wasting excitements caused by constantly impending menaces and a sense of insecurity. From the spring of 1813 until the close of the war British squadrons were hovering along its coasts, and, in connection with the embargo acts, were double-barring its seaports against commerce, and threatening the destruction of its maritime cities and villages.

The year 1814 was a specially trying one for New England. Hitherto the more northerly coasts of the United States had been very little molested by the enemy, for Commodore Har-

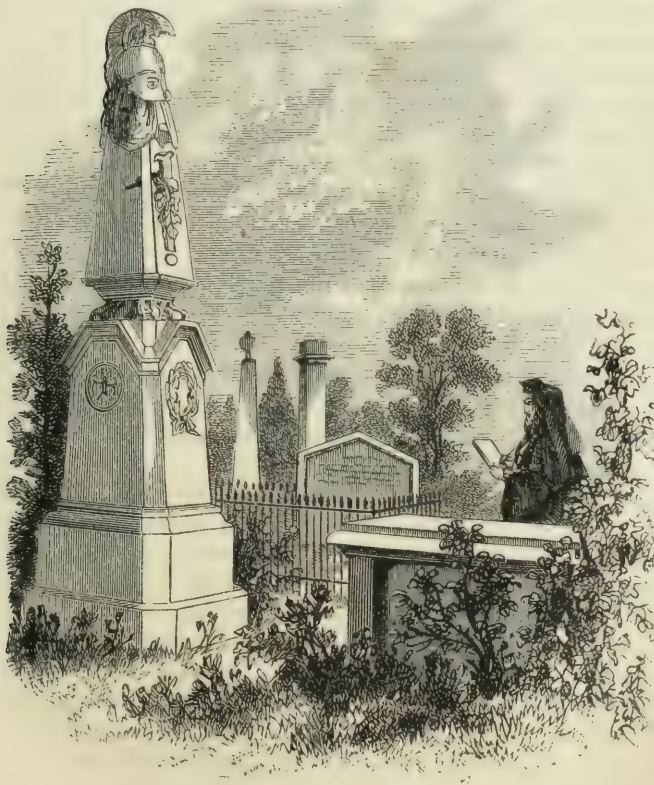
dy's blockade of New London was so mild that it amounted to little more than simple inconvenience. Now a system of petty and distressing invasions commenced, and were followed by more serious operations.

The invasions began as early as April, 1814, when a party of British seamen and marines, from the blockading squadron off New London, entered the Connecticut River, and at Pautepaug Point, in the vicinity of Saybrook, seven miles from the Sound, spiked some cannon there, and destroyed property valued at \$160,000. There was also, in the Sound, at that time, a bold privateer called the *Liverpool Packet*, which had swept or frightened nearly all the coast trade from that region. Commodore Lewis, with a flotilla of gun-boats, made after her, and when he arrived at Saybrook he found no less than fifty vessels there afraid to go out of the harbor because of the corsair. Lewis drove her off eastward, convoyed the coasting-vessels safely to the Thames, and boldly attacked the British blockading squadron; but the appearance of heavier ships compelled him to withdraw from the contest.

Early in June the enemy commenced depredations on the coast of Massachusetts. The chief vessels engaged in the business were the *Superb* and *Nimrod*, stationed a long time in Buzzard's Bay. Wareham, Scituate, and other places, suffered from depredations committed by armed men from these vessels.

On the 16th of June, the *Bulwark*, 74, Captain Milne, anchored off the mouth of the Saco River, and one hundred and fifty armed men went ashore in boats, and destroyed a very large amount of property on the Neck, belonging to Captain Thomas Cutts. At about the same time the *Nimrod* and *La Hogue* menaced New Bedford and Fairhaven; and formidable squadrons were kept off New York, New London, and Boston.

Finally more formidable demonstrations were made. Eastport and Passamaquoddy Bay, and Castine and Penobscot Bay, fell into the permanent possession of the British; and Stonington became the theatre of a most distressing bombardment. All along the eastern coast, from the Connecticut to the St. Croix, the enemy carried on this kind of warfare, in most cases marauding on private property in a manner which degraded the actors in the eyes of all honorable men to the level of mere freebooters. The more respectable portion of British writers condemned the policy, for it was damaging to the British interest. Hitherto lukewarm New England now became intensely heated with indignation against the common enemy, and burned with a war-fever, which made the Peace Party in that region exceedingly circumspect.



MACOMB'S MONUMENT.



FORT PICKERING, NEAR SALEM.

A more serious invasion of the New England coast occurred early in July. Sir Thomas M. Hardy sailed secretly from Halifax on the 5th with a considerable force for land and sea service. His squadron consisted of the *Ramillies*, 74, the sloop *Martin*, brig *Borer*, the *Breavn*, the bomb-ship *Terror*, and several transports with troops under Colonel Thomas Pilkington. The squadron entered Passamaquoddy Bay on the 11th, and anchored off Fort Sullivan at Eastport, commanded by Major Perley Putnam. A peremptory demand for the surrender of the post was at first refused, but the alarmed inhabitants, who were unwilling to resist, were so importunate for submission, that the fort was given up on condition that private property should be protected. A large force then landed, with fifty or sixty pieces of cannon, and took formal possession of the fort, town, and all the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay. A proclamation was issued declaring that British possession would be permanent, for that domain, of right, belonged to the Crown under the provisions of the treaty of 1783. The male inhabitants were required to take an oath of allegiance to his Majesty or leave within a week. The custom-house was opened by British officials, and business was resumed. The invaders took possession of all the public property, but failed to frighten the collector of the port into submission to their commands to sign, and thus perfect treasury notes to the amount of \$9000.

Having established British authority at Eastport, and left eight hundred troops to maintain it, Hardy sailed westward with his squadron, spreading alarm along the coast. Preparations for his reception were made every where. Vigilant eyes were watching, and strong arms were waiting for the appearance of the foe at Portland. The energetic General Montgomery, of New Hampshire, was soon, with a tithe of his brigade, at Portsmouth. Fort Pickering, near Salem, and Fort Sewall, at Marblehead, were strengthened and garrisoned. Fort Warren and Fort Independence, on Castle Island, in Boston harbor, were put in readiness for action, and well-garrisoned by Massachusetts militia; and a heavy fort was speedily commenced on Noddle's Island (now East Boston), on Camp Hill, on the crown of present Webster Street. Opponents of the war, like Harrison Gray Otis, were active in forwarding the work; and when

it was completed it was named Fort Strong, in honor of the Peace Party governor. The war was at their doors, and it would have been madness to play non-combatant at that perilous hour. But Boston was spared the notoriety of a battle.

Hardy did not stop until he rejoined the blockading squadron off New London. He was not long inactive. He was charged with a part of the duty enjoined by the terrible order of Admiral Cochrane, to *destroy the coast towns and ravage the country*; and on the 9th of August he appeared off the borough of Stonington, in Connecticut, for that purpose, with the *Ramillies*, the *Pactolus*, 44, bomb-ship *Terror*, brig *Dispatch*, and barges and launches. He anchored within two miles of the narrow peninsula on which Stonington lies at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at half past five sent a flag ashore with the following message:

"Not wishing to destroy the unoffending inhabitants residing in the town of Stonington, one hour is granted them from the receipt of this to remove out of the town."

The authorities inquired whether any arrangements might be made to spare the town, and the answer was, "I am instructed to destroy and can not spare." The dismayed inhabitants who were able to leave immediately fled, and removed as many valuable articles as possible. The few militia there, under Lieutenant Hough, were stationed on the Point to watch the movements of the enemy; and all waited anxiously for the threatened assault. It came soon. Toward sunset the *Terror* was warped up near the town, accompanied by barges and launches, with carronades. At eight o'clock in the evening she commenced throwing shells from two heavy mortars, and the smaller vessels hurled Congreve rockets. This assault, grand and terrible, continued until midnight without serious injury to the town.

In the mean time an express had been sent to General Cushing at New London, the United States commander of the District, who regarded this demonstration as a feint to cover an attack on New London, and an attempt to seize Decatur's vessels in the Thames. In connection with Brigadier-General Williams, commander of the militia, such disposition of troops was speedily made as would foil such design of the enemy, and confine his operations to Stonington.

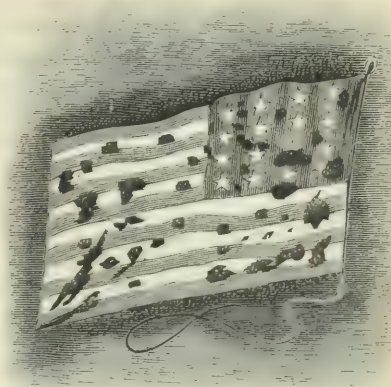
During the bombardment on the evening of the 9th some bold spirits at Stonington took measures for opposing the landing of the invaders. The only ordnance in the place consisted of two 18, one 6, and one 4 pound cannon. They dragged the 6 and one 18 pounder down to the extreme point of the peninsula, cast up some breast-works, and placed them in battery there. The other 18-pounder was left in a slight battery on the southwest point, near where the present breakwater leaves the shore. By the streaming light of the rockets they watched the enemy, reserving their fire until the barges and a launch came in a line near the southeast point of the peninsula, when they opened fire, with serious effect. The guns, loaded with solid balls, were double-shotted, and these so shattered the enemy's vessels that the little flotilla retreated in confusion toward the larger warriors. From midnight until dawn quiet prevailed, and during that time a number of militia and volunteers had assembled near Stonington.

The assault was resumed at daylight on the morning of the 10th by the rocketeers of the barges. At the same time the *Pactolus* and *Dispatch* worked up nearer the town. The former grounded, but the latter beat up, while the *Terror* hurled bombs and carcasses industriously. One of the latter, weighing over two hundred pounds, may now be seen on a granite post in Stonington. So terrible was the bombardment that the militia and volunteers dared not enter the town. At length, at about six o'clock, some bold volunteers came over from Mystic, among whom was the now venerable Captain Jeremiah Holmes, who had been a prisoner in a British ship-of-war some years before, and had learned the art of gunnery. He and his companions made their way to the battery on the point, when Holmes took charge of the 18-pounder there. At that moment the *Dispatch* was making her last tack preparatory to anchoring. Holmes sighted the gun (which was double shotted), and at a favorable moment gave the word to fire. Both shot struck the hull of the brig, when she cast anchor and opened a heavy fire with 24-pound shot. The *Terror* sent shells in quick succession, while Holmes and his companions kept the old iron cannon busy.

The fight was now fairly opened, and it continued briskly for about an hour, when Holmes's ammunition gave out. He ceased firing at eight o'clock; and to prevent the great gun, which they could not take away, being turned upon the town by the enemy, they spiked it.

Stonington was now wholly defenseless and at the mercy of the invaders. A timid citizen proposed to haul down the flag over the battery, in token of submission. "No!" shouted Holmes, indignantly. "That flag shall never come down while I am alive!" And it didn't, in submission to the foe. And when the wind died away, and it hung drooping by the side of the staff, the brave Captain held out the flag on

the point of a bayonet that the British might see it. While in that position several shots passed through it. He then caused it to be nailed to the staff, and it became completely riddled by British balls. I saw it in Stonington in the autumn of 1860, where it is preserved as a precious memento of the event.



THE STONINGTON FLAG.

The old cannon was not long silent. Some concealed powder, taken from the captured privateer *Halka*, was soon discovered, and at a little past nine o'clock Holmes resumed his firing, a blacksmith named Cobb having drawn the spike. It was double-shotted each time; and so telling were its missiles that by noon the *Dispatch* was so much injured that she slipped her cable and hauled off to a place of safety. The *Terror* kept throwing shells until night, but she was out of reach of the little battery.

During the day a considerable number of militia had assembled at Stonington, and General Isham took command. Order was soon restored, and some of the inhabitants, somewhat reassured, returned to their homes. A dispatch had been sent to Hardy by the magistrates to secure a cessation of further hostilities. They assured him that all offensive inhabitants had left the village, and that no torpedoes had ever been sent out from there, and none should be. Hardy agreed to suspend hostilities on condition that they should send to his ship the wife of James Stewart late British consul, who was then in New London. To this extraordinary demand they replied that they had no power to do so, when Hardy threatened to resume the assault if she was not delivered on board his flag-ship by noon on the 11th. He waited longer than noon, but in vain; and at three o'clock the *Terror* commenced throwing shells into the village. A sufficient military force was there to prevent the landing of the enemy.

All was silent on the water during the night of the 11th. It was broken at sunrise, when the *Terror* again opened her mortars, and the *Ramillies* and *Pactolus* warped up nearer the town. At eight o'clock they gave three tremendous broadsides. They proved to be a petulant parting salute; for soon afterward all the vessels withdrew, and anchored far away toward Fisher's Island.

Thus ended the assault on Stonington. Only one man was mortally wounded during the whole time, and five or six others slightly so. The martyr was Frederick Denison, a brave young man of nineteen. His gallantry was most conspicuous; and in commemoration of it the State of Connecticut erected a handsome marble monument over his grave in the cemetery at Mystic in 1856. About forty buildings were more or less injured, and two or three nearly ruined. Cobb's House, on Water Street, is yet standing, and exhibits many scars of wounds received on



COBB'S HOUSE.

that day. The bombardment was singularly harmless, when it is remembered how perfectly exposed the village was, and that *fifty tons of metal were hurled at it* from the ships. The repulse was hailed, as it deserved to be, as a glorious exhibition of pluck. The assailing squadron had about fifteen hundred men, while the number actually engaged in driving them away did not exceed twenty. The loss to the British was twenty lives and fifty wounded, and a cost of ten thousand pounds sterling. The gain nothing. The impotence of the attack was a point for many a squib and epigram; and the occasion gave birth to one of the most popular ballads of the time, written by Philip Freneau, the bard of the Revolution.

Hardy's easy conquest of Eastport encouraged a more extensive invasion in that quarter on the part of the British. They resolved to seize the whole territory in Maine between the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot. For that purpose an expedition, consisting of the *Bulwark*, *Dragon*, and *Spencer*, 74's; the frigates *Bacchante* and

Tenedos; sloops-of-war *Sylph* and *Peruvian*; and schooner *Pictou*, with ten transports and four thousand land-troops, sailed from Halifax on the 26th of August, 1814. The fleet was commanded by Rear-Admiral Edward Griffith, and the troops by Lieutenant-General Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, Governor of Nova Scotia, assisted by General Gerard Goselin. The expedition entered Penobscot Bay and the fine harbor of Castine, off Bigaduce Cape, at dawn on the 1st of September, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols was sent in a schooner to demand the instant surrender of the post, then held by Lieutenant Lewis and about forty regulars, occupying a half-moon battery and redoubt, constructed by the Americans in 1808. Nichols heralded his demand by hurling a 24-pound shot ashore. Lewis perceived that resistance would be madness; so, at sunrise, he blew up the redoubt, and, with his two little cannon, fled over the high peninsula to its neck, and escaped up the river in boats. Colonel Douglass immediately landed with about six hundred troops, and took possession of Castine, and with it the control of Penobscot Bay.

Sherbrooke had been informed that the corvette *John Adams*, commanded by Captain Charles Morris, had struck a rock in entering Penobscot Bay in thick weather, and was so badly damaged that she had gone up the river for repairs. He now learned that she was lying at Crosby's Wharf, at Hampden, a few miles below Bangor, and he and Griffith at once detached vessels and troops to go up and capture or destroy her. Captain Robert Barrie, of the *Dragon*, was placed in command of the naval part of the expedition, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry John of the land-force, seven hundred strong. The vessels employed were the *Sylph* and *Peruvian*, a small schooner as a tender, the brig *Harmony*, and nine launches. The expedition sailed in the afternoon of the day on which the fleet arrived at Castine. They went up as far as the vicinity of Frankfort that evening, and anchored for the night in Marsh Bay, an expansion of the Penobscot.

On the appearance of the fleet an express was sent to Captain Morris, apprising him of the fact. He immediately sent a note to General Blake, who was then at his home opposite Bangor, eight or ten miles distant, asking him to call out the militia of his brigade to meet the



HALF-MOON BATTERY, CASTINE.



BLAKE'S RESIDENCE.

invaders. Blake immediately rode to Bangor, issued orders for the assembling of the militia, and on the same evening went down to Hampden to confer with Morris. He found that vigilant officer busily engaged in preparations for defense. He was dismantling his wounded ship, and dragging her heavy cannon to the summit of the high right bank of the Soadabscook, fifty rods from Crosby's wharf, and placing them in battery there, so as to command the river approaches from below.

On the morning of the 2d General Blake held a consultation with Morris and citizens of Hampden and Bangor on the best means of defense; but opinions were so various that no specific measures were adopted. Morris had not much confidence in the militia, and declined any immediate co-operation with them. He advised meeting the foe at their landing-place, wherever it might be, and expressed his resolution to destroy the *Adams* should the militia retreat.

On the morning of the 2d General Goselin, with six hundred men, took possession of Belfast without resistance, and at the same time the river expedition sailed northward from Marsh Bay. They reached Bald Hill Cove, below Hampden, at five in the evening, where the troops were landed, with eighty marines, and bivouacked during the night, in the midst of a heavy rain storm. A detachment had been land-

ed at Frankfort in the morning, and marched up the western side of the Penobscot.

During the 2d about six hundred raw militia assembled at Hampden. Not one of them had ever been in actual war service, and many were without arms and ammunition. This want Morris supplied as far as possible. Blake posted them in an admirable position on the crown of a ridge between the upper and lower village. The artillery company of his brigade were there, with two brass 3-pounders and one iron 18 from Morris's ship. Such was Blake's position on the gloomy morning of the 3d.

Morris in the mean time had planted a battery of nine short 18-pounders from the *Adams* on the bank above, and placed it in command of Lieutenant Wadsworth, the first officer of the *Adams*; and with the remainder of his guns, two hundred sea-

men and marines, and twenty invalids, he took position on Crosby's wharf, and prepared to defend his crippled ship to the last extremity.

The whole region of the Penobscot was enveloped in a dense fog on the morning of the 3d. The British at Bald Hill Cove had been joined by the detachment from below; and at five o'clock all were in motion toward Hampden. They moved cautiously in the thick mist, and were not discovered by Blake's scouts until they were about to ascend the eminence on which his forces were posted. Information was immediately given to the commander. No enemy could be seen, for the fog yet lay heavily on the earth. Blake pointed his cannon in the direction of their approach, and blazed away with some effect. He reserved the fire of his musketry until the enemy should be near enough to be hurt; but the waiting was an ordeal too severe for the untried militia. When the foe rushed forward at double-quick, firing volley after volley, the militia fled, leaving Blake and his officers alone. This fact was communicated to Morris, who ordered Wadsworth to spike his cannon and retreat over the only bridge that spanned the Soadabscook, for the tide was rising, and that stream would soon be unfordable. He then fired the *Adams*, spiked the guns on the wharf, and ordered his men to fly. He was the last man to leave, and his way to the bridge by



CROSBY'S WHARF, HAMPDEN.

that time was cut off by the foe. He plunged into the Soadabscook, and, under a sharp fire from the British, reached the opposite shore in safety, and with Blake and their followers fled to Bangor.—From thence Morris soon afterward made his way overland to Portland.

About five hundred British troops pushed on in pursuit to Bangor; and the little squadron went up the river at the same time. Colonel John met a deputation from Bangor a mile from the village, with a message from the magistrates, asking terms for capitulation. Nothing was promised but respect for private property. The invaders entered the town

at about ten o'clock in the morning. Commodore Barrie made professions of justice; at the same time he gave his sailors tacit license to plunder. All the stores on the western side of the Kenduskeag Creek were robbed. The enemy remained there about thirty-one hours, quartered on the inhabitants, whom they compelled not only to surrender up all arms and public property—even a few dollars in the post-office—but made them report themselves prisoners of war for parole. General Blake was among those thus paroled. The Selectmen were then required to give a bond in the penal sum of \$30,000, as a guaranty for the delivery of certain vessels to the British authorities at Castine, by the last of October. The speedy return of peace canceled this bond.

Having despoiled the inhabitants of Bangor of property valued at \$23,000, the British returned to Hampden, where Barrie, who was an arrogant, heartless man, allowed the sailors and German soldiers to commit many depredations. Private houses were robbed, and the Meeting-house was broken open, its Bibles and psalm-books were torn up, and its pulpit and pews were demolished. They exacted a bond from the Selectmen of Hampden for \$12,000, for the security of vessels there, and after plundering the inhabitants of property to the amount of \$44,000, the invaders went down the river, and returned to Castine. Colonel John had endeavored to save the people from robbery, and Sherbrooke and Griffith rebuked the brutal Barrie for



REMAINS OF FORT GEORGE, CASTINE.

his outrageous connivance at barbarian atrocities.

On the 11th of September Sherbrooke and Griffith, with most of the troops and a greater part of the fleet, left Penobscot Bay, and, after capturing Machias, returned to Halifax. General Goselin, a gentleman in manners and a brave soldier, was left in command at Castine. He required all the male inhabitants above sixteen years of age, residing in the territory lying between the Penobscot and the boundary-line of New Brunswick, to take an oath of allegiance to his Majesty, or an oath that they would peaceably and quietly demean and conduct themselves while inhabiting and residing within that territory; that they would not carry arms, harbor British deserters, nor carry intelligence to the King's enemies, etc., during the current war. Goselin caused old Fort George, in the middle of the peninsula at Castine, to be repaired and strengthened, barracks to be erected, and various preparations made for the permanent occupation of the place. By his kindness and justice the General won the respect of the inhabitants. But his stay was short. The war was ended a few months after the capture of Castine; and on the 26th of April, 1815, the British evacuated the whole country west of the St. Croix and Passamaquoddy Bay. Peace, joy, tranquillity, and prosperity came with the birds and blossoms; and from that time until now no foreign enemy has ever appeared on our coast with hostile intentions, and probably never will.



MINER AT WORK—OLD MANNER OF WORKING.

COAL AND COAL-MINING.

[The following paper by HENRY D. ROGERS, Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow, furnishes facts and suggestions worthy of consideration in America. —ED. HARPER'S MAG.]

FEW questions can be more interesting than that of the duration of our coal-fields, on which so much of the comfort and prosperity of the world depends. Before, however, attempting to consider it, it is necessary to furnish the reader, in as succinct a manner as possible, with some well-ascertained facts regarding the quantity of coal laid up in store in the great coal-fields of Europe and America.

AMERICA.

The United States, with its vast surface of 3,000,000 square miles, has one square mile of coal-field to every 15 square miles of territory.

Great Britain has one to every 30 of surface.
Belgium has one to every 22½ of surface.
France has one to every 200 miles of surface.

To approximate more nearly to any correct estimates of the relative reserves of coal in the great coal-fields of the world, we must compare the cubic quantities they contain, deducing these from multiplying their respective areas in square miles by their respective observed or assumed depths of available coal. Thus calculated :

Belgium (assuming her coal-fields to possess the high average thickness asserted, of 60 feet of coal) contains about 36,000,000,000 tons.

France (with the same thickness) about 59,000,000,000.

The British Islands (adopting 35 feet as the average thickness) nearly 142,500,000,000. According to Mr. Hull's estimate the total supply is 79,843,000,000.

Pennsylvania (computing her average of workable coal at 25 feet) has 316,400,000,000.

Whole Appalachian Coal-Field (adopting the same proportion), 1,387,500,000,000.

Great Middle Coal-Field of the United States in Indiana, Illinois, and Western Kentucky (also with an average of 25 feet of coal), 1,277,500,000,000.

Great Western Coal-Field in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Texas, accepting 10 feet as the mean thickness of the coal, 739,000,000,000.

All the productive coal-fields of North America, about 4,000,000,000,000.

AREAS OF THE COAL-FIELDS.—NORTH AMERICA.

United States.			
	Sq. Miles.	Length.	Max. bdth.
Appalachian Basin	55,600	875	180
Middle Western Basin...	51,100	370	200
Iowa, Missouri, and Ar- kansas Basin.....	73,910	550	200
Michigan	13,350	160	125
Texas	3,000		
	196,960		

Coal-Fields of the several States.

	Square Miles.
Massachusetts and Rhode Island.....	100?
Pennsylvania.....	12,656
Ohio	7,100
Maryland	550
Virginia.....	15,900
Kentucky	13,700
Tennessee	3,700
Alabama ...	6,130
Georgia	170
Indiana	6,700
Illinois	40,000
Michigan.....	13,350
Iowa	24,000
Missouri.....	21,329
Nebraska.....	3,712
Kansas.....	11,836
Arkansas.....	12,597
Indian Territory	10,395
Texas	2,970
Total	206,933

British Provinces.

	Square Miles.
Newfoundland	100?
Cape Breton	200
Pictou	350
Cumberland	200
New Brunswick, 6689 (only a small part, ap- parently about 1, productive)	836
	1686

EUROPE.

	Square Miles.
Britain	4000
France	984
Belgium	510
Saartbrook coal-field	960
Westphalia	380
Bohemia	400?
Saxony	30
Spain	200?
Russia	100
	7564

[The apparent discrepancy in the calculation of the British total supply of coal given by us in the above table, with that of Mr. E. Hull, derived from his valuable work on the Coal-Fields of Great Britain, is attributable mainly to the circumstance, that our estimate relates to the gross amount of coal originally under the surfaces of the coal-fields, while his has reference to the net quantities now remaining and procurable, with allowance for waste, etc., aggregated together from his special data.]

The relative *superficial magnitudes* of the coal-fields of the countries possessing coal, will be clearly recognized if we compare them by some simple unit of measure. Let this be 100 square miles. In this case,

Russia will be represented by	1
Spain	2
Anthracite fields of Pennsylvania	4
Westphalia and Bohemia	4
Belgium	5
France	10
Rhenish Prussia	10
British Provinces of North America	17
British Islands	40
Europe	75
Pennsylvania	126
Appalachian coal-field	556
The entire coal-field of United States	2000

The ratios of the actual quantities of coal in these coal-fields are approximately as follows:

Let the total store of coal in Belgium, computed at 36,000,000,000 tons, be our *unit of measure*, then—

The amount of coal in Belgium being	1
In France it is less than	2
In the British Islands it is less than	4
In all Europe	8½
In Pennsylvania a little less than	9
In the Appalachian coal-field about	38½
In the Great Middle American coal-field about	35½
In the Great Western American Basin about	20½
In all the coal-fields of North America about	111

Upon the very interesting but difficult question of the probable duration of the coal supply to Britain from her own apparently so richly stocked coal-fields, very little need here be said. The subject has been aptly handled by Mr. E. Hull in his able treatise on the British coal-fields, and has been frankly and impressively discussed by Sir William Armstrong in his late inaugural address to the British Association. Both of these most competent authorities have made obvious to every student of the subject, what we ourselves have for years past felt convinced of, and have repeatedly publicly maintained, that the total supply of coal beneath the soil of Great Britain, *at the present rate of growth of consumption*, must become entirely spent or exhausted

at the lapse of 200 or 300 years from this time. It demands but little arithmetic, if we accept the unassailable statistical facts already made known, to show that such a result is inevitable. In the year 1855 the coal produced and consumed from the British collieries was reported at about 64,333,333 tons; in 1859 it amounted, we are told, to about 72,000,000 tons; in 1860 to a little more than 80,000,000 tons; and in 1861 to upward of 83,500,000 tons;* and now for the past year, 1863, just closed, the rumor is, that it will not fall short of 90,000,000 tons at the lowest estimate.

From these indisputable statements it is apparent that while, in the first interval of four years up to 1859, the average annual ratio of increase in the coal product was just about 2,000,000 tons, this ratio has since materially augmented, being indeed, between 1860 and 1861, at the least 3,500,000 tons. In other words, we can not doubt from all the data at present accessible, that the amount of the annual increase in this first half of the present decade is not less than 3,000,000, whereas in the second half of the previous decade it did not on an average materially exceed 2,000,000 tons. These figures teach us the impressive lesson that the ratio of the augmentation is *itself augmenting*. But Sir William Armstrong assures us that the entire quantity of available coal existing in these islands, calculated to amount to about 80,000,000,000 tons, will, with a continued yearly increase in its consumption of 2,750,000 tons, only last 212 years.† Cordially must we thank him for enjoining it upon the people and the Government to look to it that no needless and unwise wasting of a source of wealth, and power, and happiness, so precious, and yet so far from inexhaustible, should be imprudently permitted to continue.

Another very vital consideration, involving man's ability to penetrate the crust of the earth to the great depths to which the observations and calculations of miners and geologists teach us that the mineral treasures, the coal-beds, layers of iron-ore, and lodes of copper, etc., reach, is that of the globe's undeviating, inevitable increase of temperature as we descend into its bowels from the surface. No matter what the latitude, or climate, or elevation above the sea-level of the spot penetrated by the mine-shaft, the rocky crust grows warmer at the swift rate of 1° of Fahrenheit on an average for each 60 feet of progress downward. With this increment of temperature, the natural warmth at a depth of 1800 feet is 30° higher than at the sur-

* See a paper read before the Society of Arts by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records, Government School of Mines. Sir William Armstrong's statement at Newcastle differs somewhat from this, in that he cites Mr. Hunt's statistics as showing that, "at the end of 1861, the quantity of coal raised in the United Kingdom had reached the enormous total of 86,000,000 tons."

† Mr. Hull, in his recent article in the "Quarterly Journal of Science," is "inclined to place the possible maximum of production at 100,000,000 tons," and thinks that there is therefore coal enough to last for eight centuries.

face, or rather more than 80° of Fahrenheit; that is to say, the miner is called on to exert his best muscular force, often in a constrained posture and debilitated by bad air, when the walls of the mine and the atmosphere around him are almost as hot as the air and soil at the equator in the shade.

Besides this steady rise of temperature proper to the earth's crust itself, there is an additional augmentation of warmth in all deep mines, produced by the increased density of the air. It appears to obey a constantly augmenting ratio with increase of depth, but within all ordinarily penetrated depths it averages about 1° of Fahrenheit for every 300 feet of depth. At 2000 feet it amounts to 6.5° , and at 4000 to 13.16° .

Now we know that an important portion of the coal in our deeper coal-basins, lies, according to the estimates I have quoted, at depths approaching, and even far exceeding, 4000 feet, and this is equivalent to an augmentation of the warmth to the miner of some $56\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of the thermometer due to depth, and more than 13° due to increase of density in the air; that is to say, equivalent to a temperature of about 120° . This far surpasses that of any climate upon the earth's surface, and is altogether too hot and relaxing for any human being to work in.

Here, then, we encounter a formidable impediment to the search after all this vast stock of deep-seated mineral wealth; and there arises a pressing question, of the greatest importance to every individual and community interested in the maintenance of cheapness and plenty in the two great essentials to our social welfare, iron and coal: can this obstruction to deep mining be obviated by the aid of human ingenuity?

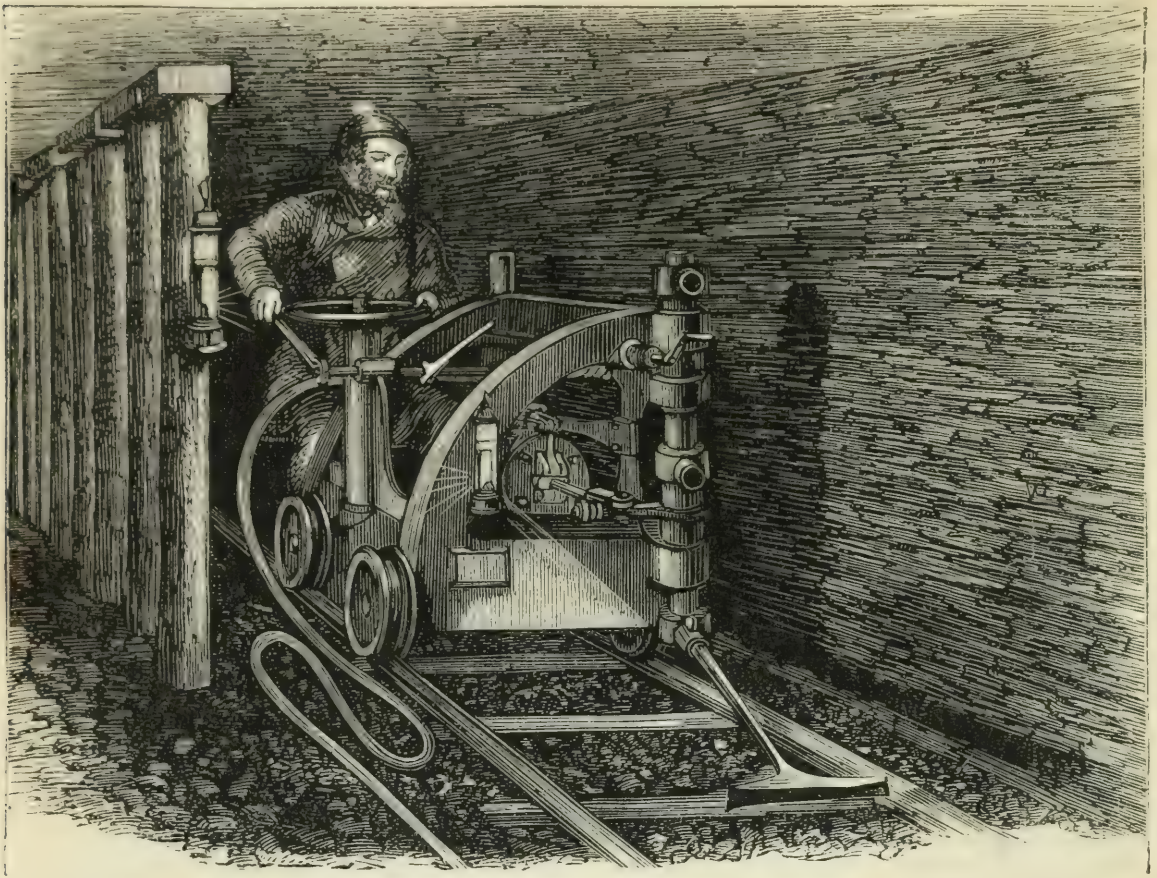
Until very recent days neither colliery proprietors nor mine engineers could see a way to the solution of this prodigious difficulty; but an invention, steadily maturing toward practical success for several years past, and now at last working to the entire satisfaction of all who have examined its construction and principles, gives us a sanguine promise, indeed a confident assurance, that it will achieve this blessed result, though only as one of the secondary results of its wonderful capacities. I allude to an ingenious invention lately completed in Yorkshire, and now being introduced elsewhere, for cutting coal in the collieries by machinery.

This coal-cutting machine has been brought to its present high efficiency at the West Ardsley Colliery, in Yorkshire, the proprietors of which, William Firth, Esq., and Company, of Leeds, are likewise the owners, part-patentees, improvers, and constructors of the mechanism. The patentees are Firth, Donnithorpe, and Co. The engine is a large iron cylinder, with a piston and piston-rod working to and fro in the cylinder, and carrying or driving a massive iron or steel pick, which cuts the coal, working long work in any desired direction, and at a very material saving in waste from hewing or "kirving." The power that gives the reciprocating motion to the piston and pick is highly compress-

ed air, condensed by the steam-engine stationed at all collieries near the pit-mouth, and this elastic air is conveyed by slender pipes down the shaft or pit, and along the mine to the places where the coal is to be disturbed from its long repose, and cut away from the exposed edge or face of the seam. The compressed air is pumped by the steam-engine into a receiver at the pit-head during its otherwise idle hours, or by its surplus power while drawing up the coal, or pumping out the water, from the mine, and is condensed to a tension of 45 or 50 lbs. to the square inch. It is led at the West Ardsley Company's Colliery from the receiver, in metal pipes four and a half inches in diameter, down the shaft 80 fathoms (or 480 feet) deep, and thence in pipes of a less diameter to the workings, tubes of one or one and a quarter inch calibre bringing it to the cylinder of the machine. This compressed air, when set free at each alternating stroke of the piston, imparts to the adjacent portions of the mine a pure, dry, *cool* atmosphere, from a well-known law of all airs or gases, that when compressed they develop heat of temperature, and that when expanding under a relaxation of pressure, they quickly acquire a state of comparative coolness. We have been told, indeed, in a paper descriptive of this mechanical coal-cutter, read to the British Association at its late meeting at Newcastle, that the air issues at a temperature very little below the freezing-point.

The machine is supported by a cast metal frame of great solidity and firmness, and is of a size and weight proportioned to the thickness and hardness of the bed of coal to be cut. It is constructed so as to give the blow of the pick or cutter, either by the *pull* or the *push* of the piston.

The form of engine hitherto found to unite the greatest degree of convenience with efficiency in practice is that known as of the "oscillating cylinder" principle. It has the merit of combining compactness of shape with a very small amount of friction in the working parts. The whole structure rests upon wheels with flanges, which are sometimes single sometimes double as the exigencies of the work demand. It is propelled forward or backward, as required, by a wheel and screw, on a ratchet and pinion, attached to one side of the engine. On the opposite side is a valve-screw, for regulating by the hand the admission and escape of the air and the stroke of the piston. The machine is also, in some specimens, made self-acting, much after the fashion of the steam-hammer. When working, the man seated upon the little stool in the rear of it moves the ratchet screw connected with the gearing of the under-carriage, and thereby propels the whole machine along the little railway or train laid parallel to the front of the coal-seam, a small distance equal to the longitudinal nip or bite of the pick, and at each swiftly-repeated blow this encroachment, of an inch or so, is renewed to the end of the "benk" or working face. In seams of coal of a thick-



NEW MANNER OF WORKING—COAL-CUTTING MACHINE.

ness not less than three feet, the driver or miner sits on a seat slid into the end of the machine, but in thinner coal-beds he must rest kneeling on a truck running on low pulleys or rollers, and traveling in the rear of the cutting-machine.

The tram-road, carrying the coal-cutter, is made of T rails fastened upon cross sleepers. This railway is of a gauge which also suits the wagons in which the detached coal is carried away from the "benks" or faces, where it has been mined; and when all the fragmentary coal is cleared away, the little railway, easily taken apart and reunited, is transplanted closer up to the face of the coal-seam, and the process of cutting by the engine is resumed.

There are several distinct methods or plans of working or mining the coal-seams in our collieries. That which is best adapted for the full efficiency of the coal-cutting engine is what is technically called "long work," or some modified form of this.

Messrs. Firth, Donnisthorpe, & Co. much prefer this long-wall mode of mining wherever they employ their apparatus; and we conceive that every judicious miner will admit that where the coal-bed has a good roof no other plan of working the mine can afford such grand facilities for the application of the machine. Its inventors see no difficulty in adapting it to other commonly practiced modes of mining coal.

I shall not be doing this interesting invention justice if I do not advert, more explicitly than I have yet done, to the important assistance it is

destined to furnish to the ventilating and cooling of all deep and over warm collieries.

An approximately correct notion of its efficacy as an aid to the ventilation of the working localities in a coal-mine may be gained from the facts I have now to mention.

One machine, working, we shall say, 90 blows of the pick per minute, discharges, of condensed air, about 100 cubic feet per minute, which immediately becomes 300 cubic feet of cold air at the normal density. Now an ordinary roomy colliery will employ at least five of these machines, a number productive of some 1500 cubic feet of cold air per minute. But in a very well ventilated coal-mine of medium capacity the average supply of good air to each working face is, or should be, about 2000 or 2500 cubic feet per minute. This proves that each machine is competent to supply from 12 to 15 per cent. of the ventilation, with this all-important incidental benefit, that whereas the indrawn current of air acquires in its progress a warmer temperature, and grows progressively more foul and unwholesome, the air, let off by the machine, arrives perfectly fresh, and pure, and cool, precisely at the localities where the workmen are most in need of such an atmosphere. This cooling and purifying of the air at the precise spots where good air is so indispensable magnifies this secondary function of the machine beyond the mere proportion of fresh atmosphere it contributes to the general ventilation. Observations and calculations from careful experiments indicate that, in a coal-mine having a mean

temperature of say 70 degrees, the reduction in the warmth of the general mass of air will amount to about five degrees, but in the immediate vicinity of the miners the cooling action is obviously much more than this difference.

Another incidental advantage, the full importance and value of which we can not overestimate, is the power this strong jet of pure cold air must exercise to dilute and chill the "fire-damp," or explosive compound of the native coal-gas and the atmospheric air, and keep it below the proportions and temperature promotive of mine explosions. The inventors are fully aware of this valuable property in their machine, and are now planning a method of projecting a portion at least of the ventilating puff of the pure cool air where it will be most efficient in counteracting the fire-damp. The writer of this has seen the machine in operation, and he can aver that he was never in a colliery where the atmosphere of the coal-seams was so pure, so cool, and so wholesome to the respiratory organs; and he asks, could a more ample, more convenient ventilation of the parts of a mine most needing it be asked for?

It is easy, from this wonderful attribute of the compressed air coal-cutting apparatus, to see that we may henceforth dispel all our long-established misgivings as to the capacity of the mining art to perforate the earth's crust to almost any depths, to which we may inductively infer that the treasures of the deeper coal-fields any where descend.

In a coal-seam three feet three inches thick, where 1800 tons per week are cut and withdrawn, there is a saving of 27 men at the very unwholesome and severe toil of "pick work." This amounts, we are informed, in the West Ardsley Colliery, to only about 10 per cent. of the whole number employed at the colliery, for all the other branches remain without any commensurate reduction in the numbers of their workmen. We are rejoiced to learn, moreover, that this is a real saving of the men, for they are transferred from a very severe and dangerous form of toil to more inviting kinds of labor; transferred, in fact, from the business of a collier to that more thoughtful and freer one of a mechanic. And this is done without any reduction in the wages of the miners. Every friend of the laboring classes, every well-wisher to human progress, must rejoice at the contemplation of inventions such as this, which so obviously tend to abate the hardships of the muscular human machine, and lift him to the higher level of a mind-employing and intelligent mechanic.

To estimate aright the full value of any invention like this for facilitating and cheapening the mining of our "fossil fuel," we must take into view, on the one hand, the astonishing amount of wealth which this product represents, and the large and indispensable part it plays in creating new wealth by bringing into operation a multitude of arts and industries, which but for it could not exist; and, on the other hand, the many benignant uses it fulfills in promoting hu-

man health and domestic comfort. The magnitude of our coal product will be recognized, and the high importance of economizing the getting it be duly appreciated, when we reflect that the past year's yield of the British coal-mines has amounted to between *ninety and one hundred millions of tons*, that its value on sale as lifted from the mines can not fall far short of some £50,000,000, and that the coal-trade employs, it is believed, at least 300,000 persons in working and distributing the coal alone.

That this mechanical invention for cutting the coal in the mine will prove a real blessing to the miner must be obvious to every person who considers the nature of one of the chief perils which unceasingly besets the miner while at his task. By the process of "hand-kirving," or hewing a cleft back into the coal-seam in some soft layer of the bed, the miner in cutting into it, say three feet in depth from the face, must make a crevice or excavation of usually from 10 to 12 inches in width at the front, tapering narrow toward the back. Now one of the commonest and least avoidable dangers to the life and limb of the miner thus carving into a coal-bed with his pick, and crouching under the face of the vast block of coal he is striving to detach, is the premature and sudden dislodgment of this great lump, weighing a ton and frequently much more, and the instantaneous slipping of the ponderous mass upon him, caused by the sloping of the artificial floor he has been making. We are informed, in fact, that as high a proportion as 20 per cent. of the lives lost in coal-mines arises from this terrific crashing of the coal upon the helpless workman as he is courageously undermining it.

In striking contrast with this source of danger, attended by so much waste of precious life, is the kirving or undercutting accomplished by the machine. Mr. Samuel Firth, in his paper upon it, read at Newcastle to the British Association, assures us that the West Ardsley Machine, working in the Hetton Colliery upon a hard seam, did the "kirving" three feet deep with a groove of only three inches at the face and two inches at the back, giving an average cut of only two and a half inches high; whereas the *average* height of hand-kirving in the same coal-seam is about 11 inches. This saving of good coal from destruction is equal, he tells us, to ninepence per ton upon the whole yield of the coal-seam. In the West Ardsley seam the saving by the machine process of cutting amounts to one shilling per ton, on the yield of the coal-bed.

To get a just notion of the wonderful strength, speed, accuracy, and economy with which this beautiful piece of mechanism, the coal-cutter, does its task, one must go into one of the collieries where the invention is used, and behold it, as the writer did, performing smoothly and easily its regular routine work. Sitting near it, watching its movements, noting the deep yet slender groove it so swiftly cuts in the solid coal, and timing accurately its expert and quickly-

repeated strokes, and then measuring the work done, the beholder's surprise at its amazing efficiency increases until it is presently lifted to admiration and enthusiasm.

A purely incidental accompaniment of the swift hard blows given respectively by the human machine and the iron one as they swing their picks into the coal, betrays in a curious manner the amazing difference in the energy of their strokes. At each blow the miner delivers, he suddenly, as so many workmen do, relaxes his fully inflated lungs, and pants loudly. So likewise the machine, but at every stroke it gives, the condensed air of three atmospheres' pressure escaping, makes a noise by its sudden emission somewhat of the tone and loudness of a highly excited bull-dog.

The machine, when we inspected it, was for the greater part of the time working at the astonishing speed of 120 strokes per minute, or at the rate of two a second; and it cut a remarkably regular smooth groove, or narrow incision, always twenty inches deep, into the coal seam, and not exceeding two inches, or two and a half in width, throughout the entire line of its course along the face of the coal. By a second traverse of the face of the coal, this groove is deepened to thirty inches, and by a third to thirty-six inches, or one yard. The miner, or, more strictly speaking now, the engineer, who sits on a little seat attached to the rear of the machine, and controls its progress and the speed of its stroke, is able by this mechanism in the colliery I visited (the West Ardsley, near Leeds) to "kirve," or undercut the coal, to the extent of fifteen or twenty yards per hour. This is his regular average rate of work. Now, a good skillful miner, employing the hand-pick, "kirves" in such a seam about seven and a half yards per day, working eight hours, or a little less than one yard per hour; so that the machine, in the amount of cutting it can effect, is equal to at least fifteen or twenty able-bodied men.

But this greatly increased efficacy or quickness of the mining process is only one of the several high advantages attending this invention. To the humane beholder it is still more impressive and gratifying, in the contrast it exhibits between the safe and comfortable state and action of its director and the very dangerous position and severe toil of the pickman working by hand. Few forms of manual labor surpass, in their arduousness of muscular exertion, in their painful constraint of attitude and movement, in their liability to accident and death, and in their habitual and unavoidable filthiness, the toilsome struggle of the industrious, lonely pickman, whose hard lot has consigned him to pass his working hours hewing with violent efforts into a hard seam of coal, in a badly ventilated mine. If the coal-bed measures only three feet, or less, as many profitable ones in our British coal-fields do, the miner can by no possibility stand erect, or fling his pick into the coal with any approach to natural, easy, and effective freedom of movement in his arms and body. On the contrary,

he must sit crouched, or doubled upon his knees, or cramped down upon his hams, and in those half-paralyzing postures, wield, or try to wield, his heavy pick with an awkward and unsteady swing. Let a person but witness the two processes of mining, as the writer of this notice did, in the same slender bed of coal, and the contrast will impress him, as offering one of the finest illustrations within the wide field of modern improvements, of the blessings which invention can confer in mitigating the hardships, and abating the brutalizing toil to which the human body is still so frequently subjected.

In taking leave of this interesting invention we can not refrain from adverting to the important question, how will the mining populations of this and other countries accept it? Will they esteem it a friend sent to ameliorate their heaviest, most prostrating form of toil, or will they regard it as a rival and an enemy? We think they will view and welcome it as a pain-relieving benefactor, for well do they know the severities of their profession. The mining class are fully aware that the strain upon their physical strength is unnaturally severe, ever tending to enfeeble their health and shorten their days, and we can not doubt that every lesson of experience and every wholesome instinct will impel them to greet and to accept not only this but all similar labor-lightening inventions as blessings dispensed to them from On High through this world's human agencies.

LAURA AND HER HERO.

HARRY MILLS, as he went leaping along the rocky shore that day, apparently in such a loose hap-hazard manner, had a definite object in view. He had marked it and steadily pursued it since he had first come out in this direction; so he went on leaping lightly from rock to rock, always keeping in view a flutter of something. A flutter of something scarlet and gold, like a gay barbaric flag flung out in defiance. What was it? He knew well. What need for any body else to know that it was Laura Wingate's shawl? Laura herself hadn't the faintest idea of hanging out a lure as she sat there talking fitfully with Sue Mills. They had been there half the afternoon, shut in by the rocks from any sight or sound but the sea's, and perhaps that was the reason that gay Laura's usual brightness had tempered down into that wistful abstraction, which she so rarely shows. Perhaps the restless voices of the ocean suggested her thoughts.

"Ah me!" she said, with a faint sigh: "I am lonesome under this monotonous life, Sue. I want to go away somewhere and see the world. I wish something would happen, not actually tragic you know. Heigh-ho!" and she yawned wearily, stretching her hands toward the sea with a yearning motion. Then a change passed over her face as she caught sight of a new sail just beyond the Point. "Sue, I walked with a merman last night, in a blue-jacket. He wanted

somebody to run away with him. What do you say to my going? A handsome fellow he was, Sue, tall and dark, and with such beautiful eyes, with a scar just under the left one."

"Laura, you don't mean that Tom Wilson has come back?" And Sue Mills, at the mention of her old lover, turned pale.

"Yes; Captain Tom has come back, Sue, handsomer and taller than ever. What do you say to my running away with him, eh?"

"Does he want you to?" asks Susan, really incredulous, but with a look of anxiety and fright upon her face.

"Does he want me to!" and Laura mimicked her companion's voice. But in a moment her tone changed, a soft expression came into her eyes. She bent over and touched Susan's cold hand with her own warm one, while she said, "No, Susy, he wants *you*; and he thinks that now, perhaps, your father may be more relenting. This last voyage has been very prosperous, and he already owns half of the ship, which shows, you know, very substantially, that he has been entirely devoted to his duty."

"And he told you—"

"Yes, he told me he wanted you, Susy; that he had never wanted any body else; that all through your father's opposition, and your submission to it, he had never ceased to love you, though for a time he was angry." There was a little pause, then she went on: "And you fancied it was me. You were jealous, Sue, all last fall when he was here. Me! jealous of me, you small simpleton."

There had come a warm glow into Susan's cheeks, and her eyes had a happy light in them as she said,

"But you flirted with him, Laura."

"I flirted with Cap'n Tom? Well, I didn't know it."

Laura's face as she uttered this was full of some cold disdain. It faded in a moment, and she added more kindly, but with a sort of weary impatience,

"That's the way people *must* interpret, I suppose. Well, well, let them; who cares?"

"But, Laura!"

"Well."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Why didn't I? Because I have kept my word and a tryst for you, my pretty black-eyed Susan;" and Laura laughed with all her old mischief.

Susan looked bewildered.

"What do you mean, Laura?"

"Only that I promised that wily and wicked Captain Tom that I would not betray him until I saw a white sail coming round the Point with a blue flag for signal. Prepare yourself, Miss Susan; he'll be here at your feet in fifteen minutes."

Susan sprang up startled and confused; but that firm little hand, and the firmer will of Laura Wingate, pulled her back.

"Stay where you are, Susan; don't make a goose of yourself. After a year of faithfulness

and well-doing Captain Wilson certainly deserves a hearing. If you are still afraid to trust him, tell him so; don't run away. I am the one to do that, you know. Catch me playing Mrs. Malaprop;" and, laughing, Laura snatched up her shawl and started out of her nook.

One, two, three steps, and she swung round a narrow ledge to meet—what? no, not Captain Wilson, but Harry Mills.

It was not she who blushed. It was for Harry Mills, the tender skinned fellow, to hang out his colors at this sudden meeting. There he was, going on quietly, the signal of gold and red no longer perceivable in the bend of the shore, but clearly seen by inward vision was that well-known eyrie of the cliffs where he thought to find her. And suddenly the gleam of the gold and red, the old barbaric pattern flashes into his eyes, and he meets that startled gaze whose very coolness half vexes him. So he thought it quite enough to blush for. Then she exclaimed:

"Where *did* you come from? I declare you appear like a ghost, Harry!"

"I was down at the inlet, and 'sighted' you by your red flag," he answered, putting a finger on the gay silk fringe that floated over her arm.

"Oh! my shawl. And you were coming down upon me unawares. There I should have sat in the sun, innocent of danger, when pounce, you would have come down from the top cliff, like a cat upon a mouse. I know your tricks."

And she nodded and sparkled at the young man in her gay, *insouciant* manner, which he appreciated, perhaps, too keenly.

"But come," she broke out, after a breath of pause, "I'm not going to stand here; are you?" And she dipped past him like a swallow on the wing, flinging back a little chain of sweet-linked laughter, and a glance that invited and defied.

He did not wait, but down sharp crag and ledge dashed on in pursuit. Again that saucy glance shot over her shoulder, and fleeing with sure but reckless foothold over rough ways of rock and loosened stones, she sang:

"Oh, follow, follow round the world,

Green earth and sunny sea—"

"So love is with thy lover's heart

Wherever he may be,"

responded her pursuer's voice, finishing the quotation which she hadn't given him credit for knowing.

A little disconcerted, a false step was made, and she caught, breathless, at a projecting boulder, leaning her cheek against it, and facing him so, gazing wearily but with mischievous smile at him as he came up, and saying, saucily,

"What did you trip me up for, with your sentimental half of the string? 'Twasn't fair."

"But 'twas true, Laura."

"Oh, Harry, don't! I've only just escaped from just such a scene, and then I'm tired, and I've hurt my foot or my ankle."

There was a hot glow in Harry Mills's cheek as he listened.

"You have just escaped, Laura? Then you were not pleased; you—"

"Oh yes, I was pleased. I made the appointment myself. Oh, I was very much pleased; but I ran away just in time."

"In time for what, Laura?" broke out the young man in exasperated tones.

She was standing still in that very attitude, her cheek against the gray old rock, and eying him with that concealed glimmer of fun. But here she drew up her slender figure, and put on a proper mask of pride as she exclaimed:

"I really can not see what right you have, Harry Mills, to ask me that question."

"Laura, I have no right; but—"

But here Laura broke in her tinkling laugh, and cried,

"Oh, Harry, what a dunce you are! I couldn't play the disinterested friend, could I, and make appointments for those who were too timid to make them for themselves?"

Harry's face lightened.

"What have you been up to, Laura?" he asked. Then his eyes suddenly spanned the coast. He saw just beyond a little craft, with a blue flag flying above the white sail. There it lay, rocking with the tide, close inshore. And there above—who was that climbing the cliffs so alertly?

"What—no—yes, it is. Laura, you *haven't* thrown Sue into that man's path?"

"Harry, come and help me down, if you expect me to say any thing. My foot is aching dreadfully, and I know I shall faint away if I'm not taken care of."

He might have thought that this was one of her arch tricks too, if he had not seen her face, really white and pinched with pain.

At this sight he bounded to her side and put out his arm.

"Lean on me, Laura; tell me what to do for you," he said, in the gentlest tones.

She clung to him a moment for rest, then—

"Help me down into the hollow there, Harry."

He lifted her without further words, and placed her where she directed—a natural cleft between the rocks.

"There, I shall be better in a minute. No, 't isn't a sprain; it's my lame foot—the one I hurt last winter on the ice. Once in a while I give it a twist, as I did when you made me slip on those stones."

"Laura, how can you?" he interposed.

"Then I had to stand parleying with you till I was like to faint," she went on, "because your curiosity was rampant to pry into affairs which didn't concern you. And even now, after causing all this mischief, you are dying to leave me, to rush off to that poor abused Captain Tom, and make more mischief."

While she rattled on this reckless nonsense Harry, never quite following her tricky spirit, was vainly endeavoring to discover how much was in earnest, how much in frolic, and she enjoying his perplexity as usual. Presently she broke the silence with,

"There, I'm better now, and I'll tell you all about it."

So she told of walking on the beach last night, and meeting the unfortunate Captain Tom, who plead his cause to her for intercession. When she had ended he said, looking at her gravely,

"I shouldn't have thought you'd have dared the responsibility, Laura, of doing any thing to further an affair of this kind."

She raised herself upon her elbow and exclaimed, with some vehemence,

"Why not? Why not? Dare! Do you suppose I am such a weakling that I can't make up my mind which is the right side, and follow it? If Sue had had a mind of her own she wouldn't have been veered round by other people's wills, but she would have seen that Tom Wilson had the stuff in him for a real man, which you hadn't one of you the sense to see, let me tell you. Wild! reckless! Well, what of that, when he had a good heart and a firm will beneath? I knew he'd come out right, and he has; owns half the ship, and has been complimented by the Boston firm there—what do you call them?"

"Did he tell you this, Laura?"

"My father told me last night, and Deacon Scofield confirmed it."

"Well, I am very glad I'm sure."

"You ain't, you little rue-faced old fellow! you're sorry. You'd like to keep Sue on tenter-hooks another six months; and the goose would let you if there was a reason to hang a cobweb of suspicion on."

"And how do you know but there is? What makes you believe in Captain Wilson so enthusiastically, Laura?"

"Because I believe in my instincts, and they from the first have told me that Captain Tom was better than his enemies. But you, Mills, never did appreciate him. I wish I had taken him off your hands long ago."

Harry's brow clouded. "You seem to appreciate him enough for that," he retorted.

Her eyes sparkled.

"Good! I like this. 'Stand fair and fight, my lord of Aix.'"

"No, Laura, there shall be no fighting. I should never quarrel with you," the young man answered, in a different tone. Then vehemently: "Laura, you *must* listen to me. You know what I have meant; you know what my feelings have been all along—that I love you, that I want you, Laura, for mine. Will you come?"

He was standing on a lower ledge than where she rested; and as he spoke, leaning involuntarily nearer, he put out his arms to her.

She caught his hands as he ceased speaking, and dropped her face against them, crying in a little passion of regret:

"Oh no, no, Harry; I love you—yes, yes, I love you dearly, but not that way. I love you partly as Susan loves you, perhaps, for I have known you all my life."

The young man bent over her much moved in some manner by her soft passion; and he

asked: "Why, Laura, why can't you love me that way; because you have known me all your life?"

"No, not that. Because—oh, Harry, don't you feel it?—you are not mine, nor I yours."

"But I will make you mine, and you shall make me yours. That is what I ask, Laura."

The look upon her face would have been a smile if it had not been so full of desolation. She was suffering from "the pain of uncomprehension." If he did not feel it, how could she explain? But she presently said, gently,

"Don't you see, Harry, that we are not naturally affianced? See now. You have no sympathy with what you call my recklessness—my wild moods. I puzzle you; half the time you don't know whether I am in jest or earnest. You are amazed at the things I enjoy. And, on the other hand, you seem to me almost insensible to enthusiasm. If I were not so audacious, or if I didn't really regard you so truly, I should be chilled; but I get angry with you instead, and half your pursuits I can understand and relish as little as you mine. You think we may assimilate? Oh, fatal mistake! We are neither of us wax; we could not be moulded into any thing else than ourselves. As we are now we make capital friends; but bring us nearer and it would be like bringing two chords in different keys together—there would be discord. What is that you say about opposite temperaments forming better combinations? Well, it may be to a certain extent; but there must be likeness, and we haven't it, Harry: I do not belong to you."

The young fellow struck his foot impatiently against the rock as she finished, and exclaimed,

"Where have you got these ideas, Laura? What books have you been reading?"

All the softness vanished from her face as he said this; and she answered sharply, and with a curling lip that suggested a sneer, "I have read the books that the rest of the world reads. What I have left or what I have taken from them is what the qualities of my own mind demanded. But why should I get angry with you?" and here she relented a little of her coldness. "Half the world think as you do, that books make the reader's ideas instead of merely meeting them as inevitable conclusions, or— But what is the use of talking, Harry? We can never agree on such subjects. Which plainly proves my previous words—we have no natural likeness."

"And yet you allow that we can be capital friends," he put in, with an unbelieving look.

"Friends? yes—friends may differ essentially, and yet be very good friends, but lovers—no. If I married you, Harry Mills," she cried, with a sudden gust of passion, "I should be eternally alone on this earth!"

"Don't talk so, Laura. You don't know yourself," he answered, with provoking gentleness.

"I will talk so! And I know myself much better than you'll ever know me. Don't know myself!" and she laughed aloud in derision.

"Find me a woman who knows herself better at this point of her life. If you knew me a tenth part as well you would think yourself lucky to have escaped me. Harry Mills, you like me now because I am something different from others that you meet; because I amuse you; and because I am young and handsome. But I should make the torment of your life if I married you. You'd want to control me, and I wouldn't be controlled; and I should shock every fixed principle you possessed in rebelling. Yes," eyeing him with irritation. "I dare say you think you know me better than I know myself. You know the Laura who is your friend. The gay, laughing Laura who teases Sue and makes a seeming jest of life. But there's another Laura you know nothing about—the real Laura, too—the Laura who lives, and loves, and hates with a passion and intensity which would startle you; which I have no doubt you would call morbid. But this Laura is a stranger to most as to you. I have had the sense to conceal it here, for she is alien and wild." Here she ceased, suddenly, and dropped her head into her locked hands, with that lonely pain of uncomprehension aching at her heart.

Harry stood regarding her with a gloomy look of conviction stealing over his face. The conviction of the hopelessness of his suit, not of her beliefs. But after a while the gloom lifted a little, as he thought:

"I'll wait—this will pass"

How Laura would have laughed him to scorn could she have overheard this inward resolve!

When she raised her head, however, she saw nothing in his expression but perplexity and pain; and with some compunction for the sorrow she had wrought, and perhaps aggravated for the moment by her outspoken irritation, she said, quite gently:

"I am sorry to have hurt you, Harry."

He returned as gently, though somewhat ambiguously,

"You couldn't help it, Laura."

They walked home almost in silence; and both noticed without comment now that the little boat still rocked at the shore, the blue flag fluttering to the wind. Mrs. Wingate stood in the front-yard, talking to the Captain about "cuttin' that willer down" as they came up the road, and she broke off as she stood the dry branches from a withering shrub and thriftily gathered them into her apron.

"Why, where on earth have you been, Laura?" she said, rather impatiently, as the girl sauntered up the path. "Lucy and Hannah Scofield's been here, and waited and waited, till I told 'em 'twan't no use. You wouldn't come home till the cows did, maybe."

"Sue and I went down to the south shore," Laura answered, absently, and almost indifferently.

Harry, contrary to his usual custom, didn't stop to chat with the Captain, but hurried away, with hasty good-nights. He took the picture of that parting group, however, with an awak-

ened sense of its incongruity. Awakened perhaps by those passionate words—"She is alien and wild."

Alien and wild she indeed looked beside the burly old Captain, with his brown knobby face, and Dame Wingate's spare angularities. True types were they of primitive New England; but for her, who stood so near and yet so far, what fitting type was there?

What resemblance is there in all that rugged simplicity, that Puritan plainness of exterior, and that flowering of nature which hovers near them? Could they have once combed out

"That fawn-skin colored hair of hers,"

in lieu of those locks of dusty gray? Could they have ever flung out such intrepid glances from eyes of flame and fire? Could either of those gaunt figures ever have boasted such smoothly rounded outlines? Harry Mills might have asked himself all these questions as he pondered upon her words and the scene he had left, for they were plainly perceivable enough. But did he note as well the strange dissimilarity of character? The kind and generous, but utterly prosaic natures in contrast with this kindling imagination, this winged spirit of ardor and daring?

Alien and wild indeed did she seem in every particular, with her youth, her personal attractions, and her visible culture of books and thought, in contact with these old and simply-bred people and their way of life.

Long ago had the village gossips said to each other: "Miss Winget'll spile that girl, humoring her in all her notions; and the Cap'n's worse'n she is. I do believe they think there never was such a child."

Then when Laura was sent away to Boston for four successive years, only returning in rare school vacations, the gossips twittered on their perches still louder:

"That girl just turns the Cap'n and Miss Winget round her little finger. Well, well, they'll set her up so there won't be no living with her by-and-by. You'll see, you'll see!"

But Laura had now been home two years, and the gossips *didn't* see, though they looked sharply, the fulfillment of their prediction. She was as fond of the burly old Captain, and as willing to do her mother's behests as before. Perhaps a trifle quieter; the wild spirit shaded and toned down, and sometimes wrapt in some cloud of abstraction that gained for her that title by which people give a name to their own want of comprehension—odd. "Laura was such an odd girl."

But that night, as she sat on the floor before the wood-fire blazing on the hearth, she didn't seem so very odd. Her mood of abstraction had blown away like a vapor as she turned from the garden gate and followed her mother into the house. And there she sat all the evening, quite mollifying Mrs. Wingate by her flying needles, and pleasing the merry old Captain by drawing him on to tell his "wonderful tales of the sea."

Rhody, passing in and out of the room—Rho-

dy had been Mrs. Wingate's *help* for a score of years—Rhody, passing in and out on household care, thought as she had thought a hundred times at similar scenes:

"Well, if they don't set their eyes by that child more 'n more every day!"

But Rhody herself, grim spinster as she was, partook a good deal of this glamour, as many a sharp word of defense from her lips could have testified, when the gossips came prying with invidious suggestions. More than once she had been heard to declare that "there wasn't such a girl any where round as Laura Wingate; that she'd beat them Scofields and Susan Mills all holler."

And still the gossips couldn't forgive Laura for being so "odd"—which meant, simply, that they couldn't forgive her dissimilarity to themselves—couldn't forgive her independent will, her power of fascination, her gay disregard of irksome conventionalities, and, most of all, those four years of Boston school-life.

"Exham Academy was good enough for Sue Mills and Deacon Scofield's girls, but 'twan't good enough for that little wild thing of the Wingates. Squire Mills didn't do any more for Harry than they'd done for that slip of a girl, and Squire Mills could buy and sell Cap'n Wingate any day."

They didn't know there was one treasure that all Squire Mills's money couldn't buy from the Wingates.

And so the four years cast a shadow for them to glower and gossip in. It was a topic that never lost interest, for every now and then fresh material was added by the arrival of some fine guests, who brought an atmosphere of the great world into this quiet coast country—an atmosphere wherein Laura moved as in her native element. They seemed to belong to her and she to them.

That very night, as she sat there plying her needles and her tongue with equal alacrity, she was giving many a thought to the contents of a letter her father had handed to her. It apprised her of the coming of one of these same guests—an old school friend of those four years.

"I shall be with you, I hope, Laura, on the 1st of July."

That was the intelligence that brightened Laura's cheeks, and dispersed her clouds as they gathered. She would see Emily Mayhew in a week. It was the last of June now; but on these Eastern shores summer lingered in its arrival, and sharp winds blowing round the Cape made the cheery blaze that brightened the broad hearths not unwelcome. In a week, however, whether southern breezes blew or northern gales struck their icy spears against the rugged rocks, there would be tropic sunshine for Laura Wingate, for one to whom she was neither alien nor wild would bring her companionship and sympathy—would bring her, too, news from the brilliant world of men and women and books, for which she secretly stretched forth her arms, to which she secretly knew herself belonging.

Two years ago she had bid adieu to such a life. Who may estimate the effects of that life upon this vivid temperament, this acute intelligence? What ardors, what enthusiasms, what subtle knowledge it must have brought to light; what thoughts and beliefs it must have set ablaze; what emotions kindled!

Two years of seclusion and banishment. The girl of eighteen was twenty. Two years of seclusion had not quenched the fire; though suppressed, it burned on steadily, shining through dark eyes, or flashing mutinously through quivering lips at rare times, when put at bay—as it shone and flashed when Harry Mills strove vainly for the mastery of her heart. But now how far away was Harry Mills or his suit—how far the love-perplexities of her “black-eyed Susan,” whose weakness and timidity she had overborne with her ardent strength!

During this week of expectation, busied over a hundred household matters of preparation, she thought little and saw nothing of Sue, until the night before her guest arrived. She had gone down to the ledge of rocks just behind the hill, and lying there half a-dream beneath the purple sky of sunset, she was suddenly roused by her name spoken, and the words, “You haven’t been near me all the week.”

She came out of her dream. “Oh, Sue!”

“So Emily Mayhew’s coming!” proceeded Sue, in a little tone of pique. “You’ll forget us entirely when once she gets here.”

A faint smile went out behind the hand Laura was leaning her chin against. Perhaps she recognized at that moment how little she *had* thought of the Mills for the last few days. She only said, however,

“I think you have been forgetting *me*, Sue; though I don’t question your right to, under the circumstances.”

Sue colored, and a flutter of pleasure stirred her mouth before she replied, rather irrelevantly,

“Father and mother are quite satisfied about him now.”

“I knew they ought to be, and I congratulate you, Sue,” Laura answered, cordially, leaning forward and stroking Susan’s hand a moment caressingly. Then the two fell into silence for a while, Susan breaking it with the startling question,

“Laura, do you ever expect to marry?”

“Expect?—I *hope* I shall,” answered Laura, coolly, yet earnestly.

Susan laughed. “What other girl would have dared that answer!” she said.

“Why did you ask me in that tone? Why did you say *expect* to marry? Do you think my chance doubtful, Susan?” Laura broke in, unheeding Susan’s comment.

“Doubtful? Oh no; not in that way. But you are so different from other people, I couldn’t help wondering if you ever expected to meet any one that you would like to marry.”

“Expect”—and as Laura spoke the word again it was with an absent thrill in her tone, and still looking toward the setting sun, where

all the purple was fusing into deep crimson dyes, she repeated, smiling, and flushing like the sun’s tints—“Expect! yes, I am expecting him—my Sir Launcelot—from day to day, perhaps from hour to hour. Somewhere I know he waits, as I for him. Somewhere I know that life is going on in which my own may find itself fulfilled; in which I may live and be expressed before I die. I have never looked upon his face, but I shall know him when he comes. When he comes!—ay, come!”

Suddenly she ceased, and out toward the crimson west, across the sea, she stretched her arms, with the smile deepened into dreamy depths.

Susan, strangely moved by surprise and some deeper emotions, was too overpowered to break the silence. But a shadow crossed their feet. She looked up.

“How long have you been there, Harry? What! and Captain Tom too?”

Captain Tom answered, swinging himself down from his eyrie with lithe movements,

“How long? oh, only long enough to catch a silence after talk.” But the glance he flashed across at Laura’s lighted face, in the moment that his back was toward the rest, as he alighted on the rock where they rested, gave her sure conviction that he had lost no word that she had spoken in the last few moments.

Well, it didn’t hurt her. Captain Tom was one of the few persons who never thought Laura “odd;” so she was quite willing to trust him with her words. But she fully appreciated his cool implying of ignorance, to preserve the outward unity of circumstance. But Harry Mills—had he too? Yes, he too. She knew it by the startled surprise that showed in his face—a mixed look of perplexity and amazement. And more than ever she thanked the tact of Captain Tom, who kept the outward peace so coolly. He tried to keep as well—this good-natured Captain Tom—the peaceful unities of ordinary conversation; but it was not in the destiny of that day to die so easily.

A little sentence, commonplace enough in itself, was the torch which lighted this unsuspected magazine.

“So Alice Gale is going to be married.”

“Yes, at last,” returned Sue, with that queer tinge of womanish spite.

“Why do you say so?” asked Laura, frowning at the thoughtless sneer. She, who could love and hate with equal intensity, hated likewise all useless expenditures of expression.

“Why? because it is only the fourth lover Alice Gale has had.”

Captain Tom laughed. “Ah, well, Susy, she doesn’t believe in first love as implicitly as you do.”

And here Laura flamed:

“First love! neither do I believe in it when it holds insanely to mere clay images built up by imagination. Unworthy idols that only degrade Love’s divinity. But that’s the unjust way you men and women, half of you, talk. A

girl is full of attraction: not her eyes, or her hair, or her color, or the beauty of her form, is it simply, but a vitality that electrically informs the whole with a magnetism of which she is only conscious as she is conscious of life. So she wins what she never seeks. And do you suppose that any woman with heart and soul can find herself so near the heart and soul of another without some fluctuations of the spirit? Is it strange that, having moved such depths of emotion, she should be moved herself? So it happens, perhaps, that she loves partially—nay, it is almost inevitable that she does; or she may love *Love* in the person, and mistake the lover. Haply if she discovers her mistake before it is irrevocably sealed. And it is such women—yes, I say it, because it is truth—women who have both deep and delicate natures, whom you oftenest denounce as fickle, as coquettes, whom the mass of men speak of as robbed of her freshness. Freshness! What is this freshness which they laud? It is the crudeness which comes from inexperience, or from poverty of nature. ‘What we want,’ said one, who speaks always from the depths of the spirit—‘What we want is not simply innocence, but nobility: nobility that understands the good and the evil, yet whose garment’s hem passes by all evil unsoiled.’”

Here she ceased suddenly, leaving her auditors stunned into silence. They had heard Laura talk much heresy, but never any thing quite so startling as this outburst. At length Harry Mills’s even tones broke the silence:

“This all seems fine in theory, Laura; and to one who has never proved it, specially to one who by impulsiveness of nature naturally adopts the ultraisms of the day, I can well understand it is fascinating.”

Laura Wingate’s face was a study just then. It had been glowing before; but now, as Harry Mills spoke, something it had not worn previously dawned or flashed into it. A gleam of defiance, of scorn, and open mutiny. She hardly waited for him to finish ere her words leaped forth:

“Theory! You talk of theory as if, being a woman and young, I must perforce be a mere theorist. Yes, I am a woman and young, but I have proved enough of what I assert to know its truth.”

Harry Mills at this turned his gaze from the sea with a swift movement, and fronted the daring speaker. She went on:

“Four years I lived in the midst of a family where I met constantly some of the best and most varied society. Four years to a person of any quickness of perception is something; one can see and learn much of life in that time. Besides, the Mayhews were not people who believed in keeping young girls in the back-ground. They believed in society—society such as they had—as a means of education. So in those four years I met more men and women than I should meet in a century here. And as I learned to know them I learned to know myself too. What I learned was sufficient to prove my theory.”

She concluded abruptly, with a little shake of her shoulders, such as a person might give who feels impatiently that they may have said too much on sacred things.

But Sue Mills roused her again.

“You don’t mean to say, Laura, that you have ever liked any body,” she stammered, in that shame-faced way which some girls always assume when they allude to affairs of the heart.

“*Liked any body!*” flung out Laura, in scornful mimicry, half veiled in her derisive laugh. “I’ve liked a dozen. Imagined them severally, perhaps, heroes, because they turned their heroic side to me; perhaps they suggested *my* hero to me; perhaps I supposed for a time *my* hero had come, as I looked upon them; and was consequently disappointed when I found myself mistaken.”

Harry Mills brought his brows together, and drew a deep inaudible sigh. Sue laughed, faintly, not quite comprehending, thinking Laura such an odd girl. Captain Tom alone, approved. He turned his bronzed face toward her and said:

“How unlike American girls you are, Laura! You remind me of French women, with, perhaps, a dash of the Celtic blood. I was once shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, and for two months was detained in a wild shore country where the only habitable place was the great house of the neighborhood—Glengarry Hall. With true Irish hospitality they insisted upon entertaining me; and entertainment it indeed was. The father, the head of the family, was a true Celt; but his wife was a French lady. The sons and daughters partook of both natures; and such a combination! Frank, enthusiastic, and full of all sorts of arch perception, they kept you literally alive in every faculty. But the girls were so honest; that was the peculiarity. They would talk so heartily and earnestly about things our girls blush over; just as you have now, Laura.”

Little Sue looked uneasy at this outright praise, in which she had no share, and Harry glanced quickly, with his old suspicion, from the bronze face to the fair one opposite; but Laura heeded nothing of this observation. The sympathetic sense of her, so cordially expressed, warmed her heart like wine, and made her for the moment unconscious of the other’s want of sympathy. But Sue brought her back in another moment.

“You see how you have made Tom appreciate you, Laura!” she said, with an uneasy attempt at fun.

Laura elevated her eyebrows. “I don’t *make* any body do any thing, Sue,” she answered, and then she rose up, pulled her shawl about her, shivered a little, and said in quite another voice: “The wind has changed, I am getting cold.” Whereat they all rose, and, by tacit consent, turned homeward.

This was the last time Laura ever sat upon the rocks there with Harry and his sister, and Captain Tom. The next day brought Emily Mayhew, and Emily Mayhew brought with her

the grand project which changed every thing so before another summer. This project was, that Laura should spend the winter with her at Washington. It was the year Mr. Mayhew was in Congress.

"Father and mother both said I must not come back without you, Laura."

"But, Emily, I haven't a thing suitable to wear; and I will *not* go unless—"

"Unless you are as fine as any body, eh?"

"Just that, Em. You know I must be well dressed to feel contented."

"But your mother will let you do any thing."

"Ye-s, perhaps; but I don't feel as if it were just right for me to spend so much. And this would seem so very much to mother, merely for clothes. I know how it would be. She would think she must economize in some way. So she would make herself uncomfortable, I know."

But Emily Mayhew had a fertile brain. She fell into silence and thought. At last:

"Look here, Laura, I can manage it. You needn't buy a thing scarcely, and yet you can be better dressed than any girl there."

"What?" and Laura's eyes were large with surprise.

"No, not a thing. You have forgotten, but I remember the loads of lovely things your father brought home from Marseilles, and Canton, and India. Your mother showed them to me, you know, that summer I visited here. She said: 'Some day Laura will have these.' Why not have them now, Laura?"

And the girl-planner sparkled with her new idea. Laura, too, caught it like flame.

Thus, full armed, they broached the subject to Mrs. Wingate. She looked grave. She hesitated. She brought up all the obstacles in the world, which these two overruled with the readiness of youth. Finally the Captain said:

"Oh let her go, let her go, Miss Wingate. She can't be young but once."

And so at last it was decided. She was to go. Then Emily Mayhew had a revel over those "loads of lovely things."

There was a blue crêpe from Canton, sprinkled all over with little white silk stars. Emily held it up against the bright complexion of Laura, and shrieked with delight at the effect. A white India muslin made her rave. Then there was pink and white coral: queer ornaments of strange woods, spicy and foreign, with settings of gold; and chains of lovely Venetian shells, fit for a mermaid to wear at her wedding.

"Oh I never, never *did*!" sighed Emily, fresh from her city *ennui*, in a rapture over these treasures. "And how came the Captain to get them?"

"Oh, sailors are always bringing things from over seas; and he said he knew I'd grow up to want them."

"The old darling!" and Emily still unfolded.

She found shawls fit for a princess. Two or three silks that would "stand alone," and odd out-of-the-way finery that would transform Laura, as she had said, into the best dressed

girl in Washington. Then Emily Mayhew did for Laura what she wouldn't do for herself, and thought there never was such a frolic. It was as good as getting up theatricals. She cut, fitted, and helped Laura and Abigail Beamus, the country seamstress, to get up that unique wardrobe in a style of fashion and taste that did credit to her memory and imitation. And this was the way that Laura came to be—yes, actually not only the best dressed, but the most lovely girl in Washington that winter.

Every body who knows any thing about our "society" at all, knows something what Washington society is. Knows how life runs rapidly on in rout and revel and réunion. How the new faces, the new characters, varied and strange, flash before us in quick succession! How one gets glimpses of life and human nature in a few months here one might wait for a century elsewhere! All this "tells." Upon those who have not strength, will, purpose, it wreaks ruin. They become besotted with the outward glare and gloss and glitter. They lose individuality and become submerged; lost, finally, with the thousand brilliant particles that float down the brilliant stream. Others it *educates* merely. Gives them insight, penetration, experience, which enriches and matures. Laura belonged to this latter class. In three months she felt as if she had lived three years. In this swift knowledge there was much that was saddening. She had seen a great deal of social and political intrigue. Had tested a good deal of apparent sincerity. Had learned a good deal more of the intense selfishness of the great world. The beginning of the three months had found her a bright, ardent, enthusiastic girl, with much natural perception, and a wide fund of belief. The end left her as you see her. Look! There she stands, talking with Judge Wilmington. She has on that very blue crêpe, sewn all over with little white silk stars; and on her head there are those very shells of Venice, shining and silvering their pearl opaline lustre into the light of the chandeliers. But it is not her dress you want to see, you saw that at first. Not her dress, except as in contrast to the effect it had three months since. Then standing just there, and as it happens talking with just the same person—Judge Wilmington—her face was the face of a child in one sense—expectant, believing.

There has come this change to the face that waits there now. It is no longer full of fresh expectation, no longer bright with belief. If there is expectation there in the deep dark eyes, it is vague and remote. The gay plans of youth have given way to the subtle knowledge of womanhood. And for her beliefs, she still believes in God and humanity. For individual beliefs; alas how much is left to us, after that first never-doubting season! Do not think this is an exaggeration; that this is an unnatural rapidity of experience and change. It is not, I do assure you. There are times when we take long leaps in life, and others where for years we seem to float on in the same current. This long leap

had come to Laura, when months stand for years.

Judge Wilmington, who had been an old friend all these three months, had been watching her face. Once she gave a little low sigh.

"What is it, Miss Laura?" he asked.

She laughed then. "I don't know, I am sure."

"Then I know better than you do;" and he told her just the conclusions we have told.

"And you find it so hollow, you are a little tired of it all, and more than that, you are saddened and surprised at such a view of the world. By-and-by you will get used to it, my child, and then you will see more clearly the simple unostentatious goodness that lies at the depths of some hearts. Miss Laura, do you remember a story you were reading the other evening?—it was one of Thackeray's—I read it myself not long ago, and I remember a few words in it very well. 'Do we know any body? Ah! dear me, we are most of us very lonely in the world. You who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God.'"

Laura's face softened. She did not speak, but she thought of a great kitchen, miles and miles away, where every thing was in contrast to the splendor before her now, but where she knew that those who sat before the blazing fire upon the hearth were thinking of her with constant love. "You who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God."

Perhaps Laura in her heart thanked Him as she thought. Perhaps, too, she felt a little sad and ashamed that for so many, many weeks she had looked upon this hollow splendor with a feverish delight that made her think regretfully of the time when she must exchange it for the dull quiet of her country home.

Judge Wilmington, who had taken a great fancy to this honest little girl from the first, and had watched her career these three months, was now watching and reading her expression. Presently he said to her:

"Miss Laura, you have tried all these gay people; you have seen all the splendid youths who appeared to carry every virtue and grace of character behind those fascinating exteriors of broadcloth and fine linen. Now I want you to see and to know a friend of mine. He is not very handsome—he is not at all fashionable—nothing like those young princes in rose-colored cravats and diamond shirt-studs opposite us. There, one of them is eying me now, as if he thought I had no business to this place beside you. Shall I go over and tell him I will give it up to him, or shall I bring this friend of mine, Miss Laura?"

"You will bring your friend before any body," answered Laura, laughing at the old Judge's quaint fun, but quite in earnest to see this friend.

So the "friend" was brought. Laura saw him leave off talking to the gentleman he was standing with as the Judge said something to him; and she fancied it was more to please the Judge

than from any desire of his own. This was quite natural for a man no longer in his first youth, but the young girl was nevertheless a little piqued while she owned its justice. As he stood before her she saw a man certainly not very handsome—not at all fashionable—but he looked the gentleman, and there was power in the quiet face with its slightly weary expression. His manner was kind, and full of the simple ease of a man who had met the world; but Laura felt the lack of interest, perhaps the *empressement* which had characterized the manners of the men she had seen in this Washington society. Men who had possibly formed their model upon the character of him who, years before, dazzled the heads and carried captive the hearts of a great portion of this Washington society; and whose secret of popularity with women was said to be that every woman with whom he talked seemed to be for that time the only woman in the world to him. But the grave gentleman who stood talking now with Laura Wingate had taken for his model in no particular the character of this American courtier. His words were pleasant but his air was a little abstracted, which piqued Laura and made her feel uncomfortable and at disadvantage. In short, they didn't get on comfortably together at all, and when there came sauntering by one of those youths in a rose-colored cravat Laura welcomed him with relief, and Mr. Shafton rejoined his friends across the room, probably wondering what Judge Wilmington had carried him away to bore this little girl for. The Judge had watched the whole scene with a mixture of vexation and amusement; and he said to himself, half laughing, as he saw the end of his plan:

"Well, well, that comes of an old fellow like me meddling with such things. I've been a bungler."

However, he managed in his disappointment to bungle a little more before he was through with it. He couldn't abide the rose-colored cravat species, and as soon as possible he found time to draw Laura aside, and say to her, reproachfully:

"How could you send Shafton off for that pink and white boy, Miss Laura?"

And Laura answered with a good deal of spirit:

"Mr. Shafton did not wait to be sent off. He condescended to me just as long as his politeness could endure it; and I am not sure that he didn't at last, by some free-masonry, summon Tommy Peyton to the rescue."

"There's no free-masonry between such men as James Shafton and Tommy Peyton, Miss Laura," retorted the Judge, with grim humor; and Laura, vexed, and mortified, and weary, felt ill-used and "out of sorts" with every body. She went home with a new distrust of herself. Humiliated and abashed she sat in judgment on herself. I dare say it was good for her.

"Here have I been," she thought, "very scornful of the froth and foam of society, but when the solids are placed before me I don't know any thing what to do with them. I be-

lieve I have been vain and arrogant, and over-rated myself." And then a little twinge of girlish pique would rise again, and—"But I don't like that Mr. Shafton any way, he was self-absorbed and stupid, and it was all his fault," she would declare. And she really thought she didn't like him. So the time went by, and this sensitive little girl, from that one humiliation of finding herself awkward and ill at ease, and with not a thing to say, became shy of the "solid" people, and let herself drift down the gayer current with all her aspirations for a higher and nobler life aching out of sight. This kind of excitement now had lost its freshness for her—therefore it had lost zest. It was all very wearisome and unsatisfying; but with a kind of despair of any thing better in the midst of this vortex she yielded to it, from day to day, from night to night, when suddenly the merest accident helped her to a change.

It was at a crowded reception somewhere, and there was such a jam in the cloak-room at the time of their departure that she stepped into an ante-room outside, to wait for the Mayhews, who were still in the *melée* of shawls and wraps. She had waited a long time, she thought, and wondered they did not appear. It was getting rather annoying, too; for the crowd was thinning, and one or two young men had passed her more than once with impertinent stares of admiration. All in a moment it occurred to her that there was another door opening from the dressing-room into the hall opposite; and in dismay she realized her situation. The Mayhews had gone out on that side, and supposed that she was safely in charge of the Wilingtons, who had frequently taken her home.

What should she do? How extricate herself from this painful position? Oh, if some familiar face would appear in the throng!—even Tommy Peyton's, of which she had been so weary not an hour ago. Every moment it was growing worse; for most of the ladies had gone, and the crowd was rapidly thinning. She drew her hood closer, and looked about her in despair. Thank Heaven! there *was* a familiar face. It seemed to her like her best friend's then. Every thing was forgotten but this feeling of relief. She started forward with outstretched hands, and a smile upon her lips.

"Oh, Mr. Shafton! Mr. Shafton!"

He came toward her with some surprise; but a few words made him comprehend her situation. In the most simple, cordial manner he manifested his care for her. The night was cold, and there was a storm coming on. Already the ground was white with snow, and the wind blew the fine icy particles in their faces as they emerged from the doorway. Not a carriage was to be obtained, and the distance was more than a mile. Her companion stopped for a moment at this view of things, and looked disturbed. He glanced down at her feet. "Have you overshoes on?" he asked. She put out a white slipper, shining with satin ribbon and pearl shells, and laughed.

"And no covering but this?" touching the silk cloak.

"We rode, you know, and made no allowance for accidents. But I am not delicate, Mr. Shafton; I have been drenched through often down on our shores at Derry."

"But you are not at Derry now. The atmosphere here at Washington is a blight for those unaccustomed to it," he answered, quickly. "But I can do something for you; you must wear this:" and he removed the cape from his cloak and put it over her shoulders. "Now," he said, "I shall make you walk very briskly; that is the best safeguard there is for you."

He was true to his word. So swiftly did he urge her along that she had some ado to keep up with him. Once he remarked:

"I dare say this is a difficult pace for you, but it may keep you from a chill." Then several times he spoke to ask her if she suffered from cold. There was little else said; for their rapid motion and the driving snow were not favorable to talk. But Laura did not find fault with him now.

Arrived at last at the Mayhews', she found them, as she conjectured, quite easy about her, supposing that she had gone home with the Wilingtons. Mr. Shafton followed her in, and astonished them, first by his presence, and then by his explanation of it. "And you walked home, Laura, in those slippers!" ejaculated Emily, in dismay. Laura put forth two little dingy drenched feet, that were so spotless a few hours before, and laughed gayly at Emily's fears.

"You'll catch your death, child," sighed Emily.

"Oh no, Em, I'm all in a glow. Mr. Shafton made me run every bit of the way." Even Mr. Shafton laughed here, but the next thing he said, quite peremptorily and gravely:

"The only thing to be done now is to take the strongest precautions. She should have"—turning to Mrs. Mayhew—"a warm bath and some hot spiced-wine before she goes to bed; and even with this, I am sadly afraid, my dear young lady, that you won't escape an influenza."

In another moment he had made his adieux and departed; and over her hot spiced-wine, after her bath, Laura merrily related her adventure, and laughed gayly at Emily, who predicted that Mr. Shafton was to be her "hero," in consideration, as she termed it, of this romantic event.

"Romantic! do you call it romantic, Em? I protest I can't see the romance of racing home over a mile of wet pavement beside a gentleman who never opens his lips but to ask some necessary question. It was kind, I allow, but not romantic."

"I suppose you would have been better pleased to have made a pretty stroll of it, oblivious of coughs, and colds, and cramps. To have had your cavalier perfectly indifferent to the inclemency of the night, while he devoted himself to the happy chance of making your acquaintance, which he should proceed to accomplish by leis-

urely bringing up all the sentimental subjects, comparing notes on favorite authors, discussing elective affinities, etc. He might have varied it occasionally by admiring the feet that, 'beneath her petticoat,'

'Like little mice stole in and out.'

Very wet feet they must have been too; but you would both of you have been sublimely disregardful of that."

Laura laughed. "Em, go to bed. You are too funny; I sha'n't sleep to-night; but for the last word I declare that Mr. Shafton isn't my 'hero.' Why, Em, he's middle-aged, he talks to himself, and he treats me like a grand-daughter."

Emily elevated her eyebrows, and answered out of pure fun:

"Well, you see if this middle-aged man doesn't rush round to-morrow to inquire how you are."

But she was mistaken.

Mr. Shafton did not rush round on the morrow. He met Mr. Mayhew on the street, however, and inquired how "that little girl" was after her wet feet. And two or three days following Laura was out walking, and he crossed over to meet her, smiling down upon her, and saying, "So the wetting did no harm? The air of Derry must make fine constitutions."

A word or two more and he went on, bowing pleasantly but with that half-abstracted manner which Laura had noticed at first. She no longer blamed him as self-absorbed and stupid; but he was still "middle-aged," and treated her "like a grand-daughter," she thought. But that evening at a levee he came to her and began asking her about Derry. He had spent a summer there, years ago, and was full of interest. By-and-by Laura discovered that she was talking in the most unreserved manner of her home and home pursuits, and that he was listening earnestly, or replying with warmth and respect, as if her opinions and experiences were of value to him.

"Well," said Judge Wilmington, as she passed him at the latter part of the evening—"you don't dislike my friend on longer acquaintance so much do you?"

"Oh no, I like him."

"What do you say then to coming to my house to-morrow, to dine with him and three or four more old fogies like him, Miss Laura? Mind now, there'll not be a pink cravat among them."

She nodded, laughing,

"I'll come, I'll come."

She went, and found herself in the choicest society. Men of letters and travel, chance visitors most of them, full of wit and overflowing with mellow experience. Mr. Shafton was clearly at home in this society; and Laura listened with amazement at his gayety and exuberance of fine spirits; but it was the gayety of a man, and not a boy. Later, she could not help being gratified as he left brilliant and mature women to talk with her.

She met him a good deal after this, and he

became a visitor at the Mayhews. A friend of the family's, he was her friend too. Kind, thoughtful, and sympathetic, though twenty years apart from her, she found that he understood every least shade of feeling that she ever half expressed. She forgot the "grand-daughter" treatment, forgot her past annoyance, and began to regard him as such a "splendid friend."

There was about Mr. Shafton nothing of that air of conscious masculinity which always carries with it the possibility of a suitor. He had that simple manly sincerity of nature and action which is devoid of vanity, and which invites confidence. Acquaintance, then, with him was so freely natural, so earnest, and unembarrassed, that it must have been a much vainer girl than Laura to have speculated upon his preferences. And if he had this effect, it was not strange that it should go still deeper and make her unconscious of herself.

A month passed in this way. Occasionally Judge Wilmington would say to her:

"I'm glad you appreciate Mr. Shafton, Miss Laura."

And Laura would answer, honestly,

"Oh, I like him very, very much."

So occupied was she by this "splendid friend" she forgot her "hero;" but there came a day when she found him. It was at one of those choice dinner parties which Judge Wilmington—who knew every body worth knowing who came and went—had the happy faculty of getting up.

Laura in the drawing-room after dinner made one of a group of three, partly by chance, partly by choice, as such groupings come. There was Mr. Shafton, a Mr. Hunter, and herself to form the group. At first the talk included her, and though these two were so much beyond her in years and experience, she felt at ease, and expressed her thought readily. But, as was natural, she became a listener at last. It was one of those rare bits of conversation that sometimes flow out to the one or two in the corners of festive rooms, while all around and about there is the gay bustle of the occasion. The subject happened to be now some point of philosophy, involving a point of humanity, upon which the two gentlemen differed. Mr. Shafton at last, with an earnestness that had in it a noble tenderness—for he was urging the protection of the weak against the strong—presented his views at length. His voice grew soft and persuasive, with a melancholy cadence in it, as if the injustice of the world oppressed him and made him despairing; and his manner, though decided and believing, was tinged with the sadness which the knowledge of another's unbelief upon a vital question is sure to bring to one whose nature and whose habit it is to look deeply and closely into life.

And Laura listened to this earnest plea, into which all the fervor of the speaker's heart was flowing, with a rapt attention that made her face eloquent of all her admiration and appreciation. Both for the speaker and his words. She had

quite forgotten herself; she was lost in the tender and heroic atmosphere that her fancy had evolved from what she heard, when, as if the intensity of her gaze had something magnetic in it, Mr. Shafton suddenly turned, in the midst of a sentence, and met her eyes. He started, paused a moment—just a breathing-space while his glance held hers—then went swiftly on to the end. And in that moment the truth flashed upon Laura. This was her “hero.”

“I have never looked upon his face, but I shall know him when he comes!”

Did she remember these sure words she had once spoken; and that she had looked upon his face many, many times, and never known it until now? There was not chance for much thought, for the end came swiftly. There was a few more words of the conversation; then Mr. Hunter rose, dropping the discussion. He had seen the look, he had marked the break in his companion’s voice, and knew that something more was pending than the matter in hand.

And Laura was alone with her “hero,” though in the midst of a festive company: for the gay hum of voices, and the sweet clangor of music, the movement and murmur, filled the room with sound and stir, and left them the magic seclusion that lurks in the midst of a multitude. He bent down as Mr. Hunter left them, and picked up the little glove she had dropped. When he lifted his head his glance again sought hers. Holding the little glove as gently as he might have held the little hand, he said, lowly:

“In my youth I read an old German story of a man who for years had been hunting for a certain precious pearl whose magic should end his wanderings and crown his life with joy. Once or twice he fancied he had found it, but time proved him mistaken. At last, when he had relinquished the hope and the search, and resigned himself to his fate, he saw shining before him, one dark and stormy night, the treasure for which he had searched so long. But youth was gone, and with it youth’s fresh and gallant bearing. How then could he hope that so fresh and lovely a thing would consent to shine upon his bosom?—Laura, I can not tell the end of the story, can you?”

“The end is what you care to have it,” answered Laura, softly.

The tender clangor of the music around, about, and above them burst forth in fuller measures here. Triumphal strains that drowned the clamor and hum of the gay voices, and bore upon its resistless tide the burden of a blissful tale, old as the world yet forever new.

“I told you he was to be your ‘hero,’ Laura,” laughed Emily Mayhew, jubilant over her congratulations.

And Judge Wilmington, after saying hearty words of approval, said, at last: “This is better than a pink cravat, Laura, isn’t it?”

And better than all, the old couple down on the shores of Derry were well pleased with this “hero.” They recognized him to be what he

was—one of the world’s true men: and they knew that Laura’s heart would never grow astray from them under his influence.

Sue Mills, looking at her young and handsome lover, couldn’t understand how Laura could make a hero of that quiet, grave man who was no longer young.

Her brother understood it better. Harry Mills was candid enough to confess to himself, as he looked at this quiet, grave man, that Laura had been clearer-minded than he thought.

Rhody enjoyed the affair after her fashion.

“To think,” she said, with mock humility, to the gossips—and her voice, in spite of her demure efforts, had a savor of triumph—“to think that our Laury should a’ married one o’ them high-headed city lawyers; and she ain’t a bit sot up, nuther. I tell *yew*; gim me a raal downright sensible Yankee girl, with a good education, and nothin’ can spile ‘em.”

With which sensible conclusion of Rhody’s let us leave Laura and her “hero.”

SOUNDINGS.

IT was a charming day for the last week of the old year. The sky was as blue and cloudless, and the air as balmy, as if it was a sweet May morning; but, the sea, *voilà une autre chose*.

There must have been very heavy storms to the southward; for the waves came rolling on, one over another, with such fierce impetuosity, that the steamer was tossed here and there as if old Neptune disdained a toy so tarnished and weather-beaten as our steamer appeared. It was, indeed, an epitome of Life on board that day, so turbulent, belligerent, restive; so very dissatisfied, and yet so weary of tossing and rolling. But when I looked up to that lovely sky, the heart trembled at the thought of Who was beyond, the horror of ingratitude made me shudder, and a prayer of thanksgiving fell from my lips, prompted sincerely from the heart, for the safety of the voyage thus far, though rough and very stormy at times.

But what gladness overspread every countenance when we saw preparations made for “sounding”—sending that leaden plummet down to the bottom, to tell us of the mysteries and the wonders of this shallow water in comparison to the deep, deep soundings made by scientific men. I crept up to the captain’s side and whispered my request:

“Might I have the soundings when he was done with them?”

He stared a moment at me with his handsome and benevolent eyes, fixed doubtfully upon me.

“I feel desirous of testing them with the microscope,” I answered.

“Oh, I see, I see!” he replied. “Certainly, you shall have them as well preserved as possible;” and most admirably he kept his word.

In course of time the plates were sent me with the square bits of paper marked most care-

fully, and I propose to place before you the contents of some of these square bits. Many contained no animal or vegetable life; nothing but the débris of small calcareous shells in very minute atoms, and gravel of no particular formation, which would be for the reader very uninteresting, and for the geologist useless.

Of course you would like to know how I overcame the difficulties of a scientific examination of such atoms, when it was with the greatest exertion we land folk could stand at all. I will tell you how I managed. I obtained a tumbler of sea-water. I shut my room door and lighted two candles (I always carry them). What a scolding I should have received had any one in authority popped his head into my domicile just then!—but they did not. I braced my one candlestick, and the large-mouthed vial that held the other candle, tightly between the basin and the rim of the wash-stand: I then got out my glasses and magnifiers. No doubt many of you remember scent-bottles once used by your mothers and grandmothers, when perfumes were very costly. These bottles are oval with rather a large neck, made of very pure glass, and so compressed and flat that the sides almost touch each other; such a bottle served at this emergency as a trough for these little creatures. I filled the bottle with sea-water. Upon watching the different lumps of tallow I could perceive, by the moving of their cilia (small bristles), tentacula, and other signs, that some of these mysterious creatures were alive.

Now, how to free them from the tallow was the next question. I could see the upper side, and in some instances it was all I did see; but still the effort should be made to examine them as completely as possible, and give no *one-sided* view of their proportions. Consequently those with which I was at all dissatisfied I left for some other lover of the beautiful to find and describe. After spending a half hour in forming suggestions and then rejecting them, I hit upon the plan of heating the point of a needle with a wooden handle just warm enough to melt the tallow, raising the little atom by passing the warm needle under it, and transferring it to a camel's-hair brush it was gently placed in the flat bottle with sea-water. Holding it up under a high power before the candles, the movements (if there were any) were easily perceived; and then, perched on a trunk braced between the berth and the wash-stand, I delineated them with as much accuracy as possible upon my sheet of paper. Thus, one by one, shells and other minutæ were conveyed into the flat bottle. It was studying the beauties of Natural History under great difficulties; but these added to the enjoyment.

I must premise that these tiny creatures never entirely recovered their natural activity and elasticity. Some of the tallow must have adhered to them, and rendered the side that was downward stiff, but the upper side was perfect; their cilia and tentacula were put out and drawn in on this side with the utmost regulari-

ty. Afterward, on applying the microscope, I found very little to alter in my previous rough draft.

I have been thus explicit that the reader may understand how my illustrations were obtained. We always enjoy such an article as this more when we know the process by which it has been worked out; and in a case like this a student should be careful to describe only what was seen, and to mention frankly the process adopted to obtain these investigations.

The soundings made by our scientific naval officers with Brooks's apparatus, and sent to Professors Ehrenberg of Berlin, and Bailey of West Point, were taken, at the depth of more than two miles, from the bed of the ocean; while these are from, comparatively speaking, almost the shore, just off the banks of Newfoundland, where the coasts gradually decline to the basin of the Atlantic. It is proved beyond doubt that at the bottom of the ocean stillness and utter inactivity reign. The living never go there, but keep, as we do, on the outer edge of our graveyards as long as possible, and when they die are gradually washed down, and sink deeper and deeper, till they find a resting-place upon the bottom of the ocean.

It is yet a question to be solved how far heat and light can penetrate through water; but these little creatures can ascend to the surface, and enjoy the blessed influences of light and heat, and at their own option sink slowly into security at such a depth as our line gave. Thus there can be little doubt the shores around these mighty oceans, for many fathoms deep, serve as nurseries to fill up, in time, vast cemeteries at the bottom of the oceans—to save the ribs of the world from being abraded or worn away, as all things are on land either by water or atmospheric influences. But it is time I proceed to my illustrations and brief description.

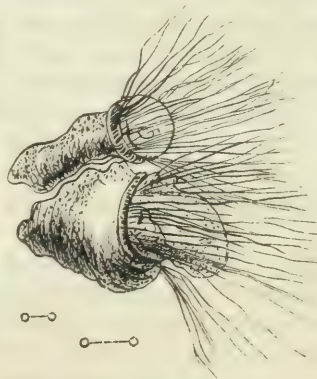


Fig. 1.

Figure 1, I suppose, may be called Shells in the early process of formation. They were protected by several grains of gravel, which were much higher than they, and they must have been forced up into the tallow by the process of suction.—

They were of an ashy green, and appeared to be dots of ooze; but when they were placed in the bottle of sea-water they gradually threw out a vast number of cilia, and remained at the bottom, still adhering together for some days. The shell, when pricked, was not very solid, nor did it appear calcareous; if so, there must have been some foreign coloring matter in their composition. There were two small black dots, elongated into beaks, from and around which the cilia sprang;

when drawn in they reposed in small knots at the mouths of the shells. The animal inside, when picked out subsequently, was a long strip of mucus or jelly, without a vestige of a nervous system; and if it had not been for the hardness of the shell I should have concluded that they were a very minute species of sea-anemone.

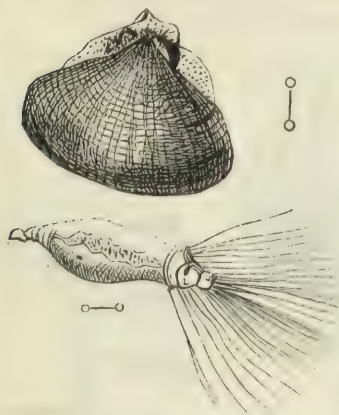


Fig. 2.

and dined at his leisure. There were the remains of a mantle, with its row of filaments adhering to the interior of the shell. This was rough, much abraded on the ribs, and very coarse, of a dark Chinese blue; the inside had a small dark spot, where the little creature reposed when alive. This parasite moved slowly, lashing the water with its cilia, and a short movement of the tail. It was a sucking parasite, as evinced by its long snout. Its nervous system was very well defined. I could not find him subsequently, search as I might in the water, every drop of which I examined. I take for granted that some of the inhabitants of the vial had devoured him

Figure 3 is a variety of *Clavus*, either very old and rubbed, or under immediate formation. I prefer the latter supposition from the rude formation of the entire mouth and margin of the shell. The last whorl is strikingly defective. There were some rough, brown spots here and there. The shell had been recently crushed at the end, and nothing could be extracted to allow a drawing of the inhabitant to be made. Some loose cilia hung lifeless from the mouth of the shell for which I could find no owner.



Fig. 3.

Figure 4 represents specks of gravel, all of which on this piece of tallow had been abraded and worn into cones of every variety of angle. They were principally quartz. Among these were sprinkled small red particles (Figure 5), very transparent, which I take to be small grains of garnet washed down

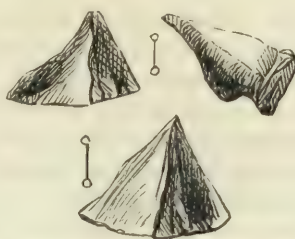


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

by heavy rains from the land. They were very bright and dazzling in the sun, and threw off exceedingly brilliant scintillations.

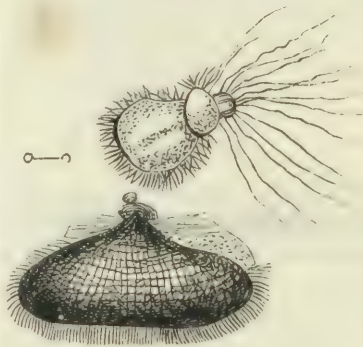


Fig. 6.

Figure 6 belongs to the family of *Arca* — Lamarck's genus *Cucullæ* — the teeth at the hinge running longitudinally instead of horizontally, as they do in the true *Arca*. — The two valves are not

alike. It is covered with a soft, velvety fur or hair of a very dark brown, almost black, and has a deep fringe all around it. The inhabitant had evidently died very recently from a shock. It was almost transparent, with very little appearance of a nervous system. The long bristles projecting from the mouth I consider to have acted as cilia. In their early stages they all more or less have them. They could not feed themselves unless they had some such means of taking their prey. As they mature they cast off and devour these bristles themselves. Underneath there was a dark spot, which I took to be a foot; and doubtless it is one in formation. It had adhered so closely to the abdomen that it could not be separated. No doubt the creature had the power when alive of distending this portion of the abdomen so as to form a protuberance, which in time would become a peduncle or foot, which would assist it to perform its various functions when full grown.

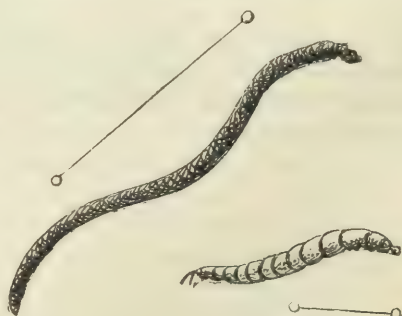


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

Figure 7 is, I think, a variety of *Amphisbæna* — aquatic in its habits. It was dead. The body had the same thickness throughout, the head and the tail resembling each other so ex-

actly that, except for the bulging of the membrane which falls over and conceals the eyes, you could not tell which was head or tail. It was jet black, with the two extremities a dark brown. There were evidently some scales on its upper side, but so very much amalgamated that I could not trace their markings distinctly.

Figure 8 is an animal evidently in its larva state. It was bright red, and moved through the water very slowly and awkwardly, and appeared to have been detached from either a rock or a piece of vegetable matter, as it had lost the two hooks from its tail. The remnants were hanging to the last segment.



Fig. 9.

Figure 9 is the half of a *Glaucus*, but dark and dingy; very unlike his beautiful confrères of blue and silver found in the Mediterranean. I am inclined to think the plummet divided it, the branchia with their long fringes were so soft and fresh, and the rupture appeared quite recent.

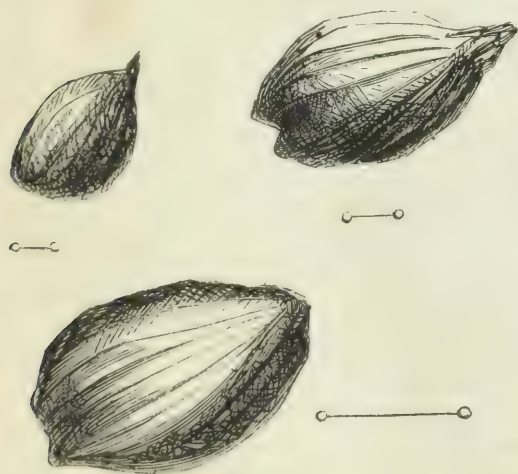


Fig. 10.

Figure 10 represents grains of gravel, most of which on this piece of tallow had lost their angles, and were worn into seams and ribs: they were principally quartz.

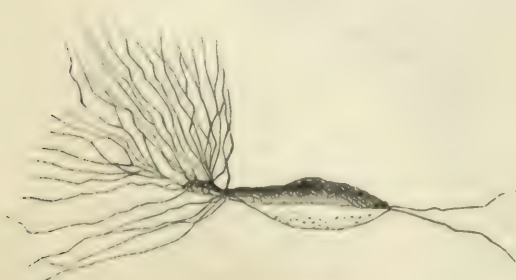


Fig. 11.

Figure 11 is an animalcule. The upper part is transparent, the lower half filled with a dark fluid. It flashed through the water with great swiftness, lashing out its cilia right and left, and steering its course by the long bristles behind. As soon as it reached the bottom of the bottle it disappeared in an instant. I suppose it went down head foremost into a mouth open to receive such a *bonne bouche*.



Fig. 12.

Figure 12 is a sponge of the *Halichondria* genus. The skeleton is supported by spiculæ, which are very silicious. It is very minute, but very similar, if it is not the same, as is found on the English and Irish coasts. The two specimens were attached to a stem of sea-weed, and did not appear very lively.

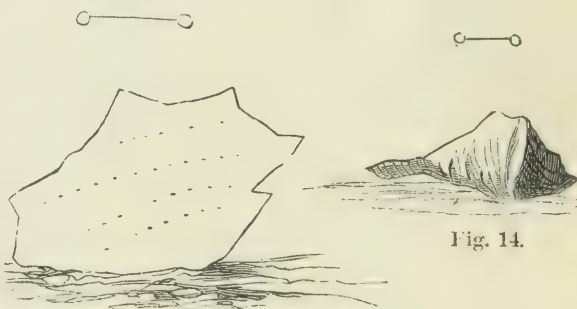


Fig. 13.

Figure 13 is a piece of mica, beautifully transparent and bright.

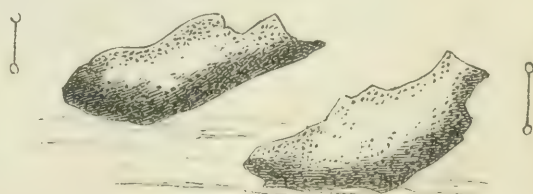


Fig. 14.

Figure 14 represents grains of gravel, their angles being worn down by friction; they will become in time quite oval and round.

Figure 15 is evidently a variety of *Clio* in a transition state, as appears from the tentacles of its mouth. The fleshy lips were not to be seen as yet. In this early stage, no doubt, they have cilia instead of a tongue. It could hang upon the side of the bottle by the flat end of its tail, and swing the cilia in every direction, as if making a grand haul of something more mi-

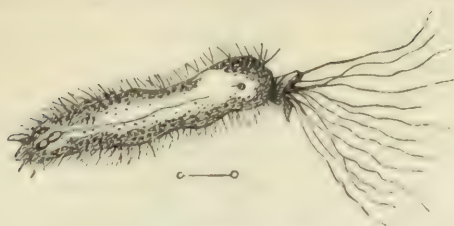


Fig. 15.

nute than itself. Finally it disappeared as the other had done, and I saw it no more.

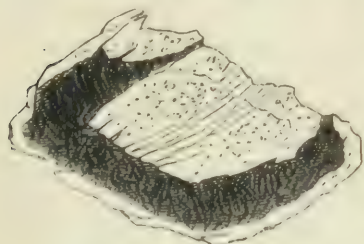


Fig. 16.

Figure 16 represents the largest pebble brought up by the lead. It is about a quarter of an inch long, very dark round the edges, and of a grayish

green on the top. It has a fawn-colored band running round it similar to the "lucky stones" met with in England and Ireland. It would be the "highest disrespect," and wanting in reverence to "the little people" (the fairies), if you did not hasten to pick it up, and, while so doing, make a wish, which the good people will be sure to have answered. I made a wish when I took it from the tallow, and if "it comes true" I shall have it mounted in a ring or a pin to show my great respect for these sea-nymphs. I suppose they belong to the same family, and go ashore to dance in the ring on the green sward, with their cousins when the halcyon gales of summer blow. I see you smile, but believe me when I tell you the belief of such aerial creatures is not exploded. I have of late met hundreds who firmly believe in their presence at times.



Fig. 17.

Figure 17 is an *Aspergillum* before it has undergone its last transformation. If you have them in an aquarium, which you can easily accomplish since the dredgers on the coasts bring up many at times, you will perceive that when old enough they cast off the disk with the cilia around it, and show a disk perforated with many more holes, and a corolla full of tubes around it. I picked off the disk of this one to get at the

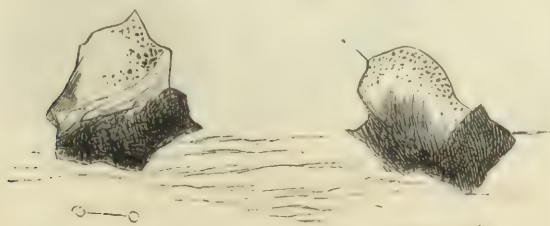


Fig. 18.

animal. There was nothing to be seen but a string of gellatine, with no marks of form about it. It may have been dead some time.

Figure 18. You perceive here that the gravel is losing its angular form more and more. I generally selected those grains which appeared to be the representations of the mass.

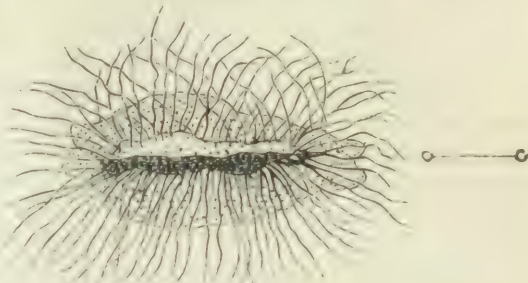


Fig. 19.

Figure 19. Here is a little animal which has caused me a vast deal of thought, and even now I can not assert as a positive fact its true history, but I shall tell you what I know of it, and shall feel happy to be set right if in error, or shall be gratified for any farther information concerning it. After heavy September gales there is an immense quantity of debris of various kinds washed up on the shores of the islands bordering along the Southern States. On sea-weed and other marine products you will find these little animals, denuded of their shells, clinging by their long cilia in bunches to these waifs of the ocean. Off Cape Hatteras the lead has brought them up in the shell and out of it. Some "whale's food" which was brought me from the Pacific was composed entirely of this small animal. There was not a *Clio*—the supposed food of the Greenland whale—to be found, nor a specimen of the *Clionidae* in the jar. Nothing but these small creatures, tangled in an inextricable web, a mass of green, pulpy, gelatinous, fibrous-looking jelly. It was quite a vivid green all over, except when a dark spot was seen, where an animal more fully developed than the others would be found, they hung together in this mass entirely by the long cilia or hairs. We know the *Clionidae* are naked, with two little fins, which they ply very actively when they have room to swim, which from their vast numbers is not often the case. I think the "whale's food" changes with the season, and that several varieties serve them during certain portions of the year. These small shells cover the coast of some parts of Greenland, to judge from the examination under the microscope, of the sand and earth from thence. The shell, you perceive, is only a half of one. It belongs to the family of the *Buccinum*, commonly called "Whelks." It is coarse and not highly polished, of a dark-brown color, with a lighter shade of the same between the ribs. The animal is of a transparent green hue, while in the shell. The cilia, which are very numerous, are transparent, except at the tips, where they are greenish. It is fastened into the shell by two horny substances at its back, which are left be-

hind when it quits the shell, which is likely when they have reached their maturity, leaving it to sink or be washed on the most adjacent shore. They float away, clinging to each other, away through the genial Gulf Stream, gathering in a larger mass as they go, until they reach the Pacific, when the *Balea mysticus*, the true "Greenland whale," comes rushing through this green field, its mouth wide open, with its whale-bone sieve, engulfing myriads of these small animals at every gurgitation. They have the power while in the shell of drawing up the cilia; but when the shell is cast off these become much fewer in number, and cling closely round each other. The back of the shell was in the tallow, so the insect was not injured. It had the power of passing the cilia over the edge of the shell, to render itself more secure. In trying to force it up with the needle to put it on the slide, almost every bristle or cilium was torn from its body, which exhibited nothing under the glass but a pulpy speck, with two small sacs filled with a greenish fluid. Its head was elongated into somewhat of a beak, which was drawn in to the first section of its body, and was never again protruded, as it died immediately when it was forced from the shell. Figure

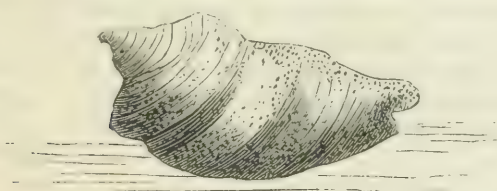


Fig. 20.

20 is the back part of the shell. I hope at some future day to follow up this little animal, intruding itself before me off and on for nearly twenty years.

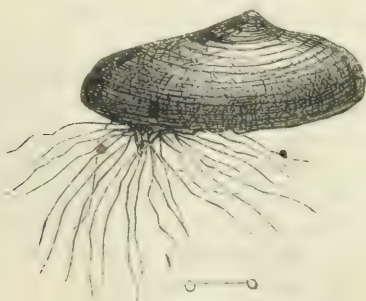


Fig. 21.

Figure 21. This shell belongs to the genus *Lecteria*, judging from the hinges with its two cardinal teeth, and the small pit of a triangular



Fig. 22.

shape. It was a dull, ugly shell, gray and black on the edges. It had acted as a guillotine to a poor marine mite, as a head and some cilia hung from its edge.

Figure 22 is a variety of *Clausilia*, although defective or broken at the mouth. It was very much rubbed, was coarse, and grainy, which testified to its long resistance to the action of the sea. A little black dot, with three fibrous, stiff cilia protruded from the mouth. The head of a parasite, which had taken possession of this shell during the life of the former occupant or afterward. The true animal resembles somewhat a snail, and has tentacula instead of cilia. They are generally found near water, on the banks of rivers, at the foot of trees, in moss, or under lichens. It may have been washed into the ocean in the debris of some river, or there may be aquatic varieties belonging to the ocean, of which we only know of what is on the surface, and that much very superficially.



Fig. 23.

Figure 23 represents grains of gravel, worn into very small bits; I might almost say they were grains of coarse sand. They were all quartz.



Fig. 24.

Figure 24 is a *Pectenulus*, very beautiful. It was as transparent as glass, with the slightest shading of calcareous matter. It had a slight fringe round it, much worn away in parts. It was nearly covered with grains of sand, which protected it from the rough shock of the waves. There was no sign of an inhabitant; it must have been tenantless a long time. I took the grains

of sand very carefully away from around it, and luckily copied it before I touched it, as it crumbled to pieces when I touched it with the forceps.

Figure 25 is a *Terebratula*, a coarse black shell, with no inhabitant. The valves must have been closed, but were separated by the stroke of the lead. Figure 26 is a branch of seaweed. Its color the darkest of brown. Its

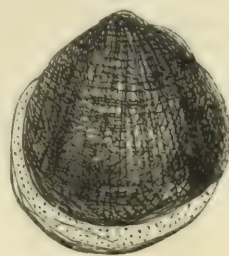


Fig. 25.

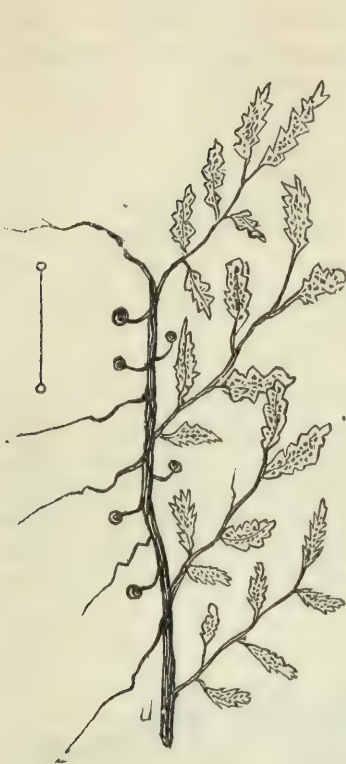


Fig. 26.



Fig. 30.

fronds all crinkled and twisted. Small berries on short stems sprang from the main branch, and feelers hung loose as if seeking something to which they could cling. I have never seen this sea-weed before, not even among the vast varieties on the English and Irish coasts, with which I am quite familiar. I dried it under the usual process, but it shrank into a knot resembling a small piece of black thread, and even when it was returned to the water it did not expand.



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.

Figure 27 represents a vast number of black specks found among the gravel, which are evidently atoms of coal.

Figure 28 represents gravel, very angular but almost flat, quartz, and some small pieces of mica.

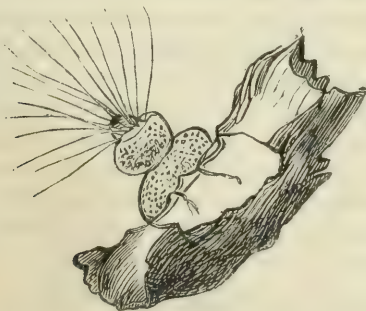


Fig. 29.

Figure 29 is a variety of *Actinia*. It was at-

tached to a piece of oyster-shell; its color a very dark-red brown. The second and third of the globules had the power, when touched, of receding into the largest, clinging with several hooks or tentacles to the oyster-shell. When thus hidden the long cilia looked like the tentacles of the sea-anemones. It died almost immediately. It must have been injured in some way, for they are generally quite tenacious of life. We can only wonder there was life in any of them, when we consider with what force the plummet must strike the bottom to bring up what will adhere to the tallow. It must only have been by the gravel and stones being higher than they: the tallow forces them up by suction.

Figure 30 is the cast-off skin of a worm. Fancy this frail, fragile thing coming up from such a distance in such good preservation: the grains of gravel must have protected it.

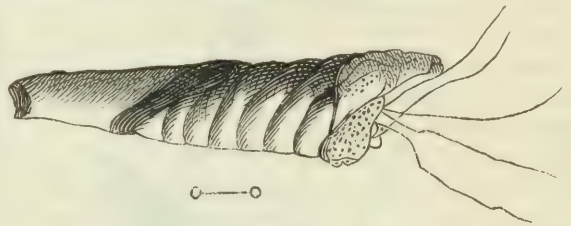


Fig. 31.

Figure 31 is another variety of *Clausilia*. It was rough and weather-beaten, and defective at the mouth. It really looked as if it had been patched, or rather pieced, by its former occupant, as the extreme end was still unfinished, and no whorls marked on it at all. A black spot, and a few cilia of a parasite, showed the last inhabitant of this little tenement. From the similarity of appearance and structure of these parasites I have no doubt they are the natural enemy of this variety of *Clausilia*, and take up their abode within the shells when they have devoured their builders, and either undergo another transformation or die in their usurped habitations.

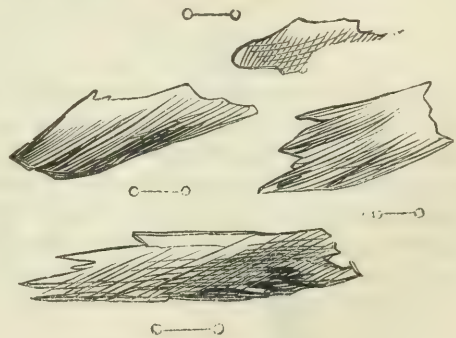


Fig. 32.

Figure 32 represents pieces of mica, quartz, and gravel worn quite flat and transparent; there was much grayish blue sand mixed with them.

Figure 33 shows a pair of Zoophytes, belonging to the genus *Campanularia*, as its ringed stalks proclaim. They were attached singly to a piece of shell, apparently a piece of a crab or lobster. They were of a dark chocolate color,



Fig. 33.

with yellowish tentacles, but soon closed down, folding them in and never revived. There might have been something offensive to them in the crowd with which they were associated at the bottom of the bottle.



Fig. 34.

Figure 34 represents Zoophytes of the same family, judging from the twisted and ringed stalks, but differently shaped. Their color was a faded yellow, and could with difficulty be distinguished from the tallow. They were attached singly to a flat piece of quartz. I could not free them from the tallow, and they sank very soon to the bottom.



Fig. 35.

Figure 35, I feel assured, is the parasite found so repeatedly in the shells of the *Clausilia*. It was very active in the water. It appeared to have segments; and its nervous system consisted of two long tubes and a shorter one, at the end of which was a small sac filled with a dark fluid.



Fig. 36.

Figure 36 I should suppose to be a portion of the last whorls of a shell. It resembled a Tri-

ton's horn; and who will assert there may not be in all these sea changes creatures small enough to make sweet music in a mermaid's cave from such a horn as this?



Fig. 37.

Figure 37 represents gravel nearly oval.

Figure 38 represents mud, nearly the color of the celebrated *Boue de Paris*, a mixture of clay, black marl, and white sand, with no foreign matter, either vegetable or animal, with it. A true, authentic lump of mud, proclaiming as distinctly as the olive branch in the dove's beak that land was near.

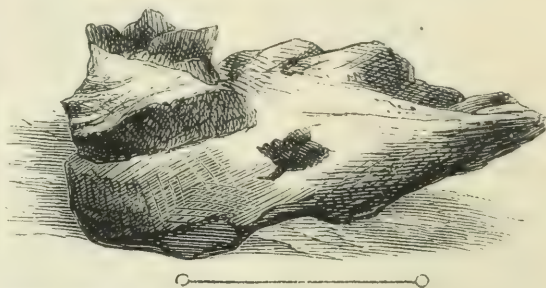


Fig. 38.

Here my studies of these deep-sea mysteries must end. You will perceive, gentle reader, that I have given no names at a venture. I have contented myself with illustrating them as correctly as was in my power under the circumstances at the time, and giving them a strict re-examination when ashore. I give you merely the families they belong to, leaving for another day, and perhaps a better chance, a more scientific and especial description.

I hold the opinion, that the immense varieties in the numerous host found in the depths of the sea to be so fathomless that the leads of no two ships may bring up the same animals or specimens, even if only a few yards apart; therefore where was the use of seeking names for animals which perhaps neither you nor I may ever see again, as you perceive they appeared singly, therefore were not in colonies to authorize an expectation of finding them very numerous at some future day?

I must recall to you here Mr. Maury's beautiful paragraph: "The wonders of the sea are as marvelous as the glories of the heavens, and they proclaim in songs divine that they too are the works of holy fingers." My illustrations are strictly

"Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And endless peace, subsisting at the heart
Of everlasting agitation."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

LONG ago I had decided just how and when I should fall in love; and had plainly seen, in my mind's eye, the lady who alone could fill my heart. She should be tall, brilliant, and stately, with glorious black eyes and hair. Her mind should be stored with knowledge, and her heart should be filled with—well, with *me*, of course. As to time, I had resolved not to even look for my paragon until I was twenty-seven.

On my twenty-second birthday I left the paternal roof and proceeded to New York to earn a fortune for the future Mrs. Smith and myself. And in less than a month fell desperately, irretrievably in love with a sweet young blonde, tiny and fragile, who hated the very sight of a book, and looked with sublime indifference upon my unhappy self.

Oh! how I loved her!

She was a second-floor boarder in the house which I had selected as a temporary abiding-place—an orphan, under the protection of a maiden aunt. There were four other lady boarders in the house, but Julia Darley, my Julia, was the flower of them all.

Mrs. Green, the keeper of the boarding-house, was the mother of a maiden who, compared with my unattainable Julia, was as rock is to crystal, as darkness is to light; and yet this maiden, even while my heart throbbed for another, dared lift her eyes admiringly to mine! Call it not conceit—the thing was plain.

Imagine my feelings then, when, one day sauntering into the parlor, and finding Miss Green there alone, I was accosted with:

"Mr. Smith, I feel I ought to communicate my intentions to you—unless, indeed, through the gossip of the house, you know them already."

Shuddering at the innovations of modern novelists, and intending to abash her into silence, I replied:

"I *am* acquainted with them, Miss Green, and I must say, once for all, that both circumstances and inclination prevent me from being willing in any way to—to—"

"Oh, as for that," interrupted Miss Green, loftily, "I shall not press the matter; though [with a sigh] I am very sorry to lose you, and mamma I know will be keenly disappointed. My up-stairs rival is too powerful, I find."

"Miss Green!" I gasped, "pray explain yourself—I do not comprehend—your rival?"

"Yes, my rival," responded Miss G., without a blush; "for as you have refused in advance the offer I was about to make you, I must certainly infer that you have promised yourself to Miss Darley."

Bewildered, and yet determined not to appear behind the age, I managed to say, with a ghastly smile:

"I am sorry, my dear lady, that you feel compelled to draw such an inference; but how do you know that Miss Darley wants me?"

"Oh! that is no secret," returned Miss Green,

with rather a toss of the head. "She has had her eye on you ever since you came to the house, and only yesterday told Mrs. Scott on the fourth floor that she only wished she could secure you."

"Miss Darley said this?" I exclaimed, horror-stricken, yet not utterly wretched.

"Certainly she did; it's her way. But you're not bound, of course, to follow her fortunes unless you choose; or if you do not like her—"

"Like her!" I echoed, passionately; "I—"

I was going to say, "I love her! I idolize her!" when the landlady came in the room, just in time to save my dignity from utter wreck.

Seizing the opportunity and my hat at the same time, I bowed hastily to both ladies, and left the apartment.

In the solitude of my own room I sat down to meditate on the remarkable interview through which I had just passed. For Miss Green and her unwomanly offer I simply entertained feelings of contempt. But what meant those insinuations concerning my Julia? Dear, dear girl! Can it be that she loves me in secret? But those horrible words, "*Meant to secure me if she could!*" No, no—I will never believe she said them. At most she may, in the innocence of her heart, have confided her feelings to a false friend. I will never believe it. And yet Miss Green called her her "rival." Women can detect each other's feelings more quickly than we men can. Oh, what if Julia love me, after all!

All that night, sleeping and waking, my heart kept echoing these words. The next day's work could not drive them away. What if she love me! What if she love me! How the thought lit up the dull back-office, and gilded the very edges of the "blotter!" How I scribbled "Love" and "Julia" on bits of waste paper, and then wrote "Cash" and "Scrimpskins" over the words so that nobody could read them!

Well, when I returned to my room that afternoon I concluded to relieve myself then and forever. To say that I spoiled a quire of "cream-laid" is to make a moderate estimate; finally I produced a missive which I flatter myself would have done credit to any young man of twenty-two under similar circumstances. It was an epistle to Julia, telling her of my deep, my abiding love, of my prospects in life, of my resolve to win fortune and renown for her sake. In short, I told her all my hopes and fears; begged her, in case she could at all reciprocate my emotions, not to divulge to mortal soul what had passed between us; and concluded by imploring her to pen me a line in reply.

Carefully folding my letter, and directing the envelope in my best hand to "Miss Julia Darley," I watched an opportunity, slipped it under her door, and flew up stairs four steps at a time.

Unluckily for me, I ran into a nervous boarder, named Hopkins, at the first landing-place. As I appeared flushed and confused, he at once regarded me with suspicion.

"Holloa, Smith! what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Matter?" I panted, pushing furiously past him—"nothing."

He caught me by the arms.

"Smith," said he, "you are ill!"

Fearing that Julia would hear the commotion, and driven to desperation, I hissed into his ear,

"Yes, small-pox—let me go!"

He needed no second hint, but hurried down stairs, muttering something about sending up help as he went.

Seating myself by my open window (for it was summer), I was soon lost in conjectures concerning the reception of my note. By this time Julia had certainly read it; nay, in all probability she was already bending her blushing face over the asked-for reply—Why, there was Julia herself on the opposite sidewalk! She halted—crossed the street—rang the bell—the door opened and closed. Now she was surely on the stair! I rushed to the hall and leaned over the baluster. She entered her room. Now she would read the letter! Now I should learn my fate!

Before my head was raised from the interesting survey I heard a shrill voice, from the hall above, exclaim,

"Oh mercy! There he is! Don't stand there in the hall, Mr. Smith! Go into your room for Heaven's sake!"

This was pleasant, to say the least. However, I obeyed orders, and resumed my seat at the window.

Presently the very air seemed thrilled by a rustling in the hall. Turning, I saw something white thrust nervously under my door. It was a folded piece of paper.

With a beating heart I picked it from the carpet, and read:

"MR. SMITH,—I implore you to leave this house at once, if you are able to walk. Never mind paying your bill. I can wait. Your room shall not be entered until you return to it. The new family come to-morrow. As there are nine children I do not wonder at your refusing my offer of taking a dollar per week less than formerly from all the old boarders who would remain with us. Yours in deep sympathy,
M. GREEN."

Just then another slight rustling occurred in the hall, and in an instant the tiniest letter in the world twitched itself in under the door. It contained these words, traced in a fair, feminine hand:

"MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—Thy sweet words have filled me with *surprise*, and awakened emotions which I believed were *dead* within me. You are young, but there is *promise* of a *fine character* there. Brief as have been our interviews, I have detected your powers of *mind*, and *they* are worthy of my heart's purest and best *love*. If you *really* feel that you can be *happy* with me, I CAN offer you the '*ray of hope*' to which you allude so beautifully. Yours (in all probability),
JULIA."

The first perusal made me half wild with bliss; the second excited a sense of mystery, and the third convinced me that joy at my proposal had driven the poor girl deranged. That allusion to my youth—what could it mean? "Promise of character," too—what! in *me*?—in me, who felt myself to be already a care-worn, thought-

ful man, older in experience and wisdom than Methuselah himself? What could it mean, indeed, but that the writer was demented?

She loved me, though—that was evident. Meanwhile how could I see my enchantress; how enjoy an interview with her away from that horrid, over-dressed aunt who was always at her elbow? Ah! a thought struck me: I would see her at once—I would test her love! Without calculating the consequences I hastily wrote the following lines:

"DEAR MISS JULIA,—I am confined to my room. The landlady will tell you what is the matter. If you love me, hasten to my side. I am alone in a large city—alone and friendless.
Yours forever,
"JAMES."

Fearing another encounter in the hall I crumpled up my note, and attaching it to the end of a roll of thread I cautiously let it down from my window, trusting that no observing eyes would mark me from the street.

It was seen, however, from the window below—a hand was stretched forth, the thread hastily broken, and the note drawn in.

Soon I heard a light step ascending the stair—then down again—then it returned—it passed along the hall—it halted at my door! The knob turned, and Julia's maiden aunt rushed into the room:

"James," she cried, "I have come to you—" and fell fainting at my feet.

"Hallo!" thought I, as I dashed a tumblerful of water into her face, "what does all this mean?"

Her eyes opened; "James," she murmured, stretching forth her hand, "I have no fear of it. Living or dying I am thine!"

"The deuce you are!" I muttered, *sotto voce*. Then aloud, while bowing at a respectful distance, "Really, Madam, there is some mistake here. Leave me, I pray you."

"Heavens!" cried the maiden aunt. "He does not know me. It has gone to his brain already!"

"But I *do* know you," I insisted; and I repeat, you are laboring under some fatal error, Miss Darley."

"Miss Darley!—oh no, call me *Julia*. Do not drive me away—let me soothe that poor, distracted—"

"Julia!" I interrupted, forcing her away from me, "is *your* name Julia, too, Madam?"

The sharp eyes of the maiden aunt lost their tender expression in an instant. "Is my name Julia too—oo. What do you mean, Sir?"

"Why, I mean," I replied, recoiling, "I mean—in short—that—in other words—I didn't know *your* name was Julia."

"And your letters?" she gasped, getting ready, I felt sure, to faint again.

"They were addressed to your niece, of course, my dear Madam."

"Of course!" screeched the aunt, now too angry to think of swooning. "And you dared address yourself to that child—that school-girl?"

"But really, Madam, I—"

"Silence, Sir. Don't Madam *me*. Oh that I should have risked the horrors of contagion for such a wretch!" And clapping her hand to her mouth, she started pell-mell for the door.

In vain I asked her pardon, and shouted that I had not the small-pox. She was down stairs before the words were spoken. Her door closed with a bang. "Now for a *dénouement*," thought I; "the whole house must have heard this racket." I listened; all was still as death. I did not know that my landlady and her daughter were locked in their garret-room, not daring to descend until they were certain I had left the house. The sound of what they believed to be my raving had alarmed them only the more.

Leaving a hasty note on my table containing an unconditional surrender of my apartments, and, as nearly as I could estimate, the amount due for board, I packed my valise and peeped into the hall. The way was clear; not a human being was to be seen. In another moment the street-door of that mansion closed behind me forever.

At the corner who should I meet but Julia—the Julia, looking lovelier than ever. Scarce conscious of what I was doing, I halted before her and exclaimed,

"Why, Miss Darley, how came you here? I thought you were in your own room."

"So I was a few moments ago," she returned, with a frank smile. "I have only been around the corner to see the doctor."

"The doctor!" I echoed, with some anxiety. "You surely are not ill, Miss Darley?"

"Oh no; but the fact is, I am anxious concerning aunt. It is, perhaps, wrong to tell you, and yet—"

Of course I protested that she was doing exactly the right thing; that I would be only too happy, etc., etc., etc. Meanwhile we found ourselves walking slowly up the avenue.

"It is very strange," she continued, as we moved on together. "Aunt has never shown symptoms of any thing of this kind before, though, perhaps, I notice it more now that I am about to leave her. Did you not know it?" observing my startled look. "I am going next week to live with another relative in Twenty-third Street. Aunt has been so absorbed of late in her plan of hiring a house and taking boarders that it may have been too much excitement for her. She acts very, very strangely. I really fear that she is becoming deranged."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. When I returned home this morning after my drawing lesson I found her in the most singular state of mind imaginable. She is nearly forty, you know, yet she declared that she felt herself to be too young to keep a boarding-house, and must give up the idea entirely. Then she asked me how many bridesmaids I liked at a wedding, and hinted something about the iron bands of secrecy, and that there was no time, no age with love, and ever so many other strange things. Next she wrote a letter; and

when I offered to post it for her she declared she would not trust it even in an angel's hands, and flew out of the room with it, begging me, for Heaven's sake, to stay where I was. After she came in again she seated herself by the window and sighed, then looked up at the sky and smiled—oh, so strangely!"

"Dear me!" I ejaculated, feeling that I must say something.

"Yes, but that isn't half. In a few moments a piece of a boy's kite, or something of that kind, fluttered down by the window, and would you believe? she actually snatched it from the string, looked at it an instant, pressed it to her lips, and then ran up to the landlady's room. Soon she came down again, looking just as pale as—as any thing. Then she clasped her hands and exclaimed, '*I have decided!*' (wasn't that queer?) and kissed me, and ran out of the room, begging me on no account to move until her return."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed again, for want of something better to say.

"Well, do you know, in a little while she came back, oh, in such a rage! So mad, too, because I had been named after her; and when I implored her to tell me what was the matter she shook her head fiercely at me, and said 'All the scoundrels were not dead yet.' Oh, I'm sure she's crazy," added the poor girl in a distressed tone.

"Undoubtedly," said I, solemnly.

"The doctor can't go to her for two hours yet. What shall I do, Mr. Smith? Oh, it's dreadful!"

Thus appealed to, I decided to make a clean breast of the whole affair. Forgetting my bashfulness, forgetting the heavy valise hanging from my left hand, I told her all, my love, my sufferings, my day's adventures, my present hope.

It was better there—there in the crowded avenue—for her veil hid her blushes and our faltering tones did not disturb the passers-by. Once she laughed—once she sighed "Poor aunty!" and at last, when we were nearly up to Fiftieth Street, she said in reply to a delicate hint,

"Oh yes, I am sure Aunt Emily will be most happy to have you call. It is No. 40."

"I shall be very grateful to Aunt Emily," I persisted; "but her niece—will *she* be glad to see me?"

Oh how beautiful a blush is through a black dotted veil, and how plainly one can see when a little hand trembles, even when it is steadied by a parasol!

"Certainly, Mr. Smith. I am always happy to see my friends."

It was non-committal to be sure; but I am naturally sanguine, and a young lady isn't apt to say "*f-r-i-e-n-d-s*" as though she could scarcely speak, unless she means more than she is willing to express—at least I found it to be so in Julia's case.

So you see, reader, I could not fall in love at twenty-seven, as I had intended, or with that

tall, stately, dark-haired girl, because I met Julia in the mean time. Her eyes seem to grow bluer and her hair more golden every day; still I am satisfied, and very, very glad that things "happened" as they did.

Aunt Julia and I are pretty good friends now. She, too, is married. It was a short courtship; but the Doctor makes her a capital husband, in spite of Miss Green's malicious remark that "a widower with four children wasn't much of a bargain."

DOOMED TO MUSIC.

"IT'S in him," said Mr. Benjamin Brown, oratorically. "And mark me, Sir, it must come out!"

"Well, let it come out, if it will," answered Uncle Tompkins. "I don't pretend to know much about genius, but it strikes me that the thing has a spontaneous gush and don't need all this Artesian boring."

"Artesian boring! Nonsense! We have only dug a channel—trained the too impetuous flow into depth, and purpose, and beauty. It was Nature touched the rock, we only accept and guide the overflow. Haydn is bound to be a musician."

"Then you will persist in dooming him?"

"My dear Sir, I see no alternative but a shocking waste of talents. He has given unmistakable evidences of his power already, and I look upon it as a precious legacy to be carefully nurtured, not ruthlessly thrown away."

Uncle Tompkins, who had been reclining on a lounge, sat up, wiped his face with his great cotton handkerchief, and evinced a new interest in the conversation.

"I'll tell you, Brown, being that you are determined on this thing, what I would do. Give your boy—why the dickens did you call him Haydn?—a companion of similar tastes, a musical companion if you like—say a young woman. Don't shut him off from the world. How would the Third Ward do?"

"The Third Ward?"

"Yes, certainly," laughing. "I call her the third, as she is. Mary was the first, Susan the second, and Celia is the third. She is a musical genius, and in my barren house I half suspect is pining away secretly, though you wouldn't think it to hear her. I'll send her out here. It will be a good arrangement for both of them. Her father died in New Orleans several years ago, and she is as poor as a church mouse—as you probably know—but that is neither here nor there. If you want a musical companion for your boy she's the person. I'll send her out."

Then Uncle Tompkins replaced the cotton handkerchief over his face and fell back gently upon the lounge, leaving Mr. Brown standing in the centre of the room with his hands behind him, virtually cut off from any rejoinder. He did not stand long, however; he turned and paced up and down the room in a noiseless and contemplative manner. Thinking, undoubted-

ly. It was retrospection. That word "doom," coldly suggestive, had touched something in him, and his son's experience in life came back vividly from the cradle to the christening—picture by picture; but there was nothing cruel or hard in the record to the father. They had met the boy at the threshold of life with their doom ready prepared; the first remonstrance of the little lips was proclaimed to be a proof of his fitness, and the whole assemblage of relations at subsequent gatherings, who either had an intuitive perception of the parental dogma, or held theories of their own not dissimilar, insisted upon the musical bias already discernible, and gave him a musical name. Then they swathed him with art, tied him up in early discipline, and the first inclination of the sturdy young twig under the pressure was hailed as an evidence of natural proclivity.

Far back the Browns were broad-shouldered, hard-fisted fellows: nothing like a daisy of genius had ever glinted forth; but here was a divergence in the family line. Something to be coddled and coaxed into precocity and pre-eminence. So means were not spared nor eloquence withheld.

"And he *has* advanced," said Mr. Brown to himself. "Why, I can see it. And this companion will doubtless finish the business by awakening his ambition."

He walked the floor some time in deep meditation, until a snore from under the handkerchief recalled his thoughts, and then he stole out of the room on tip-toe.

Uncle Tompkins, having completed his week of recuperation, had his fowling-piece brought out of the store-room, its contents discharged, and then posted off back to the city. In less than a week the Third Ward arrived, escorted by a young gentleman named Tom Barrows. From that day a new condition of affairs was inaugurated; new relationships, new prospects, new feelings, at Slightington. The house of Mr. Brown no longer echoed with the intricate but wearisome exercises on the piano. Bach and Von Weber were displaced for Verdi.

On the day she arrived Haydn was deep in thorough-base, in the room devoted to his studies. He sat at the open window for an hour. Suddenly he threw the book down with an expression of disgust, and broke out into open protest:

"It's no use!" and then catching a glimpse of a new thrashing-machine, stationed out on the lawn and surrounded with curious men, he put on his hat and went off to inspect it.

A comely lad he appeared, walking across the grass. Straight, long-limbed, and intelligent, but with a listless air—a vacant, purposeless carriage, that did not accord with the meaning of the eyes. The great lumbering vehicle with the drums and straps interested him.

He listened to the remarks of the rough practical men who criticised it; he caught the meaning of the intricate combination. It pleased him. Something seemed to interpret for him

the inventor's aim, and translate the language of the wood and iron. His hands were drawn from his pockets, his cap pushed back; there was a new eagerness in his eyes that thorough-bass had never awakened. They were hitching the horse to it when his sister Matilda came to announce Celia's arrival, and she was compelled to pull him away.

The meeting of the victim with the Third Ward was in the music-room. She, all vivacity, came and presented both her hands; he, diffident and confused, formed a hasty opinion that she was the most brilliant gossiping creature he had ever seen. Whereas she was a very plain girl with bright eyes, dark curls, and not very classical nose or chin. Besides, there was a patronizing air about her that did not please him.

"We shall get along bravely together," as though a tutor had said it. Was he a *protégé*?

Slightington never saw such a character before. Such conversational powers, versatility, wit, and occasionally recklessness. Haydn sat down to the instrument to verify report for her, and undoubtedly exerted himself to his utmost, for she applauded enthusiastically. How long had he studied? So many years! and been through all that music piled there? Would he like to hear her?

She took his place, and the contact of her white fingers with the instrument made him shrink as from a blow. He had never heard any thing like it. Such a *fusillade*! Such rapidity! A wonderful electrical response! The instrument seemed to flash all manner of odd strains and cadences; arias volleyed, and leaped, and commingled in glorious abandonment. Every voice that slept among the wires seeming to break out into the articulation of revelry at her command. It was all new and grand and cruel to him. He looked quite over the music and saw his own barren pathway. There was a mistake somewhere!

After she had run her fingers over the last octave, and broken out in a laugh that seemed a continuation of it, she turned suddenly to encounter a sullen face, half averted, as though he were listening and despairing at the same time.

"You are a musician?" he said.

"Yes, a natural one, they tell me."

"They are right. You love the piano. I hate it."

"Oh, then we shall agree perfectly. Do you know, I don't like to see a man at a piano."

He accepted her taste in the matter at once, and abandoned the instrument; threats nor promises could prevail upon him to return to it. The Third Ward reigned. New echoes filled the house, and Haydn, growing daily more moody, gave up the music-room to Tom Barrows.

There were festivals, and picnics, and concerts at Slightington; but never again appeared the victim on the stage to receive the bouquets of Matilda, as often before. He told them he

had grown out of it. But as two years rolled away, and Tom Barrows continued to make regular visits at the house, sometimes bringing his Morgan horse for Celia to ride, Haydn grew to dislike Barrows quite as earnestly as he did the piano.

"Have you relinquished your studies altogether?" she asked of the victim one afternoon, when he was lolling listlessly under a tree.

He spread his linen coat upon the grass for her to sit upon, and looking her in the face, said,

"Do you think I can ever make a musician?"

The Third Ward would have laughed had she not pitied him.

"How can I tell? Success belongs to perseverance."

"Yes, you might tell my brother Joshua that. It is true enough for a blacksmith, but for a—"

"Do you wish to earn success? I ask you this, because I came here to assist you, and it looks as though I had returned evil for good. Has all your ambition departed?"

"No; on the contrary, it has just arrived. I never had any before. Yesterday was my birthday; I am eighteen years old, and think of making a bold strike."

The Third Ward laughed. "A bold strike" was ambiguous. It might refer to a new style of piano-pounding; it might mean a whaling-voyage with harpoons and blubber. She had her own views and purposes, and commenced to give him some good advice.

"We all know your genius, Haydn, and I, at least, know something from my reading about the moods and eccentricities of genius. I don't think a young man could commence life under better or more promising auspices. Indulgent fathers and rich uncles are not always vouchsafed to genius, perhaps, you know. The profession is a worthy one; and if you love it, as I suppose you do, you can need no incentive to study and work. Let me tell you I sympathize in all your dreams of fame and wealth. I have heard the same siren voices that whisper to you in music and in nature; but I am a woman, and you will soon be a man—that's the difference. You may follow where they lead, but not I."

"I never had any such dreams; never heard any whispering, except when you were playing, and then I suspected it was Tom Barrows behind you."

She proceeded, regardless of his protest.

"I know what it is to be fascinated by music. The other evening, when we went to hear Ole Bull, I was transported. The weird tones of his instrument seem to take form. I shut my eyes, and they seemed flames of fire, crackling with a delicious destruction, burning their rhythmical way into my brain, now dying out in smouldering brilliancy, with little jets of bright sharpness shooting up thin and lurid, and then bursting out afresh in the great diapason of a mighty conflagration."

"Yes," said Haydn, "I remember it; but

my sensations were different. It seemed to me, when he was performing that solo, that 'Home, Sweet Home' was wrestling on a staircase with the 'Carnival of Venice,' and the two were going down step by step, growing fainter in their struggles, until they seemed to reach some kind of a cellar door, that was burst open, and liberated a whole swarm of melodies that joined in a general riot among themselves."

The Third Ward laughed a clear, happy, bugle laugh. Something more than the description pleased her.

The next day the victim went off from running the gamut to a rope-walk, where a sordid man offered him two shillings a day to turn a wheel and mind his business. Something grim and exasperated lugged him back with a reference to his uncle and his bright future, both of which seemed dark and inscrutable enough. He fell into his old niche mechanically. Joshua came at intervals, jingled his pocket-money, self-earned, with imperious independence, and spoke of music disrespectfully.

The uncle too, in his usual orbit, came with guns and hat-boxes. Third Ward was in one of her "spells," as Barrows called it; the whole house echoed with *Lucia* and the *Trovatore*. "Ha!" exclaimed the uncle with a curious joy. "He's improving. I never heard him do any thing like that before; it rings like a charge of cavalry. Egad that's something to be proud of. Excellent, 'pon my honor!" In vain Brown tried to intimate a mistake. He would none of it.

"Don't make any explanations," he shouted. "I can tell music when I hear it. If I had never heard him play like that, I should have known it wasn't in him and you were making a fool of yourself!"—and then he wanted to go to sleep.

That afternoon Haydn sat in his room alone watching the dead leaves drifting about down in the meadows, and listening to the music.

By-and-by it ceased, and shortly afterward he saw the Barrows' animal and his father's saddle horse through the trees, and he knew who managed them.

"It's an infernal shame," he said aloud, getting up and standing defiantly before a picture of Thalberg. "You are a ninny-hammer!"

This was not addressed to the lithographic pianist. It might have been meant for Barrows, and it may have been designed for himself. "I'll talk to her about it now." So he put on his great-coat and hat and went off to stand at the stepping-stone and wait till they returned. It was very raw outside and he suffered some, but stood there resolutely till they came. Third Ward was flushed and beautiful. Tom was red and cynical, and asked him if he had "stood it long."

"Come to the library, I want to speak to you," he whispered in her ear as she dismounted.

"Has any thing happened?" rather startled.

"No; but something may. I'll wait for you."

When she came to the library with part of her riding-habit still on, and saw the white face of

the victim as he walked the floor, she stood irresolute with her hand upon the knob.

"What frightens you?" he asked, moving a chair for her. "I'll turn the key so that we will not be interrupted. I only want your advice."

She sat down looking somewhat perplexed, but very charming, and he commenced,

"Celia, I'm nothing but a boy, as you know, in experience, and whatever of manliness belongs to me has been stunted by compression. I'm sick, disgusted, and desperate; and I want you to advise me. There isn't much for me to tell you, for I feel that you understand it as well if not better than I do. You have not been here so long without knowing that I am a prisoner; you have tested my tastes and aspirations by a standard of your own when I did not know it; and I couldn't help feeling great respect for you."

Third Ward toyed with a card-case and looked dreamily into the grate, the flame throwing a ruddy glow over her cheeks. "Respect" was full of meaning, but not the meaning usually associated with it. He stopped a moment and she looked up to say,

"I hope I haven't forfeited your respect."

"No, not that. You seem to understand me better than most people, and I can't help feeling a greater interest in your opinion of me. I suppose it is always so when young people are thrown together."

There was no doubt in Third Ward's mind now of the nature of the interview, and with her characteristic kindness and impetuosity she resolved to assist him.

"Sit down—do, Haydn—and let us talk as we always do. You will make me nervous if you walk about that way."

He sat down. "I should like to know if I could please you most by growing up what I am, or by being as other men are?"

This cost him an effort. She saw it; but asked, "Why me? Have you no sense of duty, obligation; no higher motive?"

"Last summer," continued Haydn, "when you and I were over at the foundries, you told me there was something pleased you in the Herculean employment of the men. You said it seemed to be noble in man to invent or forge; to drive or delve. Manufacture, toil, energy, skill, you said were masculine, and many other things were feminine. I knew what you meant, for I felt it before you said it. When we were in the Riceville mills, and the wheels were spinning and singing around us, shafts and belts and cogs seemed to make a music such as I had never heard before, and you remarked that I evinced a new interest in the machinery. It was the same feeling that you experience with music, but I never do; and somehow I have always felt that you knew it or desired it. I thought you would have a better opinion of me if I told you."

Then, shortly after, when no answer was made:

"I don't think I *am* a man, Celia; but I want

to be, and I think I was intended for one: don't you?"

"Yes, I think you were, Haydn."

"And if I ever should be, you would think as highly of me as—Tom Barrows?"

It was all out now, and Third Ward found a place to laugh.

He was a foolish boy. What put such a ridiculous notion as that in his head? Tom Barrows indeed! And then, with a sudden seriousness, she got up, approached him, and said, "I'm only a year older than you, Haydn, and don't know much more; but I think you are more of a man *now* than twenty Tom Barrows." That was all. She was gone.

So he lay awake all night, and thought of a thousand new things that never occurred to him before; very many of which were rose tinted, and all of which sprang with a new vigor in his brain.

When his uncle sent for him next day he marched boldly up to the room, and presented himself to that worthy with a great deal of latent defiance lurking in his face.

"Well, young man, what's your prospects in life now? Can you sing a song of sixpence with your pockets full of rye? Are you ready to go to Europe? What's your forte now?"

He had no prospects in life. He could not sing, for his heart was fuller than his pockets, and he would much rather go to work than to Europe. Something like it he said, and more. He would go to the city. His blood was stagnant, his muscles flaccid, his brain empty. Music was no achievement, only an accomplishment. With his father it was more violent. Disappointment and indignation found rough words. His son was a disgrace, and he would have nothing to do with him. The last words Mr. Brown said were, "Don't you come back here again!"

Celia gave him her hand. "I understand you," she said. "I think you are right. If you understand me you will try to be." He understood her.

After that there was a plunge into the great metropolis: an aimless drifting about in the maze of traffic and manufacture, full of uncertainty as to his own judgment, and doubt as to his purpose: a vagabond week among idlers and pedestrians swayed hither and thither by impulse, until he brought up in an immense structure where furnaces glowed and trip-hammers shook the earth, and swarthy men flitted in the red light, and ponderous machines rattled and clanked with a vitality and power that were new to him. There was something in this Titanic stir that woke a new feeling in him. There was a kindly aspect in the clumsy iron giants that he could not account for; he longed to handle and inspect them; to become intimate and friendly with them. Behind the lusty fellows who whistled in the smoke and chatted 'mid the clang of metal, he knew there were more intelligent brains guiding and directing the whole, animate and inanimate. He found

them, a few frank words were sufficient, and the next morning he was among the workmen, pigmy indeed, and already begrimed, but with a curious satisfaction in his eyes and the same resolve over all.

Here was the divergence. Nothing could be more widely separated than himself and the family at Slightington. Mr. Brown, incensed at the conduct of his son, proceeded openly to lavish his son's portion on The Third Ward. She was to be the family musician and genius; and not only did he make this apparent in expenditure, but he invited musical celebrities from the city; threw open his house to *routs* and *soirées*, and from the brilliancy of his entertainments and the talents of his *protégée* soon succeeded in surrounding her with influences of the most dazzling and dangerous character. Matilda, being a young woman of no particular radiance of her own, made no objection to shining with borrowed light. It was her father who did it, that was enough for her; and the only persons who made open and secret protest were Uncle Tompkins and Tom Barrows: the former disliking very much to be kept awake by a "great thundering orchestra" from the city performing under his window, and the latter feeling that the new companions that surrounded Celia were far more attractive than himself or his Morgan stud. Mr. Brown, it must be confessed, had a foolish *parvenu* horror of the very world he sprang from, and that world his son had voluntarily entered, commencing at the bottom round, and might have been seen by the father any afternoon, in paper cap and overalls, with smutted face, among the common workmen, doing the meanest drudgery about the machines.

That son boarded in a crowded house. He acquired books. He studied late and early; and as he himself afterward expressed it, he felt something commence to expand in him as soon as he had entered upon his homely duties.

What was his surprise one evening on going to his room to receive a letter from his Uncle Tompkins. It ran as follows, and inclosed a check for a hundred dollars:

"Young man, you are a brick. If I had a hundred such as you I'd build up the reputation of a good citizen. Keep on your own hook and let music alone. Here's a check; don't spend it for candy."

He kept it a week. One morning he took it to the office of the works, asked to see the superintendent, and showing it to him, inquired if he could not be given better employment. There was a conference, and he was set to work in the office, making copies of plans for machinery. So he sent the check back to Tompkins with many thanks, and the promise to stay "on his own hook." A year rolled away. His eyes were sharp, his brain invigorated and quickened, and nothing in that smoky office had escaped him. He had mastered the rudiments of mechanics with wonderful alacrity. Men knew there was something in him now, for it began to show itself in little plans of his own; here a suggestion to improve a steam-gauge, there an

inclination of two degrees in a shaft that resulted in greater speed or more strength; now a screw and now a brace, but all obedient to a law of intelligence; and he grew gradually strong in the contact with obedient matter as man will. He learned his power to command strength, and felt the first intuition of the omnipotence of mind. All this was music that charmed and strengthened him. Such harmony as results from the healthy action of the faculties.

With his own money in his pockets he started off at the expiration of the year to visit Slightington and arrived at his father's house at night. It was all ablaze with light; and music issued from the opened windows—opened to admit air into the crowded rooms. At first it struck him there might be a wedding, but the character of the music undeceived him—it was one of Mr. Brown's receptions. He hesitated to go in; some sense of the chasm, recently opened, between himself and the guests held him back. This was the first trial. He looked in at the window and saw Celia in full dress, altogether more magnificently attired than he had ever seen her before. He looked at his own clothes, selected without reference to fashion, and at his hands, no longer white and soft; then he turned and came back to the city with the first train.

Back in the murky office: the tools and furniture looking cheerless enough, and he for a day sullen and abstracted. Could he have made a mistake? thrown away advantages never to be recovered? was not the profession that had been selected for him after all the path of honor and ease? what was there in Celia's advice to warrant his conclusions? He was out of the way now. Then the great bell struck, a whistle sounded shrill, the ponderous wheels moved, bands began to play; every giant stretched its iron limbs preparatory to the day's work; the men, hearty and loud, bustled about; and the young man, who had stood by his father's window and listened unmoved to the exquisite symphonies of the great masters, felt his heart beat quicker as though struggling to time itself with the music around him.

So cheerily to work: sleeves rolled up, quick strokes, and no repining. Thus another year rolled by: from drudgery to trust and supervision; now consulted in great schemes; and now intrusted with plans that demanded all his quick intelligence, and always willing, eager, hopeful.

There were secrets hidden in the lumber and cinders of the great work-house, as there always is in combinations of mute matter—mysteries in the corners, about the surging, driving engines, lurking in the vapor and glow—mysteries that needed only the key of intelligence to unlock them and lug them forth facts for the world to seize upon and use and pay for in its gold. Is it strange that the watchful young man, who sat for hours before an intricacy of wheels and teeth and levers, catching the meaning of the wonderful play, who knew the purpose and power of every screw because it had interested him and

won him, should begin to feel about for new facts? He groped for a while, and then the voice in him said, authoritatively, this would be better so! It were in accordance with the law; but now perfect harmony is not attained. He was sure of it. It came back to him at night; he drew it with square and rule; and then he proclaimed it.

At first they were doubtful; he demanded trial, and practical men were not long in understanding it. It was true. So the workmen called him smart, the superintendent spoke of him to the directors; they said it was genius, and patented his discovery in their own right, giving him promotion and a wider, clearer field! After that he was a man.

Benjamin Brown speculated and doubled his fortune. He grew fond of gay society and purchased a city residence. His last folly was a land mania, and somewhere in Pennsylvania were great tracts of barrenness subject to his will, if, indeed, they could ever be subjected to any thing.

The Third Ward had gone through the ordeal of watering-places, flirtation, folly; she sang her way into the first set, and then became disgusted at the set because of her music rather than herself. Several well-to-do young men made it their chief business in life to fall in love with her, and she made it her mission to laugh at them. Her friends who had planned and predicted for her became disgusted until a young gentleman by the name of Lakely, better known at the Browns' as "George," turned up and threatened to finish the business. Poet, artist, author, vocalist, and such a reader! His "Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Bridge of Sighs" from an ottoman in the drawing-room won him the day. After his exquisite warble of "You'll Remember Me," Mr. Brown, who was eating ice-cream in the corner, said to his wife, "Such, my dear, was Haydn's destiny; but he slighted it."

Nobody could translate the *libretto* of an Opera like George, and the consequence was, no one pleased Celia so well on opera nights; besides, he was handsome, tall and slender, pale and effeminate, indolent and amiable. And her friends saw that matters were approaching a crisis. Uncle Tompkins sent for her and asked her why she was not married. So she blushed and hesitated, and said it was not her fault. He advised her to attend to it at once, and she obediently promised to do so the next day.

The next day George advised her to do the same thing, and let him arrange the details; the latter she preferred to do herself. He should have an answer in a week.

Then she wrote a note to Haydn. "Come and see me immediately; I want to ask your advice;" and signed it "Third Ward," as though to intimate to him that she was still a girl.

And Haydn came of course. Four years had flown since he had asked her for advice. She expected to see him altered, but only in manner. She felt young and blithe and careless,

and I forgot that circumstances sometimes make men of boys rapidly. So when he came and she rose to give him her hand she was astonished. He was taller and broader and heavier. He stood erect and was self-reliant; there was, too, the master's expression in his eye; the speaking consciousness of purpose that is strength, and pride of intellect self-exhumed.

Her greater knowledge of conventional usage and her acquired self-possession did not save her from some confusion. She had sent for Haydn, and summoned a giant.

After the formalities it went smooth enough though.

"You once asked my advice," she said, "and I gave it to you. It may or may not have been true that I understood you as you claimed, but you needed advice then, and I do now. I am sick, disgusted, desperate. Listen to my case attentively and answer me frankly. I am dependent, self-willed, and proud; that you know. I can not live much longer in my present condition. I have even promised my uncle to change it as soon as possible. I don't think I should be particularly happy in following any advice that I have received yet, much less in giving in to their importunities. Now what would you advise as a friend?"

"Is it not somewhat singular that you should appeal to me in so delicate a matter when you are surrounded by friends whose tastes and prejudices, if I may use that word, are similar to your own?"

"Not at all. You once said our 'tastes' were alike, what right had you to alter your opinion?"

"If I understand you," he said, "you are beset, annoyed, almost coerced. You think that in yielding you will be unhappy. Am I correct?"

"Yes, mainly so."

"Then this is my advice. Ever since I left you at Slightington your words have rung in my ears. 'If you understand me you will try to be.' Celia, I thought I understood you. I am a man. If I did not interpret your words amiss MARRY ME, and don't have any trouble!"

She neither simpered nor smiled. She got up, held out her hand business-like, and said,

"Haydn, I will!"

If it sounds stiff and methodical to you, poor reader, it is because you are in the habit of seeing these things dimly through a glass of non-sense.

What was afterward said partly redeemed the transaction from any such charge. Like practical people, having settled the business to their satisfaction they gave way to nonsense, and Martha burst in upon them sitting both on one chair.

She had turned his hands over and looked at them with wonder, and he had said: "If you

believe that a man with ambition, and courage, and patience can win success in any sphere, however rude, you will be content to trust me and wait with me."

She wanted to see his stiff fingers on the key-board, but he would not wait. "I'll show you music, Celia, one of these days—a mighty instrument, organ toned, with a thousand keys and voices that shall be heard all over the continent." And she said again, with some of his fire reflected in her eye, that she understood him.

So they were married, without parade or display, to the consternation, disgust, and scandal of musicians in and out of Slightington and all the Browns collectively.

Uncle Tompkins acted most strangely. Sent for one of his fowling-pieces and fired it out of the window when he heard the news. Wrote several impertinent letters to different people, and astonished Brown by saying that it was just what he had expected and worked for!

The years were uneventful after that. But the sequel is *now*. If you would like to see Haydn's instrument you must visit the immense works over there. It is an enormous music-box wound up every morning; a thousand men form the chorus inside, and their music goes out upon the iron rails to sing its own praises through the forests and over the prairies; to charm the roar of the ocean and to dig up the treasures of earth hidden fathoms deep.

There is an office on the first floor, and there we shall find the key-board of the instrument, with the master-hand that plays upon it. He was right. It is a harmony at once sweetly terrible and wonderful. Perhaps you know him, having heard of him in connection with ocean navigation and the new iron-clads, or have some acquaintance with the large family. I hope so.

Mr. Brown, with a sense of poetic justice that did him credit, failed. His barrennesses in Pennsylvania were about to be brought to the hammer when Haydn went off down there with a couple of practical men, camped out a week in the rocks, and then bought in the whole tract. The next that was heard from there came through the newspapers, and had reference to a discovery of petroleum. Improved machinery has pumped up a great many thousand dollars from the tract since.

As for George, he is a member of a negro minstrel troupe; and is, I believe, deservedly popular.

You would hardly think that the lady I point out to you, stepping from her carriage, and followed by three children—that tall, serious woman—is the Third Ward; but it is. You have encountered her name before to-day associated with some local or national charity, but you never suspected it was my heroine.

THREE YEARS.

THREE autumn tides have browned the year
 And leaves thrice ripened to their fall,
 Since through our homesteads, far and near,
 In tones resonant, loud, and clear,
 Rang out the thrilling battle-call.

Its echoes lingered on the hearth,
 It chilled us with its wild alarm,
 It dashed with pain our cup of mirth,
 And fateful Sorrow stalked on earth
 With haggard eye and lifted arm.

An angry murmur from afar,
 A reddening glow from lurid skies,
 Grim rumors of the shock of war
 (As southward waned star after star)
 Filled all our hearts with sad surprise.

And hands were loosed from hands. We sate
 Inquiring mutely of the end.
 The shadows of approaching fate
 Seemed darkly round the hearth to wait,
 Enwrapping closely friend from friend.

Then manhood sternly rose, and bade
 The weakness of the hour depart.
 By war's black tempest undismayed,
 On God's right arm for succor stayed,
 Arose in strength the patriot heart.

Ye gave us, and we went. With sighs,
 With saddened hearts ye sent us forth;
 With faltering lips, with streaming eyes,
 Your firm-devoted sacrifice,
 O women of the loyal North!

Ye pledged us—yours the hands that pressed
 Within our own the battle-brand;
 The lips were yours whose kisses blessed,
 Yours the endearments that caressed
 Each hero of the martyr-band.

And years have fled in strife and pain,
 The sickly revelry of war;
 The Southern summer burns again,
 And sad, stern eyes, through blinding rain,
 Look forth where glows the Northern Star.

Ye watch and wait, and hope the day
 That calls us from these fields of woe,
 That rifts the battle-cloud away,
 That plucks us harmless from the fray,
 That makes a friend of every foe.

O mother, sister, maid, and wife,
 Who hold our hearts in sorrow's thrall,
 Call us not back while yet the strife
 Is madly raging for the life
 Of her the mother of us all!

Not yet, not yet! Once more inspire
 Our arms, our hearts, our souls with strength
 To trample down all weak desire,
 To brave anew hell's awful fire,
 The victory to grasp at length!

J. F. F., 114th N. Y. V.

NEW ORLEANS, June, 1864.

THREE YEARS IN MONTGOMERY.

FIVE years ago, influenced by the logic of high wages, I went South to pursue my trade as a machinist. Knowing that in the Cotton States competent mechanics were comparatively few, I imagined that I would there be able to make my way to fortune more certainly and easily than in the overcrowded North, where industry and genius characterized all departments of the mechanic arts. In the fall of 1860 I became foreman of the machine works of the Florida and Alabama Railroad Company, situated at Montgomery, Alabama. These works were among the most extensive in the Gulf States, and afforded me precisely the opportunity I wanted to demonstrate my capacity and achieve a competence. The opportunity, however, for which I had longed and waited, brought with it, when it came, possibilities of evil as well as promises of good. In November of that year, Mr. Lincoln having been elected President, secession began to be talked of. A feeling of uneasiness and distrust began to creep through society and to disturb the channels of business and trade. I soon felt that, as a Northern man, loyal in every throb of my heart to the Union, my position, in the event of actual separation, might become unpleasant if not dangerous; but I knew my value to my employers, and I determined to remain and trust to circumstances to deliver me from whatever perils might arise.

We who loved the Union of the fathers lived centuries of feeling in those first days of rebellion. Every where madness ruled the hour. Extravagant in hope, prodigal in promises of success, the movement swept on for a time with a vehemence which nothing could resist. The whole city was ablaze with excitement. Troops coming and going; drums beating, trumpets snarling, flags flying, the populace thronging in holiday attire to reviews and parades; all this passed before our eyes and saluted our ears day and night. Yet few, if any, dreamed that war would actually come. Even the chief conspirators who, on the 4th of April, 1861, met in convention and a day or two after ordained a Provisional Government, imagined they would be permitted to achieve their ends without actual conflict. The popular enthusiasm would have been vastly abated had a suspicion of what was to follow illuminated for one moment the general understanding; one glimpse of the horrors of Shiloh, Antietam, and Gettysburg, would have been quite sufficient to cool the impetuous ardor of the most sanguine and arrogant; and the masses would have shrunk appalled from even the first Bull Run could a revelation of its pains and slaughter have been held before them in prophetic vision. But even we, Northern men as we were, believed that hostilities would not ensue, or if they did, that they would terminate with one or two engagements, and it was in that conviction chiefly we had determined to remain. When we, who ought to have known so

much better, thus misinterpreted the temper of the North and the plain signs of the times, we can hardly wonder that the multitude at the South were swept away by the sudden tide of enthusiasm, and applauded what they did not comprehend?

The storm deepened. State after State seceded. Jeff Davis was inaugurated—I remember well with what an indignant heart I stood by and witnessed the solemn mockery; and I was not long in learning that it would have been true wisdom in me to have quitted the Confederacy. We saw, from the day when the Government was formally installed, that it had the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus. The conspirators understood much better than the North has ever done their true dangers and real weakness. They knew that their only chance of success was in compelling universal acquiescence in their rule, in reducing the people to such complete subjection as to enable the usurping authority to seize, possess, and use, unopposed and unresisted, all the resources and energies of the revolted States in furtherance of their desperate enterprise. Hence personal liberty was restricted; spies were set at every corner; barrel-head inquisitions were instituted, and their summary edicts pitilessly enforced; in a hundred nameless ways we were made to feel that a harsh, vigilant despotism hedged us about on every side, lying in wait, as it were, with cunning seines for every tripping foot. That thus menaced by a mysterious and sometimes impalpable oppression, we grew ourselves to be suspicious, to speak with bated breath, to walk to and fro with cautious steps, and eyes watchful and observant, was only a logical sequence—was necessary, indeed, to safety.

There were, of course, some loyal men in Montgomery. I say of course, because there are Union men every where throughout the South. A stranger, indeed, would not discover the fact; they have learned that the stillest air may babble secrets in unfriendly ears, and that safety lies only in silence; but in retired places, among those whose fidelity is assured, they express freely their thoughts and the aspirations of their hearts. As a Northern man I naturally drifted into communication with these loyalists; and the rebellion was not a month old before I had a perfect understanding with them all, and knew my position exactly.

In the fall of 1861, in order that we might enjoy as far as possible exemption from the prevalent espionage, five other young men and myself, all of Northern antecedents and sympathies, engaged a house, and fitting it up with necessary conveniences, placed it in charge of an old negro possessing superior qualifications as a cook. Here we lived until our escape was finally effected, subjected often to annoyance; but yet comparatively free to speak and act as our convictions inclined us. Our rooms became in time a favorite resort, at favorable opportunities, of the loyal men of the city, and more than one suffering and persecuted household was relieved

through the charities there devised. I may as well say here that the loyalists of the city were united by the closest fellowship, holding frequent meetings in quiet places, and all co-operating for the help of each in every strait and emergency where help could be given. At these meetings such Northern papers and periodicals as by any means fell into our possession were passed from hand to hand, and their contents absorbed for future reflection and use. Frequently I have seen papers so worn and soiled by this wide circulation and perusal as to be almost illegible, and yet, even then, they were regarded as treasures of too great value to be lightly thrown aside. Considering that for two years our only communication from the North, and our only trustworthy information as to the progress of events among our kindred, was obtained in this way, and that it was only at rare intervals such Northern papers came into our hands, it will not be difficult for any one to understand how absolutely we were in the dark as to the temper, hopes, and purposes of those whom we felt to be fighting for us, prisoners in the far South, as much as for themselves and their posterity.

As time slipped on and the necessities of the conspirators became more urgent and imperative, it daily grew more certain that we were exposed to danger, and could not always expect to escape the chances of a call to the field. When at last a draft was ordered, our distress of mind was complete; we had resolved never to fight against the Government, but how to elude the clutch of the conscription was a question which caused us many a sleepless night. Providence, however, was on our side. The weeks ran into months, and the months rolled away, and still we escaped. One day the Superintendent of the Works called me to his office and informed me that in view of the importance of keeping the railroads in working order, it had been determined to exempt from the draft all the workmen employed by our Company; and in confirmation of his statement, gave me the following certificate, duplicates of which were at once furnished to all the operatives:

OFFICE OF ALABAMA AND FLORIDA RAILROAD CO.
MONTGOMERY, Oct. 21, 1863

I certify that W. Hedges, aged 32 years, five feet five inches high, fair complexion, blue eyes, auburn hair, is engaged in the service of this Company, and is, in the capacity of foreman in machine-shop, under the laws of the Confederate Congress, exempt from military duty.

NOTE.—It is made the duty of the Superintendent to report to the enrolling officer the names of all men leaving the service of this Company.

SAM'L G. JONES,
Engineer and Sup't.

The *Note* embodied in this certificate had a significance which is hardly apparent to the casual observer. It had two objects; first, to prevent "strikes" among the operatives, and second, to simplify and facilitate the work of conscription whenever, for any cause, any of them might leave the establishment. It had occurred on one or two occasions that the workmen had combined to compel an increase of wages, and to that end had ceased work at critical moments

when every man was particularly needed in his place. These proceedings had greatly embarrassed the Government, and summary corrective measures were consequently adopted. Orders were issued that all operatives who might hereafter engage in "strikes" should be seized by the officers of conscription and placed in the ranks, whence they would be detailed to the machine-works for service. In this way the Government would secure their labor at thirteen dollars a month instead of fifty or sixty as before, and the spirit of disaffection would, moreover, be effectually crushed. The *Note* embodied in the exemption certificate was designed to remind the operatives of these facts, presenting distinctly the danger of insubordination, while at the same time it served as a perpetual warning to the Superintendent to report faithfully and promptly "the names of all men leaving the service of the Company." There was in this a spice of despotism; but then, despotism was every where, menacing every thing, and so inconsiderable a trifle as this scarcely occasioned a thought.

Only once did my certificate fail to command respect. One night hurrying along the street, I was challenged by a sentinel. I stopped and exhibited my certificate, supposing he would be satisfied upon discovering my position. But I was mistaken; the fellow was resolute, declaring that his orders were imperative not to permit any person to pass his post, unless provided with a pass, after eight o'clock at night. A parley ensued, and angry at the detention, I was on the point of pronouncing my opinion of the Confederacy in no choice terms, when a gentleman who had come up interfered with the remark that it was "all right," and I was permitted to depart. I learned the next day that the person so befriending me was the chief of the Conscription Bureau in the city, and though obliged to him for his intercession, the knowledge as to his personality was by no means gratifying. It was obvious that he was intimately informed as to my occupation and relations; and the more I reflected upon the circumstance the more uneasy I became.

About a fortnight after the adoption of the regulation in reference to exemptions, an order was received from Richmond directing that all persons holding exemption certificates should be required to obtain formal recognitions of the fact, or, in other words, safe-conducts from the Provost Marshal, and that all other persons liable to military duty should be immediately forced into the ranks. In compliance with this order, a week or so after its announcement, I called at the office of the Provost Marshal and there obtained the following:

MILITARY POST, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, Nov. 18, 1863.

Permission is hereby granted to W. Hedges to remain in the city for sixty (60) days.

A. & F. R. R. Co.

By order,

FRANK CLARKE,
Captain and Provost Marshal.

Per WM. MCGREGOR.

Neither myself nor my room-mates, all of whom obtained similar permits, liked the limitation they contained as to time. We could remain in the city for sixty days, but what was to come after that? Daily occurrences around us for some time had not been calculated to afford us any strong assurance of safety. Hourly, we had seen men seized and hurried to the conscription head-quarters. Daily, gangs of men from the surrounding country were brought in, often wearing handcuffs—sometimes resisting doggedly every step of the way toward the slavery that awaited them. In those days it had been no unusual occurrence to see men, who had driven loads of wood into the city for sale, taken from their wagons and carried away, in spite of protests, entreaties, and resistance, to fill places in the ranks. Then, next day, we had found in the daily papers notices to the families of the men thus abducted, advising them to come and take away the abandoned teams. All these things served to deepen and intensify the thought which had been lying so long in our minds. We must make our escape at once, if we would escape at all—that was at last too obvious to admit of question.

We acted instantly on this conviction. For a year we had been awaiting an opportunity to escape, but it had never offered; every door seemed closed against us. One chief difficulty in the way had been our inability to procure a guide, upon whom we could depend, to pilot us through the mazes of outlying rebel pickets to a place of safety on the sea-board. The country to the south, toward the Gulf coast, off the main lines of travel, was entirely unknown to all of us; and to undertake to escape by interior routes to the North was only to expose ourselves to the risk of entanglement and almost certain capture. For a whole year, therefore, we had simply watched and waited. But at last, the very day before I obtained my safe-conduct, I had received information that a guide was to be had near Pollard, a town one hundred miles southward on the line of the railroad to Pensacola. Having the freedom of the road I had at once satisfied myself that the person of whom we had heard was trust-worthy, had engaged him, through his agent, to undertake our deliverance, and within a few hours after visiting the office of the Provost Marshal had completed all arrangements for departure—the tenor of the permits there obtained tending greatly to accelerate our movements. Our party consisted of five persons in all—namely, George Folwell, Peter Martin, James Ward, John Pierce, and myself—William Hedges. The day preceding that on which we had engaged with the guide to meet him at Pollard Martin went down to that place on pretense of procuring lumber for a shop which the Company had in course of erection, and did not return to Montgomery. The same day Pierce, who was running a locomotive on the road, managed to precipitate his train into another, crushing several cars and badly damaging the engine. Ward, who was

also acting as engineer on another train, had met with a similar accident the week before, and both trains were still lying in their ruins. These circumstances were singularly favorable to our scheme! There being no engines to operate Folwell, Ward, and Pierce gave out that they would go down and ascertain what could be done toward repairing the damaged locomotives, intimating that, if their presence were not afterward required in the works, they might make an excursion to Mobile, as they had been in the habit of doing at intervals, when work was not pressing, during the past year. No objection was made to their proposition, and accordingly, on the morning of Saturday the 21st of November, 1863, taking the early train, they departed, not unprovided, however, for any emergencies that might arise in the course of their adventure. The day before I had purchased a ham—the last but one in the market as I discovered by visiting all the stores—for which I had paid thirty dollars; and this, having been cooked and boned, was smuggled in the night, together with bread and crackers, on board the tender of the engine, being safely hidden under the wood, where also two trusty shot-guns were snugly stowed away out of sight. It is possible that had the engineer of the train been aware of the nature of the luggage carried by the excursionists he might have objected—might, indeed, have reported the singular circumstance to his superiors; but fortune was on our side, and so, amply provisioned, four of the party were started and out of reach, certain of not being expected, in any case, before the following Monday or Tuesday.

At noon, putting an old pair of boots under my arm, I went to the Superintendent and told him that I would like to run down to Evergreen, seventy-five miles distant, where I could have my boots repaired much more cheaply than in Montgomery. This was true, and the Superintendent knew it. Citizens frequently went to the surrounding towns for repairing and to purchase the necessities of life, owing to the extravagant prices demanded by the Montgomery dealers. The Superintendent at once consented to my request, remarking that business was slack, and I could as well as not have a day or two to myself. Thus I too, going on board the train just about to leave, got away unsuspected. It really seemed as if Providence were ordering every thing to our hands, and that thought comforted me as the wheezing engine dashed us slowly onward through the mellow afternoon into the solemn night.

Passing Evergreen I reached Burnt Corn Station at midnight and found my comrades—who, leaving the train at various points, had there united—awaiting me. This station was ten miles from Pollard, to which place it had been deemed unsafe to go, owing to the presence there of a considerable Confederate force. At Burnt Corn, Ward and Pierce had removed our arms and provisions from the tender, while Folwell was entertaining the engineer and fireman

at the station groggery, the removal being fortunately accomplished without discovery. According to instructions we at once, upon my arrival, pushed into the woods, where we were very soon met by an old man and a girl, who led us to a house two miles away where the guide had agreed to meet us. The girl, who seemed to enter with the utmost heartiness into our adventure, appeared to us strangely out of place in that obscure and sunless place. Attired in the very plainest clothing, there was yet something very winning in her demure air and face, and her lithe, graceful figure. She was evidently more intelligent than those around her, but we could learn very little as to her history beyond the fact that her father, who had once been well-to-do, had been driven from his home for persisting in his devotion to the Union; that her mother had subsequently died broken-hearted; and that she, only fourteen years of age, all alone in the world, had found a refuge with the old man, whose companion she now was. This man, though worn and enfeebled by age, seemed to find a malicious delight in the thought that he had aided many others besides ourselves to escape. It was in this way, probably, he was avenging the wrongs of the girl, whose young life had been made desolate by rebel cruelty.

At the house of the guide we found three other refugees seeking an opportunity to escape, who earnestly entreated that they might be permitted to join our party; but we did not know how far they could be trusted, and therefore declined the pleasure of their company. We learned, in the conversation that ensued upon their request, that our guide had already piloted thirty-eight loyalists like ourselves across the enemy's lines; and all of us felt safer and more confident upon hearing that he had never yet failed in his undertakings.

Shortly before two o'clock in the morning, having been refreshed by a substantial repast, with the guide in advance, we set out on our pilgrimage. We had nearly one hundred miles yet to travel. We knew the way was a difficult one; that the country was thronged by enemies; that there were dense, malarious swamps to cross, wide rivers to pass, great stretches of forest to penetrate; that, in a word, dangers would confront us at almost every step; but nothing we might meet could possibly equal in horror the sad, dismal life we were leaving, and so, making light of scratches, bruises, and the ghostly goblins of wood and thicket, we went courageously forward. After walking some three miles or more we encountered our first serious impediment in a creek which it was necessary to cross, and which, after some difficulty, was finally passed in a boat which the guide found in the darkness somewhere under the bank. From that time until ten o'clock the following morning we marched steadily onward, moving, after daylight, with the utmost caution—keeping away from the main roads, and flanking, by circuitous movements, the few houses lying along the route. The distance accomplished up to this

time was, according to the guide, eighteen miles; to us it seemed as if we had traveled that many leagues. We were yet in the first tremor of nervous apprehension, and our pace seemed horribly sluggish, though we knew that every step forward—and I am not sure that we did not count them all—carried us further toward the Canaan we were seeking.

This day was Sunday, and accordingly, after finding a retreat in a dense swamp, we determined to encamp until evening, knowing that it would be dangerous to go forward in the broad light of day in the more thickly settled region which we were now approaching. Meanwhile the guide, leaving us in our retreat, scouted about the country, with which he was perfectly familiar, making observations and in some instances inquiries, with a view of ascertaining the position of the rebel pickets, and whether any alarm had been given as to our escape. During his absence we tried, lying on the ground, to find rest in sleep, but it was a vain effort. Our anxiety was stronger than the appeals of nature for repose; Sodom was behind us and Zoar before, but we could not tell whether our feet would reach it, and *that* thought made sleep impossible. As for myself, I had suffered during our night walk the sharpest tortures from a pair of boots for which I had paid the moderate price of \$125, and I could as well have dreamed of heaven in the shadows of the world of the lost as have slept in the pain which was left me as a legacy of our first ten hours of pedestrianism.

That night, with our guide again moving carefully in the advance, we walked ten miles, when three of us found ourselves exhausted. Our feet had swollen, we were weak and faint, and it seemed at first as if we must abandon, then and there, all hope of accomplishing the ten miles which yet remained between us and the Blackwater River, which it was necessary we should cross at a certain point, by the only bridge within our reach, before daylight. But after a time, having bathed our feet and changed our hose, we again started out, moving painfully and slowly, but still steadily diminishing the distance lying between us and the point at which we aimed. Ward, however, long before we reached the river, gave out utterly, and for the remainder of the way was supported by Folwell and Pierce, who almost forgot their own weariness in their anxiety to stimulate his flagging energies. I have never seen any thing more hopeless and desolate than poor Ward's face as he toiled painfully forward through the swamps and forests, oppressed with the fear of failure in his struggle for freedom, and yet determined, with a sort of grim desperation, to keep on and on, even though upon his hands and knees. Once only did he utterly despair. "I can't budge another foot," he said, desperately. His whole soul seemed to be overshadowed. "I shall never see Mary again," he added; "I must die here in these swamps; you can never carry me to Pensacola, and I *can't* walk any further." Poor fellow! he did not know that

his wife was even then dead, and that the autumn leaves were lying on the grave of his only boy, far away in the Granite State.

At length, however, spite of pains and weariness, the Blackwater was crossed, it being still dark and no one guarding the bridge to obstruct our progress. This was better fortune than we had expected, and we felt then, as we feel now, that a special Providence held wide open *that* gate to the land of promise beyond. Having passed the point of danger we threw ourselves on the ground, and for the first time slept soundly for an hour; then, awaking numb and sore, pushed on, having five miles yet to go before reaching the Yellow Water River, where we were to find an accomplice of the guide's with a boat to carry us across. But a disappointment awaited us, for, on arriving at the river, neither man nor boat was to be found. For a moment thoughts of betrayal filled us with dismay. Had we journeyed so far and suffered so much only to fail at last? Interrogations like these flew instantly to our lips, and were addressed with almost angry vehemence to the guide, who, amidst them all, remained resolute and calm. To all our questioning he replied that he knew his men; that he had as much at stake as ourselves, and that if we would only be patient every thing would yet result to our satisfaction. With this he left us, moving stealthily along the river, and was absent for an hour, during which we suffered all the tortures of the keenest suspense, sometimes even doubting the guide himself, spite of his logical protest as to the dangers of his own position. Finally returning, he reassured us by leading us several miles down the river to the house of a friend, where we were kindly received and furnished an excellent meal, to which keen appetites enabled us to do full justice. The host, who was henceforth to have us in charge, was a "character" of the most marked type—one of those robust, sturdy men, with little education but strong, incorruptible integrity and dauntless courage, whose influence, unconsciously to the possessor, often sways whole communities, especially in the South, where characters like these appeal with peculiar force to the benighted populace. He was loyal to the core, and loved the old flag with an almost idolatrous affection. He understood perfectly the peril of his position; but he also knew his rights, and he would sell his life, he said, in their defense. He had toiled hard for many years, he told us, to earn his little property, and now it was his, he did not mean that any man, or set of men, should drag him from it to fight for the infernal traitor rag. The old man's brave talk stirred and strengthened us like new wine; we felt that we could trust our lives with him as with a brother; that come what might, he would stand by us to the end.

The wife of this veteran Alabama loyalist was hardly less outspoken than himself in her expressions of attachment to the flag. "I was born under it," she said, during our conversation at the table, "and I hope I shall never live

to see another put in its place. I tell my boy there"—pointing to a bright-faced lad of twelve or thirteen years—"that I'd rather bury him with my own hands than have him fight against his country; and I don't believe he ever will do *that*. At any rate," she added, "he sleeps with the flag over him every night," and before we left she confirmed this assertion by taking us to the boy's bedroom and showing us a little flag hanging from the tall head-board, and almost touching the pillow.

After an hour or so, which had been occupied by an elder son of the host in procuring a boat, we crossed the river in the direction of East Bay, down which we proposed to sail to Pensacola Navy-yard. Before doing so we settled with our guide, paying him fifty dollars in specie and five hundred dollars in Confederate paper. We endeavored at first to persuade him to accept the entire amount in paper, but he declined, remarking that he "wanted *some* good money; trash could be had at any time." We also gave him one of our guns, and with a hearty "God bless you!" shook him by the hand and went apart, never, perhaps, to meet again this side of the grave. The last we saw of him he was standing on the river bank gazing after us as we slowly drifted away, waving our hands in adieu. Wherever he may be to day, may Heaven bless and guard him, that he may live to deliver from bondage many others, yearning, as we did, for liberty!

Now for the first time from the moment of our departure we felt safe. Up to this point we knew the country swarmed more or less with Confederate cavalry pickets, and at every step we had taken there was liability of discovery and capture. Now, however, that danger was past. The enemy, even if at that moment in pursuit and standing on the opposite bank of the river, could not cross without going forty miles or more further up. We had the only boat which was to be obtained; and we knew that long before any pursuing squadron could overcome that distance we would be beyond their reach. So, deliberately building a fire, we lay down and slept for hours. On the very same spot eighty refugees, we were told, had at one time encamped, having crossed the river to escape the conscription.

Resting through the night, we set out in the morning, still stiff and sore, for East Bay. Both Ward and myself, our feet having so swollen as to make our boots intolerable, walked the entire distance barefoot. Within three miles of East Bay the guide reported a horseman in sight, which, with all our confidence in our final escape, alarmed us seriously, since it was possible that a roving guerrilla gang might still infest that region, notwithstanding its practical abandonment by the Confederacy. We immediately withdrew into a strip of swamp, and put our pistols and our shot-gun in order, and then again moved forward, going straight to a house on the Bay, where we found a loyal family, and learned that the horseman was merely a neighbor riding his horse to water. Here, at the head

of Live Oak Island, twenty-five miles from Pensacola, we contracted for a boat to carry us to the latter place. Passing over to the island from the main land, we stopped during the night with a brother of the guide, and the next morning, hoisting sail, set our prow toward Pensacola and liberty. At three o'clock on the afternoon of that day—Wednesday, November 25—we reached the Navy-yard, and that night slept under the light of the stars which rebel ferocity, we fervently believe, shall never blot from the flag of the republic.

The following day an incident occurred which strikingly illustrates the frailty of the tenure by which thousands in the Confederate army are held in its ranks. About noon a Confederate Lieutenant and three cavalymen were brought in from a picket-station, where they had given themselves up, and asked to be permitted to take the oath of allegiance. "They were questioned closely, when it appeared that they belonged to a party which had been sent out from Pollard in our pursuit, on the authority of a dispatch from Montgomery received during the afternoon of Monday. This was precisely in accordance with our expectations when we started—that suspicion would not be aroused in Montgomery before that time. The dispatch announcing our escape stated, according to the story of the Lieutenant, that there were six of us in all, and he was considerably surprised when he found only five, saying, however, with a laugh, that "There were six, after all, and three to spare." The mistake of the authorities at Montgomery was accounted for by the fact that William Anderson, who had lived with us in our hired house, left the city the day before our departure, going in the direction of Selma, whence he escaped afterward, as I learned on coming North, to Memphis, Tennessee.

Thus, not merely our arms, but the arms of four Confederates whose hearts had never been in their work, were by our adventure secured to the service of the Union. Doubtless Superintendent Jones and Provost Marshal Clarke were sadly vexed at our departure, and have missed us greatly since we came away; but they may find some consolation in reading this sketch of how we did it in the pages of *Harper* at the Confederate reading-room in Montgomery.

ONE OF THE NOBLE.

SCATTERED here and there, like pearls in the great deep, I pick out some of the loveliest, of whom I would dearly love to speak. There is one on whose pictured semblance my hand falls as it lies before me in its little gilt frame. I take it up and look at it, meeting a pair of sweet, sad eyes, in whose depths slumber love and mercy. The fair, pale brow, the brown waving hair, the gentle, tender mouth are all in keeping with characters I knew once and loved so well; and as it is no fancy sketch I shall tell you, I hope to do some good by the recital of her brief life-history.

Marian Vrain was motherless at twelve years of age, and at eighteen her father and only brother both fell at Fort Donelson. I can never forget the day she received the news. Through all time her white face and anguished eyes will haunt me with the same chilling sensation I felt when she dropped the letter upon her lap and looked up at me, giving vent to a low, peculiar cry that sent the blood in waves to my heart.

"Father, brother, both gone! Oh me!"

The last two words were spoken in a long, heart-breaking moan; and then the little hands clasped tightly, and I saw her trying to suppress the tremor that shook her from head to foot.

"Oh, Marian, darling, don't do that!" I exclaimed, going to her side and kneeling by it to enfold her. "Give way to your feelings and cry! Let the tears come freely. They will do you good."

"I can't," she whispered. "Oh, I can't!"

The letter lay upon her lap still and I took it up. It was written in a fair, delicate hand, by the wife of an officer in the fort. Father and son were in the same regiment, and they had fought side by side in the hot contest, and the same shell had killed them both. The lady dwelt upon the touchingness of the incident, and expressed her sympathy in beautiful terms for the bereaved daughter. She had learned her address from her husband, who knew Mr. Vrain well, and took the sorrowful task upon herself, offering her sympathy and her prayers.

Tears streamed over my own face, but I suppressed my sobs to read aloud the touching passages, lingering over them in the hope of reaching the sealed-up fountains of Marian's grief. But all in vain. White and tearless she sat for a long time, gentle and un murmuring, yet crushed and stunned by the magnitude of the fearful blow.

That night I staid by her and no change came. But on the day following a little package of the beloved ones' effects were brought her, and over them she could weep at last. The pent-up flood came in torrents till she was exhausted, and then she slept for hours with the precious mementoes of the lost ones clasped to her bosom.

One day more was given to tears and silent mourning; but after that she rose up to duty again. Her little feet were seldom at rest, her little hands always busy. To hundreds she carried comforts and consolation; and when people wondered and questioned she would answer with gentle earnestness,

"Can I be idle when the work is yet unfinished they died trying to accomplish? No. I urged them to go. They have fallen, and my work is consequently doubled."

The white sorrow-stricken face told its story, and the eyes seemed each day to grow sadder, but never a murmur was heard from her lips—nor did her energy flag for one moment. Labor was the only antidote for a grief like hers, and she seized upon it eagerly.

Before the secession of the Confederate States Marian had been betrothed to a young man of acknowledged merit; but immediately afterward he was forced to go to Europe on business which his father had left unsettled at his death, and did not return till after the event just related. That she loved her promised husband fondly I knew well; and I knew also that her hope was to see him take up the cause of the Union warmly on his return. It was one among the first wishes she uttered after their meeting, and the conversation that followed showed the noble devotion and self-sacrificing nature of the girl. Sitting by the window I heard it all as they paced the veranda in the clear white moonlight. Her face looked fairer under its silvery beams, and her black robes falling around her slender form seemed to give her a singularly sacred appearance in my eyes. Once as she passed I saw as she looked up toward me that her eyes were full of tears. The sight of them made me listen to the words he was speaking with slow distinctness:

"I can not think it my duty to go away, Marian, and leave my mother alone in her old age. She has no one but myself to depend upon, and it would break her heart. Besides, I can not afford it. My pay would not support us, and I am almost poor now, since our affairs in England have turned out so badly. I feel it my duty to go into some business and make as much money as I can. There are splendid chances open now to the speculator, and I think I can soon make a comfortable little fortune, if I set myself to it. Then I can claim you, my darling, and give you a home worthy of your merit."

"Oh, Harry! you pain me beyond measure," she answered in quivering accents. "Do you think I could enjoy wealth and luxuries at the expense of principles every man should maintain? Could I sit down happily amidst possessions gained while our country called loudest for the help you refused her, that you might accumulate riches for selfish purposes? Oh no, no!"

His voice was constrained and cold when he spoke again.

"Marian, this does not sound like the love I had thought existed in your heart. Heaven seeks to shield its object, not to involve it in a broil that may cost life, and end all the bright dreams of youth at one fell blow."

"Harry, love seeks to place its object above reproach always," she answered in full, ringing accents. "It is my love for you that makes the desire more strong, that *you* should not fail in your duty."

"But my mother," he urged; "what will become of her?"

"Leave her to my care. I pledge myself to watch over her every step, faithfully and lovingly as you could. With what I have I can live comfortably and be yet able to spare something, and she shall never miss a luxury that money can purchase. Every wish of her old age shall

be gratified. Will you not trust her with me, and take upon yourself the crowning action of your manhood—stamp yourself one of the irreproachable men of the age, and, forgetting selfish interest, labor for our country till she no longer needs you? I will help you, Harry, and in all things else your every thought and wish shall be gratified as far as my power extends. Only go, and go soon!”

They talked on for an hour longer, he arguing and she combating his arguments till they were exhausted. At last he promised to go, and then they came into the house to perfect their plans to be put into immediate action. Before he left us, they had agreed to be married immediately, and he was to accept a position on General —’s staff, in the Army of the Southwest.

The next day but one a few friends were quietly gathered in Marian’s parlor and she was married to Harry Prince. When the guests were all gone she began to make preparations for her husband’s departure, calmly and steadily, though the sweet, quivering lip testified to the secret pain the action cost her.

Of the two in that time little Marian was the strongest, and had things nearly altogether her own way.

“Mother shall come here,” she said, cheerfully. “This house is ours, and all the furniture in it. What she likes best she can bring with her. The remainder, with the house she lives in, can be sold, and the money placed in the bank for such uses as she or you deem proper. I have enough for household expenses for some time to come, and she thinks this arrangement far the best. Is it not so?”

“Have it as you like,” he answered, a little sadly. “You know best what will please yourself and her.”

After Harry Prince had entered upon the duties of his position, and was becoming reconciled to it, he began to feel something of Marian’s spirit of patriotism when he found himself installed in the General’s head-quarters, and heard brave, noble men discussing the affairs of the Nation.

Then came the first battle, in which he felt the hot fires of his nature wholly aroused, and fought like a tiger amidst the bravest. On the field of Shiloh he learned to feel what men were there for, and that feeling nerved his arm and quickened his judgment to the accomplishment of heroic deeds. His name went abroad over the land, and reached the young wife and aged mother in their quiet home, where they were “watching and waiting,” and was greeted by tears of gratitude and proud tenderness.

Several months passed away, and now they were stationed at Corinth, Mississippi. Rumors of contemplated attacks often went abroad, and his letters to Marian spoke of a coming battle there as certain. But her answers were always cheerful and encouraging, and breathed a love that was as deep and pure and sustaining as ever flowed from the heart of woman to gladden the life of man.

About this time I joined my husband at the same place, and saw Harry Prince every day. He made a fine officer, and was very popular with the men under his General’s command, as well as the officers who came to know and like him.

A few days later a letter came from Marian to me, stating that her mother-in-law was dead. The old lady had died very suddenly, and I could see from the tone of her letter that my little friend was more deeply moved than I had ever known her.

“Oh,” she wrote, “what will Harry say to me now! On the eve of a great battle, probably, he can not come, and I fear it will hurt him beyond recovery. He loved his mother so above all other earthly things. I have telegraphed him, and before this reaches you I shall know whether he can leave his post; but I shall not know more until I see him, and it seems as though I *could not* wait. Talk to him for me. Tell him how bitterly it grieved me that he was from her side in the last hour. Oh, if he knew how I suffer, he would pity and never blame me!”

Near the close of the letter she described the sweet and peaceful closing scene of the dear old lady’s life, and expressed her thankfulness at having the privilege to stand, as a child, at her bedside, and receive her blessing at parting.

Two weeks later Marian Prince came to Corinth. There was nothing now to keep her at home, and she felt that her place was by Harry’s side. She had rented the house and furniture at a good price, and determined to follow him wherever she might.

“There is much work here, and few to do it,” she said to me, after our first greeting, “and when Harry does not need me others do. The suffering among the refugees, I am told, is fearful. Are there any besides yourself who are looking after them?”

“None now, I believe. At least I have met none,” I answered; “and I am more than glad you have come!”

Marian came to board with me, and we four had our head-quarters together. For several days every thing went on splendidly. I saw that Harry was gladdened by her presence, and in the evenings we could all rest, even enjoy ourselves with music and conversation. During the day Marian and I sought out the suffering and aided them all in our power, finding them shelter, food, and clothing, and reporting their needs to those from whom help must come as a gift of the Government, until such a time as they could be sent on to the North.

Thus September passed, and brought us at last to the eve of that fearful battle which had so long been expected.

With the first indications of the coming contest every man was alert for duty. The first gun fired set fire to the band of officers and men, and as we watched them buckling on swords and spurs with rapid finger, heard the tones of their voices, and the firm, quick tread of

restless feet, we knew that they were going out to conquer.

Long before we saw any thing of the contest we heard the deep roaring of the cannon, and saw the effects of the battle. The ground shook with the heavy reverberations, and the smoke from the field rose to sight, and came nearer and nearer as the foe pressed on. Wounded men began to fill the house and claim our attention, and we could see the shells hurtling through the air, with their little white mantles of smoke, bearing death to many as they fell. It was near noon on the second day when the contest became most fearful. At that time we were in the Tishamingo Hotel, and they had pressed into the town, penetrating to the Corinth House, and upon the bridge near it. Marian and I watched the struggling masses from the window.

"O Heavens!" she groaned. "See, Catherine, how they drive our men before them! Hear the hissing of the bullets; and oh, see how they fall! The smoke is dense, but I can see them, and they are dropping like rain. Hark to their shouts! Ah, those pieces of artillery! How they sweep death into the ranks: and *our* darlings—perhaps *they* are gone!"

I could not answer. The mighty and awful grandeur and mingled horror of that hour struck me dumb. With arms twined round each other we stood and watched till a crash startled us. A shell had penetrated the wall and scattered the bricks and plastering upon the floor near us, killing a man lying sick upon a cot in a room adjoining.

After this shells frequently struck the hotel, doing little injury, and the battle grew hotter. Officers sent and forced us below stairs, where they thrust us into a room heaped up with the dead and dying. This room was in the rear of the building and opened at the side of a well, from whence we drew water for the sufferers, and bathed their wounds.

The shouts of men, the roll of drums, the cries of the suffering, and the terrible rolling of the guns, were mingling all the while and penetrating our retreat with awful distinctness. Yet personal fear had passed away, and we became absorbed in things immediately around us.

It was about the middle of the afternoon the first day that General Hackleman fell, mortally wounded, and they brought him into the parlor of the Tishamingo. Marian was busy with a dying man, and I went to the General, whom they had laid upon a cot.

A shot had passed through the neck, cutting the tongue at its root and rendering speech impossible. Lifting his dark eyes to my face he struggled hard to utter something, and finding that he could not, closed them in anguish, and large tears stole from under the lids and fell over his sun-browned cheeks. I thought he wanted to send some message to his family, and questioned him, trying to get answers by signs, but his agony became too great, and in a short time the soul went home to the God from whence

it came. On my knees, beside the dead husband, with the roll of battle in my ears, I knelt in silent prayer for the wife and little ones in his far-off home in Indiana. I remembered them then, and how tenderly and proudly he had spoken of them to me before the catastrophe came. And oh, how keenly I felt the remembrance of his confident life! He never thought that death would find him. He had always spoken of the future as his, and dwelt glowingly on what he meant to do! Alas, how many others fell that day equally confident and hopeful!

General Oglesby was brought in the same day badly wounded, but not mortally—though it was then thought his wound was mortal—and many others followed. The hotel was converted into a hospital at once; and when I passed through the rooms later I found Marian quietly but earnestly engaged in dressing their wounds.

"I have heard from Harry and your husband," she looked up to say as I came near, "and both are safe. I shall expect them soon, for it is too dark to fight now. The forces are being withdrawn for the night."

The reader will remember that this was on the first day of the battle. On the second the rebels penetrated to the Corinth House, a stone's-throw from the Tishamingo, and passed upon the bridge that is above the railroad near it. The hour was a fearful one, and for a time many of us thought all was lost. But our troops rallied bravely, went forward with deafening yells, and forced the rebels back, scattering the dead in heaps upon the drenched dust.

But on this night our husbands did not come to us. The cry of Victory! rang through our ranks, sending thrills of glad triumph to every heart; but our rejoicing was tempered with wild and bitter pain, born of fears that we could not repulse. We could hear nothing of them, and concluded that they were either dead or wounded.

About ten o'clock at night Marian came to me and took my hand. Hers were burning, and her face whiter than ever under the burden of her great fear.

"I can not bear this suspense, Kate. Come, let us hunt them."

At that moment one of the surgeons of an Illinois Regiment came and drew me aside.

"How will you tell her?" he asked, with emotion. "Prince has been found dead, and I fear the shock will kill her. Your husband has not yet been heard of, but I hope he has not met the same fate. Poor Prince! Try to soften the blow for her."

There was no need. She had heard all, and stood at my elbow as pallid as snow.

"Where is he, doctor?" gently.

"In the house. They have carried him to one of the rooms above."

No more was said, and I followed her rapid, silent footsteps till she reached the side of her dead husband, and knelt beside it, kissing the white, cold lips in speechless agony.

"Shot through the heart," said one of the

men in a low voice. "Poor fellow! She'll never hear him speak again." And then, as his eyes rested on her, they filled, and he turned away.

Oh, it was a sad and sorrowful sight to see her that night! She asked for water to wash the dust from his face, and would let no one touch him but herself. With her own fingers she pressed down the lids over the eyes, and smoothed the damp hair from the cold brow. She crossed his hands over his bosom, and kissed his face again and again, moaning in those low, pitiful tones devoid of complaint, but full of utter wretchedness. I saw her all the while, and my heart ached while I gave to others the help she had gently rejected.

I looked at my watch after a while, and found that it was twelve o'clock. How the time had flown! A few minutes later I saw Marian spread a white sheet over her husband, and leave him.

"Come, I am going now," she said, in her low, sweet voice. "Half the sufferers are not found yet, and hundreds may die with thirst before they can be relieved. The dead does not need me, and the living do. Those that are in the house are sufficiently relieved to spare us. Come."

Out into the night we went, and on to the battle-field where the contest had raged hottest—one heart rising crushed and bleeding from a deadly blow to struggle onward among the dead for the sake of the living; the other with the fires of suspense and agony still burning within it, and gazing into each upturned face with dread lest it should prove to be the missing face of a husband.

Oh those hours among the mangled forms upon the field of Corinth! Night's dark mantle spread above us made the light of the lanterns we held more fearfully vivid as it fell upon the ghastly faces of the dead. And every step we took was in clotted gore for nearly fifty yards. Little groups of men, with their lanterns, were seen here and there picking up the wounded, and their voices came to us strangely through the gloom. Low, faint moans startled us sometimes from forms under our very feet, and pitiful voices called to us for help. The demon of thirst raged among the fallen on the field, and we trod the horrible ground over and over to refill our vessels till the gray dawn came, and friends found us. But all through that night Marian Prince proved her right to the brightest crown of fame that ever graced woman's brow. With a heroism worthy of immortality she carried relief to the suffering, ignoring the agony in her own heart, and, one might have thought, the dead form in the house behind us, but for the low, shivering moans that came to me through the gloom. Once I heard her sob—one great, deep sob—as she laid a wounded head upon a little pile of leaves she had raked up for it to rest upon, and then the low, pitiful voice broke into a prolonged wail that went to my heart like a stab.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! Oh, Harry! my darling, my husband—no more!" and for a minute the head bowed, as if unable longer to sustain the weight of grief. I went to her and laid my hand upon the drooping head.

"Go in, Marian," I urged, tearfully. "You are overtaxing yourself. Go in and stay with him."

"No, no, Katie. That is only his dear, dead body, and it don't need me. His spirit is—who knows—here with me, perhaps! I must stay while I am needed, and can be of use. O God, what horrors are all around us!"

She got up and continued her work, and, as I have said, never left the field, except for water, till the morning came.

The morning passed in the same agonizing uncertainty. My husband was not found among the dead or wounded. But later in the day I heard that he had been taken prisoner and was unhurt. I will here add that he was among the first exchanged after the Corinth battle, and immediately resumed his place in the service, where he is still engaged as an officer of cavalry.

Marian Prince and I left Corinth together, and with us brought the remains of her noble husband. After this event I was ill for several weeks, and heard little of her, but when I recovered and again joined my husband I heard of her at the Memphis hospitals, where she was devoting herself to the sick during the siege of Vicksburg. It was a long gap between. The autumn and winter had passed, and the summer had come before we met again; but in that time she, with a great grief bearing down her life, went on her way, while I had stopped and yielded my strength for weeks before ability came to work again.

I went to see her on Sunday, having just arrived in the city and put up at the Gayoso House. There Colonel Brent was to meet me, and a dispatch informed me that he would be in upon the evening's train from Corinth, whither I was again going, then occupied by General Dodge's command.

As I entered the door Marian turned her head and recognized me. The next moment her arms were round my neck, her head against my bosom, and we both sobbed together, while strange eyes regarded us curiously.

"Oh, Catherine, it takes me back to *that night* to see you again!" she said, lifting her head; and then I saw how thin she had grown, and was startled.

"Marian! Marian! you must not stay here," I said, in alarm. "You will die."

"No sooner here than elsewhere, Katie dear," shaking her head with a sweet, sad smile. "I know it will come soon, and I want to try to spend what is left of my life as usefully as I can."

A few weeks later I heard from her. She wrote that she had grown too weak for further duty, and was going home. I knew that she ought to have added "to die," for death was in her face when I last saw her, and by the next train I followed the impulse that prompted me to go with her.

Arriving at Memphis, I was just in time to take her under my care, and we started up the river on the *Platte Valley*, a large boat bruised and battered with balls from frequent attacks by guerrillas. That trip up the Mississippi was a revelation to me. I stood confounded at the wonderful power of one frail, sorrow-stricken woman, who had labored all the while so silently and with such effect.

One day a party of gentlemen sat near us, and some officers were expressing disapprobation, in open and strong terms, of the habit women had of following up the army.

"They are not fit for it, and do themselves lasting injury, as well as much harm to the officers, at a time when they ought to be otherwise employed than in taking care of them. Men come to fight, not to set up establishments for the comfort and care of women! Poor things! They think they are doing a great deal of good, when, instead, they are only killing themselves! There is one of them now," pointing toward Marian. "She, no doubt, thinks that she has done a great deal of good, and, maybe, will die happy under the delusion."

My cheeks tingled, and a sharp retort rose to my lips. Marian smiled and laid her hand upon my arm, but I would not be hushed.

"Sir, may I ask if you were ever in a battle?" I asked, facing him. The whole group stared at me, and the one spoken of answered, "Not yet."

"Then let me tell you that this lady *has*, and felt the blows of two; and if she were to die now I could think it no wonder. At Donelson a father and only brother fell; at Corinth her husband; and on the night of his death she laid his beloved form out in repose, and then went out on the field to minister to the wounded there. Do you call this nothing? Is such a thing to be sneered or laughed at, or even to be passed over lightly? Since that time she has known no rest. Labor earnest and unceasing has been hers, frail and slender as she was, and crushed with sorrow. Yet, if she should go home and die happy with the thoughts those labors have brought her, with the memory of thanks and blessings in her ears, you would term it a fond delusion. I would to Heaven, Sir, that every man under the Government may have worked half as earnestly and effectually as she has! I trust that you will do so."

A week later Marian Prince died, and we buried her by her husband; and America has received no purer or nobler sacrifice than that of her young, unselfish life.

MY BOAT.

I SENT it out upon the stormy sea,
Freighted with hope, with many cares and fears:
Trusting, in due time, its return to me,
I sent it out in a farewell of tears.

It has not come, though years have passed away—
Full time enough for it to go and come:
Upon the shore I watch, day after day,
With straining eyes, for its returning home.

O! tell me, have you seen it, sailors grim and gray,
You whose whole lives are passed upon the sea;
O! tell me, have you seen in any sea or bay
The boat that years ago went forth from me?

It was a little boat to venture forth from land,
Too small, I fear, to combat with the gale;
But years of labor, on this dreary sand,
I spent upon the hull, and mast, and sail.

Its name was "Faith"—a gentle, trusting name—
None fitter could it bear upon the stormy sea;
Its builder cares for neither wealth nor fame:
My little boat is all the world to me.

O! hear ye winds that fill its little sail!
Deal gently with the wanderer wheresoe'er it be:
In storm and calm, in sunshine and in gale,
Remember little "Faith" is all the world to me.

O! boisterous waves, that roughly dash and break,
Filling my soul with dread upon the shore,
Break gently round her prow and in her wake:
If ye should take my "Faith" what have I more?

THE UNKIND WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was—nay, there is, for it doubtless exists still—in a certain nook of the Western Highlands of Scotland, a certain cottage, of which, as of the celebrated cottage over which the "smoke so gracefully curled," it might truly be said,

"That, oh! if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

Very "humble," certainly, the heart should be; for the cottage was so, consisting only of two rooms, with a byre adjoining: unto which byre the original owners periodically migrated, somewhat to the inconvenience of the cow: while the house itself was let to any summer lodgers who preferred the primitive and picturesque to the elegant and convenient.

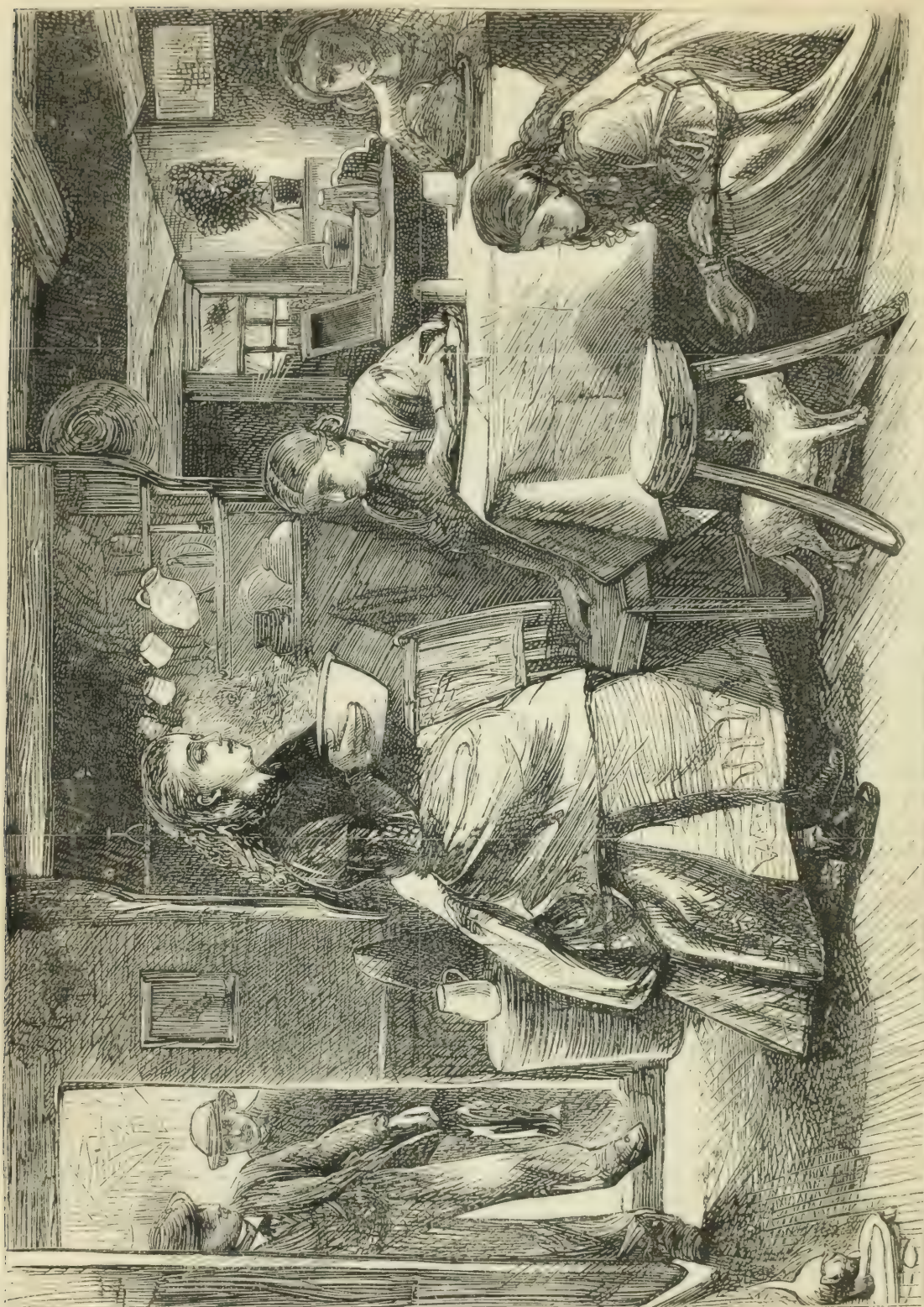
Most picturesque it was: this solitary abode, nestling under a perpendicular rock, in the curve of a small bay, with a glorious sea-view in front, and behind it a magnificent glen, presided over by two ranges of granite hills. These hills from dawn to sunset—nay, all night long, for they never looked grander than by starlight—were continually changing their aspect and color. Only their forms remained, permanently outlined, in shine or storm, white mist or purple shadow, giving a sense of eternal endurance and majestic calm.

Besides this large beauty of the mountains, there was an infinite perfection of small beauties on every hand. Nowhere could be found such heathery moorlands; such verdant bogs, rich in lovely and rare bog-plants; such a pleasant shore, where from curious conglomerate rocks you might peer down a dozen feet, through crystal depths of brine, into the brilliant sea-gardens, waving with under-water vegetation, wonderful to behold. On land too, all about these rocks, which were strewn every where, or left standing upright in great boulders, were nooks that would almost make you believe in fairies' bowers; so that you would never feel surprised to see a wee green man perk up his head from among the delicate mosses and ferns, to ask you what business you had in his especial dominion.

Thus, outside, the cottage possessed every attraction that heart or eye could desire. Inside, perhaps, the less that is said of it the better. Except that it had two merits—rare, alas! in this region—it was undoubtedly clean: and it had windows which were actually made to open! Thanks to these advantages, within it had for the last month been stowed away, in the all but miraculous manner in which people do contrive to stow themselves away in Highland solitudes, a family of six persons—two brothers, three sisters, and a cousin—living that wild, free, Robinson-Crusoe sort of life which is so delicious to

the young. For they were all young—the brothers and the cousin being under twenty, the three sisters a little older. Five of them were Wyvills—Agnes, Emma, Jane, Maurice, and Richard—motherless children of a grim, poor, proud Yorkshire squire; the sixth was Jessie Raeburn, orphan heiress of a rich old uncle, a Glasgow merchant. It was through her that the young Wyvills had been persuaded to spend their holidays in the North, renting this cheap, out-of-the-way cottage, and keeping house for themselves; for no servant was possible.

Very simple were all their domestic arrangements. The four girls appropriated the one double-bedded room; the other apartment—which, like the cobbler's stall, "served them for kitchen, and parlor, and all"—was likewise made to serve a third purpose, being at night, by means of that mysterious arrangement, universal in Scotland, "a concealed bed," ingeniously contrived to accommodate the boys. They, daily rising with the lark—only, it being September, there were no larks to rise with—always rushed out at once to their glorious morning bath on the near sea-shore, leaving the chamber free. When they came home as hungry as hunters, it was to find the kitchen all "redd up," as the Scotch cousin expressed it (and could do it too, though she was a rich Glasgow young lady), the kettle singing on the "twa-three" iron bars which did duty for a grate—just enough to keep the peat and wood from spluttering out on the earthen floor—and the breakfast all laid out on the one table. A very homely meal, consisting merely of a great bowl of porridge, and two jugs of sweet milk and buttermilk. If the boys desired fish, they had to rise at dawn and catch it for themselves out of the burn; and oh! what splendid sea-trout they sometimes brought home, and what a grand frying there was in the solitary frying-pan! which, with the three-legged pot and one sauce-pan, formed their only culinary apparatus. Yet even with these the girls had, during the month, become very tolerable cooks, and maids-of-all-work besides. To be sure, some disasters had at first occurred—such as when Agnes, coming home one day a little in advance of the rest, to prepare what is technically and most truthfully called a "hungry tea," unfortunately filled the kettle, and afterward the tea-pot, out of a can, not of fresh, but of *sea-water*! And again, when the "half-sheep," which she was accustomed to order weekly, had (with its corresponding half of course) betaken itself to the mountains, declining to be killed, and also, owing to storms or piscatory incapacity, all the fish, both in sea and burn, unanimously refused to come to the boys' hooks, there was absolute famine in the house. For two days the family had to breakfast, dine, and sup upon oatmeal



THE COTTAGE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

porridge: at which they had first laughed, then grumbled, and then taken to quarreling, as they not seldom did. "And as all brothers and sisters do," they told the little quiet cousin, who, quite alone in the world, with no one either to love her or to vex her, could not understand it at all.

But, in spite of these small troubles, they had been very happy together; and now that their holiday was nearly over—it was then Sunday night, and Wednesday would be the first of October and their month's end—they all felt a little

sad. They sat over their tea-table in the early closing twilight, without any of the skirmishes which, either in jest or earnest, were always rising up among these strong, rough Yorkshire natures—warm to love and quick to hate, or at least to wrangle, in a way that to little Jessie seemed as if it must spring from or result in undying hatred, till she found that they always made the quarrel up again, or, without any making up, went on in five minutes just as cheerfully as if it had never happened.

"You are the very queerest family!" she

would say sometimes. "I suppose it is your English demonstrativeness which seems to me so odd. You speak out whatever comes into your minds, good or bad, kind or unkind. If any one were to say to me half the things that you say to one another every day of your lives, I should break my heart about it for weeks after: and if I were so left to myself as to speak to any body else in that way, it would imply that I had lost all love and respect for them, and I should just go away and leave them, and never befriends with them any more."

"Should you? Then you'd be a little donkey!" Agnes would answer. "We all like one another well enough, and we speak to one another no worse than father always speaks to us. We are used to that sort of thing, and don't heed it. It might have been different had mother been alive."

So Jessie often thought, but did not like to say. She knew very slightly her aunt's husband, except that her old uncle always looked "dour" when he mentioned Mr. Wyvill of Wyvill Court. And in her fond little heart—which her solitary life had made prematurely wise—she made great allowances for this rugged family, which had brought itself up much as it chose; with no softening influence of parental love, no restraining hand of parental guidance. And she loved them all, hardly making any difference; at least none that she then knew. And they all loved her; nor, even in their worst and roughest humors, did they ever ill-use her or say to her the sharp ill-natured things that they often said to one another. As she sat on the settle in front of the fire—so small in face and figure that she almost seemed a child, and so grave and quiet that she might have been a little old woman—she contrasted strongly with the handsome young Wyvills, both boys and girls, all large-made, well-featured, hearty-voiced: full of health, and spirit, and life. No wonder that to her—reserved, rather dreamy, delicate in health, and passive in nature—those wild Yorkshire cousins brought exactly the elements in which her dull, easy, rich, shut-up existence was deficient, and that she had been very happy this month—happier, she often thought, than ever since she was born.

So she told Agnes, and, a little less frankly, told Maurice also, as, after the tea-things had been washed up by the girls, and the fire piled up by the boys, they took their usual evening walk—past the old kirk, and along the burn-side, where the fringing birch-trees were turning yellow, and the rowan-berries a coral red; up the steep hill-road which led to the nearest point of communication with the civilized world—a fishing village, where, twice a week in summer and once in winter, a steamer stopped to take passengers and herrings to Glasgow.

"I don't think I'll go up to Glasgow to-morrow," said Maurice, suddenly stopping the line of procession, which now, as in all their walks had latterly happened, was just two and two and two—Maurice and Jessie, Dick and Agnes,

Emma and Jane. "Dick, you could get the money at the bank just as well as I could; and bring it back in time for us to pay our rent and clear away on the 1st. You shall go; I don't see why I should always be the man of business of the family. It would be awfully 'nice,' as you say, Jessie, to get two more days on the hills before I go back to college."

"And why shouldn't I get the benefit of those two days as much as you?" said Richard, sulkily: he was more given to sulks, and Maurice to quick, short angers. "See if you make me go up to Glasgow for you, my lad. I'll be shot if I do."

"Hush! don't quarrel; it's Sunday," said Jessie, using the first argument that came to hand, though her heart misgave her that it was a feeble one, seeing there was no reason people should be less good on week-days than on Sundays. But the Sunday evening silence had more influence than her speech, even over these young lads. Hardly any creature above the nature of a boor could fail to be impressed, consciously or unconsciously, by such a lovely, heavenly night, the like of which is now and then seen in the Highlands just before "coarse" weather sets in: a combination of all the beauty of all the seasons—warm and mild as summer, clear as autumn, solemn and soundless as winter.

Jessie Raeburn, who is a middle-aged woman now, could still describe it, vividly as if it were yesterday, that lonely hill-road, the sunset fading rosily over the sea on the right hand, and the full moon, with a star above her, climbing in a flood of brightness above the black mountains on the left. The two mountain ranges, with the desolate glen lying between them, from which, through the utter silence all abroad, rose up the faint far-off ripple of the burn, like the voice of a soul alive in the midst of death. And she remembers—or, whether or not she does, all the rest do—all save one (and perhaps he does too, in some strange way, belonging to the mysteries which are unfathomable in this world)—how her voice suddenly and involuntarily went up like an arrow of sound through the pellucid air; in a hymn-tune of course. It was that tune called "French," which in Scotch churches is usually sung, as Jessie sang it now, to the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.
Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps;
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

"The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
At thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in,
God keep for ever will."

The psalm ended, they all stood motionless; awed by the unearthly beauty of the scene, and by the involuntary solemnity which creeps over

any six persons who have spent a very happy time together, and are now on the eve of parting, with the consciousness which common experience teaches, that it is at least doubtful how, when, and where the whole six may meet, or if they may ever meet together again.

"We shall soon be going home now," observed Richard, in a dolorous voice.

"I almost wish we were never going home any more," said his brother.

"Oh, Maurice!" cried Agnes, reprovingly.

"At least not to such a dreary home as ours. But some time"—and the lad, who had hold of cousin Jessie's hand, looked up toward the moonlit mountain-tops with a new expression of manly will and manly hope dawning in his handsome boyish face—"some time, perhaps, I will myself make a real home."

Just at that moment they were all startled by one of those sudden meteors common enough on Scottish autumn nights. It blazed out from beside the moon, quivered over the mountain peak below, and then vanished in blackness just over a pass which the boys had often talked of trying—fancying it would prove a short cut to the fishing-village—instead of pursuing this winding road across the wilderness of moorland, rock, and bog.

"By Jove, how plain that bit of the hill showed! I'll have a try at climbing it to-morrow."

"You won't, my lad," Dick answered to his brother. "You'll be far enough off by this time to-morrow."

"We'll see," Maurice said, somewhat angrily. But either he was too happy or too sad to wish to quarrel, or something else evidently engrossed him; for he walked home without saying a word more, not even to Jessie.

Presently they all gathered round the kitchen table for their supper—their last meal together; for whichever of the brothers went up to Glasgow to-morrow, he would have to rise before daylight, and cross the country by the mountain road to catch the steamer, returning only just in time on Wednesday to pay the rent, and escort the family to the point where the weekly boat would touch next day. Thus to-night was the real close of this Arcadian life. They would return to the comforts and discomforts of civilization. And though all the party tried to be exceedingly jolly—nay, Agnes actually brought out the whisky-bottle, and unexceptionable toddy made by Maurice was distributed fairly round, even to the silent and sullen Dick—still there was a cloud over them, a cloud long remembered and spoken of with awe.

"Well, boys, do settle it. Which is to go?" said Agnes.

"Richard," cried Maurice.

"Maurice," cried Richard.

"I'll make you do it."

"I'll be hanged if you will."

And from words they might have gone still further had not Jessie laid her little hand on the elder brother's arm.

"Don't quarrel; not this night, at least, when we have been so happy. Oh, don't!"

"Let go of him, Jessie!" cried Dick, fiercely. "He's a selfish, domineering, ill-natured brute."

"Am I?" said Maurice between his teeth, when he caught sight of Jessie's imploring face. "Hold your tongue, lad. You and I will settle it by-and-by, after the girls have gone to bed. Good-night now."

They said good-night all round, obediently; even Agnes, the house-mother and ordinary ruler of the family; for something in Maurice quite startled them, so unusual was his dignity of command, as well as self-command.

"I wonder what has come over the boy?" she said, when the four girls had shut themselves in their bedroom. "How well he kept his temper! and he usually loses it so soon."

Jessie said nothing.

Shortly afterward there came a little tap at the door.

"I want to speak to one of you girls for a moment."

"Which of us?"

"Cousin Jessie will do."

And Jessie, who had not begun to undress, but sat meditatively on her bed, went out, right outside the door into the starlight night, which was the only available place for conversation with Maurice.

"I want to ask you one thing, Jessie. Ought I to give in to Richard or not?"

"About to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"I don't know," said Jessie, sorely perplexed at being thus raised into a sort of Mentor, and, more painful still, a judge between the two brothers. "You are the elder, and have a right to get your own way. But still—nay, Maurice," she added, suddenly, "I'm not a bit wiser or better than you. Don't ask me to decide, for I really don't know."

"I do," said Maurice, and he looked down tenderly into the gentle face. "I won't vex him; for I'm a great deal happier than he, Jessie. I'll go to Glasgow myself."

And with a thrill at her heart, half of pleasure, half of pain, Jessie said, "Yes, go."

"Then good-night, for we'll likely never have another night here again."

"Good-night, Maurice. You are very, very good."

"Thank you."

They stood together, these two, girl and boy, little more than children, in the still night under the stars, with the murmur of the sea close below, and the great silent mountains beyond. They hardly understood either one another or their own selves, and yet somehow they did, or one of them learned it afterward.

"Oh, Jessie, give me a kiss—just one!" Maurice breathed rather than spoke.

Either she gave it, or he took it—she hardly knew which—but Jessie Raeburn has remembered and will remember it all her life long.

"Maurice—good Maurice," she sighed lov-

ingly to herself, as she curled round on her hard but peaceful and happy pillow, "how could Richard say to him one unkind word?"

CHAPTER II.

JESSIE lay awake for a long time, but no ominous sound of quarreling came through the thin wall. She concluded the boys had made it up in the easy way that all wars were made up between them, namely, by the mere cessation of strife: contrition or forgiveness being things neither given nor exacted in this not over-sensitive or sentimental family. She went to sleep at last with a quiet heart, in which the deep feeling waking into existence was only just enough conscious of itself to diffuse a sense of vague happiness throughout her whole being, the happiness of which there is but one sort, coming once in a lifetime, in all this world.

When the girls rose they found the boys already away. Neither of them returned to breakfast, which caused some surprise.

"They can't both have gone to Glasgow. It would be very ill-natured of them; for I want help in ever so many ways. I wonder how they settled the quarrel last night?"

"Maurice told me he meant to go," said Jessie, briefly and quietly.

"That's all right; and most likely Dick has walked with him across the hill, and will be back to dinner."

So, after a reasonable time, they cleared away breakfast, and fell to their packing cheerily, with all the small jests indulged in under such circumstances by four lively and lightsome girls, who enjoy being busy, and busy all together. In the activity of their work they had quite got over the slight shadow of regret at parting, and were planning new meetings and new pleasures with the hopefulness and elasticity of youth. Afterward they looked back upon that morning, when they were all so active and gay, so preternaturally full of laughter and fun, with a kind of shiver, which for years made them pause in the midst of any mirth, as if they heard through it all the soundless footsteps of approaching Fate.

Their gayety was only checked, not suppressed, by the arrival of Richard, in not the best of humors. Poor fellow! this time he had some cause; for he had slipped into a rocky crevice, bruised his shoulder, and scarified his knee.

"It's lucky I didn't hurt myself worse," said he; "for some of those places are confoundedly deep, and so overgrown with heather that one never sees them till one puts one's foot into them. They are regular crevasses, I think, and they are just in that particular bit of the hill-side where we have so often intended to go. I've been, girls. I played old Maurice a nice trick, and slipped off before daybreak. So he would be obliged to go to Glasgow. Is he gone?"

"I suppose so, more shame to you, Dick," said Agnes.

"He meant to go; he made up his mind last night," Jessie added.

"Did he? Now that was jolly of him," said Dick, cordially. "But he might as well have told me so."

"Didn't he say any thing last night?"

"Not a word, for I shammed to be asleep. And this morning I left him really asleep, as sound as a church. Well, it was jolly of Maurice, and I'll do him a good turn some day for it."

So Dick quite recovered his spirits, and in spite of his bruises made himself both useful and agreeable all that day and the next, even though the coarse weather, of which that heavenly Sunday was the warning, had fairly set in, and the family were shut up between their two rough apartments, unable even to cross the threshold for blast and storm; such storm as is only seen in these mountains, where the rain not falls, but drives, in absolute sheets of water; and the wind grows into a perfect whirlwind; and the burn rises and roars along in a foaming torrent, thick and brown; and the sea becomes a mass of "white horses," and dashes itself along the once quiet beach and weedy rocks in a mad mass of waves and spray. It was a slight forewarning of what winter must be here, and it made the young people a little reconciled to the idea of going home.

"Only fancy being out on the mountains on a night like last night;" for the storm began about dusk on Monday. "I am glad Maurice started so early for the boat, and that you were back early too, Dick. Fancy if you had been out till now."

"Pooh, Agnes! I'd have stood it well enough. The shepherds do. And I'm glad I 'did' that pass after all; only it's nonsense supposing it's a nearer way to the coast—it's ever so much farther. Nothing so deceiving as miles of heather and bog. A horrid place. Ugh! but my shoulder is sore yet."

He occupied a good deal of the girls' time in waiting upon and nursing him, and apparently rather liked their doing it, especially Jessie, who was very sorry for him and very kind to him, as she would have been to any human creature.

The wild weather lasted all Tuesday, but on Wednesday morning it cleared up into that wonderful brightness of calm which succeeds these equinoctial storms. The packing was finished in great glee, and all preparations made for departure, as soon as Maurice should come with the cart that was to convey themselves and their luggage to the little inn where they had agreed to sleep, in order to be ready for the early boat next morning.

The girls prepared a hasty dinner out of the last of their provisions—had a final "crack" with their landlady, Mrs. MacDiarmid, who was expecting her "man" home from a week's absence at the fishing—and then they all kept sauntering about rather restlessly watching along

the white line of road for the black speck which ought to be Maurice. They all felt, and said, that they would be quite glad to see him again: in his absence they had found out how pleasant and useful Maurice had been all this month, and how, with his bright cheery face and unfailing good-nature, he was, even though he had his little hot-temper occasionally, a more important element in the family circle than any one had imagined. Agnes owned, with a sigh, that she was half sorry he was going to Cambridge—the father having at last consented to this step.

"Perhaps it is all the better for him; but we shall miss him very much at home."

"Not a bit of it; you've me," said Richard, sharply. "And it's he that's the lucky fellow to get away from home, with father so cross, and you girls always bothering."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Jessie; and then, "Oh, Agnes!" as Agnes returned her brother some sharp answer, in the family fashion. After which little outburst the family horizon cleared up; but Jessie would have liked it better had it never clouded, especially just at the leaving of this sweet place, where they had enjoyed themselves so much. She said little, but kept looking wistfully and lovingly along the mountain-road for that small speck in the distance, which, as tourists were getting rare now, was almost sure to be Maurice; but it never came. No—though the afternoon melted into evening, the sun set goldenly in the sea, and the moon rose over the hill-top, in the same spot, and almost as bright and beautiful as on Sunday night—Maurice never came.

"The steamer could not have put in yesterday; it often happens so in stormy weather," Jessie said at last, speaking oracularly, as being the most familiar with these parts, and trying to hide a tremor of disappointment that was perceptible in her voice.

"But how shall we find that out?" Agnes answered. "And it will be so very provoking if it is so, for we shall have to wait for Maurice another day or more; and it is too late for Dick to start off and inquire."

"Dick won't do it, neither," emphatically declared that young gentleman. "You must just unpack and stop here another night. Who cares? I don't."

"But about Maurice," suggested Jessie, meekly. "There, look! somebody is coming down the road." And they all ran forward eagerly.

But it was only Diarmid MacDiarmid, otherwise Diarmid Beg, being a small man, with hardly an idea beyond fishing-nets and whisky. By the latter he was considerably overcome just then; and it was with difficulty they could make him understand what they meant to inquire—namely, whether the boat had stopped at all yesterday, and if either then or on any other day he had seen Maurice.

"Maybe I did, but I'm no sure. Eh! my heid's no gude at messages. But bide a wee,

leddies." And, with a sudden lucky gleam of recollection, he pulled out of his pouch a scrap of paper, on which was written, in Maurice's own bold scrawl, "*I'm off, and I'll be back on Wednesday.*"

"He met you, then? He gave you that?"

"He just did," affirmed Diarmid Beg, from whom no further information could be by any means elicited.

There was, therefore, no help for it but to conclude that he had gone to Glasgow on Monday, but that the return boat had not stopped at the fishing village; so that Maurice had been, as not seldom happens in the Highlands to unlucky winter passengers, conveyed against his will to some further port, whence he would have to get back how and when he could.

"Very provoking!" Agnes exclaimed; and they all agreed that, on the whole, civilization had its advantages. But they determined to make the best of things, and spent a not very doleful evening, or morning either,—when, sleep having brought Diarmid Beg a little more to "himself," they called him into the kitchen and again questioned him. He still declared that the scrap of paper—which, after being passed eagerly round, was left lying about, till Jessie took it up and put it in her pocket—had been given him by Maurice, who was hurrying to catch the boat.

"And did he catch it?"

"Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't," said the cautious Highlander. But afterward, being hard pressed, and seeing, with the mingled cunning and kindness of his race, how very anxiously the information was desired, giving vent to the universal Celtic imagination, he told a long and consecutive story of how he was afterward lying in his boat in the bay, and the steamer passed him, and there was on her deck a gentleman who he felt sure was the young master, for he called out to him, "*unco ceevil*," as Master Maurice always was, "Eh, Diarmid Beg, and hoo are ye the day?"

Which story, resting on no foundation at all, or on the slender foundation of two probabilities, perhaps facts, so twisted together as to compose one absolute lie, was eagerly received by the Wyvills: and afterward repeated and believed with that intensity of belief with which people seize on one only possible clew in the midst of a sea of doubt and misery.

On this fortunate lie, therefore, the family rested, tolerably at ease, for two days more: when getting no letter and no message, they decided, in general council, that their wisest plan was to take the Saturday boat up to Glasgow. Something must have happened—perhaps their father was ill, and Maurice had been summoned direct home; still, they grumbled, he might have contrived to send them some line or word, instead of leaving them in this forlorn condition. It was thoughtless—like all boys.

"Oh, don't blame him, Agnes. Not now!"

"Well, I won't, Jessie," replied the elder sister, who perhaps felt a relief in being cross. Yet

it was strange, and seemed stranger still afterward, how little real anxiety they had at first, and how wonderfully they kept up their spirits—these five young people, to whom life had always been so easy that they scarcely understood what fear or sorrow meant. And a few physical inconveniences, natural under their forced stay—such as tea without sugar, and no meat to be got for love or money—kept their minds in a state of wholesome irritability and self-compassion, which took away the sense of real dread.

Only the first shadow of apprehension came over them on Friday; when, having explained their position to Mrs. MacDiarmid, and given Uncle Raeburn's name as security for the unpaid rent, they counted out all their money, and found it barely enough to carry them to their uncle's door at Glasgow.

"It's very hard, and it wasn't like Maurice to forget us so," said Agnes, almost crying. "I hope nothing has gone wrong with him—that he is not ill."

And when, in a somewhat dreary procession, they quitted, with scarce a farewell glance, the pretty cottage, and filed away—some walking,

some riding in the cart—along the mountain-road, Richard confided to Jessie that he rather feared Maurice was ill—had perhaps caught a fever—for he shivered several times, and tossed about for a good while after he came to bed on Sunday night.

"And yet you never spoke to him?"

The boy hung his head.

"And the last thing you said to him was that unkind word!"

"I'll never say it again!" cried Dick, in a passionate burst of compunction. And poor Jessie's sore heart melted to see what deep, honest, brotherly love lay beneath the rough and quarrelsome exterior. "Never again, I promise you, Jessie!" But alas! why had he said it at all?

And so they passed on, a very silent little party, along the familiar road, and lost sight, forever, of the cottage where they had been so happy: the pleasant bay, the singing burn; and, at last, of the sharply outlined mountains, which kept eternal watch, in shower and sunshine, summer and winter, over the desolate glen.

DENIS DUVAL.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



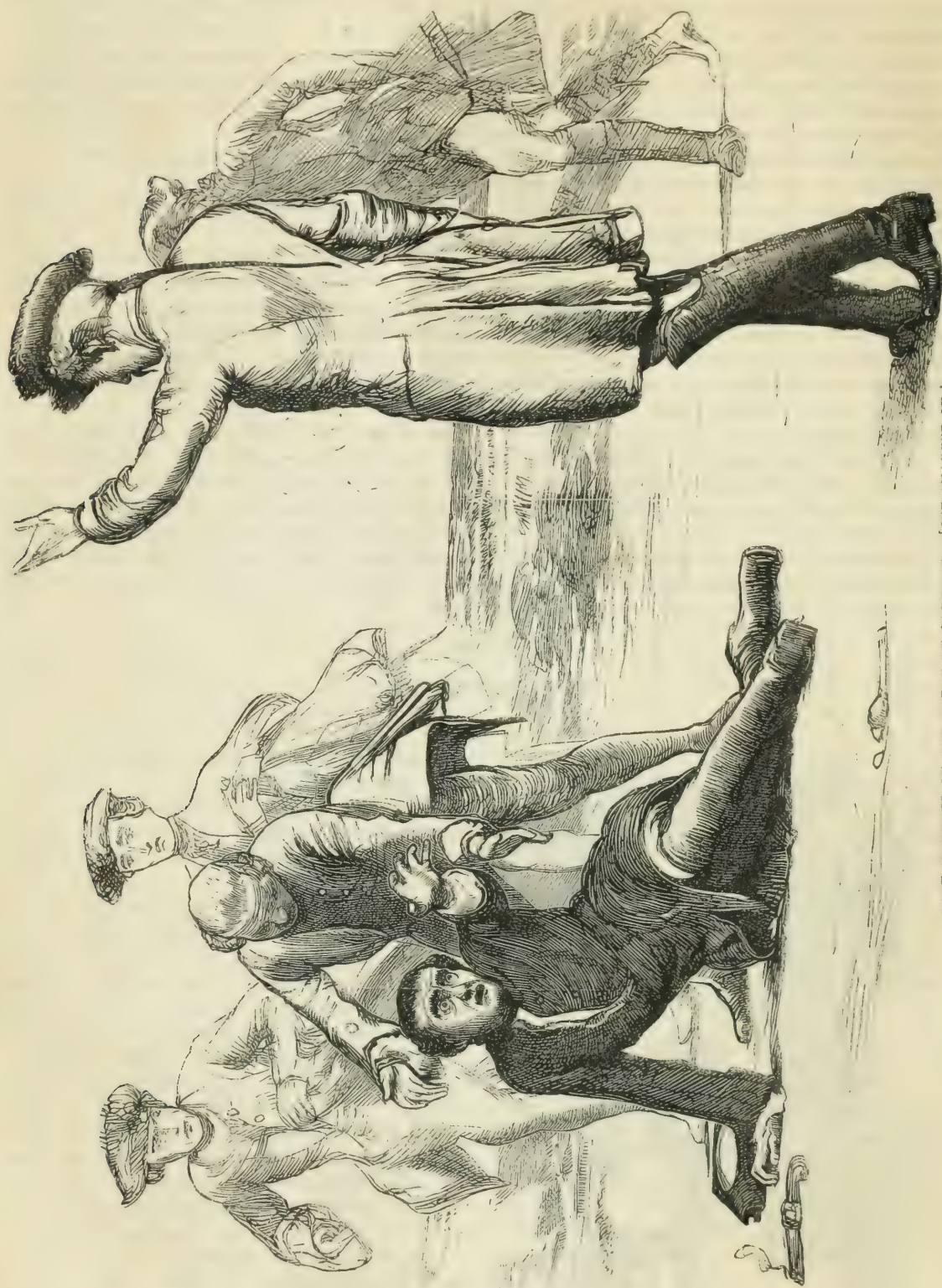
CHAPTER VI.

I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER.

I SPOKE of the affair of the brickbats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell mother lest she should be inclined

to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half a dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we *engaged* nevertheless, and, after we had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says—"Well, Denny, I could do it—you know I could: but I'm so lazy I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterward. By-the-way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practice at sea presently in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home I think M. de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no



LAST MOMENTS OF THE COUNT DE SAVEINE.—[SEE CHAPTER IV.]

love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house, and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feelings toward that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished; of his money most liberal, witty (in a

dry, *cruel* sort of way)—most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow, handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes's father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly—viz., that the shout which Weston gave, and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with*

the craped face, at whom I fired from the post-chaise.

"Bah, bêtise!" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age."

I dare say I turned red. "I heard somebody's voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "*Parbleu!* Monsieur Weston has well done!"

"Sir!" said I, in a towering rage. "Barber as I am, my fathers were honorable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen, at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to swear that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Dr. Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The chevalier looked aghast and threatening for a while. "*Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!*" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistress Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under your grandfather's pole—*parbleu*. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? *Gare aux manstraps, mon garçon! Vive Dieu*. If I see thee on that wall I will fire on thee, *moi le premier!* You pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! ha! ha!" And he grinned and looked like that cloven-footed gentleman of whom Dr. Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up to be a young man, and was not the obedient, prattling child of last year. I told grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once, when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and griped it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts, but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I dare say I cocked my hat and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billis, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waistcoat off for half an hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace, and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies be-

tween a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home—Heaven help him!—who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt while preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it is a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with his strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Dr. Barnard, and to this day I remember conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people of our acquaintance and neighborhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our doctor's sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter: but he showed me how such a life must be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man among desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny, my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from;* but 'tis clear

* Ehen! where a part of it went to I shall have to say presently.—D. D.

we can not make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be—" And here my good doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and—the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached *a certain subject* an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used this Name as familiarly as any other, and.....but who am I to judge? and, my poor old grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo*?.....Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth, and my hand should be sullied by no secret crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolward by West Street certainly was a *détour*. I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen *a certain window*: a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infundi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the school-boy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practiced no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love and war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Dr. Barnard of this second attempt, and the good doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however, and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Dr. Barnard, going by this field *a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing*, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone inclosure!

"Good-night, Denny," says the doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and *a bullet* in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-sized shot which Denis used to pepper *his* rascal," continues the doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit when your brother and I traveled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of any thing unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"*Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise moi bien cet homme là*," says the doctor; and griping hold of Weston's arm, what does Dr. Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket, and draw thence *another* pistol! He said afterward he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston; "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell every body he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of traveling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their post-chaises."

"You scoundrel, you—you boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libeled me, and I'll have the *lor* on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the

other, fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to *lor* as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the rectory—the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering: and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades, the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or know that there was such mighty wrath harbored against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time: but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when M. le Chevalier, being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me—"Eh bien, M. de la Motte!" says she, "we shall see if we can't pass ourselves of you and your patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better for it." "No," replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, "my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse—*entendez vous?*" "Bah, bah!" says the stout old lady. "Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, M. le Chevalier?"

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my town play-fellows, by name Hookham, a sea-faring

man, who had met with an accident at his business—strained his back—and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man: the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and, I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now, when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker's, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me; "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatter-box of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and, *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent;" and so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is *you* who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have bought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good nature; and I dare say I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my

ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, every thing is known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Dr. Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to have as boys)—"swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those—you know who—the gentlemen—want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know what they are!" says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in jail. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Barnes's ricks were burnt down before six months were over. How was Thomas Berry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell—no, never, that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, father says. Don't go on any—and you know what not—any *fishing* business, except with those you know." And so Tom leaves me with a finger to his lips and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a sail dearly, my mind was made up by good Dr. Barnard's advice to me. I would have no more night-fishing such as I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when Rudge's apprentice one night invited me, and called me a coward for refusing to go, I showed him I was no coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood out a battle with him, in which I do believe I should have proved conqueror, though the fellow was four years my senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, joined him in the midst of our fight, and knocked me down with the kitchen bellows, when they both belabored me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Elder Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful combat, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would as soon have made love to a negress as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I knew a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure, that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthy* Mr. Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after-days), "Denis Duval is

not wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is not true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!"

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me, indeed, a *gude Wehr und Waffen*. I was forever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my school-fellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went up stairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers; and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, etc., locked the box, and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner, to find black looks from all the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice; and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, "Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it!"

"What is the matter?" I asked, very haughtily.

"Oh, my lord! We'll soon show your lordship what is the matter." (This was a silly nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes, and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he flings about. Does your lordship know these here shillings and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my lord took 'em."

Shillings—till? What did they mean? "How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!" screams out Miss Rudge. "I marked them shillings and that half-crown with my own needle, I did; and of that I can take my Bible oath."

"Well, and what then?" I asked, remembering how this young woman had not scrupled to bear false witness in another charge against me.

"What then? They were in the till this morning, young fellow; and you know well enough where they were found afterward," says Mr. Beales. "Come, come. This is a bad job. This is a sessions job, my lad."

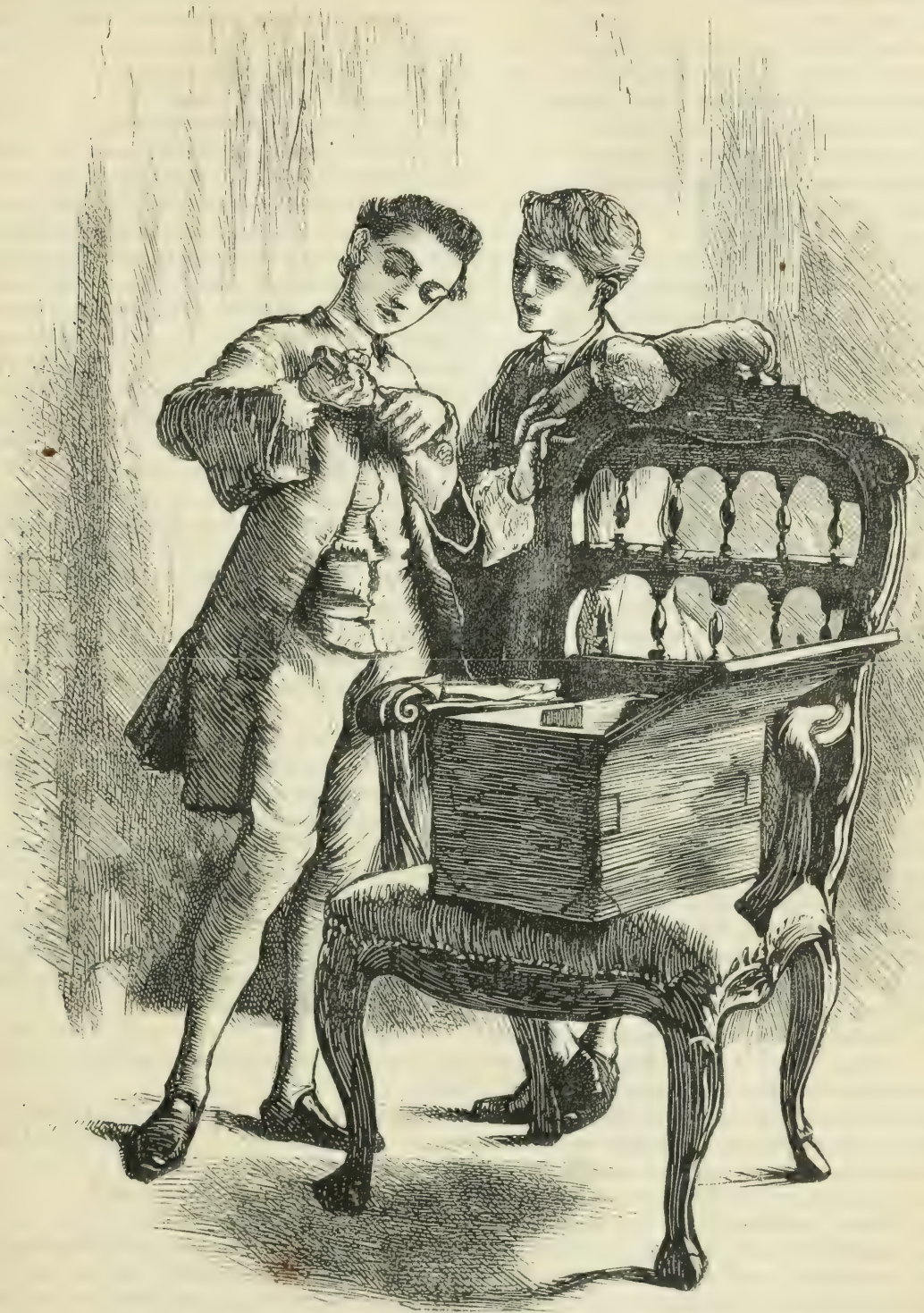
"But where *were* they found?" again I asked.

"We'll tell you that before Squire Boroughs and the magistrates, you young vagabond!"

"You little viper, that have turned and stung me!"

"You precious young scoundrel!"

"You wicked, little, story-telling, good-for-nothing little thief!" cry Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath. And I stood be-



EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

wildered by their outcry, and, indeed, not quite comprehending the charge which they made against me.

"The magistrates are sitting at Town Hall now. We will take the little villain there at once," says the grocer. "You bring the box along with you, constable. Lord! Lord! what will his poor grandfather say?" And, wondering still at the charge made against me, I was made to walk through the streets to the Town Hall, passing on the way by at least a score of our boys, who were enjoying their half-holiday. It was market-day, too, and the town full. It

is forty years ago, but I dream about that dreadful day still; and, an old gentleman of sixty, fancy myself walking through Rye market, with Mr. Beales's fist clutching my collar!

A number of our boys joined this dismal procession, and accompanied me into the magistrates' room. "Denis Duval up for stealing money!" cries one. "This accounts for his fine clothes," sneers another. "He'll be hung," says a third. The market people stare, and crowd round, and jeer. I feel as if in a horrible nightmare. We pass under the pillars of the Market House, up the steps, to the Town Hall,

where the magistrates were, who chose market-day for their sittings.

How my heart throbbed, as I saw my dear Dr. Barnard seated among them!

"Oh, doctor!" cries poor Denis, clasping his hands, "*you* don't believe me guilty?"

"Guilty of what?" cries the doctor, from the raised table round which the gentlemen sate.

"Guilty of stealing."

"Guilty of robbing my till."

"Guilty of taking two half-crowns, three shillings, and twopence in copper, all marked," shriek out Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge, in a breath.

"Denis Duval steal sixpences!" cries the doctor; "I would as soon believe he stole the dragon off the church-steeple!"

"Silence, you boys! Silence in the court, there; or flog 'em and turn 'em all out!" says the magistrates' clerk. Some of our boys—friends of mine—who had crowded into the place, were hurrahing at my kind Doctor Barnard's speech.

"It is a most serious charge," says the clerk.

"But what *is* the charge, my good Mr. Hickson? You might as well put me into the dock as that—"

"Pray, Sir, will you allow the business of the court to go on?" asks the clerk, testily. "Make your statement, Mr. Rudge, and don't be afraid of any body. You are under the protection of the court, Sir."

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds, in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out, in an agony, "it's a wicked, wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me—"

"You did, you lying, wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low, mean coward; and we beat him well, and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out—you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaw had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweet-heart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Sukey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

"Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story," calls out the justices' clerk.

The rest of the Rudges' story was, that, having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barreled pistol, which were now in court. "Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when that little monster came back from school we seized upon him, and brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to," shrieks my enemy, Miss Rudge.

"Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!" I cried out.

"We had means of opening of it," says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

"Oh, if you have another key—" interposes the doctor.

"We broke it open with the tongs and poker," says Miss Rudge, "me and Edward did—I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice."

"When?" said I, in a great tremor.

"When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half an hour before you came back to dinner."

"Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!" I cried. "Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness-sake call Tom!" I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

"Here I am, Denny!" pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honors on the bench.

"Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Doctor Barnard!" I continued. "Tom, when did I show you my pistol?"

"Just before ten o'clock school."

"What did I do?"

"You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder-horn, a bullet-mould and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box."

"Was there any money in the box?"

"There was nothing in the box but the pistol and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand."

"And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?"

"Ever since—except when I was called up and caned for my Corderius," says Tom, with a roguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pockock's when this testimony was given in their school-fellow's favor.

My kind doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it my heart was so full

that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the accusation. What a shout all Pocock's boys set up as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzahs as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

As our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's, the pastry-cook's, one of the boys—Samuel Arbin—I remember the fellow well—a greedy boy, with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old—insisted that I ought to stand treat, in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As far as a groat went, I said I was ready: for that was all the money I had.

"Oh you story-teller!" cries the other. "What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open." This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

"I know what he has done with his money!" broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. "He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew you give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin," he says.

"Unless he could get eighteenpence by it!" sang out another little voice.

"Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!" cried the other, in a fury.

"Sam Arbin," said I, "after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now, if you like." To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and among the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, "A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!" being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off: and (except in later days, when I went to revisit the old place and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Pocock's) I was never again to see the ancient school-room. While we boys were brawling in the market-place before the

pastry-cook's door, Dr. Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarreling already?" says the doctor, sternly.

"It wasn't Denny's fault, Sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all the quarrels I have had in life, and they have not been few, I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together: and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Dr. Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, Sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Ha! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend, Dr. Wing, keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—the immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remembered how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful to have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, put his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest who had had respect unto the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Dr. Wing recognized and greeted his comrade when service was over; and the one doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Dr. Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock, and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which implicated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself

to break it up. Grandfather, Rudge, the chevalier, the gentlemen of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its *dépôts* all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly by the effect of my dear doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cuffing and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweet-heart's teeth, or hatred against myself, which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly enmity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, here was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the before-mentioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their parishioners and neighbors, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely. Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast?

"And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Dr. Wing, "or I would not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Dr. Barnard, "this brandy-punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing-boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is a mutual secrecy) I sell it to the landlord of the 'Bell' at Maidstone, say—where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie. We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, Sir. Round about us, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, Sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with

its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to—"

"Tea, Sir, if you please, Sir," says John, entering. "My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner, they had had time to perform a new toilet, being engaged to cards with some neighbors. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dress-maker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favor.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing; "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France and French goods, my dear," said Dr. Wing, dryly.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my doctor.

"Indeed, Dr. Barnard!" Now, Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and *they* turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately courtesy, and my good Dr. Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but an humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By-the-way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and mainly to M. de la Motte's instruction and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in

arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double altitudes, and so forth.

"And you can manage a boat at sea too?" says Dr. Barnard, dryly. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef, and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

"Denny, my boy," says my good doctor, "I think 'tis time for thee to leave this school at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee."

However he may desire to improve in learning, no boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had I ought to get on, the doctor said, and my grandfather, he was sure, would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

"I know not your grandfather's means," Dr. Barnard answered, smiling. "He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he can not afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him."

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favorite "Arabian Nights." Did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Denis was very well to do. At any rate I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

"Ho! he's come back, have he?" says Miss Rudge. "As all the cupboards is locked in the parlor, you can go in and get your tea there, young man."

"I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge," said my kind doctor. "He can not remain with you after the charge which you made against him this morning."

"Of having our marked money in his box? Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?"

cries miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. "Go to say that. Please to say that once, Dr. Barnard, before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a doctor and a magistrate indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I wouldn't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands remain long on their backs—that I wouldn't. And some people wouldn't see a woman insulted if they wasn't cowards!"

As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the doctor turned also toward it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee in half an hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in his house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss Rudge. "Pray, how long since was barbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum—did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither!"

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, Sir," I said to the doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words that I certainly can't remember after five-and-forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms a-kimbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say—Bevil! 'elp me!"

I ran up stairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them down

stairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against Dr. Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back-shop at Rudge's—(dear me! how well I remember it!)—and a door thence leads into a side-street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people—to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Poulson, as yet, was minding the shop.

"I have come to shake hands before going away," I said.

"You're a-going, are you? And pray, Sir, whereever are you a-going of?" says Miss Sukey, over her tea.

"I am going home with Dr. Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money."

"Stealing? Wasn't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?"

"Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't come in and eat you," groans old Rudge. "You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family—I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!"

"Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!" cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

"Let him depart from among us!" cries Rudge.

"Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!" exclaims the gentle Susan.

"I am going as soon as Dr. Barnard's chaise comes," I said. "My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed."

"Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?"

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a mad woman.

"Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!"

"Eh!" (here she gives a grunt) "calm with that sneak—that pig—that liar—that beast. Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?" shrieks Susanna. "Oh, with this here horsewhip, how I would like to give it you!" (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks.) "Oh, you—you villain! you have got your pis-

tol, have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you?" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, Pa!—that young thief isn't going away with them boxes, and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behavior; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes I put myself before her and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defense on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is a striking me! Help, Ned!" At this the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy*, plunging and scuffling in the dark—when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and, as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Dr. Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the doctor. The new-comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbor, John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye market. He straightway went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old gray mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the *higgledy-piggledy* stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart, and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pommeling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her

only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now, my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which any body who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends moi ça, gredin! Attrape, lâche! Nimmt noch ein paar Schläge, Spitzbube!" cries out mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith I am certain that no man in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street while she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Dr. Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerors in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the king's name, I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the horsewhip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face; and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterward, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pockock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbor?" "Kiss the book, Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue Tom Parrot, he comes into the shop one market-day when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar-candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "It *ain't* marked, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias, Ananias! He pretends to be so

pious! Ananias and Saphia—" Well, well, the Saphia of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befell the unhappy Rudge: Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweet-heart or wife. I shall have to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am sure, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, and Dr. Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against an humble lad, who never, except in self-defense, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbor Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do any thing to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel! Fort! Shalt soon be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Ridges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Dr. Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course—the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighborhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the doctor said, dryly. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte; so is—can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if—if others are, I promise you, on my honor, I never will embark in it," I added.

"'Twill be more dangerous now than it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have

not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little importance even to poor me, as it turned out. And the news was that his Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by his Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, has judged it necessary to send orders to his ambassador to withdraw from the French Court.....and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdoms, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country.

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were galloping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very, very brief intervals has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but, riding at a much quicker pace than that which our doctor's nag practiced, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half an hour; and in the market-place, the public houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbors across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valor being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school. "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against

them. *Protestant* Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea who I own was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes, and said, "Agnes, my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. *Vive la France! vive le Roi!*"

"Oh, Agnes! oh, you perverted, ungrateful little, little monster!" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "Mademoiselle de Saverne, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his Church for the time of war—prayed that we might be armed with His defense who is the only giver of all victory—I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over, and the doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whimpers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and aunt Barnard, and Denny—never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"You will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the seashore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND SPENT.

THE strangest and most frequently repeated boasts—for boasts we make, such is our national vanity, on all occasions whether of prosperity or adversity—is that *we don't feel this war*. Above the shock of battle, the groans of the wounded and dying, the sobs of the bereaved, the murmurs of defeat, and the shouts of victory, rises the triumphant exclamation, *We don't feel it!* Is this insensibility? Is it the delight in ruin? Is it indifference to failure or success? No! It is worse than either of these, for it embraces them all; it is the chuckling of gain over its pockets filling with the treasure of the country, while our brave soldiers are pouring out their blood in its defense.

We don't feel the war! is the exulting cry of the contractors, money-changers, and speculators, whose shouts of revel stifle the tearful voice of misery. It is in our large cities especially where this boasted insensibility to the havoc of war is found. It is there in the market-place and exchange, where fortunes are being made with such marvelous rapidity, and in the haunts of pleasure, where they are being spent with such wanton extravagance, that *they don't feel this war*. They are at a banquet of abundance and delight, from which they are not to be unseated, though the ghosts of the hundreds of thousands of their slaughtered countrymen shake their gory locks at them.

While the national wealth has been poured out with a profuse generosity in behalf of a cause dear to the national heart, there have been immense fortunes made by enterprising money-getters, seeking only to fill their own pockets.

When the war suddenly burst upon the nation, and before it was able to arouse its gigantic energies, the Government was so helpless that it besought aid at any cost. It was then, as our brave fellow-citizens came forward in multitudes to defend their country, there arose an urgent demand for arms, clothing, and subsistence. Every thing required for the use and consumption of the soldier was wanted, and wanted at once. Tents and blankets to protect him from the weather—clothes, from cap to shoe, to dress him—bread and meat and all the varied necessities of the daily ration, even to the salt, to feed him—the knapsack, haversack, belt, and cartridge box, to equip him—muskets, pistols, cannon, swords, sabres, powder, shot, and percussion caps to fight with—horses and mules, wagons, railways, steam and sailing vessels of all kinds, for transportation.

A hundred thousand men or more in the immediate and continued want not only of all the ordinary necessities of life, but of the many additional requirements for war, were to be provided for without delay. The Government, with a commissariat organized only for an army of some sixteen thousand soldiers, and suddenly called upon to clothe, arm, and subsist more than six times the number, could do nothing

but appeal to the enterprise of trade to supply its pressing necessities. The appeal, with the treasure of the whole nation to sustain it, was not made in vain. Another army—the army of contractors—then came forward no less promptly than the hundred thousands of citizen soldiers. These with their lives as their offering asking nothing in exchange, and receiving only a bare subsistence; the former, no less liberal of the contents of their docks, ships, fields, stables, granaries, warehouses, and shops, demanding a great price, and getting it.

Think of the immense activity with which trade was inspired by the numerous and multifarious demands of the Government! Contractors for meat, contractors for bread, contractors for tents, contractors for clothing, contractors for arms, contractors for ammunition, contractors for equipments, contractors for wagons, contractors for horses, contractors for mules, contractors for forage, contractors for railway conveyance, contractors for steamers, contractors for ships, contractors for coal, contractors for hospitals, contractors for surgical instruments, contractors for drugs, and contractors for every thing else required for human use and consumption in order not only to sustain life but to destroy it, suddenly started into existence. The Government, pressed by a necessity which admitted of no hesitation in regard to time, character, quantity, quality, and cost, accepted almost every offer, and paid almost any price. It is true, that political allies and social friends and relatives were favored with the earliest information and the best places in the general race and scramble for the national treasure. That eager partisans and devoted brothers, cousins and brothers-in-law, having taken the shortest road, should come in ahead and grasp the first and biggest prizes, was not unnatural. There was one of these lucky favorites who made a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars or more as easily as these words which state the fact are written. Having secured a contract or agency for the purchase of transport steamers and other vessels, he fulfilled it with no more cost to himself than a cigar or two over the preliminary negotiation, and no greater effort than signing his name. The fortune was made by a minimum of personal labor given and a maximum of pay received.

The contractors of all kinds, with their contracts signed and sealed, hastened to pocket the profits. In many cases, with a mere dash of their pens, they transferred their bargains at an advance, and made snug fortunes, without the labor of an hour or the expense of a shilling. In other instances they fulfilled their contracts in a way more profitable to themselves than useful to the Government. The quality of the article they heeded little, provided it bore the name and the semblance of the thing, and could be had for almost nothing, or for much less than they were to receive for it. Thus *shoddy*, a villainous compound, the refuse stuff and sweepings of the shop, pounded, rolled, glued, and

smoothed to the external form and gloss of cloth, but no more like the genuine article than the shadow is to the substance, was hastily got up, at the smallest expense, and supplied to the Government at the greatest. Our soldiers, on the first day's march, or in the earliest storm, found their clothes, over-coats, and blankets, scattering to the winds in rags, or dissolving into their primitive elements of dust under the pelting rain. Splendid looking warriors to-day, in their bran-new uniforms! To-morrow, in their rags and nakedness more pitiful objects than the ragged regiment of Falstaff, without a whole shirt among 'em! *Shoddy*, with the external gloss and form of a substantial thing but with the inherent weakness and solubility of its reflected image, has ever since become a word, in the vocabulary of the people, always quick in their forcible and incisive rhetoric to catch and appropriate a simple and expressive figure to represent a familiar idea. The ostentatious *nouveau riche*, the fraudulent contractor who makes a display of his ill-gotten gains, and vulgar pretenders of all kinds, will forever, in the popular eye, bear upon their emblazoned coaches, the fronts of their palatial residences, the liveries of their coachmen, and on their own backs of superfine cloths and glistening silks, the broad mark SHODDY. It is a good and significant word, and expresses exactly the opposite of a long-used term in popular parlance, to wit: *Made of whole cloth*, aptly applied to a complete thing of any kind or to a person of sound integrity. *Shoddy*, false pretension will be called as long as false pretension exists. It is obvious how large fortunes were made in this way, when contractors received immense sums for cloth and delivered only valueless shoddy.

It was not only in the contracts for clothing, but in those for almost every other supply that Government paying for the substance was mocked by the shadow. For sugar it often got sand; for coffee, rye; for leather, something no better than brown paper; for sound horses and mules, spavined beasts and dying donkeys; and for serviceable muskets and pistols the experimental failures of sanguine inventors, or the refuse of shops and foreign armories. There was, it is true, a show of caution on the part of the authorities in the form of a Governmental inspection; but the object of this was often thwarted by haste, negligence, collusion, or favoritism.

A proprietor of a patent breach-loading carbine, who had been for years groaning over his unfortunate speculation, was suddenly animated with the hope of making a fortune out of what had long since reposed and been mourned over among his "dead stock." He did make his fortune, for the Government gave him a contract, received the carbines, paid largely for, but never, it is believed, used them. There was, however, a valiant resistance on the part of an honest inspector of the Ordnance Department. The proposal of the adventurous dealer in carbines was sent back to him with the indorsement—

"Respectfully returned. This carbine has never been adopted for the United Service.....This proposition is objectionable on account of its introducing an arm untried in the field—of its requiring a special cartridge, and of the price charged." The importunate proprietor of the carbine returned to the charge, but was again met with a repulse from the sturdy defender of the Ordnance Department. "I have carefully considered," he wrote, "the proposition of Mr. — to furnish ten thousand of —'s patent breach-loading carbines at \$35 each. I would gladly avail myself of any opportunity of obtaining at this time, at any price not beyond reason, such arms as are required for the troops called into the service. The carbine is only, however, a cavalry arm; it is used only by dragoons when dismounted and fighting on foot; and the orders in the Division of the Potomac are to arm the cavalry with pistols and sabres only.....In view of all those circumstances," quietly adds the honest inspector, "it is submitted whether it will be advisable to accept a proposition involving so large an expenditure [\$350,000] as that of Mr. — does."

But in spite of all this the lucky proprietor, having a friend at court, got a contract for his carbines, which, we venture to declare in answer to the submissive inquiry of the modest inspector, it was not "advisable" for the Government to buy at any price. This is one of the many easy ways in which the large fortunes of this war have been made. The carbine proprietor may exult in his sudden wealth, but he and his "friend at court" are emblazoned all over in letters of light with "shoddy."

There were fifty millions of dollars spent by the Government in a few months, at the beginning of the war, for arms alone. Out of this a dozen or more contractors enriched themselves for life. Poor men thus became rich between the rising and setting of the same day's sun; while the hundreds of thousands of dollars of the wealthy increased to millions in the same brief space of time. It is said that one of our great merchant princes gained from his transactions with Government two millions of dollars in a single year.

The proprietors of coal-mines came in for a large share of the national treasure. One company made such enormous profits from its supplies of coal to the Government, and the general rise in price in consequence of the increased demand, that it was enabled to declare, in a single year, dividends that, in the aggregate, amounted to two-thirds of its capital. Its stock, which a few years since could hardly tempt a purchaser at ten dollars a share, has arisen since the war to more than two hundred dollars, and is eagerly caught up at that price. One shareholder, in a twelvemonth, received in dividends no less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a stock which cost him less than that sum, but which he could now sell for a million.

The "good time" of the contractors has, however, now gone. The Government, with the

experience of three years' war, and with its commissariat thoroughly organized, is no longer at the mercy of the fraudulent and extortionate. In fact, it is said that in some later contracts the Government, more thanks to its luck than shrewdness, has, with the depreciation of the currency and the consequent rise in prices, got the best of the bargain.

As fortunes can be no longer made in a day out of the national treasury the eager money-seekers have taken to the stock exchange to make them out of each other. The rage of speculation—excitement is too mild a word—which has seized upon the community, and is fast making us a nation of stock-jobbers, has never been equaled since the days of John Law during the French regency of the Duc d'Orleans. The city exchanges and their approaches are already crowded with a frenzied throng of eager speculators, as was the *Rue de Quincampoix* of old. Streets are blocked up by a mass so frenzied by the general passion for gain that almost all regard for individual safety and respect for personal propriety seems lost. The drayman can only make his way by the dint of whip, curse, and the brute strength of his sturdy beast through the heaving but coherent multitude, whose reluctant flanks, as they are forced aside, are still so absorbed by the ruling passion that, while pressed upon by hoof and grazed by grinding wheels, they seem unconscious of their danger. The stranger goes to take a look at the speculators at the hour of exchange as he does at a collection of wild beasts at feeding-time, and comes away with the same impression, namely, that in their hunger to get their fill they are ready to devour each other. The prudent citizen turns the street, and shuns the place as dangerous to his morals and his person. If not tempted to risk his fortune, he is sure to be so hustled by the unruly crowd as to spoil his temper or his clothes, and perhaps endanger his limbs or life.

The passion for stock-gambling is fast extending to every class of society. Merchants, mechanics, and traders of all kinds are abandoning their counting-houses, their work-shops, and their stalls, and thronging into Wall Street. The daily industry, the constant self-denial, the vigilant prudence, and the patient expectation necessary to acquire a decent competence are scorned for the chances of making a fortune in a day. The number of brokers has more than quadrupled in a few months, such has been the enormous increase of stock-jobbing. Their aggregate business, in the city of New York alone, has arisen from twenty-five to more than a hundred millions a day. The transactions of several sum up to the amount of millions each in a morning, with a profit in commissions alone of more than a thousand dollars daily. There would be a cause of congratulation if this enormous business was an indication of the increased productive wealth of the nation; but it is nothing of the kind. It is only a proof of the passion for buying and selling, with the hope of

benefiting by the fluctuations of price. Purchase and sale are essential means for the exchange of products, without which, no doubt, the productive power of the country would be paralyzed. The merchant, the broker, and trader are to it what the sensitive and motor nerves are to the brain—subordinate to its functions, but necessary to its action. The nerves may be active, though the brain be torpid, but the result is a St. Vitus's dance of excited sensation, and perpetual and irregular movement, which waste the power, and finally destroy the organization. So it is when the merchant, broker, and trader make their function of exchange, which should be subordinate, paramount to the productive power of labor. This is what the rage of speculation is doing, and it requires no prophet to tell the result. Ruin must come with the certainty of the fulfillment of a natural law.

Yet, when the passion of speculation, however obvious the fatal consequences, has once fevered the blood of a people, it unfortunately is seldom checked, except by its own retributive effect of exhaustion. The homilies of the pulpit, the daily warnings of the press, and the demonstrations of political economy are unheeded by ears ringing with the jubilant shouts of the favorites of fortune. When they hear of one who was a bankrupt but a few months since, but now counts by millions his fortune, made in a short half year at the stock exchange, or rather in "the street"—for his credit was never clean enough for admission to the fastidious company of gentlemen at "the Board;" when they hear of another who was but yesterday a vendor of apples and peanuts at the street corner, and is to-day, by fortunate speculations, the possessor of hundreds of thousands; and again of a third, who, in the course of a flying visit from a neighboring city to New York, took a chance, merely *pour passer le temps*, in the lottery of Cumberland or Mariposa, and went home, after a week's absence, with a prize of a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket—when they hear of these and the like, as we all do every day, they are loth to turn from so brilliant examples of success to listen to the sober precepts of Prudence. The small voice of Prudence, moreover, is hourly becoming fainter and fainter, drowned as it is in the general shout of triumph. Prudence, it is feared, will soon cease altogether, for want of a listener, from uttering further warnings, and leave to retributive justice to vindicate a natural law, the abuse of which she could not prevent.

The mania of speculation is wondrously contagious, especially among a people so gregarious and sympathetic as we are. What touches one is apt to be felt by all. As men of every class, age, and business are already thronging Wall Street, it may not be long before our women shall be seen, as in the times of John Law in France, and of the South Sea bubble in England, trailing their silks and satins in the dust of the exchange, and raising their voice in its din of

excited barter. Already the spirit of speculation so pervades the community that the rise and fall of stocks is the most common topic of daily conversation in our houses during the hours of leisure, if hours of leisure we can be said to have when they are filled with the thoughts and talks of business. Some of our women are already infected with the prevailing passion of money-making as they have been long with that of spending it. "What's the price of gold to-day, my dear?" escapes from the pretty mouth of your wife before she has impressed the habitual kiss of connubial welcome upon your expectant lips. If you are a speculator, as you probably are in common with most of your fellow-citizens at this moment, and have made a good day of it, you answer blandly and don't complain of the loss of the conjugal embrace. If you have been unlucky and want consolation, and seek what you have a right to expect but don't find, you mourn over the loss, and conclude probably, with St. Paul, that money, or rather the love of it, is the root of all evil.

The day has been found too short for the untiring stock speculators. They gather in a great hotel, and renewing the morning's strife for gain prolong it to the late hours of the night, which they make hideous with their eager and noisy competition. What care they for wives deserted, children unseen from day to day and turned night after night into bed unblessed by a father's kiss; domestic joys and duties forsaken, and all the claims of social intercourse neglected, provided they gain their *cent. per cent.* on the rise or fall, as it may be, of Cumberland and Mariposa?

It is obvious that when all are seeking to make their fortunes at others' expense that most will be disappointed. Each one, however, thinks that it will be his neighbor until he awakes some morning and finds it is himself who is ruined. There are some seductive examples undoubtedly of great success, of the rise of poverty to wealth in the course of a few weeks. There will be, too, with no less certainty before long, many striking instances of a fall from riches to beggary. Michelet, in his chapter on Law's scheme, tells of one who was a footman at the beginning of the month, a millionaire by his successful speculations at its close, and again a footman before the end of another thirty days, with nothing in possession but his suit of livery, and nothing in prospect but his wages.

It is not within our province to discuss the policy or necessity of the issue of the present paper currency. It is obvious, however, to all that its increasing abundance is the exciting cause which, acting upon a community singularly prone to the disease, has produced the prevalent fever of speculation. Some of the largest fortunes have been made by those shrewd men, who from the beginning foresaw the natural effect of a redundant paper currency in raising prices. These, with apparent recklessness but with real shrewdness, bought every thing of value they could borrow money enough to buy

or purchase on credit. As the currency depreciated and prices necessarily rose, they paid their debts in less value than they had received, and received a greater value in what they had bought than they paid. The rise in prices from day to day, as the paper money becomes more abundant and less valuable, is the great stimulus to speculation. It is advisable for those who possess substantial property to cling to it. If you have houses, farms, land, dividend paying stocks, or even merchandise which can be kept without spoiling, do not be tempted to part with them too readily by the high prices offered in paper. Again, if you have currency to invest, do not be frightened by the high prices, but buy what is of substantial value and that alone, even if it takes a great deal of paper to do it. Above all eschew speculation, and trust not the bubbles which the flatulant enterprise of the day is blowing so industriously. They may rise and float for a while, glittering with a false sparkle of gold and silver and all the bright colors of the rainbow, but when you shall attempt to grasp them the air will escape, leaving you nothing in hand but the scum of which they are made. Such a discretion on the part of men of real means would do much to check the dangerous passion of speculation, or if not, save themselves and the country from ruin.

The old proverb says: "That which comes easy goes easy." The suddenly enriched contractors, speculators, and stock-jobbers illustrate its truth. They are spending money with a profusion never before witnessed in our country, at no time remarkable for its frugality. Our great houses are not big enough for them; they pull them down and build greater. They, like the proud and wanton Caligula, construct stables of marble at a fabulous cost, in which their horses are stabled (some, doubtless, to be fed on gilded oats), with a luxury never hitherto indulged in by the most opulent of our fellow-citizens. Even the manure heaps lie upon more resplendent floors than are swept by the silken trains of our proudest dames. So magnificent are these structures that their proprietors have not hesitated to assemble within them "the best society" they could command of fine gentlemen and finer ladies, to hold a carnival of pleasure. The playing of Comedies, it is said, was a part of the programme, as if the presence of the *beau-monde*, seeking pleasure in a stable, was not in itself a sufficiently sorry farce. What was acted we know not; but we can testify that "High Life Below Stairs" was the chief performance. The very horses must have neighed in applause of the appropriateness of the piece, and life-like action of the players. A horse-laugh was surely their well-merited reward.

These Sybarites of "shoddy" buy finer furniture than was ever bought before, and dress in costlier cloths and silks than have been hitherto imported. No foreign luxury, even at the present enormous prices, is too dear for their exorbitant desires and swollen pockets. The importations of the country have arisen to the large

amount of thirty millions of dollars a month, chiefly to satisfy the increased appetite for luxurious expense.

The ordinary sources of expenditure seem to have been exhausted, and these ingenious prodigals have invented new ones. The men button their waistcoats with diamonds of the first water, and the women powder their hair with gold and silver dust.*

As excess, overflowing the natural channels of enjoyment, is always sure to take an irregular and perverted course for the indulgence of its unchecked vagaries, it is not surprising to find the boundless extravagance of the times assuming forms at variance with propriety and taste. Paris, provoked to excessive folly and wild extravagance by an imperial court willing to enervate the people by debauchery that they may become too languid for resistance to tyranny, has, among other forms of dissipations, invented a grotesque kind of fancy ball. In this the guests represent things instead of persons. For example, one presents herself as a kitchen, with her person hung all over with pots and kettles, wearing a saucepan for a helmet, like Sancho Panza, brandishing a shovel and tongs, and playing the part of a kitchen wench with probably a dish-clout hanging to her tail. Another of a more sentimental turn is a flower-garden, festooned with roses and bearing a spade and rake. A third is a pack of playing-cards, bedizened all over with clubs, diamonds, and hearts, and so on with every possible transformation of the human spiritual being (supposed to be rational) into the senseless, material thing.

This absurdity has been imported by our wealthy New Yorkers, together with other Parisian extravagances. Last winter, during which high carnival was held by our *nouveaux riches*, a dame who has traveled, and had the honor of fainting in the arms, it is said, of Imperial Majesty, in the course of which embrace she probably imbibed her high appreciation of imperial folly, got up one of these grotesque fancy balls. She herself appeared on the occasion as music, and bore upon her head an illuminated lyre supplied with genuine gas, from a reservoir and fixtures concealed somewhere under her clothes. "We don't feel this war," they say. We believe them. Nothing, we fear, while they are stupefying themselves in this whirl of absurd folly would bring them to their senses short of a shower of Greek fire.

If this extravagance and wantonness were confined to the fools of fortune we might leave them to the exhaustion that must come from this waste of means and perversion of the faculties of mind

and body. Their ruin would be hardly felt or regretted. But, unfortunately, our people are so imitative that when one simpleton, provided he be rich, leads the way, all follow. Every man and woman thinks he must do as his wealthy neighbor does. The consequence is already shown in the general prevalence of extravagance and dissipation. The shops of the dry-goods man, the jeweler, the dealer in carpets and cabinet-ware, and the gilded establishments of the restaurateur were never so crowded. The tradesman hardly shows any but his most expensive wares, which his greedy customer snatches up without solicitation. Thus camel's-hair shawls, at fifteen hundred dollars or more, go off briskly at the price; rivers of diamonds (*rivière de diamants*) flow unchecked by any regard for cost. Aubusson and tapestry carpets of fabulous expense are bought unhesitatingly and recklessly trod upon, and dinners are eaten and wine drunk at Delmonico's and the *Maison Dorée* at a price *per head*, in a single sitting, which would support a soldier and his family for a good portion of the year. Who knows but that our wives and daughters may all take to powdering their hair with gold and silver dust at fifteen dollars *per head*, or transforming themselves into gas-fixtures? What is to hinder our young dandies of the counting-house and shop—for haven't they an old fool of the Stock Exchange to show them the example—from buttoning their waistcoats with diamonds?

Apart from the fatal and permanent effect of the habit of expense and sensual indulgence upon the individual and national character, it may have a disastrous influence upon the war. While the passion for speculation is raging, and the means for gratifying the appetite for luxury and pleasure are abounding, the war is not felt, and is willingly concurred in. Let, however, the reaction come, as it surely will, when fortunes shall scatter more rapidly than they have been gathered, and abundance and delight be no longer so easily purchasable, then the sensibility of our luxurious citizens may be so awakened as to feel the war, and feel it so much that they may wish it at an end before its great purpose is accomplished. We shall perhaps find our Capua at home, and its people too enervated by indulgence to smite their enemies. Are we deluding ourselves with the idea that this war is to be a continued carnival of abundance and pleasure? If so, we had better awaken at once to the fact that it is a sacrifice demanding the utmost effort of patient endurance. No noble cause, such as we are struggling for, was ever won by men while besotting themselves with excess and dallying pleasure. We must feel this war, and feel it resolutely, or we shall never triumph. Are we willing to prove ourselves worthy to triumph?

* There are three kinds of resplendent powder used by our fashionable women: the gold and silver, which cost fifteen dollars a head, and the diamond, which at present is only of glass, and costs much less.

IN "DIXIE."

AS I was in Montgomery on the 1st, in Macon on the 3d, in Augusta on the 7th, in Columbia on the 10th, in Raleigh on the 13th, and in Richmond on the 15th of March, I think I can give you a better picture of Dixie's land generally than even the "reliable gentleman" of the newspapers.

Alabama is my home. For the past twenty years I have continued to cultivate a small plantation, beginning with seven slaves, and now owning twenty.

Fifteen years ago my State was, as to general commercial and agricultural interests, enjoying a prosperity as great as could be desired. As an illustration of the average circumstances of those within my own acquaintance, I will select my friend and neighbor, Mr. Ames, and tell you what were then his possessions and prospects; premising that, before my letter is over, I will let you know how as to the same respects he stands to-day. Mr. Ames was then a married man with two children. He was twenty-six years old. He owned eight hundred acres of excellent land, with twelve laborers and eight servants too young to labor. He employed no overseer, being himself very industrious, a good farmer, and fond of devoting all his time and energies to his plantation. The following is a fair estimate of his capital and stock in the business of agriculture, in gold, at that time:

Eight hundred acres of land.....	\$8,000
Twelve laborers.....	14,000
Eight other servants.....	4,000
Cattle and farming implements.....	1,000
Seven mules.....	1,050
One horse.....	200
Total.....	\$28,250

The annual product of this farm, over and above the supplies raised for the family and servants, was sixty bales of cotton, which, at the rate of ten cents per pound, or fifty dollars per bale, amounted to three thousand dollars per annum. Of this sum one thousand dollars was all he expended beyond what his land produced for the wants of the household, so that his annual savings were two thousand dollars, to be invested from year to year in grown hands, or women with young children, or in land; it being necessary to increase his land twenty-five per cent. every eighth year to accommodate his increasing help.

His home was pleasant, and furnished with every thing necessary for comfort. As to clothing his family made a respectable appearance, and he was educating a daughter at a considerable expense in a neighboring female seminary. He was a very pious member of the Methodist Church, liberal in his gifts to benevolent objects, and his house was noted as the home of preachers as they passed through that county.

As to his future prospects in life, there was every reason to suppose that at the age of forty he might increase the comforts and luxuries of his family; annually visit the Northern States or enjoy a European tour; and educate his children either at home or abroad in the best man-

ner; while, if spared to the age of fifty years, it would be equally probable that his property would by that time have reached the amount of \$125,000, which would provide ample fortunes to each of a family of five children. In fact, it was a common declaration of business men in that county that they doubled their capital every five years; or, to use the language of their ordinary statement, "A man may buy a plantation and negroes without a cent, borrowing the money for the purpose, and make both pay for themselves in five years, the overseeing and managing being thrown into the account."

I may add, although it is not essential to complete the estimate of my friend's fortune and prospects, that Mr. Ames, although finding, as he came on the stage of life, slavery to be the normal condition of the blacks in his State, and, while obtaining his servants by the gift of his mother and his wife's father as part of his capital in commencing business as a planter, yet had no violent sentiments as to its extension or perpetuity. He was known to be conservative as to Southern rights and demands in the incoming States, and was a friend to the doctrine known as "Popular Sovereignty." He had, however, no scruples as to the system as he found it in Alabama, and expected its continuance in the Cotton States.

I have purposely selected this individual as representing to my memory the average thrift and intelligence of the community in which he lived; and this general description of my friend would answer to describe many others residing near him, and who were accustomed to daily intercourse at the county seat, or a country store nearer home. In this county the large body of citizens were men of similar opinions and information. Mr. Ames read no daily paper, but took one religious and two secular weeklies.

This was fifteen years ago. At that time, however deep the seeds of disunion may have been sowed in our vicinity, we heard or read nothing of secession from the Union. But in 1850, when the compromise measures were discussed in Congress, many of our local politicians openly avowed the opinion that, to enjoy the highest prosperity, the South must declare itself an independent Government. My friend was active in the expression of an opposite sentiment; was a strong supporter of Mr. Clay's "Compromise;" was spoken of for the Legislature, and, had he consented, could have been elected by a large Union majority.

I do not propose to detain you with a history of the change in public opinion and its causes, so familiar to all, but will say that in the last Presidential election, after the Charleston Convention had broken up, it was the hope of the Union men at the South that no candidate would be chosen by the people, that Congress would elect a President, and that the choice would fall either upon Douglas or Bell, whose election would not furnish to the violent secession men the *pretext* they would plead if Mr. Lincoln were chosen.

When Sumter was reinforced, attacked, and finally taken, the leaders of disunion took pains that every where there should seem to be demonstrations of great rejoicing; but there were not a few who, justly appreciating the magnitude of the contest before them, regarded the event with a deep, anxious, heart-rending solicitude.

These prime leaders of the rebellion, who first controlled and still hold in tyranny our crushed and manacled South, inspired all the newspapers to give forth the same utterances that filled the public messages and proclamations sent from Montgomery, and afterward from Richmond. The following are fair specimens of these utterances:

"President Lincoln will never dare to make war."

"It will be impossible to raise a man or a dollar to defend the Union cause against seceding States."

"Troops never can march an inch through the Border States on such an errand."

"Foreign recognition is a certainty, and there is no question as to it except of a few weeks or more in time."

"The slaves will supply by their labor all necessary productions for an army to defend the South, or, if necessary, invade the North."

"Even should there be an attempt to organize an army to oppose secession and maintain the Union, Washington must fall, and the national Administration with it, before such an army can be matured."

Such were some of the axioms studiously instilled into the minds of the people of the South; and under the influence of these and similar statements, relied upon and gradually confided in, a deluded people were hurried into what has already brought desolation and death into many of their homes, and made the whole land weep with garments rolled in blood. Not more certainly did a "lying spirit" of old enter into all the prophets that Ahab, King of Israel, might fall in battle, than did a lying spirit seem to twist and distort the condition of every thing in the minds of the leaders of the rebellion, giving heed to which the South is to-day suffering its present extremities.

The first signs of actual warfare appeared in the daily and nightly drilling of the uniformed companies of militia in the towns and cities. These companies were continually parading, with martial music. Banners were presented to them, speeches were made exhorting them to die for Southern independence, and they were organized into the army that fought at Bull Run.

After the result of that battle was known all supposed that there would be no more fighting and no more troops needed. Victory was with the Confederacy, Washington was theirs, the North would yield and obey, and Southern independence was achieved. Such was the universal cry of the Government, the army officers, and all the journals.

No other topic was heard; and all comparisons instituted between North and South ended by declaring the people of the latter to be the most intelligent, refined, wise, and brave on the face of the earth. It was not safe to hazard the supposition that the North had brave men or noble women; to infer that she would fight; or speak of the battles of Revolutionary times,

in which the forefathers of Northern men were victorious. The only qualities which "the Yankees" could be praised for without personal danger were money-making without labor, and knavery in the spheres of peddling, manufacturing gilt jewelry, compounding patent medicines, and the like. As to statesmanship, philosophy, literature, learning, science, or art, any advances or proficiency in these it was universally claimed were only derived or copied from the savans of Europe or of the Confederate States.

The almost universal impression has been that "the Yankees" could only fight under the protection of their gun-boats, or with a numerical force double that of their antagonists; and not until the successes of Vicksburg and Gettysburg has this conviction been at all shaken.

The general estimate of the chances for the South in this matter may be thus briefly stated: If a compromise candidate or even a War Democrat is elected, there will be a show of war, but only a show, and then a peace will be concluded on the basis of two Governments. If another war or Anti-Slavery candidate is chosen the old army of office-holders and Government contractors will be ejected, and the new and successful aspirants for their vacant places will succeed in prolonging the war for their own advantage. Then, as Micawber says, "something will turn up," and recognition abroad or dissatisfaction at home will give victory to the Confederacy. But if Lincoln is elected all hope for the Confederacy is dead.

Do you ask me whether we *feel* the war much yet? Hardly, in our pockets. The Government has spent such enormous sums that money is very plenty, but is principally in the hands of producers of surplus provisions, contractors, speculators, and manufacturers. Shop-keepers are as a class abolished; their stores are closed, and, as such, they can not operate.

I have said that I was in Macon on the 3d of March, and perhaps I can not give you a better impression of how a business town now appears than by telling you what I saw and experienced there.

The cotton warehouses are loaded, I may say densely packed and overflowing. The cotton in them belongs to farmers, merchants who have closed business and thus invested, bank and railroad corporations, men claiming British, French, or German citizenship, or speculators who have made fortunes since the war, the latter of whom have largely invested in land, or cotton, or city property, all the funds not necessary for their business. I may add, many of the above are now enjoying the protection which a Northern residence affords them, and are to be found in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the loyal States. I found about half of the mercantile houses closed entirely and not used at all. Of the remainder half may be said to be filled with cotton or tobacco on storage, and the few others about half open, presenting much such an appearance as stores partially open on Sunday here present. Of articles to be sold there was to be found about a twentieth part of

the variety that could formerly be obtained. The merchants are without clerks and entirely indifferent as to whether they sell or not, generally seeming to prefer the articles on hand to Confederate money at any price.

My wife, who before the war was accustomed to every luxury, and always made her Northern shopping tour annually, had not purchased since the war a single dress, but was now extravagant enough to demand calico for one only. I purchased accordingly some articles for her, and here, with some annotations, is the bill which I paid :

10 yds. [narrow] prints [$\frac{1}{2}$ wide, said to be English, blockade; but on examination bearing the label " <i>Sprague's narrow prints</i> "], \$3 50 per yd.....	\$85 00
20 yds. [coarse] muslin, \$15 per yd.....	300 00
10 yds. [coarse poor] challis, \$18 per yd.....	180 00
3 spools Coates's thread, \$3 per spool.....	9 00
1 [narrow ribbon] cravat.....	3 75
1 card hooks and eyes [poor quality].....	3 00
1 [small coarse] linen hdkf.....	5 00
2 slate pencils.....	5 00
	\$590 75

Having traded to my satisfaction, I went to look at the mechanics' shops. These are closed, except such as are under the supervision of and employed by the Government, or those having Government contracts, who, however, smuggle in a little work for individual customers or friends. All the mechanics thus employed are regularly mustered into the army, and are detailed for this duty.

The hotels are unswept and unwashed. The servants are few in number. So many soldiers, some sick, some with neglected wounds remain in them, that the rooms are in an ill plight as to cleanliness, and a disgusting odor fills them all. You register your name. If there is a room you get a portion of it, and the whole or part of a bed, by paying twenty dollars. The *lodging* is only ten, but you must pay for one meal also (tea or breakfast), to secure it: you then receive a *lodging ticket* and a *meal ticket*. You go to your room. The servant apologizes for the lack of *every thing* by saying, "The soldierus done stole all de tings." So there is no soap, no bowl, no pitcher, no towel. Half an inch of tallow-candle is given you at bed time; you find but one sheet on your bed and very scanty covering. If you ask for a fire you pay two dollars extra. This is of course a wood fire, as there is no transportation for coal. If you can sleep, you do so; and then the following breakfast awaits you when you give up your *ticket* at the dining-room.

STEAK.—[That is such beef as you may read of in Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver.]

COFFEE.—[That is a decoction of wheat, rye, corn, sweet-potatoes, or ground pease, with sugar from the bottom of a molasses barrel, nearly as black as tar, and the molasses not being dripped out, of course wet.]

CORN BREAD and butter.—[The latter fair.]

The dinner is of a piece with the breakfast. It would seem that there could be but little temptation to visit the *bar* where liquors are five dollars a drink, which is doled out in a small wine-glass, no man being allowed to help himself.

The private residences wear the appearance of neglect; as there is no mechanical labor at command there are no repairs. All additions or alterations commenced before the war remain just as they then were. The streets are not swept, and are also neglected as to repairs, but crowded with a motley assemblage of refugees from the conquered portions of different States, who wander about almost without the means of living; for many of these once rich are now nearly beggars. I saw several from Charleston, Savannah, etc., in rags, and only saved from starvation by a State fund appropriated to the sustenance of poor soldiers' families and the distressed generally. The universal dress is a home-made jean with shoes of cloth uppers and wooden soles. I visited a large house, almost the only manufactory I saw in the South that is not working for the Government, where they make ladies' shoes with patent cloth uppers and leather single soles that are readily bought at from thirty to forty dollars per pair.

I might go on thus to sketch for you the aspect of Southern towns and Dixie's land generally, but have talked longer now than I intended, and will close by giving you, as I promised, a glimpse of my friend, Mr. Ames, as I left him a few weeks ago.

His workmen have increased, as he now owns twenty-four laborers. All his horses, mules, and stock, save those actually used in the tillage of his land, are impressed.

You ask how is this impressment conducted? Thus: The country is divided into districts, over each of which an impressing agent is appointed. These are ordered from time to time to take such property as is not actually necessary for the sustenance of families. The prices are fixed by two Commissioners, one appointed by the General Government, and one by the State Government. These Commissioners meet every month and assign the prices that the agents subject to them shall give for impressed property. The agents then are furnished with money, or, at the option of the owner of the goods, give a certificate payable in scrip. These agents are also instructed to purchase if they can at the same prices, and not to impress unless no purchase can be effected otherwise. If it is suspected that property is secreted, or its amount underestimated by the owner, his premises are most thoroughly searched.

My friend has thus had all of his horses impressed. He is allowed by law to plant only three acres of cotton. All his meat (bacon) over one-half the usual allowance for his negroes has been impressed. All his cattle, except oxen actually used on his farm and milch cows *actually* now giving milk, and all other cattle except sucking-calves, were impressed.

He is unable to obtain more than half the iron requisite for his plow-work.

His negroes have not for four years had a single blanket, but for a substitute a loose spongy fabric of home-made cotton. One of these poor substitutes for blankets is given each year to every adult negro. The children have none. He and his immediate family have only such clothing as they make from the fabric produced on their own wheels and looms introduced in 1861 and 1862. As they have no sheep they have no wool for blankets or aught else.

Besides these privations my friend suffers all the depression of spirits arising from the overthrow of all his plans for future life. Instead of riches and luxury, poverty and distress are before him. His property is consumed by tax-

ation, his servants are a burden, he has abandoned the idea of educating his children or of foreign travel. He was intending to erect a pleasant dwelling, the old home of his family being much dilapidated; this intention he will never fulfill or his expectations of a comfortable living in his old age. As he now considers the rebellion a failure, and has given up all hopes of success under the present tyranny, he sees nothing before him but distress; and the premature whiteness of his locks reveals that there are secret corroding griefs within his heart that he dares not utter.

As I have shown you what he was worth fifteen years since I will furnish an estimate of his present possessions, reckoned in Confederate money and in gold.

	In Confederate Money.	In Gold.
Eight hundred acres of land	\$40,000	\$1143
Twenty-four laborers at \$4000 apiece.....	96,000	2742
Twenty other servants at \$1500 each	30,000	860
Horses none, all impressed.		
Cattle and hogs.....	4,000	114
Farming utensils	2,500	71
Total value of his property now.....	\$172,500	\$4930

If we subtract from this the value at which we have put his slaves, which Mr. Ames says are not now worth to him a cent, and he believes will soon be free, the property that fifteen years ago was worth in gold \$28,250 has dwindled down to \$1328, while under good care and with hard and persevering toil expended upon it.

While his income is now small, the little cotton he does raise lying in his gin-house, and liable any day to be burned by Confederate scouts to keep it from falling into the hands of the Yankees, he must pay for iron to mend his tools \$5 per pound; for cotton cards, \$60 per pair; for a hat, \$50; for salt, \$150 per sack if "Liverpool;" if "coast," \$70 per 100 pounds.

If he should send a child to school, he must pay \$60 per month for its board and \$150 for its tuition. He has no opportunity or means to repair his furniture and the natural wear and tear of all household articles. His last carpet, being first cut into pieces two yards long by one yard wide, has gone where all his blankets and most of his coverlets have gone, to eke out the limited blankets of the soldiers; while his own misery is enhanced by the reflection that it is shared by most of his acquaintances and friends, and that through the agency of demagogues his much-loved native land lies desolate and mourning. The case of my friend Mr. Ames is a type of the whole South.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.

AN untutored instinct, be it of the child, the barbarian, or the man advanced only into an imperfect civilization, loves and values things evident, largely outlined; height, breadth, vastness, strength, swiftness, glowing color, joy, and the present instant; almost to exclusion of shadows, sorrows, waiting, things homely and minute; finds expression in a monstrous mythology, in prodigious gateway and pillar, and miles of obelisks still now with an unutterable desolation amidst the piling sand, in the marvels of a literature where was much enchantment and no everyday living, in the brawn and muscle of a Cœur De Lion, in the annals of a time when there were courts and titles of an astounding assumption, but no people, unless numbers chanced to give these fractional bits of dull humanity such respectability as attaches to a herd, or the *canaille*, in the nursery growth of bean stalks and the strides of seven-league boots, in the very baby clutching at the cruel flame and careless of eyes soft with mother love.

Every where is, and has been, imaged forth

a deeper and sweeter wisdom; in the patience of the sky, in the peace of the mountains, in the elaboration of the mosses, in rising mist and floating cloud and faithful seasons. There came, too, a time when things insignificant, in the "widow's mite" and the "cup of cold water," had their spoken evangel; and to sorrow and patience was affixed a priceless value: but the dead centuries have been at all times slow of heart and dull of ear, rebellious or in hot haste, and so recked little of the sweet voices and quiet teachings; while we—certainly our matured civilization is the apotheosis of many a sober-hued power and principle down-trodden in the dust of the old times—we have the word smoothly on our lips and blazoned over our door-posts, and as for our hearts, these are days of much delicacy and fine feeling, and a most comprehensive charity, and every man, like Cain, is his own keeper. We proclaim the microscope with the telescope; we deal much with first causes; we are fond of digging after that well where truth lies hidden, and accomplish a vast deal of sifting

and analyzing. We are exceedingly wide-awake about pretension; we weigh creeds with curious nicety, and a cold tolerance that is sublime, and are very exact about the component parts. We are wise in our own eyes, and prudent in our own sight. We smile at the coarse sense that found power in the infraction rather than the observance of nature's laws, with its bulky genii and mushroom palaces. We, too, have our genii slaves of the lamp and of the ring, but creations not of an ignorant faith but of the science after whose canons we hold them; genii that can be weighed, and bottled, and demonstrated; in their very incorporeal natures tributes to the hard practicality that made out the spell with which to conjure them, and dragging them at its chariot wheels has subjugated the whole earth; colossal slaves working marvels past those of fairy-lore, yet reducible to figures, best expressed in that one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, on which Gradgrind takes his stand, and in which he puts his trust as the one fact in a crack-brained world.

But the wise old Easterns held their genii in bondage. The fisherman must needs clap the cover on his for his life. Aladdin commanded his hideous servants as slaves of the lamp, and him who held the lamp; and they and the palace, with its dome and its windows imbedded in gems, and the rest of the interminable and somewhat tiresome splendors, were but so many accidents, consequent on the old brass lamp on the cornice; but we are prone to bow down before our genii and ignore the talisman. We pantingly proclaim that this is *the* century and steam is its prophet, and stunned by the thunder and splendor of our going forget the tea-kettle from which we started. We applaud the effect, and overlook or despise the cause. We make success the cardinal virtue, and electricity, in a manner, the object of the age. We have with much ado spelled out the rocky pages of the earth's story, the colossal plan blocked out in space with a vastness inconceivable, ages on ages of silence and dimness, ages on ages of monstrous growth and still more monstrous life, slow deposit, tumultuous upheaval, fire and flood evoked from chaos, disorder, riot, and death made to work harmony and life, cycles of a gradual maturing to perfection, to lose the lesson of so vast a patience in the thought of the wisdom that can read the cipher. We have overthrown the giant Ignorance, we have beaten back the dragon Prejudice, the castle-gates fly open at our touch, and we stand before the heaped-up treasure, or the lovely princess, lost in an idiotic admiration of the key that turned the wards, or the sword that cleft the monsters in twain.

Always with us it is the spell of power forgotten, for the quaint blazoning on the vellum, the monarch for the jeweled clasps on his robe, purple peak and smiling land cut off by the bare hill-side in closer neighborhood. The difference between our age and the times past is simply told. They set a clumsy hoof of Ignorance

on quiet power and low-voiced virtues; we, having an eye to profit, use them first. We! on faith of the grammar a plural pronoun, masculine or feminine; but here I edge off gingerly from the masculine segment as one having a due humility, and small desire to exercise myself with matters too lofty for me. Grant that my lords being undazzled and right judging, go hunting as did Aladdin, putting their trust in the talisman and not in the genii. Go, *mes-sieurs!* and *bon voyage*. It is for the Badroul Bondours that I am knotting the cords of my whip, the idle princesses to whom it is not given to ride down grain fields and beat the jungle for tigers, and who, looking from behind gilded lattices at the whirl and rush of the city surging up against the gates of the quiet palace, catch the infection of its mad tumult and betake themselves to that trade of mischief of such doubtful patronage according to Dr. Watts.

For, when Badroul Bondour's eyebrows were done to a shade (is it not written in the chronicles of every nursery?), and her finger tips to proper depths of henna, when she had tried on the peach-blossom trowsers and her last new shawl, boxed her slave's ears, admired the dome and the twenty-four windows for the hundredth time, laughed at the fat old vizier waddling in at the gate of the Sultan her father, and gently fretted because Aladdin was so fond of that tiresome hunting, she must needs take to bargaining, and sell old lamps for new. Poor little princess! she *knew* nothing of the talisman, and though some women may achieve logic, and many have logic thrust upon them, I think few are born logical. "Brass, ergo worthless," was her reasoning. It was left for the magician to divine that in a palace whose meanest furnishings were gold and silver, a brass lamp must be the talisman; and as in the days of Aladdin, so we find it now. There are many Badroul Bondours; there is much of this chaffering. The sales are not quoted in money columns; they are not entered in revenue reports; there are no signs, no advertisements, of the times and places when "old lamps will be sold for new;" yet is the business miserably brisk notwithstanding, and I suppose there is no one branch of commerce of so reverend an antiquity, seeing that the first sale on record was that famous one made by Madam Eve; while it has always been a notable peculiarity of such bargains from her time down, that one once made, you can never have done with it, since it is not so much a pact, closed, sealed, for which you can take your whipping, wash your hands, and go about your business, as the initial of a doleful infinite series.

You may know the victims by their anxious faces. Does Mrs. Creame Syllabub image self-content in her look? Do you find peace in her household? Has the Syllabub family, in your thought, a funded interest in common-sense, unselfishness, happiness, self-respect? or have they rather the air of a company of speculators, whose capital, if any, is certainly floating? the

restlessness, and outlooking eyes of those who think of expedients rather than resources?

The Syllabub Lares and Penates, in place of sitting cannily about the hearth, show a clean pair of heels, and you may always find the entire family in full cry after them, in almost any conceivable spot outside of home. The Syllabub home is the supposed focus of all the neighboring spy-glasses; the Syllabub life is a perpetual dress parade, carried on with an ever-present consciousness of a gossip's court of inquiry always in session, and nervous about their verdict. Paterfamilias, who had once ways of his own, is held in bondage of the Tartes across the way; the Mesdemoiselles Syllabub have their gowns cut with reference to Mrs. Apricot, the second door below; the entire family live, as it were, on inspection, and under fire; for the street, the neighbors, any body but themselves and each other. It has been thought sufficiently difficult to suit one's self, but these martyrs wear out existence in the hopeless attempt to please Mrs. T—m, D—k, H—y. Extremes meet. Here are mortals whose aims are so narrow that they are merged in a chaotic liberality; whose selfishness, in virtue of its very intensity, becomes an idiotic disinterestedness.

Who will tell the shrewd story of the old man carrying the ass to market, after the manner of an engraver, and send it finely framed to Mrs. Syllabub? I can fancy the dear woman's comment on the frame. The point is beyond her. She would be quite certain that no man could have been so stupid, and will never know why all the world laughs; and yet, in the years long past, there was the old lamp on the cornice, and the genii waiting her touch. There was possible for her a patience so sweet, a sympathy so ready, a thought so unselfish, a gentleness and purity so entire, that the very atmosphere of her house should have been a rest and a delight; possible for her, for any woman, because such patience and purity is not in us, nor of us, but shines through us; and to become mediums of the heavenly light needs no mightier power than that of an earnest and honest prayer; and the talisman was in her hands, left there perforce; for our Aladdins can not button it in their waistcoat pockets, but must leave it on the cornice; but perhaps she knew nothing of its powers, or perchance she had nerves, and the genii were too much for them. Doubtless the copper lamp was better to her taste, or, like Badroul Bondour, she gave the matter only the weight of an idle jest. Let us not be too bitter against the little woman. The household virtues are silent and shamefaced, and their ministration that of little things, and often unguessed at; and for such the age has much paying of vows and offering of fealty, but little practical loyalty; and all the while goes on the whirl, and the dazzle, and the tumult, fevering steadier pulses, and turning stronger heads than Mrs. Syllabub's.

Moreover, in the event of her condemnation,

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who is to throw the first stone? For my own part I will not dare affirm that I speak not out of a bitter practical experience, and that the whip with which I had been administering on her white shoulders, has not first descended on my own, in the privacy of my closet; and I know that you shall find the copper things in the best houses, and the mem. "Old lamps for new" the most frequent entry in your friends' account books, if they be honestly kept.

Penelope vows that Mrs. Syllabub, having no ear for minor chords, has warped a noble harmony into a barren roundelay, and goes about in a perpetual discontent at finding herself out of tune with the universe; but has not Mrs. Penelope herself exchanged an old lamp for a new?

It is held as an article of faith among her friends that somewhere, in a remote section of the Penelope mansion, are children; accepted not on testimony of Mrs. Penelope's manner and conversation, but as a discovery of some one who has stumbled on them; perhaps through an indiscretion of Mr. Penelope, who is understood to have a weakness for them; a far-off fact like the North Pole, no more affecting the Penelope life and circle than the existence of a herd of young walruses; yet is her nursery to a wise Penelope her studio, where she moulds little plastic hearts, her eyes on a divine model of excellence, her garden where she tends the healthy growth of her tender plants; her work-room where, hour by hour, she weaves young hearts and sad ones together, her own thought and desire with small hopes and pleasures, quaint questionings and droll terrors, with gentlest teachings and sweetest wisdom, after the pattern of love; while the old lamp on the cornice burns with the soft steady flame of an unceasing vigilance, and the gentle slaves of the lamp help on web and woof with busy fingers, for there is need of diligence when there is given for such labor but the little time of childhood.

Woven the web will be! If not by mother fingers, then by those of hirelings and strangers; and let Mrs. Penelope know as little as she will of what weaving goes on in the nursery, and how flies the spindle, yet must she wear the woof sooner or later, and her household be clothed with it perforce. Ah, fair Mrs. Penelope! chatting gayly over your copper lamps, I am miserably afraid for you, lest in the dark days you should sadly miss that soft flame streaming from the cornice.

Old lamps for new! the sales go bravely on; there is my poor May Lillian, a sweet-lipped, soft-eyed baby, grown to a woman's height and air, but a baby upon my honor, nothing more; to whom one forgave the coquetries of her fan and eyes, the gravity of her chatter on cherry bodies and Faust, and the weight of her stress on perfumed nothings, because the alchemy of her loveliness made even absurdity tolerable in her. Verily upon the children are visited the sins of the fathers. The talisman had lain unheeded on the cornice, and she, thinking it a

thing worthless, gave it gladly, and the world is not done talking yet of her great new copper lamp, finely burnished and bearing the device *un bon parti*.

Rosy Mauds and Marians find their eyes quite put out by its dazzle, and pout in envious admiration; but, dear May Lillian, the Mauds and Marians do but wave you off on Life's journey, and toss roses after you; and the flowers are trampled into the dust, and they and their admiration will soon be for you a thing forgotten, or carelessly remembered; and then— In the story, wherever in the charmed ring the flame died down, pressed in the Powers of Darkness at the gap; and if in your home circle burns not that lamp of love, despised of your ignorance, poor child! what evil and dreadful faces will not look in upon you? Playtime is done for you, and when necessity sets you down at the puzzle of existence, you may cry out your pretty eyes over it, but if you have not that light you will never make it out. You have bartered your talisman, and there are tasks before you for which its genii alone are able; legends which they alone can read, gates fast-barred that they alone may open, a paradise of which you have thrown away the key. Henceforth your life will be for you a harp without the skillful hand, a cipher lacking a translator, a wearing, meaningless, but very actual and present pain, that will not be conjured down by "*un bon parti*," that potent spell with Mauds and Marians, and poor, dainty, mistaken little Mays.

The old lamp on the cornice sheds always a soft and tranquil light, brightening the entire household, and reflected in the look of its every member, and the working thereof is harmony and rest, fruit of the gentle magic of the Slaves of the Lamp; but in the house of Mrs. Arachne I find no trace of such ministration, only proofs many that she and hers are slaves to a lamp, and held of it in bondage. Mrs. Arachne is a woman of consistency, and reverses an entire existence to be in harmony with her first mistake. Houses, and carpets, and chairs, and curtains, and clothes were made lest life should be fretted and warped away from noble aims for lack of comforts. She frets and warps life from both rest and nobility that house, and chairs, and carpets, and curtains, and clothes may be uninjured.

Mr. Arachne stretches not his legs into such postures of ease as his soul loveth, having the fear of cushions and mantles and Mrs. Arachne before his eyes. He taketh no post-prandial smoke, in consideration of the curtains, and inclineth never his head backward, having a saving regard for the "tidy." He sitteth mournful and upright in a clean desert, with his papers, his pet-book, on the top shelf, his boots in the closet, his "daily" folded and laid away. For their possession he plans long and deeply; but so involved are Mrs. Arachne's drawing-rooms, dining-room, library, sleeping-rooms, with screen and cover, gauze and anti-Macassars that, though he con her by-laws never so diligently, taking

them as is enjoined, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," he can hardly go amiss of a lecture.

There is no pleasure entertained of Mrs. Arachne that can damage the stair-carpets, or break the china; no comforts hard on damask, no sports prejudicial to the well-being of small frocks and trowsers, or entailing scrubbing, no jests, no home ease, no little ways deranging chairs and tables; and argument with Mrs. Arachne is of small use since her besetting folly is a sham virtue. Your honest vice, when fairly unmasked, will sneak away to its kind, but your sham virtue, presuming on the cut of its features, is loud-voiced, open-mouthed, and almost inevitably talks you dumb: so if it chance that the Arachne sons and daughters, regarding home with the affectionate reverence due to a washing-tub, and paterfamilias, unable to disconnect his wife from cleaning-day (of which he entertains a wholesome horror), leave her, as far as practicable, to the chairs and curtains that she serves, she will have still this consolation, "They at least are as good as they were twenty years ago."

I confess that I have been hesitating over the coming paragraph, half afraid to go further. I may preach to the Mrs. Syllabubs and May Lillians, and crack my whip boldly enough in the ears of shallow little sinners erring out of very frothiness of spirit; but what shall be said of Sybilla, chaffering on the steps of the temple of knowledge itself? The rest of my fellow-penitents, judging only on the surface, and seeing tinsel, and hearing clap-trap, accepted the tinsel as gold, the clap-trap as an oracle; but Sybilla has divined Life's meaning (Mrs. Penelope has yet to learn that it has one), she has summoned the Slaves of the Lamp, she has been with them in the hidden gardens of Truth, she takes the tumult and glitter about her at its just value, yet wears the tinsel and writes the clap-trap, sneering the while.

"*Soyez de votre siècle*," she is fond of saying, with a shrug. "If the age demands tinsel and clap-trap what would you have? I know, no one better, that the world is *not* done in rouge and lampblack; that a scoundrel, who does evil as the devils do for the love of it alone, and who plans his wickedness deliberately and confesses it to himself (the last one in whom we are apt to confide), is a libel on nature; that a boarding-school girl, as a rule, can't sight a rifle, take in sail, scull off in a storm to a sinking vessel and save an entire crew, or serve the guns of a fort, be the emergency what it will; that a plot culled from the records of crime, and having regard neither to truth, probability, morality—any thing but sensation, is bad for the moral digestion; that such an olla podrida contains no more mental pabulum than the writings of that loftier school which deals in incident and description refined to unintelligibility and essays, too elegantly written to admit plain truths; but again I say what would you have? Is it I who sets the standard of popular taste? I have my

way to make, and writing is not the easy matter that it was of old; then a story got over much ground by the aid of stilted sentences, and had always a wizard or well-disposed ghost on hand to help it out of an impossibility; but we are practical; we believe in any thing that we can measure, describe, bisect, subtend, see through a glass, or demonstrate—nothing else; so the age shuts down on all life but what is called real life, and sends poor authors out just the same to make bricks without straw, and when it comes to the trial people will have none of real life; for that is arranged very much like strong lights and deep shadows—in points, not masses. In everyday life the deep feeling and the fierce passion comes but seldom, and the ripple and faint waving outline of little incident make up the rest. Shall I draw this life which I find every where about me, and a check at the same time on that future generation for whom we shall have laid all the railways, patented all the inventions, settled all the questions of science and politics, and which, having nothing to do but enjoy the fruit of our labors, will probably find time and inclination to read my little article? If the public, being addicted to aqua vitæ, requires cayenne in its coffee shall I prate to it about its digestion? On the contrary, I shall bring the cayenne and write myself blessed if I can but induce it to look toward my teaspoon. I know that the public is on its back now, gasping ‘Pens off!’ that there are no doors so blocked as those of editors, that in the throng and press mere excellence won’t keep an article on its feet an instant. If you say this is to make of inspiration a lunacy, I grant you; but let me tell you, he or she who gibbers the loudest has the most chance of the public ear—if it is to make of genius the court fool, why, if motley be not your only wear, it is warm, comfortable wear notwithstanding. Your theory is admirable, but one must live. If this were Utopia, the old lamp should never leave my cornice; as it is the nineteenth century, the copper one is better suited to my purpose. To be in advance of the age one should possess a fortune or a taste for martyrdom. I confess a weakness for purple and fine linen.”

Alas, Sybilla! How shall I say to her that the end of reading and writing is, or at least should be, that the tired man or weary woman who sits down to essay, poem, or story should find there a something of noble incentive, a thought of beauty, purity, or heroism to take out with them into the stir and turmoil of life, and remember savingly, perhaps, in trial or temptation; for the very humblest scribbler, addressing his or her work to the least intelligent class of readers, by working in a truthful and good-giving spirit, may make that work beautiful and even noble. Doctrine may be false, moral erring, the tale well or ill told, successful or otherwise; but the spirit of the writer, subtle as electricity, will touch spirit, and consciously or unconsciously influence every reader. There is no more neutrality in

literature than in nature. Every line makes some one and something worse and better, and the humblest writer has a share in the tremendous responsibility; for the point is not whether we serve a battery or carry a pop-gun, because truth and falsehood are not shot, but atmospheres; and to their very outermost limit the possessor, in spite of himself, blows hot or cold on the thought and purpose with which he comes in contact. And if the frothy tide sets against us we may not stem it, but need we swell it? Because we are not Samsons to pull down the gates of Gaza by our single strength, it scarcely follows that we are to set about a temple for Dagon.

And if this be true of all, what of those like Sybilla, to whom it is given to stand apart and above common life as seers and prophets, and looking on visions of beauty, to bring them to the doors of tired, anxious life-strugglers, that they too may be blessed? If a will-o'-the-wisp may lure to destruction, what of those stars that leave the blue vaults of heaven to blaze in swamps and forests of death? If our teachers show us a mirage in place of Eden, or stammer when they should speak in clear and certain tones, who shall estimate the wrong done the starved and famished souls who for bread get stones? Certainly it is a hard matter to sow small seed in stony furrows, while great events file by with blare of trumpets and blazon of banners on the world's great highway; to weave the dull web in the old tower, while the rest go on to the tourney; for human instinct is impatient of the justice of a tombstone or an obituary, and the current wisdom of the world is pretty fairly summed in the proverb, “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” a boorish, shallow wisdom, true; but, though Faith heads a paragraph well, and Patience makes admirable matter for the argument thereof, and Glory ends it sublimely, yet, at least in a woman's life, Faith often can scarce get a glance upward for the little frets clamoring about her feet, and the even tenor of Patience's going is apt to be hindered by all manner of thorny vexations.

Without these two, suffering borne as a necessity and not a lesson, and labor done as labor without higher purpose, simply brutifies, like the forced endurance of the slave under the lash; and so seen life shows so bleak, and dull, and bare that it is small wonder if many among us cry out on the cramped thought and narrow aims of a woman's life; and men, tired with treachery, and weary with wrangling, who find a woman scheming over her mantua-making, or quarreling in her kitchen, or given over heart and soul to both, point and sneer; while men more generous, knowing that such things are not the purpose of any life, think the fault lies in the puddings, and clamor against the harmless paste; till women's duties have become a perfect tower of Babel, working little besides confusion of tongues; yet to one removed from the turmoil the matter seems sufficiently simple.

If God has given to any woman fingers more dextrous with the brush of the artist, or the pen of the scribe, or the lancet of the physician than with the needle, the brain for deep thought and patient study, the soul-love for music, be the gift what it may, even let her paint, write, sing, do the thing for which she was made, as does the bee and the flower; and God bless and keep her, for her tender feet tread ways that are hard for men. If a woman has hands prompt to cut and dextrous to sew, an eye for the component parts of a pudding, and an intelligence to regulate the workings of a household, and the sewing, and cooking, and system, are that for which she lives, then are her aims indeed narrow, and she unworthy to be the mother of heroes; or if she is held of them as a serf, and makes existence a perpetual sullen mutiny, her life is profitless; but if she have eyes to see, and ears to hear, let her take heart of grace, and a lesson from a tree; that at prompting of the spring pushes forth a leaf bravely here and another there, never bemoaning itself about the time needed for their rounding out, or taking thought about the sap, or that one leaf is so like another, or that many are needed to mantle it with verdure, or that they are on a different fashion from the oak and pine; or in the belief that leaves are the object of its growing, putting forth all its strength in one monster leaf, but catches a glint of sunshine where it can, and treasures shadow and coolness as well, to wave and rustle them forth again out on the parched and dusty road, by which it stands a blessing and a delight.

The old lamp is on every cornice, even the lowest. The genii are ready at your touch, and its soft flame has an alchemy that makes the dullest duties golden; and shining on through the dim future shows you there the riddle troubling you now fairly written out in letters of promise. Little things are God's levers; pay them due respect. Small duties are all of royal birth, kings in disguise, and be sure that you have a wedding garment, for you know not the day when one may throw aside his fisher's robes and stand before you Haroun Al Raschid. Moreover good works and words and thoughts have this pre-eminence over bad and weak ones: they are immortal and life-producing. Ever so little seed, in ever so barren soil, is sure at last of a harvest, and a joyous one; the blessing, however small, is always out at compound interest, and you get the interest in this life and punctually; for though individuals may be knavish it is astonishing how honest is the world in the aggregate. Good measure of such measure as ye mete shall men give you, shaken together, pressed down, and running over; and if just now appreciation prove short-sighted as to your whereabouts, why you have only to fall hopefully into line with the poets, the wits, the leading minds, the master spirits, the purest saints of every age.

Patient weary workers, in the nursery, at the

needle, in the schools, whoever and wherever you may be, keep your lamp trimmed with patience, and in the end it shall shine on your exceeding great reward; but for those who barter old lamps for new, the copper lamps burn with but a feeble flicker, and are soon out; and is there not an old story of five foolish virgins who were found without oil in their lamps?

THE HEART'S LONGINGS.

A SLENDER shaft of sunset gold
Came gliding slantwise through my room,
The hearth was naked, blank, and cold;
The walls seemed tapestried with gloom.

The clock upon the mantle's shelf
Ticked ever wearily and slow;
The heart within my weary self
Responded feebly, faint, and low.

And flitting through my idle brain
Went visions of the vanished years—
Old memories of joy and pain,
And childhood with its smiles and tears:

The hopes which came with boyhood's time:
The dreams of youth so fair and bright;
And lusty manhood's vigorous prime—
The athlete fitted for the fight.

And musing on the Past, I said:
"Oh heart, what makes thee beat so low!—
Are all thy hopes, long cherished, dead?
What useful longings fill thee now?"

And from within a voice replied:
"Oh give me back the smiles and tears
Of childhood, and from far and wide
The scattered hopes of boyhood's years!

"Oh give me back the dreams of youth,
The friends who gathered round me then,
The early freshness and the truth
Which doubted not my fellow-men!

"Where are the castles that I reared,
And where the fame I thought to find?
My boy-wreath's once green leaves are seared
By Disappointment's frosty wind.

"Where are the ships I sent to sea,
The golden spires I raised so high?
My ships, they never come back to me;
The spires, they melted in the sky.

"Where is the wife I would possess;
The children climbing to her knees
To share their mother's fond caress?
Ah, more than all I long for these!"

Oh cease, sad heart! your chambers all
Are vacant, lone, and drear, I know;
Yet on each blank and naked wall
Shall shine a sudden sunset glow.

For Life is never always dark:
No one by fate is so accursed
But somewhere lurks a hidden spark
That into flame will sometime burst.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FIRST. THE CUP AND THE LIP.

CHAPTER V.

BOFFIN'S BOWER.

OVER against a London house, a corner house not far from Cavendish Square, a man with a wooden leg had sat for some years, with his remaining foot in a basket in cold weather, picking up a living on this wise:—Every morning at eight o'clock he stumped to the corner, carrying a chair, a clothes-horse, a pair of trestles, a board, a basket, and an umbrella, all strapped together. Separating these, the board and trestles became a counter, the basket supplied the few small lots of fruit and sweets that he offered for sale upon it and became a foot-warmer, the unfolded clothes-horse displayed a choice collection of half-penny ballads and became a screen, and the stool planted within it became his post for the rest of the day. All weathers saw the man at the post. This is to be accepted in a double sense, for he contrived a back to his wooden stool by placing it against the lamp-post. When the weather was wet, he put up his umbrella over his stock in trade, not over himself; when the weather was dry, he furled that faded article, tied it round with a piece of yarn, and laid it cross-wise under the trestles: where it looked like an unwholesomely-forced lettuce that had lost in color and crispness what it had gained in size.

He had established his right to the corner, by imperceptible prescription. He had never varied his ground an inch, but had in the beginning diffidently taken the corner upon which the side of the house gave. A howling corner in the winter time, a dusty corner in the summer time, an undesirable corner at the best of times. Shelterless fragments of straw and paper got up revolving storms there, when the main street was at peace; and the water-cart, as if it were drunk or short-sighted, came blundering and jolting round it, making it muddy when all else was clean.

On the front of his sale-board hung a little placard, like a kettle-holder, bearing the inscription in his own small text:

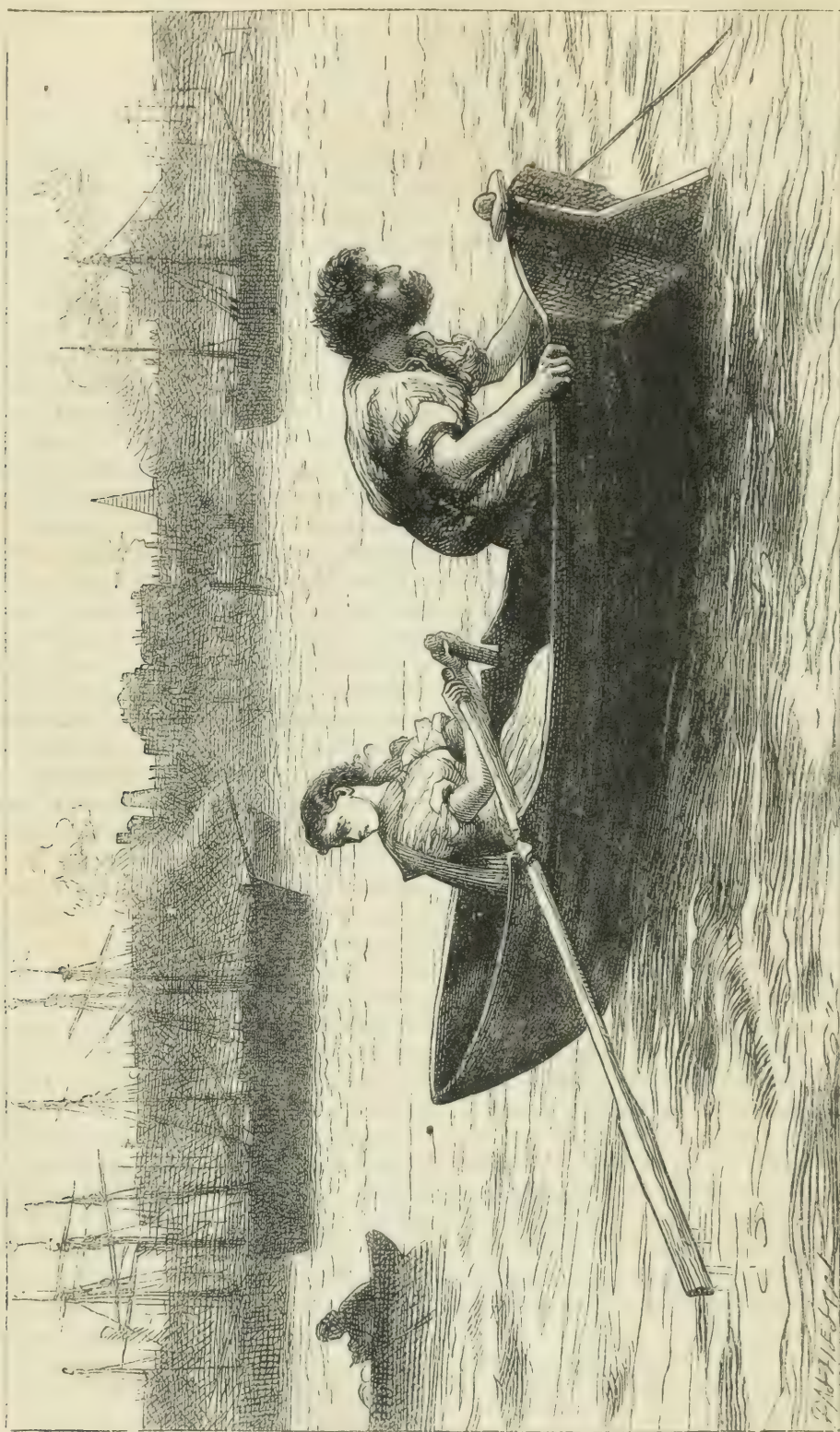
*Errands gone
On with fi
Delity By
Ladies and Gentlemen
I remain
Your humble Serv^t:
Silas Wegg.*

He had not only settled it with himself in course of time, that he was errand-goer by appointment to the house at the corner (though he received such commissions not half a dozen times in a year, and then only as some servant's deputy),

but also that he was one of the house's retainers and owed vassalage to it and was bound to leal and loyal interest in it. For this reason, he always spoke of it as "Our House," and, though his knowledge of its affairs was mostly speculative and all wrong, claimed to be in its confidence. On similar grounds he never beheld an inmate at any one of its windows but he touched his hat. Yet, he knew so little about the inmates that he gave them names of his own invention: as "Miss Elizabeth," "Master George," "Aunt Jane," "Uncle Parker"—having no authority whatever for any such designations, but particularly the last—to which, as a natural consequence, he stuck with great obstinacy.

Over the house itself he exercised the same imaginary power as over its inhabitants and their affairs. He had never been in it, the length of a piece of fat black water-pipe which trailed itself over the area-door into a damp stone passage, and had rather the air of a leech on the house that had "taken" wonderfully; but this was no impediment to his arranging it according to a plan of his own. It was a great dingy house with a quantity of dim side window and blank back premises, and it cost his mind a world of trouble so to lay it out as to account for every thing in its external appearance. But, this once done, was quite satisfactory, and he rested persuaded, that he knew his way about the house blindfold: from the barred garrets in the high roof, to the two iron extinguishers before the main door—which seemed to request all lively visitors to have the kindness to put themselves out, before entering.

Assuredly, this stall of Silas Wegg's was the hardest little stall of all the sterile little stalls in London. It gave you the face-ache to look at his apples, the stomach-ache to look at his oranges, the tooth-ache to look at his nuts. Of the latter commodity he had always a grim little heap, on which lay a little wooden measure which had no discernible inside, and was considered to represent the penn'orth appointed by Magna Charta. Whether from too much east wind or no—it was an easterly corner—the stall, the stock, and the keeper, were all as dry as the Desert. Wegg was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprung. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer, that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months.



THE BIRD OF PREY.—[SEE CHAPTER I.]

Mr. Wegg was an observant person, or, as he himself said, "took a powerful sight of notice." He saluted all his regular passers-by every day, as he sat on his stool backed up by the lamp-post; and on the adaptable character of these salutes he greatly plumed himself. Thus, to the rector, he addressed a bow, compounded of lay deference, and a slight touch of the shady preliminary meditation at church; to the doctor, a confidential bow, as to a gentleman whose acquaintance with his inside he begged respectfully to acknowledge; before the Quality he de-

lighted to abase himself; and for Uncle Parker, who was in the army (at least, so he had settled it), he put his open hand to the side of his hat, in a military manner which that angry-eyed, buttoned-up inflammatory-faced old gentleman appeared but imperfectly to appreciate.

The only article in which Silas dealt, that was not hard, was gingerbread. On a certain day, some wretched infant having purchased the damp gingerbread-horse (fearfully out of condition), and the adhesive bird-cage, which had been exposed for the day's sale, he had taken a tin box



WITNESSING THE AGREEMENT.—[SEE CHAPTER IV.]

from under his stool to produce a relay of those dreadful specimens, and was going to look in at the lid, when he said to himself, pausing: "Oh! Here you are again!"

The words referred to a broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow in mourning, coming comically ambling toward the corner, dressed in a pea over-coat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager, childish-inquiring, gray eyes, under his ragged eyebrows, and broad-

brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

"Here you are again," repeated Mr. Wegg, musing. "And what are you now? Are you in the Funns, or where are you? Have you lately come to settle in this neighborhood, or do you own to another neighborhood? Are you in independent circumstances, or is it wasting the motions of a bow on you? Come! I'll speculate! I'll invest a bow in you!"

Which Mr. Wegg, having replaced his tin box, accordingly did, as he rose to bait his gingerbread-trap for some other devoted infant. The salute was acknowledged with:

"Morning, Sir! Morning! Morning!"

("Calls me Sir!" said Mr. Wegg, to himself. "*He* won't answer. A bow gone!")

"Morning, morning, morning!"

"Appears to be rather a 'arty old cock, too," said Mr. Wegg, as before. "Good-morning to *you*, Sir."

"Do you remember me, then?" asked his new acquaintance, stopping in his amble, one-sided, before the stall, and speaking in a pouncing way, though with great good-humor.

"I have noticed you go past our house, Sir, several times in the course of the last week or so."

"Our house," repeated the other. "Meaning—?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wegg, nodding, as the other pointed the clumsy forefinger of his right glove at the corner house.

"Oh! Now, what," pursued the old fellow, in an inquisitive manner, carrying his knotted stick in his left arm as if it were a baby, "what do they allow you now?"

"It's job work that I do for our house," returned Silas, dryly, and with reticence; "it's not yet brought to an exact allowance."

"Oh! It's not yet brought to an exact allowance? No! It's not yet brought to an exact allowance. Oh!—Morning, morning, morning!"

"Appears to be rather a cracked old cock," thought Silas, qualifying his former good opinion, as the other ambled off. But, in a moment he was back again with the question:

"How did you get your wooden leg?"

Mr. Wegg replied (tartly to this personal inquiry), "In an accident."

"Do you like it?"

"Well! I haven't got to keep it warm," Mr. Wegg made answer, in a sort of desperation occasioned by the singularity of the question.

"He hasn't," repeated the other to his knotted stick, as he gave it a hug; "he hasn't got—ha!—ha!—to keep it warm! Did you ever hear of the name of Boffin?"

"No," said Mr. Wegg, who was growing restive under this examination. "I never did hear of the name of Boffin."

"Do you like it?"

"Why, no," retorted Mr. Wegg, again approaching desperation; "I can't say I do."

"Why don't you like it?"

"I don't know why I don't," retorted Mr. Wegg, approaching frenzy, "but I don't at all."

"Now, I'll tell you something that'll make you sorry for that," said the stranger, smiling. "My name's Boffin."

"I can't help it!" returned Mr. Wegg. Implying in his manner the offensive addition, "and if I could, I wouldn't."

"But there's another chance for you," said Mr. Boffin, smiling still, "Do you like the name of Nicodemus? Think it over. Nick, or Noddy."

"It is not, Sir," Mr. Wegg rejoined, as he sat down on his stool, with an air of gentle resignation, combined with melancholy candor; "it is not a name as I could wish any one that I had a respect for, to call *me* by; but there may be

persons that would not view it with the same objections.—I don't know why," Mr. Wegg added, anticipating another question.

"Noddy Boffin," said that gentleman. "Noddy. That's my name. Noddy—or Nick—Boffin. What's your name?"

"Silas Wegg.—I don't," said Mr. Wegg, bestirring himself to take the same precaution as before, "I don't know why Silas, and I don't know why Wegg."

"Now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, hugging his stick closer, "I want to make a sort of offer to you. Do you remember when you first see me?"

The wooden Wegg looked at him with a meditative eye, and also with a softened air as deservng possibility of profit. "Let me think. I ain't quite sure, and yet I generally take a powerful sight of notice, too. Was it on a Monday morning, when the butcher-boy had been to our house for orders, and bought a ballad of me, which, being unacquainted with the tune, I run it over to him?"

"Right, Wegg, right! But he bought more than one."

"Yes, to be sure, Sir; he bought several; and wishing to lay out his money to the best, he took my opinion to guide his choice, and we went over the collection together. To be sure we did. Here was him as it might be, and here was myself as it might be, and there was you, Mr. Boffin, as you identically are, with your self-same stick under your very same arm, and your very same back toward us. To—be—sure!" added Mr. Wegg, looking a little round Mr. Boffin, to take him in the rear, and identify this last extraordinary coincidence, "your very self-same back."

"What do you think I was doing, Wegg?"

"I should judge, Sir, that you might be glancing your eye down the street."

"No, Wegg. I was a-listening."

"Was you, indeed?" said Mr. Wegg, dubiously.

"Not in a dishonorable way, Wegg, because you was singing to the butcher; and you wouldn't sing secrets to a butcher in the street, you know."

"It never happened that I did so yet, to the best of my remembrance," said Mr. Wegg, cautiously. "But I might do it. A man can't say what he might wish to do some day or another." (This, not to release any little advantage he might derive from Mr. Boffin's avowal.)

"Well," repeated Boffin, "I was a-listening to you and to him. And what do you—you haven't got another stool, have you? I'm rather thick in my breath."

"I haven't got another, but you're welcome to this," said Wegg, resigning it. "It's a treat to me to stand."

"Lard!" exclaimed Mr. Boffin, in a tone of great enjoyment, as he settled himself down, still nursing his stick like a baby, "it's a pleasant place, this! And then to be shut in on each side, with these ballads, like so many book-leaf blinkers! Why, it's delightful!"

"If I am not mistaken, Sir," Mr. Wegg deli-

cately hinted, resting a hand on his stall, and bending over the discursive Boffin, "you alluded to some offer or another that was in your mind?"

"I'm coming to it! All right. I'm coming to it! I was going to say that when I listened that morning, I listened with admiration amounting to haw. I thought to myself, 'Here's a man with a wooden leg—a literary man with—'"

"N—not exactly so, Sir," said Mr. Wegg.

"Why, you know every one of these songs by name and by tune, and if you want to read or to sing any one on 'em off straight, you've only to whip on your spectacles and do it!" cried Mr. Boffin. "I see you at it!"

"Well, Sir," returned Mr. Wegg, with a conscious inclination of the head; "we'll say literary, then."

"A literary man—with a wooden leg—and all Print is open to him!" That's what I thought to myself, that morning," pursued Mr. Boffin, leaning forward to describe, uncramped by the clothes-horse, as large an arc as his right arm could make; "'all Print is open to him!' And it is, ain't it?"

"Why, truly, Sir," Mr. Wegg admitted, with modesty; "I believe you couldn't show me the piece of English print that I wouldn't be equal to collaring and throwing."

"On the spot?" said Mr. Boffin.

"On the spot."

"I know'd it! Then consider this. Here am I, a man without a wooden leg, and yet all print is shut to me."

"Indeed, Sir?" Mr. Wegg returned with increasing self-complacency. "Education neglected?"

"Neg—lected!" repeated Boffin with emphasis. "That ain't no word for it. I don't mean to say but what if you showed me a B, I could so far give you change for it, as to answer Boffin."

"Come, come, Sir," said Mr. Wegg, throwing in a little encouragement, "that's something, too."

"It's something," answered Mr. Boffin, "but I'll take my oath it ain't much."

"Perhaps it's not as much as could be wished by an inquiring mind, Sir," Mr. Wegg admitted.

"Now, look here. I'm retired from business. Me and Mrs. Boffin—Henerietty Boffin—which her father's name was Henery, and her mother's name was Hetty, and so you get it—we live on a compittance, under the will of a diseased governor."

"Gentleman dead, Sir?"

"Man alive, don't I tell you? A diseased governor? Now, it's too late for me to begin shoveling and sifting at alphabets and grammar-books. I'm getting to be a old bird, and I want to take it easy. But I want some reading—some fine bold reading, some splendid book in a gorging Lord Mayor's-Show of wollumes" (probably meaning gorgeous, but misled by association of ideas); "as'll reach right down your

pint of view, and take time to go by you. How can I get that reading, Wegg? By," tapping him on the breast with the head of his thick stick, "paying a man truly qualified to do it, so much an hour (say twopence) to come and do it."

"Hem! Flattered, Sir, I am sure," said Wegg, beginning to regard himself in quite a new light. "Hem! This is the offer you mentioned, Sir?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I am considering of it, Mr. Boffin."

"I don't," said Boffin, in a free-handed manner, "want to tie a literary man—with a wooden leg—down too tight. A half-penny an hour sha'n't part us. The hours are your own to choose, after you've done for the day with your house here. I live over Maiden Lane way—out Holloway direction—and you've only got to go East-and-by-North when you've finished here, and you're there. Twopence half-penny an hour," said Boffin, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket and getting off the stool to work the sum on the top of it in his own way; "two long'uns and a short'un—twopence half-penny; two short'uns is a long'un and two long'uns is four long'uns—making five long'uns; six nights a week at five long'uns a night," scoring them all down separately, "and you mount up to thirty long'uns. A round'un! Half a crown!"

Pointing to this result as a large and satisfactory one, Mr. Boffin smeared it out with his moistened glove, and sat down on the remains.

"Half a crown," said Wegg, meditating.

"Yes. (It ain't much, Sir.) Half a crown."

"Per week, you know."

"Per week. Yes. As to the amount of strain upon the intellect now. Was you thinking at all of poetry?" Mr. Wegg inquired, musing.

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

"It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned. "For when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind."

"To tell you the truth Wegg," said Boffin, "I wasn't thinking of poetry, except in so far as this:—If you was to happen now and then to feel yourself in the mind to tip me and Mrs. Boffin one of your ballads, why then we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, Sir," said Wegg. "But not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage myself for that; and therefore when I dropped into poetry, I should ask to be considered so far, in the light of a friend."

At this, Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled, and he shook Silas earnestly by the hand: protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

"What do you think of the terms, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin then demanded, with unconcealed anxiety.

Silas, who had stimulated this anxiety by his

hard reserve of manner, and who had begun to understand his man very well, replied with an air; as if he were saying something extraordinarily generous and great:

"Mr. Boffin, I never bargain."

"So I should have thought of you!" said Mr. Boffin, admiringly.

"No, Sir. I never did 'aggle and I never will 'aggle. Consequently I meet you at once, free and fair, with—Done, for double the money!"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little unprepared for this conclusion, but assented, with the remark, "You know better what it ought to be than I do, Wegg," and again shook hands with him upon it.

"Could you begin to-night, Wegg?" he then demanded.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Wegg, careful to leave all the eagerness to him. "I see no difficulty if you wish it. You are provided with the needful implement—a book, Sir?"

"Bought him at a sale," said Mr. Boffin. "Eight wollumes. Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume, to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?"

"The book's name, Sir?" inquired Silas.

"I thought you might have know'd him without it," said Mr. Boffin slightly disappointed. "His name is Decline-And-Fall-Off-The-Rooshan-Empire." (Mr. Boffin went over these stones slowly, and with much caution.)

"Ay indeed!" said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head with an air of friendly recognition.

"You know him, Wegg?"

"I haven't been not to say right slap through him, very lately," Mr. Wegg made answer, "having been otherways employed, Mr. Boffin. But know him? Old familiar declining and falling off the Rooshan? Rather, Sir! Ever since I was not so high as your stick. Ever since my eldest brother left our cottage to enlist into the army. On which occasion, as the ballad that was made about it describes:

"Beside that cottage door, Mr. Boffin,

A girl was on her knees;

She held aloft a snowy scarf, Sir,

Which (my eldest brother noticed) fluttered in the breeze.

She breathed a prayer for him, Mr. Boffin;

A prayer he could not hear.

And my eldest brother lean'd upon his sword, Mr. Boffin,
And wiped away a tear."

Much impressed by this family circumstance, and also by the friendly disposition of Mr. Wegg, as exemplified in his so soon dropping into poetry, Mr. Boffin again shook hands with that ligneous sharper, and besought him to name his hour. Mr. Wegg named eight.

"Where I live," said Mr. Boffin, "is called The Bower. Boffin's Bower is the name Mrs. Boffin christened it when we come into it as a property. If you should meet with any body that don't know it by that name (which hardly any body does), when you've got nigh upon about a odd mile, or say and a quarter if you like, up

Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, ask for Harmony Jail, and you'll be put right. I shall expect you, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, clapping him on the shoulder with the greatest enthusiasm, "most jylfully. I shall have no peace or patience till you come. Print is now opening ahead of me. This night, a literary man—with a wooden leg—" he bestowed an admiring look upon that decoration, as if it greatly enhanced the relish of Mr. Wegg's attainments—"will begin to lead me a new life! My fist again, Wegg. Morning, morning, morning!"

Left alone at his stall as the other ambled off, Mr. Wegg subsided into his screen, produced a small pocket-handkerchief of a penitentially-scrubbing character, and took himself by the nose with a thoughtful aspect. Also, while he still grasped that feature, he directed several thoughtful looks down the street, after the retiring figure of Mr. Boffin. But profound gravity sat enthroned on Wegg's countenance. For, while he considered within himself that this was an old fellow of rare simplicity, that this was an opportunity to be improved, and that here might be money to be got beyond present calculation, still he compromised himself by no admission that his new engagement was at all out of his way, or involved the least element of the ridiculous. Mr. Wegg would even have picked a handsome quarrel with any one who should have challenged his deep acquaintance with those afore-said eight volumes of Decline and Fall. His gravity was unusual, portentous, and immeasurable, not because he admitted any doubt of himself, but because he perceived it necessary to forestall any doubt of himself in others. And herein he ranged with that very numerous class of impostors, who are quite as determined to keep up appearances to themselves, as to their neighbors.

A certain loftiness, likewise, took possession of Mr. Wegg; a condescending sense of being in request as an official expounder of mysteries. It did not move him to commercial greatness, but rather to littleness, insomuch that if it had been within the possibilities of things for the wooden measure to hold fewer nuts than usual, it would have done so that day. But, when night came, and with her veiled eyes beheld him stumping toward Boffin's Bower, he was elated too.

The Bower was as difficult to find as Fair Rosamond's without the clew. Mr. Wegg, having reached the quarter indicated, inquired for the Bower half a dozen times without the least success, until he remembered to ask for Harmony Jail. This occasioned a quick change in the spirits of a hoarse gentleman and a donkey, whom he had much perplexed.

"Why, yer mean Old Harmon's, do yer?" said the hoarse gentleman, who was driving his donkey in a truck, with a carrot for a whip. "Why didn't yer niver say so? Eddard and me is a goin' by *him*! Jump in."

Mr. Wegg complied, and the hoarse gentle-

man invited his attention to the third person in company, thus:

"Now, you look at Eddard's ears. What was it as you named, agin? Whisper."

Mr. Wegg whispered, "Boffin's Bower."

"Eddard! (keep yer hi on his ears) cut away to Boffin's Bower!"

Edward, with his ears lying back, remained immovable.

"Eddard! (keep yer hi on his ears) cut away to Old Harmon's."

Edward instantly pricked up his ears to their utmost, and rattled off at such a pace that Mr. Wegg's conversation was jolted out of him in a most dislocated state.

"Was-it-Ev-verajail?" asked Mr. Wegg, holding on.

"Not proper jail, wot you and me would get committed to," returned his escort; "they giv' it the name, on accounts of Old Harmon living solitary there."

"And-why-did-they-callitharm-Ony?" asked Wegg.

"On accounts of his never agreeing with nobody. Like a speeches of chaff. Harmon's Jail; Harmony Jail. Working it round like."

"Doyouknow-Mist-Erboffin-in?" asked Wegg.

"I should think so! Every body do about here. Eddard knows him. (Keep yer hi on his ears.) Noddy Boffin, Eddard!"

The effect of the name was so very alarming, in respect of causing a temporary disappearance of Edward's head, casting his hind hoofs in the air, greatly accelerating the pace and increasing the jolting, that Mr. Wegg was fain to devote his attention exclusively to holding on, and to relinquish his desire of ascertaining whether this homage to Boffin was to be considered complimentary or the reverse.

Presently, Edward stopped at a gateway, and Wegg discreetly lost no time in slipping out at the back of the truck. The moment he was landed, his late driver with a wave of the carrot, said, "Supper, Eddard!" and he, the hind hoofs, the truck, and Edward, all seemed to fly into the air together, in a kind of apotheosis.

Pushing the gate, which stood ajar, Wegg looked into an inclosed space where certain tall dark mounds rose high against the sky, and where the pathway to the Bower was indicated, as the moonlight showed, between two lines of broken crockery set in ashes. A white figure advancing along this path, proved to be nothing more ghostly than Mr. Boffin, easily attired for the pursuit of knowledge, in an undress garment of short white smock-frock. Having received his literary friend with great cordiality, he conducted him to the interior of the Bower and there presented him to Mrs. Boffin:—a stout lady of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, dressed (to Mr. Wegg's consternation) in a low evening-dress of sable satin, and a large black velvet hat and feathers.

"Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a highflier at Fashion. And her make is such, that

she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as Fash'nable as I may come to be. Henerietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's a-going to decline and fall off the Rooshan Empire."

"And I am sure I hope it'll do you both good," said Mrs. Boffin.

It was the queerest of rooms, fitted and furnished more like a luxurious amateur tap-room than any thing else within the ken of Silas Wegg. There were two wooden settles by the fire, one on either side of it, with a corresponding table before each. On one of these tables the eight volumes were ranged flat, in a row, like a galvanic battery; on the other, certain squat case-bottles of inviting appearance seemed to stand on tip-toe to exchange glances with Mr. Wegg over a front row of tumblers and a basin of white sugar. On the hob, a kettle steamed; on the hearth, a cat reposed. Facing the fire between the settles, a sofa, a footstool, and a little table, formed a centre-piece devoted to Mrs. Boffin. They were garish in taste and color, but were expensive articles of drawing-room furniture that had a very odd look beside the settles and the flaring gaslight pendent from the ceiling. There was a flowery carpet on the floor; but, instead of reaching to the fireside, its glowing vegetation stopped short at Mrs. Boffin's footstool, and gave place to a region of sand and saw-dust. Mr. Wegg also noticed, with admiring eyes, that, while the flowery land displayed such hollow ornamentation as stuffed birds and waxen fruits under glass-shades, there were, in the territory where vegetation ceased, compensatory shelves on which the best part of a large pie and likewise of a cold joint were plainly discernible among other solids. The room itself was large, though low; and the heavy frames of its old-fashioned windows, and the heavy beams in its crooked ceiling, seemed to indicate that it had once been a house of some mark standing alone in the country.

"Do you like it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin, in his pouncing manner.

"I admire it greatly, Sir," said Wegg. "Peculiar comfort at this fireside, Sir."

"Do you understand it, Wegg?"

"Why, in a general way, Sir," Mr. Wegg was beginning slowly and knowingly, with his head stuck on one side, as evasive people do begin, when the other cut him short:

"You *don't* understand it, Wegg, and I'll explain it. These arrangements is made by mutual consent between Mrs. Boffin and me. Mrs. Boffin, as I've mentioned, is a highflier at Fashion; at present I'm not. I don't go higher than comfort, and comfort of the sort that I'm equal to the enjoyment of. Well then. Where would be the good of Mrs. Boffin and me quarreling over it? We never did quarrel, before we come into Boffin's Bower as a property; why quarrel when we *have* come into Boffin's Bower as a property? So Mrs. Boffin, she keeps up her part of the room, in her way; I keep up my part of the room in mine. In consequence of

which we have at once, Sociability (I should go melancholy mad without Mrs. Boffin), Fashion, and Comfort. If I get by degrees to be a higher-flier at Fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come for'arder. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at Fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin's carpet would go back'arder. If we should both continny as we are, why then *here* we are, and give us a kiss, old lady."

Mrs. Boffin, who, perpetually smiling, had approached and drawn her plump arm through her lord's, most willingly complied. Fashion, in the form of her black velvet hat and feathers, tried to prevent it; but got deservedly crushed in the endeavor.

"So now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, wiping his mouth with an air of much refreshment, "you begin to know us as we are. This is a charming spot, is the Bower, but you must get to appreciate it by degrees. It's a spot to find out the merits of, little by little, and a new'un every day. There's a serpentining walk up each of the mounds, that gives you the yard and neighborhood changing every moment. When you get to the top, there's a view of the neighboring premises, not to be surpassed. The premises of Mrs. Boffin's late father (Canine Provision Trade), you look down into, as if they was your own. And the top of the High Mound is crowned with a lattice-work Arbor, in which, if you don't read out loud many a book in the summer, ay, and as a friend, drop many a time into poetry too, it sha'n't be my fault. Now, what'll you read on?"

"Thank you, Sir," returned Wegg, as if there were nothing new in his reading at all. "I generally do it on gin and water."

"Keeps the organ moist, does it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin, with innocent eagerness.

"N-no, Sir," replied Wegg, coolly, "I should hardly describe it so, Sir. I should say, mellers it. Mellers it, is the word I should employ, Mr. Boffin."

His wooden conceit and craft kept exact pace with the delighted expectation of his victim. The visions rising before his mercenary mind, of the many ways in which this connection was to be turned to account, never obscured the foremost idea natural to a dull overreaching man, that he must not make himself too cheap.

Mrs. Boffin's Fashion, as a less inexorable deity than the idol usually worshiped under that name, did not forbid her mixing for her literary guest, or asking if he found the result to his liking. On his returning a gracious answer and taking his place at the literary settle, Mr. Boffin began to compose himself as a listener, at the opposite settle, with exultant eyes.

"Sorry to deprive you of a pipe, Wegg," he said, filling his own, "but you can't do both together. Oh! and another thing I forgot to name! When you come in here of an evening, and look round you, and notice any thing on a shelf that happens to catch your fancy, mention it."

Wegg, who had been going to put on his spectacles, immediately laid them down, with the sprightly observation:

"You read my thoughts, Sir. *Do* my eyes deceive me, or is that object up there a—*a* pie? It can't be a pie."

"Yes, it's a pie, Wegg," replied Mr. Boffin, with a glance of some little discomfiture at the Decline and Fall.

"*Have* I lost my smell for fruits, or is it a apple-pie, Sir?" asked Wegg.

"It's a veal and ham pie," said Mr. Boffin.

"Is it indeed, Sir? And it would be hard, Sir, to name the pie that is a better pie than a weal and hammer," said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head emotionally.

"Have some, Wegg?"

"Thank you, Mr. Boffin, I think I will, at your invitation. I wouldn't at any other party's, at the present juncture; but at yours, Sir!—And meaty jelly too, especially when a little salt, which is the case where there's ham, is melling to the organ, is very melling to the organ." Mr. Wegg did not say what organ, but spoke with a cheerful generality.

So, the pie was brought down, and the worthy Mr. Boffin exercised his patience until Wegg, in the exercise of his knife and fork, had finished the dish: only profiting by the opportunity to inform Wegg that, although it was not strictly Fashionable to keep the contents of a larder thus exposed to view, he (Mr. Boffin) considered it hospitable; for the reason, that instead of saying, in a comparatively unmeaning manner, to a visitor, 'There are such and such edibles down stairs; will you have any thing up?' you took the bold practical course of saying, 'Cast your eye along the shelves, and, if you see any thing you like there, have it down.'

And now, Mr. Wegg at length pushed away his plate and put on his spectacles, and Mr. Boffin lighted his pipe and looked with beaming eyes into the opening world before him, and Mrs. Boffin reclined in a fashionable manner on her sofa: as one who would be part of the audience if she found she could, and would go to sleep if she found she couldn't.

"Hem!" began Wegg, "This, Mr. Boffin and Lady, is the first chapter of the first wollume of the Decline and Fall off—" here he looked hard at the book, and stopped.

"What's the matter, Wegg?"

"Why, it comes into my mind, do you know, Sir," said Wegg, with an air of insinuating frankness (having first again looked hard at the book), "that you made a little mistake this morning, which I had meant to set you right in, only something put it out of my head. I think you said Rooshan Empire, Sir?"

"It is Rooshan; ain't it, Wegg?"

"No, Sir. Roman. Roman."

"What's the difference, Wegg?"

"The difference, Sir?" Mr. Wegg was faltering and in danger of breaking down, when a bright thought flashed upon him. "The differ-

ence, Sir? There you place me in a difficulty, Mr. Boffin. Suffice it to observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs. Boffin does not honor us with her company. In Mrs. Boffin's presence, Sir, we had better drop it."

Mr. Wegg thus came out of his disadvantage with quite a chivalrous air, and not only that, but by dint of repeating with a manly delicacy, "In Mrs. Boffin's presence, Sir, we had better drop it!" turned the disadvantage on Boffin, who felt that he had committed himself in a very painful manner.

Then, Mr. Wegg, in a dry unflinching way, entered on his task; going straight across country at every thing that came before him; taking all the hard words, biographical and geographical; getting rather shaken by Hadrian, Trajan, and the Antonines; stumbling at Polybius (pronounced Polly Beeious, and supposed by Mr. Boffin to be a Roman virgin, and by Mrs. Boffin to be responsible for that necessity of dropping it); heavily unseated by Titus Antoninus Pius; up again and galloping smoothly with Augustus; finally, getting over the ground well with Commodus: who, under the appellation of Commodious, was held by Mr. Boffin to have been quite unworthy of his English origin, and "not to have acted up to his name" in his government of the Roman people. With the death of this personage, Mr. Wegg terminated his first reading; long before which consummation several total eclipses of Mrs. Boffin's candle behind her black velvet disk, would have been very alarming, but for being regularly accompanied by a potent smell of burnt pens when her feathers took fire, which acted as a restorative and woke her. Mr. Wegg, having read on by rote and attached as few ideas as possible to the text, came out of the encounter fresh; but, Mr. Boffin, who had soon laid down his unfinished pipe, and had ever since sat intently staring with his eyes and mind at the confounding enormities of the Romans, was so severely punished that he could hardly wish his literary friend Good-night, and articulate "To-morrow."

"Commodious," gasped Mr. Boffin, staring at the moon, after letting Wegg out at the gate and fastening it: "Commodious fights in that wild-beast-show, seven hundred and thirty-five times, in one character only! As if that wasn't stunning enough, a hundred lions is turned into the same wild-beast-show all at once! As if that wasn't stunning enough, Commodious, in another character, kills 'em all off in a hundred goes! As if that wasn't stunning enough, Vittle-us (and well named too) eats six millions' worth, English money, in seven months! Wegg takes it easy, but upon-my-soul to a old bird like myself these are scarers. And even now that Commodious is strangled, I don't see a way to our bettering ourselves." Mr. Boffin added as he turned his pensive steps toward the Bower and shook his head, "I didn't think this morning there was half so many Scarers in Print. But I'm in for it now!"

CHAPTER VI.

CUT ADRIPT.

THE Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, already mentioned as a tavern of a dropsical appearance, had long settled down into a state of hale infirmity. In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a straight line; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public house. Externally, it was a narrow lopsided wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden veranda impending over the water; indeed the whole house, inclusive of the complaining flag-staff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go in at all.

This description applies to the river-frontage of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. The back of the establishment, though the chief entrance was there, so contracted that it merely represented in its connection with the front, the handle of a flat-iron set upright on its broadest end. This handle stood at the bottom of a wilderness of court and alley: which wilderness pressed so hard and close upon the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters as to leave the hostelry not an inch of ground beyond its door. For this reason, in combination with the fact that the house was all but afloat at high-water, when the Porters had a family wash the linen subjected to that operation might usually be seen drying on lines stretched across the reception-rooms and bed-chambers.

The wood forming the chimney-pieces, beams, partitions, floors and doors, of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, seemed in its old age fraught with confused memories of its youth. In many places it had become gnarled and riven, according to the manner of old trees; knots started out of it; and here and there it seemed to twist itself into some likeness of boughs. In this state of second childhood it had an air of being in its own way garrulous about its early life. Not without reason was it often asserted by the regular frequenters of the Porters, that when the light shone full upon the grain of certain panels, and particularly upon an old corner cupboard of walnut-wood in the bar, you might trace little forests there, and tiny trees like the parent tree, in full umbrageous leaf.

The bar of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters was a bar to soften the human breast. The available space in it was not much larger than a hackney-coach; but no one could have wished the bar bigger, that space was so girt in by corpulent little casks, and by cordial-bottles radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches, and by lemons in nets, and by biscuits in baskets, and by the polite beer-pulls that made low bows when customers were served with beer, and by the cheese in a snug corner, and by the landlady's own

small table in a snugger corner near the fire, with the cloth everlastingly laid. This haven was divided from the rough world by a glass partition and a half-door, with a leaden sill upon it for the convenience of resting your liquor; but, over this half-door the bar's snugness so gushed forth, that, albeit customers drank there standing, in a dark and draughty passage where they were shouldered by other customers passing in and out, they always appeared to drink under an enchanting delusion that they were in the bar itself.

For the rest, both the tap and parlor of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters gave upon the river, and had red curtains matching the noses of the regular customers, and were provided with comfortable fireside tin utensils, like models of sugar-loaf hats, made in that shape that they might, with their pointed ends, seek out for themselves glowing nooks in the depths of the red coals, when they mulled your ale, or heated for you those delectable drinks, Purl, Flip, and Dog's Nose. The first of these humming compounds was a specialty of the Porters, which, through an inscription on its door-posts, gently appealed to your feelings as, "The Early Purl House." For, it would seem that Purl must always be taken early; though whether for any more distinctly stomachic reason than that, as the early bird catches the worm, so the early purl catches the customer, can not here be resolved. It only remains to add that in the handle of the flat-iron, and opposite the bar, was a very little room like a three-cornered hat, into which no direct ray of sun, moon, or star, ever penetrated, but which was superstitiously regarded as a sanctuary replete with comfort and retirement by gaslight, and on the door of which was therefore painted its alluring name: Cozy.

Miss Potterson, sole proprietor and manager of the Fellowship-Porters, reigned supreme on her throne, the Bar, and a man must have drunk himself mad drunk indeed if he thought he could contest a point with her. Being known on her own authority as Miss Abbey Potterson, some water-side heads, which (like the water) were none of the clearest, harbored muddled notions that, because of her dignity and firmness, she was named after, or in some sort related to, the Abbey at Westminster. But, Abbey was only short for Abigail, by which name Miss Potterson had been christened at Limehouse Church, some sixty and odd years before.

"Now, you mind, you Riderhood," said Miss Abbey Potterson, with emphatic forefinger over the half-door, "the Fellowships don't want you at all, and would rather by far have your room than your company; but if you were as welcome here as you are not, you shouldn't even then have another drop of drink here this night, after this present pint of beer. So make the most of it."

"But you know, Miss Potterson," this was suggested very meekly though, "if I behave myself, you can't help serving me, miss."

"*Can't I!*" said Abbey, with infinite expression.

"No, Miss Potterson; because, you see, the law—"

"*I am the law here, my man,*" returned Miss Abbey, "and I'll soon convince you of that, if you doubt it at all."

"I never said I did doubt it at all, Miss Abbey."

"So much the better for you."

Abbey the supreme threw the customer's halfpence into the till, and, seating herself in her fireside-chair, resumed the newspaper she had been reading. She was a tall, upright, well-favored woman, though severe of countenance, and had more of the air of a schoolmistress than mistress of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. The man on the other side of the half-door was a water-side man with a squinting leer, and he eyed her as if he were one of her pupils in disgrace.

"You're cruel hard upon me, Miss Potterson."

Miss Potterson read her newspaper with contracted brows, and took no notice until he whispered:

"Miss Potterson! Ma'am! Might I have half a word with you?"

Deigning then to turn her eyes sideways toward the suppliant, Miss Potterson beheld him knuckling his low forehead, and ducking at her with his head, as if he were asking leave to fling himself head foremost over the half-door and alight on his feet in the bar.

"Well?" said Miss Potterson, with a manner as short as she herself was long, "say your half word. Bring it out."

"Miss Potterson! Ma'am! Would you excuse me taking the liberty of asking, is it my character that you take objections to?"

"Certainly," said Miss Potterson.

"Is it that you're afraid of—"

"I am not afraid of *you*," interposed Miss Potterson, "if you mean that."

"But I humbly don't mean that, Miss Abbey."

"Then what do you mean?"

"You really are so cruel hard upon me! What I was going to make inquiries was no more than, might you have any apprehensions—leastways beliefs or suppositions—that the company's property mightn't be altogether to be considered safe, if I used the house too regular?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"Well, Miss Abbey, respectfully meaning no offense to you, it would be some satisfaction to a man's mind, to understand why the Fellowship-Porters is not to be free to such as me, and is to be free to such as Gaffer."

The face of the hostess darkened with some shadow of perplexity, as she replied: "Gaffer has never been where you have been."

"Signifying in Quod, Miss? Perhaps not. But he may have merited it. He may be suspected of far worse than ever I was."

"Who suspects him?"

"Many, perhaps. One, beyond all doubts. I do."

"*You* are not much," said Miss Abbey Potterson, knitting her brows again with disdain.

"But I was his pardner. Mind you, Miss Abbey, I was his pardner. As such I know more of the ins and outs of him than any person living does. Notice this! I am the man that was his pardner, and I am the man that suspects him."

"Then," suggested Miss Abbey, though with a deeper shade of perplexity than before, "you criminate yourself."

"No I don't, Miss Abbey. For how does it stand? It stands this way. When I was his pardner, I couldn't never give him satisfaction. Why couldn't I never give him satisfaction? Because my luck was bad; because I couldn't find many enough of 'em. How was his luck? Always good. Notice this! Always good! Ah! There's a many games, Miss Abbey, in which there's chance, but there's a many others in which there's skill too, mixed along with it."

"That Gaffer has a skill in finding what he finds, who doubts, man?" asked Miss Abbey.

"A skill in purwiding what he finds, perhaps," said Riderhood, shaking his evil head.

Miss Abbey knitted her brow at him, as he darkly leered at her.

"If you're out upon the river pretty nigh every tide, and if you want to find a man or woman in the river, you'll greatly help your luck, Miss Abbey, by knocking a man or woman on the head aforehand and pitching 'em in."

"Gracious Lud!" was the involuntary exclamation of Miss Potterson.

"Mind you!" returned the other, stretching forward over the half door to throw his words into the bar; for his voice was as if the head of his boat's mop were down his throat; "I say so, Miss Abbey! And mind you! I'll follow him up, Miss Abbey! And mind you! I'll bring him to book at last, if it's twenty year hence, I will! Who's he, to be favored along of his daughter? Ain't I got a daughter of my own!"

With that flourish, and seeming to have talked himself rather more drunk and much more ferocious than he had begun by being, Mr. Riderhood took up his pint pot and swaggered off to the tap-room.

Gaffer was not there, but a pretty strong muster of Miss Abbey's pupils were, who exhibited, when occasion required, the greatest docility. On the clock's striking ten, and Miss Abbey's appearing at the door, and addressing a certain person in a faded scarlet jacket, with "George Jones, your time's up! I told your wife you should be punctual," Jones submissively rose, gave the company good-night, and retired. At half-past ten, on Miss Abbey's looking in again, and saying, "William Williams, Bob Glamour, and Jonathan, you are all due," Williams, Bob, and Jonathan with similar meekness took their leave and evaporated. Greater wonder than these, when a bottle-nosed person in a glazed

hat had after some considerable hesitation ordered another glass of gin and water of the attendant pot-boy, and when Miss Abbey, instead of sending it, appeared in person, saying, "Captain Joey, you have had as much as will do you good," not only did the captain feebly rub his knees and contemplate the fire without offering a word of protest, but the rest of the company murmured, "Ay, ay, Captain, Miss Abbey's right; you be guided by Miss Abbey, Captain." Nor was Miss Abbey's vigilance in anywise abated by this submission, but rather sharpened; for, looking round on the deferential faces of her school, and desiring two other young persons in need of admonition, she thus bestowed it: "Tom Tootle, it's time for a young fellow who's going to be married next month, to be at home and asleep. And you needn't nudge him, Mr. Jack Mullins, for I know your work begins early to-morrow, and I say the same to you. So come! Good-night, like good lads!" Upon which, the blushing Tootle looked to Mullins, and the blushing Mullins looked to Tootle, on the question who should rise first, and finally both rose together and went out on the broad grin, followed by Miss Abbey; in whose presence the company did not take the liberty of grinning likewise.

In such an establishment, the white-aproned pot-boy with his shirt-sleeves arranged in a tight roll on each bare shoulder, was a mere hint of the possibility of physical force, thrown out as a matter of state and form. Exactly at the closing hour, all the guests who were left filed out in the best order: Miss Abbey standing at the half door of the bar, to hold a ceremony of review and dismissal. All wished Miss Abbey good-night, and Miss Abbey wished good-night to all, except Riderhood. The sapient pot-boy, looking on officially, then had the conviction borne in upon his soul, that the man was evermore out-cast and excommunicate from the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters.

"You Bob Glibbery," said Miss Abbey to this pot-boy, "run round to Hexam's and tell his daughter Lizzie that I want to speak to her."

With exemplary swiftness Bob Glibbery departed, and returned. Lizzie, following him, arrived as one of the two female domestics of the Fellowship-Porters arranged on the snug little table by the bar fire Miss Potterson's supper of hot sausages and mashed potatoes.

"Come in and sit ye down, girl," said Miss Abbey. "Can you eat a bit?"

"No thank you, Miss. I have had my supper."

"I have had mine too, I think," said Miss Abbey, pushing away the untasted dish, "and more than enough of it. I am put out, Lizzie."

"I am very sorry for it, Miss."

"Then why, in the name of Goodness," quoth Miss Abbey, sharply, "do you do it?"

"I do it, Miss!"

"There, there! Don't look astonished. I ought to have begun with a word of explanation, but it's my way to make short cuts at things. I

always was a pepperer. You Bob Glibbery there, put the chain upon the door and get ye down to your supper."

With an alacrity that seemed no less referable to the pepperer fact than to the supper fact, Bob obeyed, and his boots were heard descending toward the bed of the river.

"Lizzie Hexam, Lizzie Hexam," then began Miss Potterson, "how often have I held out to you the opportunity of getting clear of your father, and doing well?"

"Very often, Miss."

"Very often? Yes! And I might as well have spoken to the iron funnel of the strongest sea-going steamer that passes the Fellowship-Porters."

"No, Miss," Lizzie pleaded: "because that would not be thankful, and I am."

"I vow and declare I am half-ashamed of myself for taking such an interest in you," said Miss Abbey, pettishly, "for I don't believe I should do it if you were not good-looking. Why ain't you ugly?"

Lizzie merely answered this difficult question with an apologetic glance.

"However, you ain't," resumed Miss Potterson, "so it's no use going into that. I must take you as I find you. Which indeed is what I've done. And you mean to say you are still obstinate?"

"Not obstinate, Miss, I hope."

"Firm (I suppose you call it) then?"

"Yes, Miss. Fixed like."

"Never was an obstinate person yet, who would own to the word!" remarked Miss Potterson, rubbing her vexed nose; "I'm sure I would, if I was obstinate; but I am a pepperer, which is different. Lizzie Hexam, Lizzie Hexam, think again. Do you know the worst of your father?"

"Do I know the worst of father!" she repeated, opening her eyes.

"Do you know the suspicions to which your father makes himself liable? Do you know the suspicions that are actually about, against him?"

The consciousness of what he habitually did oppressed the girl heavily, and she slowly cast down her eyes.

"Say, Lizzie. Do you know?" urged Miss Abbey.

"Please to tell me what the suspicions are, Miss," she asked after a silence, with her eyes upon the ground.

"It's not an easy thing to tell a daughter, but it must be told. It is thought by some, then, that your father helps to their death a few of those that he finds dead."

The relief of hearing what she felt sure was a false suspicion, in place of the expected real and true one, so lightened Lizzie's breast for the moment, that Miss Abbey was amazed at her demeanor. She raised her eyes quickly, shook her head, and, in a kind of triumph, almost laughed.

"They little know father who talk like that!"

("She takes it," thought Miss Abbey, "very quietly. She takes it with extraordinary quietness!")

"And perhaps," said Lizzie, as a recollection flashed upon her, "it is some one who has a grudge against father; some one who has threatened father! Is it Riderhood, Miss?"

"Well; yes it is."

"Yes! He was father's partner, and father broke with him, and now he revenges himself. Father broke with him when I was by, and he was very angry at it. And besides, Miss Abbey!—Will you never, without strong reason, let pass your lips what I am going to say?"

She bent forward to say it in a whisper.

"I promise," said Miss Abbey.

"It was on the night when the Harmon murder was found out, through father, just above bridge. And just below bridge, as we were sculling home, Riderhood crept out of the dark in his boat. And many and many times afterward, when such great pains were taken to come to the bottom of the crime, and it never could be come near, I thought in my own thoughts, could Riderhood himself have done the murder, and did he purposely let father find the body? It seemed a'most wicked and cruel to so much as think such a thing; but now that he tries to throw it upon father, I go back to it as if it was a truth. Can it be a truth? That was put into my mind by the dead?"

She asked this question rather of the fire than of the hostess of the Fellowship-Porters, and looked round the little bar with troubled eyes.

But, Miss Potterson, as a ready schoolmistress accustomed to bring her pupils to book, set the matter in a light that was essentially of this world.

"You poor deluded girl," she said, "don't you see that you can't open your mind to particular suspicions of one of the two, without opening your mind to general suspicions of the other? They had worked together. Their goings-on had been going on for some time. Even granting that it was as you have had in your thoughts, what the two had done together would come familiar to the mind of one."

"You don't know father, Miss, when you talk like that. Indeed, indeed, you don't know father."

"Lizzie, Lizzie," said Miss Potterson. "Leave him. You needn't break with him altogether, but leave him. Do well away from him; not because of what I have told you to-night—we'll pass no judgment upon that, and we'll hope it may not be—but because of what I have urged on you before. No matter whether it's owing to your good looks or not, I like you and I want to serve you. Lizzie, come under my direction. Don't fling yourself away, my girl, but be persuaded into being respectable and happy."

In the sound good feeling and good sense of her entreaty, Miss Abbey had softened into a soothing tone, and had even drawn her arm

round the girl's waist. But she only replied, "Thank you, thank you! I can't. I won't. I must not think of it. The harder father is borne upon, the more he needs me to lean on."

And then Miss Abbey, who, like all hard people when they do soften, felt that there was considerable compensation owing to her, underwent reaction and became frigid.

"I have done what I can," she said, "and you must go your way. You make your bed, and you must lie on it. But tell your father one thing: he must not come here any more."

"Oh, Miss, will you forbid him the house where I know he's safe?"

"The Fellowships," returned Miss Abbey, "has itself to look to, as well as others. It has been hard work to establish order here, and make the Fellowships what it is, and it is daily and nightly hard work to keep it so. The Fellowships must not have a taint upon it that may give it a bad name. I forbid the house to Riderhood, and I forbid the house to Gaffer. I forbid both, equally. I find from Riderhood and you together, that there are suspicions against both men, and I'm not going to take upon myself to decide betwixt them. They are both tarred with a dirty brush, and I can't have the Fellowships tarred with the same brush. That's all I know."

"Good-night, Miss!" said Lizzie Hexam, sorrowfully.

"Hah!—Good-night!" returned Miss Abbey with a shake of her head.

"Believe me, Miss Abbey, I am truly grateful all the same."

"I can believe a good deal," returned the stately Abbey, "so I'll try to believe that too, Lizzie."

No supper did Miss Potterson take that night, and only half her usual tumbler of hot Port Negus. And the female domestics—two robust sisters, with staring black eyes, shining flat red faces, blunt noses, and strong black curls, like dolls—interchanged the sentiment that Missis had had her hair combed the wrong way by somebody. And the pot-boy afterward remarked, that he hadn't been "so rattled to bed" since his late mother had systematically accelerated his retirement to rest with a poker.

The chaining of the door behind her, as she went forth, disenchanted Lizzie Hexam of that first relief she had felt. The night was black and shrill, the river-side wilderness was melancholy, and there was a sound of casting-out, in the rattling of the iron-links, and the grating of the bolts and staples under Miss Abbey's hand. As she came beneath the lowering sky, a sense of being involved in a murky shade of Murder dropped upon her; and, as the tidal swell of the river broke at her feet without her seeing how it gathered, so, her thoughts startled her by rushing out of an unseen void and striking at her heart.

Of her father's being groundlessly suspected, she felt sure. Sure. Sure. And yet, repeat

the word inwardly as often as she would, the attempt to reason out and prove that she was sure, always came after it and failed. Riderhood had done the deed, and entrapped her father. Riderhood had not done the deed, but had resolved in his malice to turn against her father the appearances that were ready to his hand to distort. Equally and swiftly upon either putting of the case, followed the frightful possibility that her father, being innocent, yet might come to be believed guilty. She had heard of people suffering Death for bloodshed of which they were afterward proved pure, and those ill-fated persons were not, first, in that dangerous wrong in which her father stood. Then at the best, the beginning of his being set apart, whispered against, and avoided, was a certain fact. It dated from that very night. And as the great black river with its dreary shores was soon lost to her view in the gloom, so, she stood on the river's brink unable to see into the vast blank misery of a life suspected, and fallen away from by good and bad, but knowing that it lay there dim before her, stretching away to the great ocean, Death.

One thing only was clear to the girl's mind. Accustomed from her very babyhood promptly to do the thing that could be done—whether to keep out weather, to ward off cold, to postpone hunger, or what not—she started out of her meditation, and ran home.

The room was quiet, and the lamp burnt on the table. In the bunk in the corner her brother lay asleep. She bent over him softly, kissed him, and came to the table.

"By the time of Miss Abbey's closing, and by the run of the tide, it must be one. Tide's running up. Father at Chiswick, wouldn't think of coming down, till after the turn, and that's at half after four. I'll call Charley at six. I shall hear the church-clocks strike, as I sit here."

Very quietly she placed a chair before the scanty fire, and sat down in it, drawing her shawl about her.

"Charley's hollow down by the flare is not there now. Poor Charley!"

The clock struck two, and the clock struck three, and the clock struck four, and she remained there, with a woman's patience and her own purpose. When the morning was well on between four and five, she slipped off her shoes (that her going about might not wake Charley), trimmed the fire sparingly, put water on to boil, and set the table for breakfast. Then she went up the ladder, lamp in hand, and came down again, and glided about and about, making a little bundle. Lastly, from her pocket, and from the chimney-piece, and from an inverted basin on the highest shelf, she brought half-pence, a few sixpences, fewer shillings, and fell to laboriously and noiselessly counting them, and setting aside one little heap. She was still so engaged, when she was startled by:

"Hal-loa!" From her brother, sitting up in bed.

"You made me jump, Charley."

"Jump! Didn't you make *me* jump, when I opened my eyes a moment ago, and saw you sitting there, like the ghost of a girl-miser, in the dead of the night?"

"It's not the dead of the night, Charley. It's nigh six in the morning."

"Is it though? But what are you up to, Liz?"

"Still telling your fortune, Charley."

"It seems to be a precious small one, if that's it," said the boy. "What are you putting that little pile of money by itself for?"

"For you, Charley."

"What do you mean?"

"Get out of bed, Charley, and get washed and dressed, and then I'll tell you."

Her composed manner, and her low distinct voice, always had an influence over him. His head was soon in a basin of water, and out of it again, and staring at her through a storm of toweling.

"I never," toweling at himself as if he were his bitterest enemy, "saw such a girl as you are. What *is* the move, Liz?"

"Are you almost ready for breakfast, Charley?"

"You can pour it out. Hal-loa! I say? And a bundle?"

"And a bundle, Charley."

"You don't mean it's for me, too?"

"Yes, Charley; I do, indeed."

More serious of face, and more slow of action, than he had been, the boy completed his dressing, and came and sat down at the little breakfast-table, with his eyes amazedly directed to her face.

"You see, Charley dear, I have made up my mind that this is the right time for your going away from us. Over and above all the blessed change of by-and-by, you'll be much happier, and do much better, even so soon as next month. Even so soon as next week."

"How do you know I shall?"

"I don't quite know how, Charley, but I do." In spite of her unchanged manner of speaking, and her unchanged appearance of composure, she scarcely trusted herself to look at him, but kept her eyes employed on the cutting and buttering of his bread, and on the mixing of his tea, and other such little preparations. "You must leave father to me, Charley—I will do what I can with him—but you must go."

"You don't stand upon ceremony, I think," grumbled the boy, throwing his bread and butter about, in an ill-humor.

She made him no answer.

"I tell you what," said the boy, then, bursting out into an angry whimpering, "you're a selfish jade, and you think there's not enough for three of us, and you want to get rid of me."

"If you believe so, Charley,—yes, then I believe too, that I am a selfish jade, and that I think there's not enough for three of us, and that I want to get rid of you."

It was only when the boy rushed at her, and threw his arms round her neck, that she lost her self-restraint. But she lost it then, and wept over him.

"Don't cry, don't cry! I am satisfied to go, Liz; I am satisfied to go. I know you send me away for my good."

"O, Charley, Charley, Heaven above us knows I do!"

"Yes, yes. Don't mind what I said. Don't remember it. Kiss me."

After a silence, she loosed him, to dry her eyes and regain her strong quiet influence.

"Now listen, Charley dear. We both know it must be done, and I alone know there is good reason for its being done at once. Go straight to the school, and say that you and I agreed upon it—that we can't overcome father's opposition—that father will never trouble them, but will never take you back. You are a credit to the school, and you will be a greater credit to it yet, and they will help you to get a living. Show what clothes you have brought, and what money, and say that I will send some more money. If I can get some in no other way, I will ask a little help of those two gentlemen who came here that night."

"I say!" cried her brother, quickly. "Don't you have it of that chap that took hold of me by the chin! Don't you have it of that Wrayburn one!"

Perhaps a slight additional tinge of red flashed up into her face and brow, as with a nod she laid a hand upon his lips to keep him silently attentive.

"And above all things mind this, Charley! Be sure you always speak well of father. Be sure you always give father his full due. You can't deny that because father has no learning himself he is set against it in you; but favor nothing else against him, and be sure you say—as you know—that your sister is devoted to him. And if you should ever happen to hear any thing said against father that is new to you, it will not be true. Remember, Charley! It will not be true."

The boy looked at her with some doubt and surprise, but she went on again without heeding it.

"Above all things remember! It will not be true. I have nothing more to say, Charley dear, except, be good, and get learning, and only think of some things in the old life here, as if you had dreamed them in a dream last night. Good-by, my Darling!"

Though so young, she infused into these parting words a love that was far more like a mother's than a sister's, and before which the boy was quite bowed down. After holding her to his breast with a passionate cry, he took up his bundle and darted out at the door, with an arm across his eyes.

The white face of the winter day came sluggishly on, veiled in a frosty mist; and the shadowy ships in the river slowly changed to black

substances; and the sun, blood-red on the eastern marshes behind dark masts and yards, seemed filled with the ruins of a forest it had set on fire. Lizzie, looking for her father, saw him coming, and stood upon the causeway that he might see her.

He had nothing with him but his boat, and came on apace. A knot of those amphibious human-creatures who appear to have some mysterious power of extracting a subsistence out of tidal water by looking at it, were gathered together about the causeway. As her father's boat grounded, they became contemplative of the mud, and dispersed themselves. She saw that the mute avoidance had begun.

Gaffer saw it, too, in so far as that he was moved when he set foot on shore, to stare around him. But, he promptly set to work to haul up his boat, and make her fast, and take the sculls and rudder and rope out of her. Carrying these with Lizzie's aid, he passed up to his dwelling.

"Sit close to the fire, father, dear, while I cook your breakfast. It's all ready for cooking, and only been waiting for you. You must be frozen."

"Well, Lizzie, I ain't of a glow; that's certain. And my hands seemed nailed through to the sculls. See how dead they are!" Something suggestive in their color, and perhaps in her face, struck him as he held them up; he turned his shoulder and held them down to the fire.

"You were not out in the perishing night, I hope, father?"

"No, my dear. Lay aboard a barge, by a blazing coal-fire.—Where's that boy?"

"There's a drop of brandy for your tea, father, if you'll put it in while I turn this bit of meat. If the river was to get frozen, there would be a deal of distress; wouldn't there, father?"

"Ah! there's always enough of that," said Gaffer, dropping the liquor into his cup from a squat black bottle, and dropping it slowly that it might seem more; "distress is forever a-going about, like sut in the air—Ain't that boy up yet?"

"The meat's ready now, father. Eat it while it's hot and comfortable. After you have finished, we'll turn round to the fire and talk."

But, he perceived that he was evaded, and, having thrown a hasty angry glance toward the bunk, plucked at a corner of her apron and asked:

"What's gone with that boy?"

"Father, if you'll begin your breakfast, I'll sit by and tell you."

He looked at her, stirred his tea and took two or three gulps, then cut at his piece of hot steak with his case-knife, and said, eating:

"Now then. What's gone with that boy?"

"Don't be angry, dear. It seems, father, that he has quite a gift of learning."

"Unnat'ral young beggar!" said the parent, shaking his knife in the air.

"—And that having this gift, and not being

equally good at other things, he has made shift to get some schooling."

"Unnat'ral young beggar!" said the parent again, with his former action.

"—And that knowing you have nothing to spare, father, and not wishing to be a burden on you, he gradually made up his mind to go seek his fortune out of learning. He went away this morning, father, and he cried very much at going, and he hoped you would forgive him."

"Let him never come a nigh me to ask me my forgiveness," said the father, again emphasizing his words with the knife. "Let him never come within sight of my eyes, nor yet within reach of my arm. His own father ain't good enough for him. He's disowned his own father. His own father therefore disowns him for ever and ever, as a unnat'ral young beggar."

He had pushed away his plate. With the natural need of a strong rough man in anger, to do something forcible, he now clutched his knife overhand, and struck downward with it at the end of every succeeding sentence. As he would have struck with his own clenched fist if there had chanced to be nothing in it.

"He's welcome to go. He's more welcome to go than to stay. But let him never come back. Let him never put his head inside that door. And let you never speak a word more in his favor, or you'll disown your own father, likewise, and what your father says of him he'll have to come to say of you. Now I see why them men yonder held aloof from me. They says to one another, 'Here comes the man as ain't good enough for his own son!' Lizzie—!"

But, she stopped him with a cry. Looking at her he saw her, with a face quite strange to him, shrinking back against the wall, with her hands before her eyes.

"Father, don't! I can't bear to see you striking with it. Put it down!"

He looked at the knife; but in his astonishment still held it.

"Father, it's too horrible. O put it down, put it down!"

Confounded by her appearance and exclamation, he tossed it away, and stood up with his open hands held out before him.

"What's come to you, Liz? Can you think I would strike at you with a knife?"

"No, father, no; you would never hurt me."

"What should I hurt?"

"Nothing, dear father. On my knees, I am certain, in my heart and soul I am certain, nothing! But it was too dreadful to bear; for it looked—" her hands covering her face again, "O it looked—"

"What did it look like?"

The recollection of his murderous figure, combining with her trial of last night, and her trial of the morning, caused her to drop at his feet, without having answered.

He had never seen her so before. He raised her with the utmost tenderness, calling her the best of daughters, and "my poor pretty creetur,"

and laid her head upon his knee, and tried to restore her. But failing, he laid her head gently down again, got a pillow and placed it under her dark hair, and sought on the table for a spoonful of brandy. There being none left, he hurriedly caught up the empty bottle, and ran out at the door.

He returned as hurriedly as he had gone, with the bottle still empty. He kneeled down by her, took her head on his arm, and moistened her lips with a little water into which he dipped his fingers: saying, fiercely, as he looked around, now over this shoulder, now over that:

"Have we got a pest in the house? Is there summ'at deadly sticking to my clothes? What's let loose upon us? Who loosed it?"

CHAPTER VII.

MR. WEGG LOOKS AFTER HIMSELF.

SILAS WEGG, being on his road to the Roman Empire, approaches it by way of Clerkenwell. The time is early in the evening; the weather moist and raw. Mr. Wegg finds leisure to make a little circuit, by reason that he folds his screen early, now that he combines another source of income with it, and also that he feels it due to himself to be anxiously expected at the Bower. "Boffin will get all the eagerer for waiting a bit," says Silas, screwing up, as he stumps along, first his right eye, and then his left. Which is something superfluous in him, for Nature has already screwed both pretty tight.

"If I get on with him as I expect to get on," Silas pursues, stumping and meditating, "it wouldn't become me to leave it here. It wouldn't be respectable." Animated by this reflection, he stumps faster, and looks a long way before him, as a man with an ambitious project in abeyance often will do.

Aware of a working-jeweler population taking sanctuary about the church in Clerkenwell, Mr. Wegg is conscious of an interest in, and a respect for, the neighborhood. But, his sensations in this regard halt as to their strict morality, as he halts in his gait; for, they suggest the delights of a coat of invisibility in which to walk off safely with the precious stones and watch-cases, but stop short of any compunction for the people who would lose the same.

Not, however, toward the "shops" where cunning artificers work in pearls and diamonds and gold and silver, making their hands so rich, that the enriched water in which they wash them is bought for the refiners;—not toward these does Mr. Wegg stump, but toward the poorer shops of small retail traders in commodities to eat and drink and keep folks warm, and of Italian framemakers, and of barbers, and of brokers, and of dealers in dogs and singing-birds. From these, in a narrow and a dirty street devoted to such callings, Mr. Wegg selects one dark shop-window with a tallow-candle dimly burning in it,

surrounded by a muddle of objects vaguely resembling pieces of leather and dry stick, but among which nothing is resolvable into any thing distinct, save the candle itself in its old tin candlestick, and two preserved frogs fighting a smallsword duel. Stumping with fresh vigor, he goes in at the dark greasy entry, pushes a little greasy dark reluctant side-door, and follows the door into the little dark greasy shop. It is so dark that nothing can be made out in it, over a little counter, but another tallow-candle in another old tin candlestick, close to the face of a man stooping low in a chair.

Mr. Wegg nods to the face, "Good-evening."

The face looking up is a sallow face with weak eyes, surmounted by a tangle of reddish-dusty hair. The owner of the face has no cravat on, and has opened his tumbled shirt-collar to work with the more ease. For the same reason he has no coat on: only a loose waistcoat over his yellow linen. His eyes are like the over-tried eyes of an engraver, but he is not that; his expression and stoop are like those of a shoemaker, but he is not that.

"Good-evening, Mr. Venus. Don't you remember?"

With slowly dawning remembrance Mr. Venus rises, and holds his candle over the little counter, and holds it down toward the legs, natural and artificial, of Mr. Wegg.

"To be sure!" he says, then. "How do you do?"

"Wegg, you know," that gentleman explains.

"Yes, yes," says the other. "Hospital amputation?"

"Just so," says Mr. Wegg.

"Yes, yes," quoth Venus. "How do you do? Sit down by the fire, and warm your—your other one."

The little counter being so short a counter that it leaves the fire-place, which would have been behind it if it had been longer, accessible, Mr. Wegg sits down on a box in front of the fire, and inhales a warm and comfortable smell which is not the smell of the shop. "For that," Mr. Wegg inwardly decides, as he takes a corrective sniff or two, "is musty, leathery, feathery, cellary, gluey, gummy, and," with another sniff, "as it might be, strong of old pairs of bellows."

"My tea is drawing, and my muffin is on the hob, Mr. Wegg; will you partake?"

It being one of Mr. Wegg's guiding rules in life always to partake, he says he will. But, the little shop is so excessively dark, is stuck so full of black shelves and brackets and nooks and corners, that he sees Mr. Venus's cup and saucer only because it is close under the candle, and does not see from what mysterious recess Mr. Venus produces another for himself, until it is under his nose. Concurrently, Wegg perceives a pretty little dead bird lying on the counter, with its head drooping on one side against the rim of Mr. Venus's saucer, and a long stiff wire piercing its breast. As if it were Cock

Robin, the hero of the ballad, and Mr. Venus were the sparrow with his bow and arrow, and Mr. Wegg were the fly with his little eye.

Mr. Venus dives, and produces another muffin, yet untoasted; taking the arrow out of the breast of Cock Robin, he proceeds to toast it on the end of that cruel instrument. When it is brown, he dives again and produces butter, with which he completes his work.

Mr. Wegg, as an artful man who is sure of his supper by-and-by, presses muffin on his host to soothe him into a compliant state of mind, or, as one might say, to grease his works. As the muffins disappear, little by little, the black shelves and nooks and corners begin to appear, and Mr. Wegg gradually acquires an imperfect notion that over against him on the chimney-piece is a Hindoo baby in a bottle, curved up with his big head tucked under him, as though he would instantly throw a somersault if the bottle were large enough.

When he deems Mr. Venus's wheels sufficiently lubricated, Mr. Wegg approaches his object by asking, as he lightly taps his hands together, to express an undesigning frame of mind:

"And how have I been going on, this long time, Mr. Venus?"

"Very bad," says Mr. Venus, uncompromisingly.

"What? Am I still at home?" asks Wegg, with an air of surprise.

"Always at home."

This would seem to be secretly agreeable to Wegg, but he veils his feelings, and observes, "Strange. To what do you attribute it?"

"I don't know," replies Venus, who is a haggard melancholy man, speaking in a weak voice of querulous complaint, "to what to attribute it, Mr. Wegg. I can't work you into a miscellaneous one, nohow. Do what I will, you can't be got to fit. Any body with a passable knowledge would pick you out at a look, and say,—'No go! Don't match!'"

"Well, but hang it, Mr. Venus," Wegg expostulates with some little irritation, "that can't be personal and peculiar in *me*. It must often happen with miscellaneous ones."

"With ribs (I grant you) always. But not else. When I prepare a miscellaneous one, I know beforehand that I can't keep to nature, and be miscellaneous with ribs, because every man has his own ribs, and no other man's will go with them; but elseways I can be miscellaneous. I have just sent home a Beauty—a perfect Beauty—to a school of art. One leg Belgian, one leg English, and the pickings of eight other people in it. Talk of not being qualified to be miscellaneous! By rights you *ought* to be, Mr. Wegg."

Silas looks as hard at his one leg as he can in the dim light, and after a pause sulkily opines "that it must be the fault of the other people. Or how do you mean to say it comes about?" he demands impatiently.

"I don't know how it comes about. Stand

up a minute. Hold the light." Mr. Venus takes from a corner by his chair the bones of a leg and foot, beautifully pure, and put together with exquisite neatness. These he compares with Mr. Wegg's leg; that gentleman looking on, as if he were being measured for a riding-boot. "No, I don't know how it is, but so it is. You have got a twist in that bone, to the best of my belief. I never saw the likes of you."

Mr. Wegg having looked distrustfully at his own limb, and suspiciously at the pattern with which it has been compared, makes the point:

"I'll bet a pound that ain't an English one!"

"An easy wager, when we run so much into foreign! No, it belongs to that French gentleman."

As he nods toward a point of darkness behind Mr. Wegg, the latter, with a slight start, looks round for "that French gentleman," whom he at length describes to be represented (in a very workman-like manner) by his ribs only, standing on a shelf in another corner, like a piece of armor or a pair of stays.

"Oh!" says Mr. Wegg, with a sort of sense of being introduced; "I dare say you were all right enough in your own country, but I hope no objections will be taken to my saying that the Frenchman was never yet born as I should wish to match."

At this moment the greasy door is violently pushed inward, and a boy follows it, who says, after having let it slam:

"Come for the stuffed canary."

"It's three and ninepence," returns Venus; "have you got the money?"

The boy produces four shillings. Mr. Venus, always in exceedingly low spirits and making whimpering sounds, peers about for the stuffed canary. On his taking the candle to assist his search, Mr. Wegg observes that he has a convenient little shelf near his knees, exclusively appropriated to skeleton hands, which have very much the appearance of wanting to lay hold of him. From these Mr. Venus rescues the canary in a glass case, and shows it to the boy.

"There!" he whimpers. "There's animation! On a twig, making up his mind to hop! Take care of him; he's a lovely specimen.—And three is four."

The boy gathers up his change, and has pulled the door open by a leather strap nailed to it for the purpose, when Venus cries out:

"Stop him! Come back, you young villain! You've got a tooth among them half-pence."

"How was I to know I'd got it? You giv it me. I don't want none of your teeth; I've got enough of my own." So the boy pipes, as he selects it from his change, and throws it on the counter.

"Don't sauce *me*, in the vicious pride of your youth," Mr. Venus retorts pathetically. "Don't hit *me* because you see I'm down. I'm low enough without that. It dropped into the till, I suppose. They drop into every thing. There was two in the coffee-pot at breakfast-time. Molars."

"Very well, then," argues the boy, "what do you call names for?"

To which Mr. Venus only replies, shaking his shock of dusty hair, and winking his weak eyes, "Don't sauce *me*, in the vicious pride of your youth; don't hit *me*, because you see I'm down. You've no idea how small you'd come out, if I had the articulating of you."

This consideration seems to have its effect on the boy, for he goes out grumbling.

"Oh dear me, dear me!" sighs Mr. Venus, heavily, snuffing the candle, "the world that appeared so flowery has ceased to blow! You're casting your eye round the shop, Mr. Wegg. Let me show you a light. My working-bench. My young man's bench. A Wice. Tools. Bones, various. Skulls, various. Preserved Indian baby. African ditto. Bottled preparations, various. Every thing within reach of your hand, in good preservation. The mouldy ones atop. What's in those hampers over them again, I don't quite remember. Say, human various. Cats. Articulated English baby. Dogs. Ducks. Glass eyes, various. Mummied bird. Dried cuticle, various. Oh, dear me! That's the general panoramic view."

Having so held and waved the candle as that all these heterogeneous objects seemed to come forward obediently when they were named, and then retire again, Mr. Venus despondently repeats, "Oh dear me, dear me!" resumes his seat, and with drooping despondency upon him, falls to pouring himself out more tea.

"Where am I?" asks Mr. Wegg.

"You're somewhere in the back shop across the yard, Sir; and speaking quite candidly, I wish I'd never bought you of the Hospital Porter."

"Now, look here, what did you give for me?"

"Well," replies Venus, blowing his tea: his head and face peering out of the darkness, over the smoke of it, as if he were modernizing the old original rise in his family: "you were one of a various lot, and I don't know."

Silas puts his point in the improved form of "What will you take for me?"

"Well," replies Venus, still blowing his tea, "I'm not prepared, at a moment's notice, to tell you, Mr. Wegg."

"Come! According to your own account I'm not worth much," Wegg reasons persuasively.

"Not for miscellaneous working in, I grant you, Mr. Wegg; but you might turn out valuable yet, as a—" here Mr. Venus takes a gulp of tea, so hot that it makes him choke, and sets his weak eyes watering; "as a Monstrosity, if you'll excuse me."

Repressing an indignant look, indicative of any thing but a disposition to excuse him, Silas pursues his point.

"I think you know me, Mr. Venus, and I think you know I never bargain."

Mr. Venus takes gulps of hot tea, shutting his eyes at every gulp, and opening them again in

a spasmodic manner; but does not commit himself to assent.

"I have a prospect of getting on in life and elevating myself by my own independent exertions," says Wegg, feelingly, "and I shouldn't like—I tell you openly I should *not* like—under such circumstances, to be what I may call dispersed, a part of me here, and a part of me there, but should wish to collect myself like a gentle person."

"It's a prospect at present, is it, Mr. Wegg? Then you haven't got the money for a deal about you? Then I'll tell you what I'll do with you; I'll hold you over. I am a man of my word, and you needn't be afraid of my disposing of you. I'll hold you over. That's a promise. Oh dear me, dear me!"

Fain to accept his promise, and wishing to propitiate him, Mr. Wegg looks on as he sighs and pours himself out more tea, and then says, trying to get a sympathetic tone into his voice:

"You seem very low, Mr. Venus. Is business bad?"

"Never was so good."

"Is your hand out at all?"

"Never was so well in. Mr. Wegg, I'm not only first in the trade, but I'm *the* trade. You may go and buy a skeleton at the West End if you like, and pay the West End price, but it'll be my putting together. I've as much to do as I can possibly do, with the assistance of my young man, and I take a pride and a pleasure in it."

Mr. Venus thus delivers himself, his right hand extended, his smoking saucer in his left hand, protesting as though he were going to burst into a flood of tears.

"That ain't a state of things to make you low, Mr. Venus."

"Mr. Wegg, I know it ain't. Mr. Wegg, not to name myself as a workman without an equal, I've gone on improving myself in my knowledge of Anatomy, till both by sight and by name I'm perfect. Mr. Wegg, if you was brought here loose in a bag to be articulated, I'd name your smallest bones blindfold equally with your largest, as fast as I could pick 'em out, and I'd sort 'em all, and sort your vertebrae, in a manner that would equally surprise and charm you."

"Well," remarks Silas (though not quite so readily as last time), "that ain't a state of things to be low about.—Not for *you* to be low about, leastways."

"Mr. Wegg, I know it ain't; Mr. Wegg, I know it ain't. But it's the heart that lowers me, it is the heart! Be so good as take and read that card out loud."

Silas receives one from his hand, which Venus takes from a wonderful litter in a drawer, and putting on his spectacles, reads:

"'Mr. Venus,'"

"Yes. Go on."

"'Preserver of Animals and Birds,'"

"Yes. Go on."

"'Articulator of human bones.'"

"That's it," with a groan. "That's it! Mr. Wegg, I'm thirty-two, and a bachelor. Mr. Wegg, I love her. Mr. Wegg, she is worthy of being loved by a Potentate!" Here Silas is rather alarmed by Mr. Venus's springing to his feet in the hurry of his spirits, and haggardly confronting him with his hand on his coat collar; but Mr. Venus, begging pardon, sits down again, saying, with the calmness of despair, "She objects to the business."

"Does she know the profits of it?"

"She knows the profits of it, but she don't appreciate the art of it, and she objects to it. 'I do not wish,' she writes in her own handwriting, 'to regard myself, nor yet to be regarded, in that boney light.'"

Mr. Venus pours himself out more tea, with a look and in an attitude of the deepest desolation.

"And so a man climbs to the top of the tree, Mr. Wegg, only to see that there's no look-out when he's up there! I sit here of a night surrounded by the lovely trophies of my art, and what have they done for me? Ruined me. Brought me to the pass of being informed that 'she does not wish to regard herself, nor yet to be regarded, in that boney light!'" Having repeated the fatal expressions, Mr. Venus drinks more tea by gulps, and offers an explanation of his doing so.

"It lowers me. When I'm equally lowered all over, lethargy sets in. By sticking to it till one or two in the morning, I get oblivion. Don't let me detain you, Mr. Wegg. I'm not company for any one."

"It is not on that account," says Silas, rising, "but because I've got an appointment. It's time I was at Harmon's."

"Eh?" said Mr. Venus. "Harmon's, up Battle Bridge way?"

Mr. Wegg admits that he is bound for that port.

"You ought to be in a good thing, if you've worked yourself in there. There's lots of money going, there."

"To think," says Silas, "that you should catch it up so quick, and know about it. Wonderful!"

"Not at all, Mr. Wegg. The old gentleman wanted to know the nature and worth of every thing that was found in the dust; and many's the bone, and feather, and what not, that he's brought to me."

"Really, now!"

"Yes. (Oh dear me, dear me!) And he's buried quite in this neighborhood, you know. Over yonder."

Mr. Wegg does not know, but he makes as if he did, by responsively nodding his head. He also follows with his eyes the toss of Venus's head: as if to seek a direction to over yonder.

"I took an interest in that discovery in the river," says Venus. "(She hadn't written her cutting refusal at that time.) I've got up there—never mind, though."

He had raised the candle at arm's-length toward one of the dark shelves, and Mr. Wegg had turned to look, when he broke off.

"The old gentleman was well known all round here. There used to be stories about his having hidden all kinds of property in those dust mounds. I suppose there was nothing in 'em. Probably you know, Mr. Wegg?"

"Nothing in 'em," says Wegg, who has never heard a word of this before.

"Don't let me detain you. Good-night!"

The unfortunate Mr. Venus gives him a shake of the hand with a shake of his own head, and drooping down in his chair, proceeds to pour himself out more tea. Mr. Wegg, looking back over his shoulder as he pulls the door open by the strap, notices that the movement so shakes the crazy shop, and so shakes a momentary flare out of the candle, as that the babies—Hindoo, African, and British—the "human wariious," the French gentleman, the green glass-eyed cats, the dogs, the ducks, and all the rest of the collection, show for an instant as if paralytically animated; while even poor little Cock Robin at Mr. Venus's elbow turns over on his innocent side. Next moment, Mr. Wegg is stumping under the gaslights and through the mud.

THE CONTRAST.

WE sit at home, nor feel that they
Who fight upon the distant plain
Are falling faster day by day,
A harvest of the slain.

We lightly walk the busy street,
Where trade and gain roll swiftly on;
They march a battle-field to greet,
And die as it is won.

The trumpet calls them in the night
To die for Freedom; and the boom
Of cannon from the fortified height
Still calls them to their doom.

Unmoved we read of how they fell
To shield the starry flag from shame;
Dauntless through storms of shot and shell
In the red battle's flame!

Brave hearts are beating for us there
Amid the conflict's feverish breath:
This hour, what soldier's hurried prayer
Is said for you, in death.

They lie upon the lonely hill
Or blackened plain in dreamless sleep.
Their rest eternal! Never will
They wake, like us, to weep.

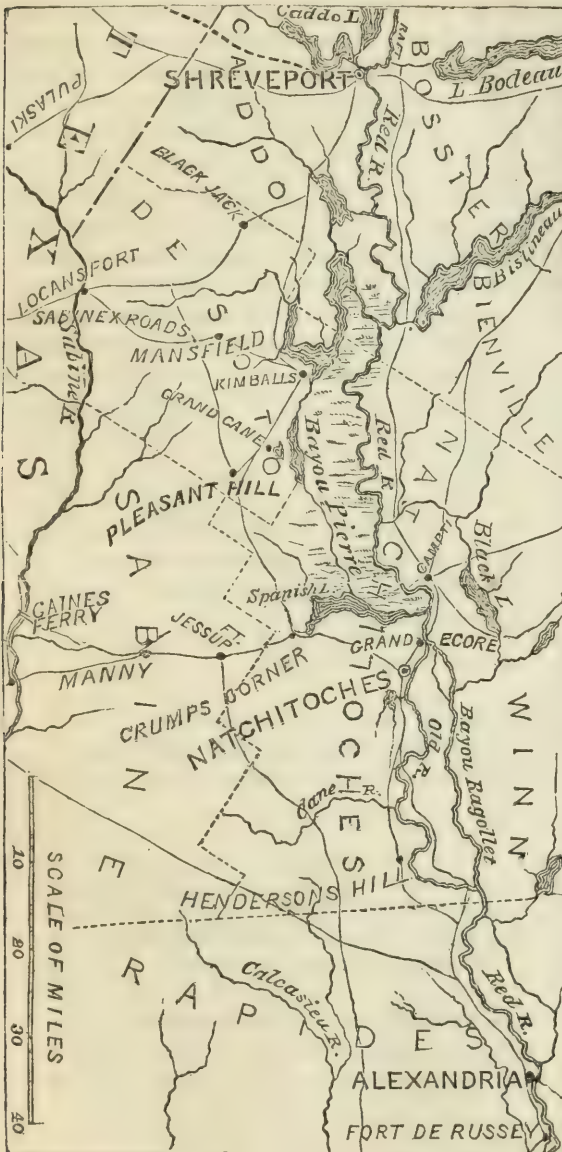
We rise each day to weary toil
And hourly strife—their work is done!
Their blood will consecrate the soil
Their lives so nobly won.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 20th of May. The military operations of the preceding month have been of such decided importance as almost entirely to engross public attention.

In the extreme South and Southwest the results have been decidedly unfavorable to the Union arms. The accompanying Map shows the region of the Red River, the scene of the disastrous failure of the expedition under General Banks. As noted in our



previous Records, General A. J. Smith left Vicksburg on the 10th of March, entered the Red River, and captured Fort De Russey. Admiral Porter followed with a strong naval force, and took possession of Alexandria. Banks, with a strong force, proceeded by land. Then followed the actions at Cane River and Pleasant Hill, and the retreat of our forces to Grand Ecore, as noted in our last Record. The river was now falling rapidly, and the water was lower than has been known at that season for years. The gun-boats were detained by low-water above the rapids at Alexandria, several transports having been destroyed on the passage down to that point, where at the last accounts a large force was engaged in damming the river, so as to give suf-

ficient depth to suffer the boats to pass the obstruction and regain the Mississippi. The army in the mean while continued its retreat from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, where it was at the latest date, May 4. While these operations were going on upon the Red River, a strong auxiliary expedition, under General Steele, had set out from Little Rock, Arkansas, with the design of uniting with Banks's column at Shreveport. About half the distance had been accomplished when intelligence reached him, at Camden, Arkansas, of the failure of Banks to reach Shreveport. He at once commenced his retreat, which was greatly harassed by the enemy, and his main column was compelled to destroy his trains and every bridge behind him. On the 30th of April, while crossing the Saline River, he was attacked by a body of the enemy under General Fagan; but the assault was repulsed. A portion of the enemy's cavalry, however, crossed the river above, and hurried on toward Little Rock, hoping to take it by surprise while the Union forces were at a distance; the movement was, however, unsuccessful. A train returning to Pine Bluff, under command of Colonel Drake, with an escort of three regiments, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy and captured. We lost nearly 2000 prisoners, four guns, and 240 wagons.—General Canby, lately in command of the fortifications at New York, has been appointed to the command of all the forces west of the Mississippi.

Another disaster has occurred to our arms in North Carolina. On the 17th of April a large body of the Confederates marched upon Plymouth, upon Albemarle Sound, near the mouth of the Roanoke River, which was held by our forces under General Wessels. A furious attack was made upon Fort Gray, its principal defense, which was repelled by the garrison, aided by the gun-boats. On the 18th four of the enemy's gun-boats and an iron-clad ram came down the Roanoke, passed the fort in the night, and attacked our fleet. Two of our boats, the *Southfield* and the *Bombshell*, were lost. The shots fired at the ram apparently inflicted no serious damage. The attack upon Plymouth was then resumed; the town itself was abandoned, the troops retiring into Fort Williams, which was assailed by storm, and captured after a desperate contest. The captures were about 1500 men. Among the garrison were two companies of North Carolina Volunteers, and a number of colored troops. It is said that the volunteers and the negroes were shot after surrender. This statement is, however, not confirmed with the same certainty as is the similar transaction at Fort Pillow, noted in our last Record.

Several minor engagements of no great importance have taken place in various quarters. But the main interest of the month has been concentrated upon the operations of the Army of the Potomac, which, under the immediate direction of Lieutenant-General Grant, has undertaken a forward movement against the Confederate army under General Lee, and toward Richmond.

The Union army had been concentrated near Culpepper Court House, about ten miles from the northern bank of the Rapidan; the Confederate army was mainly at Orange Court House, about twenty miles south, ten miles from the south bank of the Rapidan: the outposts and pickets of both armies reaching that stream, on either side. The

order for the advance of our army was given on the morning of Tuesday, May 3. The crossing was effected during the day and the following night, mainly at Germanna and Ely's Fords, twelve and eighteen miles east of Culpepper. Instead of marching directly south upon Lee's strong position at Orange, and the intrenchments on Mine River a few miles distant, which Meade had found in November too strong to be assailed, and which were now doubtless still stronger, Grant's plan was to turn them upon their right; that is, to the east, and thus throw himself between these positions and Richmond. The effect of this movement would be that Lee must either come out of his intrenchments and defeat this advance upon open ground, or fall back toward Richmond. This line of advance would compel Grant to traverse the region locally known as the "Wilderness."

The "Wilderness" is a broken, sterile tract of country in Spottsylvania County, commencing not far from the south bank of the Rapidan, and stretching ten or fifteen miles in each direction. The region is intersected in every direction by gullies and ravines of no great depth, but with steep sides, interspersed here and there with swamps. The low hills and swells are covered with a thick growth of stunted pines, dwarf oaks, and underbrush, hardly reaching the height of a man, but so dense as to be almost impenetrable. The roads which straggle here and there, crossing and recrossing, are, with one or two exceptions, mere paths, impassable for the rudest vehicle even in good weather, and converted into quagmires by a few hours' rain. Here and there, at the intersection of these roads, is a tavern or store, with half a dozen rude dwellings grouped around it. Besides these, and here and there a solitary dwelling, the whole tract is almost bare of inhabitants. Chancellorsville, where the Army of the Potomac under Hooker suffered defeat in May, 1863, is near the eastern edge of this tract. The main action in that series of encounters is called by the Confederates "the Battle of the Wilderness." Across this desolate region Grant's army must pass in order to carry out the design of turning the works at Mine Run. That it would be attacked by the Confederates, whose intimate knowledge of the region would give them a decided advantage, was a probability which had to be taken into consideration in venturing upon the movement.

The army under the immediate lead of General Meade, Major-General Commanding—Lieutenant-General Grant, who accompanied it, taking the general direction of the whole series of combined movements—crossed the Rapidan in the course of Wednesday, May 4. The passage was made mainly in pontoon bridges, which had been thrown across during the previous night. It was effected without opposition, apparently before the enemy, some miles distant, were aware of the intention. The Fifth Corps, under Warren, and the Sixth, under Sedgwick, crossed at Germanna Ford; the Second, under Hancock, crossed at Ely's Ford; the Ninth, under Burnside, being held in reserve on the north bank. The army moved in light marching order, carrying six days' rations, leaving its train to follow after. That night the army encamped beyond the south bank of the Rapidan.

Early on Thursday morning, May 5, the line of march was taken up through the Wilderness. Lee being within striking distance, it was necessary to assume and maintain a line of battle fronting toward him—that is, toward the west—while the army at

the same time pressed slowly southward. The line thus would have assumed a northwest and southeast direction, and according to the dispositions ordered, Sedgwick would have held the right, toward the northwest, Hancock the left, and Warren the centre. The movement had hardly begun, and the corps had only partly assumed their positions—the gap between Sedgwick and Hancock not having been filled by Warren—when it became evident that the enemy were approaching in force. Lee had chosen to dispute the turning rather than fall back. It is impossible, without the aid of maps and plans, to give a complete idea of the battles fought on that intricate field. The general scope and result may be readily apprehended. Lee repeated his favorite movement of hurling his troops in masses upon what appeared the weakest part of our lines. In this case it was at the outset clearly the centre. The attack was made by Ewell's and Hill's corps, first upon one point, and then in succession upon others. Several of these assaults were successful at the outset; in one, nearly a thousand prisoners and two guns were captured; but the Confederates were in the end foiled in each, and utterly failed in their purpose to break our lines or drive us back upon the Rapidan. The battle extended far into the night. The loss was heavy, probably about equal, on both sides; but the enemy took about 1000 prisoners, and lost about 300. Both armies lay on their arms upon their own part of the field. The result was indecisive; but Grant had gained a little in position, and in discovering the position of the enemy, and thus knowing in what direction to call the reserve under Burnside.

On Friday, the 6th, both commanders had resolved upon taking the offensive. The Confederates, who were now strengthened by Longstreet's corps, however, were a little the earlier, and repeated their tactics of the preceding day, with even more determination. On our part, also, the offensive was tried; and the lines of battle, irregularly formed among the dense thickets, swayed back and forward during the whole day—now at one point, and now at another. More than once it seemed that the enemy had succeeded in their purpose of breaking through our lines, but in each case they were finally repelled. The last and the most nearly successful of these attacks was made just at nightfall, when a furious dash was made upon our extreme right, which had remained for hours almost unassailed. Seymour's and Shaler's brigades, who were posted here, were swept away, and both generals captured. Seymour, who commanded at the disastrous battle of Olustee, in Florida, had shown the utmost gallantry during the day. The whole right wing was in fearful peril. If this had been crushed the entire army would have been severed from its supplies across the Rapidan, and unless the enemy had been checked by the artillery which had been posted in the rear, a ruinous defeat would have been almost inevitable. Sedgwick, however, rallied his forces and checked the enemy. In the gathering gloom they were probably unaware of the extent of their success; they were, moreover, exhausted by the terrible efforts which they had put forth during the day, and they withdrew under the cover of darkness. The whole battle had been a series of desperate assaults upon different parts of our line, successful at first, because, owing to his better knowledge of the intricacies of the ground, the enemy could in the outset bring a superior force upon the point of attack, and finally repelled when we could bring our forces to

the defense. Night closed in, as the preceding one had done, upon an almost drawn battle. Still Grant had gained a little in position, inasmuch as he had edged a little out of the Wilderness into ground sufficiently open to allow his artillery to be brought somewhat into action on the succeeding day. The two days' battles had been fought wholly with musketry, and under such conditions of ground that they were something like a series of Indian bush-fights on a gigantic scale.

At daybreak on Saturday, the 7th, the battle was opened by a sharp fire of artillery from our right, which had been drawn back somewhat and strengthened. No response was elicited; skirmishers were thrown out, and then a general advance was ordered; and though there was sharp skirmishing, the lack of regular opposition showed that Lee had abandoned his attempt at forcing our lines, and was falling back. Grant found that they were retiring in perfect order, ready to halt and give battle at any favorable point if hardly pressed. The bulk of both armies commenced their march southward, by roads nearly parallel, the immediate object of both being Spottsylvania Court House. The Confederates reached the point first, and took up a strong position, which had apparently been previously fortified.

On Sunday, the 8th, there was sharp fighting, though no general battle.

Monday, the 9th, opened comparatively quietly. The rations carried by the men were exhausted, and they were replenished from the trains which had come up. Meanwhile some changes had been made in the Union lines. Early in the afternoon the enemy made an unsuccessful assault on Wilcox's division, and there was sharp skirmishing at various points along the line. During the day the Union army suffered a severe loss in the death of General Sedgwick, who was killed by a sharp-shooter as he was directing the mounting of the artillery of his corps. Toward dusk Grant ordered an advance of a portion of his line, throwing several divisions across one of the branches of the Mattapony. There were, as before, alternate charges and repulses; at the close of which the Confederates held firmly their strong position around Spottsylvania Court House, their general line being almost a semi-circle, and ours opposite to it, presenting a similar form, of larger circumference.

Early on Tuesday morning, the 10th, the action was opened by a sharp cannonade, preparatory to a general attack, which was to be made along the whole line, especially on the centre. The contest on this day was more furious than on any previous one, and the results were equally indecisive, although they were upon the whole strongly in our favor.

Wednesday, the 11th, opened quietly, and on that morning Grant sent his first official dispatch to the Secretary of War. He said: "We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is very much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5000 prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Toward noon skirmishing was again resumed, and during the night the positions of the corps were changed, Hancock finding himself in front of the Confederate division under General Edward Johnson, who were strongly intrenched.

These works were charged at dawn of Thursday,

the 12th, and carried with a rush, the whole division, with its commander, being made prisoners. During the day there was hard fighting along the lines, and at its close General Grant forwarded this dispatch: "The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even a company, while we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's), one brigade (Dobbs's), and one regiment entire of the enemy."

On the 11th the weather, which had been fine, began to change, and soon settled into a storm, which rendered the roads almost impassable, and put a temporary stop to active operations in this quarter. The interval was improved by both commanders to strengthen their position by throwing up works, massing their forces, and hurrying forward reinforcements. These additions to the Union army are quite equal to the losses sustained in the whole series of actions; and there is every reason to believe that the Confederates have not been less strongly reinforced. The latest accounts, which are dated on the 18th, report that the battle had just been renewed, near Spottsylvania Court House; but as we close our Record on the morning of the 20th of May, no definite intelligence of the result has appeared.

Of the forces engaged in this series of battles, and of the losses upon each side, it is impossible to speak with any approach to accuracy. All that can be said is that each army numbered from 100,000 to 200,000 men, and that the losses are great on both sides. From the nature of the fighting, it is probable that the killed and wounded on each side are not far from equal, while we have by far the greater number of prisoners.

While these operations were going on near the Rapidan an important auxiliary movement was made from Fortress Monroe. General Butler, embarking a strong force, went up the York River to West Point, in order to induce the enemy to suppose that he intended to land there, and assail Richmond by marching across the Peninsula. The attention of the forces at Richmond having been drawn to that direction, Butler descended the York and sailed up the James, and disembarked his whole force at and near City Point, about fifteen miles in a direct line from Richmond, upon the opposite bank of the river. This was on the 5th of May. Beauregard at this time was supposed to be near Petersburg with a strong force. One object of this movement of Butler was to prevent him from joining Lee, by cutting the railroad. On the 9th of May Butler announced to the Secretary of War that General Kautz, with 3000 cavalry from Suffolk, had "burned the railroad bridge at Stony Creek, below Petersburg, cutting in two Beauregard's forces at that point;" that he had intrenched himself, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, he could hold against the whole of Lee's army; that Beauregard, with a large portion of his command, had been left south by the cutting of the railroad by General Kautz; that he had beaten the portion which had reached Petersburg, after a severe fight; and that "Lieutenant-General Grant will not be troubled by any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's forces." This dispatch appears to have been too sanguine. Since its date there has been severe fighting on the James River, and Butler appeared

before Fort Darling, which commands the approach by water to Richmond, ostensibly with the purpose of laying regular siege to it. On the 16th the Confederates made a sortie from the fort, and after a severe contest forced Butler back to his intrenchments, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. It is stated that this demonstration on Fort Darling was a feint to detain the Confederate forces near Richmond from reinforcing Lee. But the late reports from this quarter lack official sanction.

In the mean time the cavalry of Grant's army, under General Sheridan, made a bold diversion. Setting out from the position near the Wilderness on the 9th of May, they rode around the right flank of the enemy, and reached the North Anna River in the evening. At Beaver Dam three trains of cars and a large amount of stores were destroyed, and the railroad torn up for several miles. Sheridan then dashed toward Richmond, crossed the Chickahominy, and penetrated the exterior defenses of the Confederate capital. Near Yellow Tavern he encountered a strong body of cavalry, commanded by General J. E. B. Stuart, the most dashing of the Confederate leaders: in the action which ensued Stuart was killed. He then recrossed the Chickahominy, and after destroying the bridges, and inflicting serious damage, joined Butler's command. This is the most extensive cavalry raid of the war.

A portion of our army in Western Virginia, under General Sigel, met with a severe repulse on the 15th of May, at Rood's Hill, near Mount Jackson, in the Valley of the Shenandoah. He appears to have rashly marched to attack the enemy under Imboden, who fell back until Sigel found himself opposed to a superior force, who drove him back with considerable loss.

Of scarcely less importance than the operations of the Army of the Potomac are those simultaneously undertaken by the Army of the West under General Sherman. The army advanced from Chattanooga upon the Confederates under J. E. Johnston, who were posted at Dalton, Georgia, about 40 miles, and at Resaca, some 15 miles further, to the south. On the 7th of May General Thomas occupied Tunnel Hill, 10 miles north of Dalton; while Sherman struck by a flank movement at Resaca. On the 16th he attacked Johnston, who was strongly fortified at Resaca, and after a severe battle drove him out, with the loss of 1200 prisoners and 10 guns. The loss of Resaca compelled the evacuation of Dalton, and the whole army of Johnston fell into a rapid retreat southward toward Rome. Johnston, being still pressed, continued his retreat, abandoning Rome and Kingston, where he was expected to make a stand. He appears to be falling back to Atlanta, the most important point in Central Georgia, and the seat of large manufactories of arms and munitions. Although the accounts from this quarter are bare outlines, they indicate that thus far the movement of Sherman has been decidedly successful.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

For some time past there has been a dispute between Spain and Peru. It was asserted that outrages had been committed upon Spanish subjects residing in Peru. At length, on the 14th of April, the Spanish Admiral commanding on the coast took formal possession of the Chincha guano islands, in the name of the Queen of Spain. This action is of special importance, from its being accompanied by an intimation that the Spanish Government was re-

asserting its ancient claims, which had not been invalidated by the years during which they had been in abeyance. This claim, if persisted in, amounts to a declaration that the recognition of the independence not only of Peru, but, by implication, that of all the South American States formerly subject to Spain, is invalid; and that Spain is at liberty, if she sees fit, to re-establish her sovereignty.

EUROPE.

The Danes have met with another disaster in the capture of Düppel, which fell into the hands of the Prussians on the 18th of April. The Diplomatic Conference, the object of which is to settle the Dano-German difficulty, has assembled in London, all the great Powers being represented. Little hope is entertained that any satisfactory result will be attained.

In the British House of Lords a sharp debate took place on the 29th of April in relation to the measures of the Government in seizing the rams alleged to have been built for the Confederate Government. The Earl of Derby, in a long and elaborate speech, condemned the entire action of the Government in this matter. Earl Russell replied at length, defending the course of the Government. He said that it was every way desirable to maintain relations of amity with the United States. That the Messrs. Laird, the builders of these vessels, had it in their power to commit Great Britain in hostilities with the Northern States, and that it was only the vigilance of the Government which prevented this from having been done. These men and some others, he said, in continuation, "have done every thing in their power, by fitting out ships, by engaging in contracts for supplying vessels of war to the other belligerent, to give to the United States a just cause of war against this country. What I have been apprehensive of is giving the United States just cause of war; that we should commit such acts that the United States can truly say, 'You, professing to be neutral, are in fact at war with this country, and are carrying on hostilities with us under the guise of friendship and peace.' The only thing with which I should be disposed to reproach myself in the present case is the degree of credulity with which I received the assurances that were made that the iron-clads were not intended for the Confederate States." Earl Russell closed by expressing the hope that the result of the contest in America would be that "that sin, that crime, that detestable state of slavery would be forever abolished from among civilized nations."

It is announced that the iron-clad *Alexandra* is to be given up to her owners; and almost simultaneously the Confederate cruiser *Georgia* appears at Liverpool, her crew are ostensibly discharged, and it is reported that the vessel is to be sold. It is strongly suspected that the crew are to be re-enlisted for the *Alexandra*, and that this powerful vessel will slip out to sea, to prey upon our commerce.

Garibaldi, after having been received in England with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes, and having accepted invitations to visit many of the principal towns, suddenly left the country. The reason publicly assigned was that his physician thought his health would be endangered by the fatigue and excitement of these receptions. But it is more than suspected that his departure was in consequence of the request of the Government, made on the representations, or rather demands, of the French Emperor, who saw in this visit a revolutionary purpose.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SINCE our last month's chat the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth has passed. It was not a universal celebration in this country like that of Burns's centenary, four years ago. We have other interests now, and in the profound hush that precedes a great conflict which must be memorable in history, it was not surprising that we could not pause long, or very impressively, to remember the birthday of a poet. Yet there was nothing better said on that day than what Judge Hoar of Massachusetts said, that we were settling now to which branch of the old race, the older or the younger, Shakespeare truly belongs. The great principles of English civilization are at stake upon this Continent. We are in the van of the fight. Shakespeare is the great English name; and if we vindicate more fully English liberty and manhood, we may more justly claim that the poet is ours. Shakespeare belongs to the best Englishmen; and they are the best Englishmen who most triumphantly establish human liberty.

In New York a Shakespeare movement began quietly on that day which will, without doubt, end pleasantly and honorably. The corner-stone of a monument was laid in the Central Park, with a modest and apt speech from Judge Daly, the recitation of a poem by Mr. Wheatley, and the proper tapping with the trowel by Sir Falstaff Hackett. The ceremony was thus symbolic of the universal and professional interest in Shakespeare. The project has been most simply and wisely begun. Hitherto such demonstrations have ended with the magnificent overture. Where, for instance, is the Cooper monument? What an overture there was! The late Dr. Griswold was the *deus ex machina*. Webster presided. Bryant delivered the oration. Irving attended. Every famous man in the land wrote a letter. The splendid Tripler Hall glittered with the fine assembly. All the trumpets blew. And the monument? "The boy! oh, where was he?" The monument is not yet visible.

The Shakespeare Memorial has fallen into wiser hands. They will quietly collect the sum, not very large—say twenty thousand dollars—necessary for the work. There will be a national committee of literary celebrities; a working central committee; a noble monument, and a triumphant festival of dedication. At least we hope so. And then, when the greatest name in our English literature is honored by a visible memorial in the Park, let us hope that the genial patriarch of American letters, to whom the island, crowned by the Park, was so especially dear, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Geoffrey Crayon, will also be commemorated by a statue which shall recall the brisk alert figure with which the city was so long familiar.

The festival of St. Shakespeare was not without honor in other cities besides New York. In Detroit there was an excellent celebration, combining speeches and tableaux. In Utica a banquet with speeches took place. In Boston there was a private dinner with much scholarly discourse. Among the memorabilia of the day here and in Europe are several good stories; as for instance that of the sober, thoughtful New England farmer who heard from a neighbor that England would probably make the seizure of Slidell and Mason the occasion of war. The neighbor said that great preparations were

making; fleets getting ready; soldiers under orders; universal tumult of excitement.

"And England is really going to make war upon us?" said the silent farmer at last.

"It certainly looks so."

"Then Lord Lyons is welcome to my copy of Shakespeare," was the fervid indignant reply, as if the poet were the umbilical cord that had hitherto held us fast to our mother. A new declaration of independence: "When in the course of human events it becomes clear that England is going to be false to herself, then Shakespeare is tarnished by having been an Englishman."

In Paris Louis Napoleon forbade the Englishmen to have their Shakespeare celebration, but permitted it again at the last moment. It is to such an arbitrary will that the honor of England has been sold. But the most amusing incidents were in England itself. At Carlisle the mayor, Mr. Caleb Hodgson, was asked to assist in some way toward the tercentenary celebration, and answered, with the gravity and wisdom of Dogberry, "Shakespeare was a clever man, but might have turned his talents to better advantage!" The *Spectator* thereupon remarks that Mr. Mayor Hodgson has rendered unconscious service to the Shakespearian cause, for he has enabled all his townsmen to understand Justice Shallow. And the worshipful mayor has a worthy following, for one of the citizens of Carlisle issued a manifesto, ending: "Let us support our worthy mayor and all who are conscientiously concerned, against theatrical entertainments as seductive and dangerous, and take no part in the celebration of the birthday of a mere literary stage actor." Ten to one that citizen keeps a copy of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy on his parlor table.

Of the great festival at Stratford there have been copious accounts in the English periodicals. But at this present writing we are yet to learn how far the political troubles of the moment, the presence of Garibaldi, the meeting of the Conference, the remarkable attitude of France, the popular assemblies in London, may have affected public opinion so as to paralyze interest in the celebration. In the city of London itself the jealousies of literary cliques seem to have extinguished all heartiness and unanimity of action. Dear old John Bull! Living in a globe of glass, why will you persist in heaving paving-stones?

THE yearly exhibition of the National Academy of Design dovetailed with that of the Metropolitan Fair. It is, or was, an excellent collection of pictures, not so large as in many previous years, but of a higher uniform character. The room, Derby's Gallery, has unfortunately been entirely ruined by division into a series of little chambers, and the contrast with the airy brilliant gallery of the Fair, or with itself of three years ago, was most disheartening. Let us hope that in the new academy at the corner of Twenty-third Street and the Fourth Avenue, which touches the bustling city with Venetian grace, there will be one spacious splendid gallery, and not a suit of chambers, to hang the pictures in. If there is a little space gained by the division there is an immensely valuable effect lost. Nor will any one but the unlucky artist have reason to grieve if the smaller space shall exclude some of the many wretched pictures which yearly seek admission.

Or are there no such things as wretched pictures? For that is the question really suggested by the circumstances which have attended some criticisms of the spring. Or again, if by any chance there be poor pictures, has any body the right to say so? Where is the line to be drawn? Are we gentry of the pen to have no opinion at all of pictures, or are we never to express it? It is certainly incredible that sensible men and good fellows should take such a ground, and yet it is undeniable that it has been taken. Now let us at once fully understand and state the total absurdity of such talk. You dear Titian and Velasquez and Rubens and Raphael, you can no more maintain such rubbish than you can offer us roses and poppies to smell, and try to prevent our saying that the roses smell sweet and the poppies do not. Here are you nimble fellows scaling the walls of the Hesperidian orchard and holding up the fruit as you return. You hold it up and ask us to look. We do look; all mankind looks, and lo! some of the apples are specked; some are gnarly; some are green; some are rotten to the core; some are pure gold. Do you think we are going to hurrah for the rot as we do for the gold; or do you think we don't know which is one and which the other? If you say that, you confess that the fruit is no fruit at all. If you say that, you confess that art is not art. Who made Shakespeare's fame? The poets? The scholars? The playwrights? No, not at all. It was made by the people, by the great universal heart of man to which he, and all artists, address themselves. Who made Raphael's fame? The painters? Read the story and see. Madonna of Foligno, Madonna of San Sisto, are they famous because the painters praised them, or because their lofty beauty touched the same heart that would have been touched by the living charm? When you show a picture, you appeal to the finest emotions of the average man, not to the technical skill of the expert, and you will be judged accordingly. When Bryant publishes "Thirty Poems," is this Easy Chair, or any other, under any kind of obligation to say that they are beautiful, or to hold his tongue? Exactly the reverse. He is under a very especial obligation to say that they are not beautiful, if he thinks so: for he has undertaken to chat honestly with his readers about any current interesting topic. And if this Chair should say—the Chair being the judge—that Bryant was a slovenly, inaccurate, slip-slop singer, the gentle reader would probably laugh, and say that either the good Easy Chair was a wag or knew as much of poetry as a bat of music. And why would the gentle reader say so? Because the poems are addressed to him, although he is not a poet. They appeal to the human heart, and that will inevitably and of right declare its verdict.

Now, will any of our friends the artists imagine Mr. Bryant waiting upon the Easy Chair after it had expressed such an opinion of his poems, and saying: "You wretched mass of carved wood and cushions, what right have you to say that my poems are not good? Who the vinegar cruet are you, that you should set up to correct the public taste and pass judgment upon your betters? What the poker and tongs does an Easy Chair know of poetry? You envious old scraggy piece of furniture, you have spoiled the sale of at least five hundred copies of my book! Therefore you are a thief, a highway robber, as well as a charlatan, and I defy you to mortal combat." Could any thing be sadder or more absurd? The poet sings. The Easy Chair

stops his ears and cries "Horrible!" and thereupon the poet breaks all his four legs for him. Well, let us suppose a painter paints. The spectator says, "Whew!" and thereupon the painter sulks and behaves in the way for which small children in petticoats are castigated and sent to bed. If this is the kind of lesson which is to be taught at the beautiful new academy on the Fourth Avenue we hope the pupils may be few. If the artists seriously intend to dispute the right and duty of the public to express their honest opinions about the pictures which they pay for seeing they are likely to be seriously disappointed.

The pictures in the Exhibition of this year seem to this individual Chair, as it said, of a higher average merit than usual: and this, notwithstanding the absence of many of the most noted hands. Among the landscapes a picture of the Autumn Woods and Fields, by M'Entee, is one of the most felicitous and poetic works we have seen. It is neither mannered nor extravagant. It is of no school, but that of the simplest and most faithful interpretation of the sentiment of the scene, achieved not by any theoretical use of means, but with a clear understanding of the power of the means at any artist's disposal, and their relation to the facts he wishes to reproduce. The difficulty, in this view, of Mr. Farrer's Buckwheat Field, is, that the artist is evidently overpowered by a certain theory; as, for instance, that, as nature produces certain effects by a certain distribution and coloring of infinite detail, the artist, in order to render that effect, must imitate the details. The defect of such a theory is that it requires what is impossible. The detail of nature can not be imitated. Still further, a certain degree of detail may be partially imitated, but without conveying in the least degree the spirit and sentiment of the scene; while all detail may be deliberately rejected, and the very effect sought be admirably achieved. For instance, there is a picture by Diaz, representing the plunge of a pack of hounds through a forest, of which Mr. Hicks made a masterly copy in Paris. There is scarcely a discernibly elaborated detail in the picture. A smutch of the pallet-knife may have done much of the work; and yet the wavering, glancing movement of the dogs is perfectly rendered. Instinctively you listen for the hunter's horn, and step aside to make room for the flying deer. You are caught up at once into the spirit of the scene. But vainly will you look to find a solitary well-defined hair in a single dog's tail. On the other hand, we freely and gladly allow that we have seldom seen a more pathetic picture than the Stone-breaker, which was exhibited here a few years since, and which was of the extremest detail in its execution.

Elliott still maintains his ascendancy in portraiture. He has nothing this year quite so remarkable as his portrait of Fletcher Harper of two years ago. But, then, every work can not be his best. Hennessey has two or three of his careful, characteristic works, full of a conscience, sweetness, and freshness which are not only admirable for what they effect, but for what they promise. Nast's Moonlight after the Battle, with the dead heroes grouped around their gun, is remarkable for the triumph of the ennobling sentiment over the melancholy facts. Vedder's Sea Serpent is repulsive for the very reverse—a huge, loathsome snake, stretched at length among the high grass on the sandy sea-shore, successfully defying the summer day. It is the serpent, not the sky, that haunts the memory and

teases the imagination. Yet the skill of the artist is shown by the positive repulsion of his work. It is an unmitigated serpent, and the eye hastens to escape as the foot would. Mayer's picture of *The Sick Soldier* and the *Sister of Charity* was hung too high, but it could not escape universal attention and admiration. It was partly due to the time, to our own war, and to the earnest attention and sympathy with which every form of camp life and suffering is regarded. But the work is tenderly and truthfully done, the patient resignation of the soldier, the sisterly sweetness of the nurse, the sobriety and subordination of all the accessories make it a very interesting work.

We could talk a great deal of the pictures, but an *Easy Chair* gets easily garrulous, and must stop. How strange it was in those silent, pleasant rooms to think of the *Rapidan* and the great work doing there, and of how many a brave man at that very moment was ready to clasp his hands and listen to the soft voice of the charitable *Sister*! We learn the names of some of our heroes; but of the multitudes who stand firm until they fall, who leave home and family that all our homes may be secure and all our families happy, the names can never be known. J. S.— says that he never passes a wounded soldier in the street without lifting his hat to him. Yes, and many a heart salutes where no outward sign is made.

THE fourth volume of Carlyle's "*Life of Frederick the Great*" (just issued by the Harpers) is a most captivating and exasperating book. There is a sublime audacity in holding up such a figure as that of Frederick, and challenging, or rather defying, the admiration of mankind. With all the magnificence of style, the masterly use of English, which gives a new idea of its power and picturesqueness, with all the learning and overwhelming wit, pathos, and sarcasm, with all its wonderfully incisive and creative strokes, its lucid combinations and perpetual interest, the book fails to arouse any especial interest in its hero or sympathy for him, and you feel, in the very splendor and tumult of the treatment, that the author is fully aware of it. From the magnificent frame the portrait stares at you, hard, cold, mechanical. The man was a good soldier probably; but even by his eulogist's own showing, even through his incessantly pelting sneers at all other contemporary monarchs, it is clear that Frederick had no more call to be a king of men than any other man who wore a crown at the same time. The whole unmatched magazine of wit is exploded at Voltaire, at the British Government, at the French court, at Saxony and Austria—they are all zanies, harlequins, noodles, innocents, imbeciles, unfortunates; but while you hurry, breathless, and shouting with glee, and smiling, and scolding, up and down the pages, you are ready to rejoice as much in the success of the hero's enemies as in his own; nor can the utmost art of genius make you see how mankind are to gain by Frederick's triumphant theft of Silesia from Maria Theresa. Nothing told of his private life is in the least interesting or touching. The erudite Dryasdust and the patient Smelfungus explore the dust-bins and dive into the shot rubbish, as Carlyle delights to call it, and rescue the important fact that Frederick the Great sat upon the side of his bed while he pulled on his breeches, and smeared his uniform coat with snuff, and restored to a poor country schoolmaster the money which had been taken from

him by the royal custom-house officers. Now the value of details in biography is incalculable; but when the most skillful composing and arranging of them fails to impart the least lustre of human interest to the person concerned they become a terrible testimony.

We have a right to assume that so thorough and accurate a student as Carlyle found nothing important to tell us of the condition of the people under the sway of this king of men, or he would have mentioned it. But of what may be called Prussia, of that national life which is the measure of all government, we do not get a single glimpse. Prussia apparently is Potsdam, the palace at Berlin, and Silesia. The author is writing the life of a king, indeed, but how can you do that without telling us of the kingdom? The elaborate episode about the schoolmaster, for instance, leaves the impression that Prussia was as entirely subjugated to the whims of one man as any African tribe of which Captain Speke tells us. Was this the fact? And if so, will Carlyle, or any other doctor of the cynical church, tell us why, because that one man was the son of another unparalleled for criminal willfulness, and was himself merely a military will, he should have been clothed with such tremendous power? Could there be any real justification for it but the wisest possible use of that power? And could that appear, except in the constant improvement of the people concerned? What has the world gained by the resounding feats of Frederick the Great? That is the question; and now, at the end of four magnificent volumes, of astonishing power in many ways, there is not the least hint of an answer, or of the intention of an answer, or even of the conception that there ought to be an answer.

If we are to accept this elaborate and delightful work, for such it unquestionably is, merely as a monument of literary genius, very well. Then we feast, and are thankful. But we can not forget that Carlyle hurls foul scorn at "literary works," and we have no right to accuse him of intending to do only what he vehemently ridicules. If it be a contribution to the history of the eighteenth century only—amen: it is the most brilliant ever made. But that is not a satisfactory account of it. When a man like Carlyle surveys the whole field of human history, and selects one conspicuous figure to depict, he must do it because he feels that, either as example or warning, the work is worth doing. He means to tell the truth certainly; but what is the truth he tells in this instance? Is it that Frederick the Great was an admirable man or otherwise? One or the other he must have been, or Carlyle would not concern himself with his story. But thus far we have exhibited to us a rigid soldier heaving Europe in order to keep his hold upon Silesia; marching and countermarching with a thundering tread; doing the most abominable deeds, for which, Carlyle informs us, that Frederick has no explanation to make; and so far as can be gathered, doing it all without the least advantage to a human being, and at an infinite cost of life and money. Does any reader gather from this book that life, liberty, and property were more secure under this King than they would have been without all his tremendous campaigning? Does Europe, does human civilization, owe him any debt? To Napoleon Bonaparte it owes the ending of the French terror, and the Code, as well as a universal loosening of the superstition in the divinity which doth hedge a king. Napoleon made himself a mon-

arch, but he freed mankind by that very fact from monarchical traditions; while the aid which Frederick did not care to give to Louis Fifteenth he would very gladly have given to Louis Eighteenth. But Frederick seems to have been, according to Carlyle, first-rate in nothing but soldiering, while the ability to govern men wisely requires very different powers from those which are needed to command armies successfully.

Yet whatever you may think of Frederick or of the judgment which Carlyle passes upon him, it is impossible not to recognize the amazing power and fascination of this work. Carlyle can never be a name unclouded in our regard because of his harlequinade upon our great struggle. But he must always be one of the memorable names and powers in English literature.

"A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL," who sends us his name, sends from Osh Kosh, Wisconsin, a striking suggestion upon the naming of Gates in the Central Park—a subject which was touched by the Easy Chair a month ago. He addresses his communication through us to the Commissioners of the Park, saying: "I have in my occasional visits to the Park enjoyed so much pleasure that I should be glad to reciprocate the kindness that I feel New York by its Central Park has already done for me."

Assuming, writes our correspondent, that the Union is to be preserved in a way that shall be satisfactory and beneficial to all, ought there not to be a "Union Gate," and in connection with it, at a suitable distance, a "Union Grove," in which each State shall be represented by a group of its native and most characteristic trees, the associations of which would be so pleasing to the thousands of citizens of every State who will hereafter visit the Park, and who will thus find a bit of their homes there and sit under their familiar trees? "With me," he adds, "this local attachment is so strong that, for the sake of gratifying it, I would most cheerfully undertake to furnish you gratuitously a reasonable number of trees from my own adopted Wisconsin; and I can scarcely doubt but what the same thing would be done by citizens of every State in the Union, and that all would feel a commendable pride in so doing."

He proposes to leave the arrangement of the groves to competent landscape artists; but he suggests that the ground set apart for these "miniature United States" should correspond in some manner to the form and size of each State, the lakes, large rivers, etc., being indicated by gravel or sand walks. He thinks that the ground might be laid out in a large circle, with Washington and its trees in the centre. Immediately around this a circle of the thirteen original States, and beyond this another circle of the remaining States.

It is an ingenious and patriotic plan, but we fear that it is more fanciful and curious than picturesque or practicable. Obviously the space required would be more than could be spared in the area of the Park, and the arrangement would interfere with the broad simplicity of the design of the whole Park. Yet the hint of the groups of various trees might be wisely adopted in some form, if indeed it be not already contemplated by the Commissioners. We should all gladly see, for instance, how kindly the California pines would take to the soil of Manhattan Island. But as the country extends, it is possible that the change of climate between the natural habitat of the trees and their new nursery might so

dwarf and diminish them, that the citizen from the Pacific would be only sadly reminded how far he was from his home.

We are very glad that our little word has produced so ingenious a response, and we shall have pleasure in presenting any other view so clearly conceived and stated as that of our friend in Osh Kosh, which, as he suggests, has been duly sent to the Board.

EVERYBODY, writes a friend at the West, has his picture taken; and since the photograph is so cheap and universal, everybody will always continue to have it taken. If the invention had been earlier "every old house, museum, palace, castle, and cottage, would be full of old likenesses; and among them would be the photograph of Luther when he left his father's house for the University, and one at Worms later in life; one of Shakespéare given to Miss Hathaway during their engagement; one of Bonaparte when at the military school: one of Washington when he returned from his western survey: there would also be one of Abraham Lincoln taken at a Mississippi village, where his flat-boat was detained a day. But could we identify these pictures? *Not one in a thousand would have on it the name and the date.*"

This is the pregnant text upon which our friend is sure that the Easy Chair could preach two or three columns. But it preaches itself. It is so obvious a duty that we should hope it needed no enforcing, although we know very well that it is a duty often, and perhaps generally, left undone. We say that it needs no enforcing, because, when once fully stated, no argument or appeal can strengthen it. If you, good reader, when you next have a card taken, which you privately think is a caricature of your face, will write your name and date upon it, you will really increase its value. And to enlarge the exhortation, please also date exactly all your notes and letters. It is not enough to write Thursday, or June 20, at the top or bottom. That kind of date has no meaning next year or the year after, and it costs very little trouble to put the figures of the year. The whole subject, brethren, falls under the general head of method and order. A very little care would convert a slattern into a neat Phillis, and a shuffling, shambling, confused, and lazy conduct into a prompt and effective one. A place for every thing, and every thing in its place, is one of the earliest copies upon which we all exercise our powers in pot-hooks. But it is a safe and saving legend for the whole of life. Precision is a habit as well as an instinct, and like all habits it can be cultivated and cherished. Date your notes; date your photographs, and put your name upon them: keep your papers, your letters, your bills, in order, and you will save time, temper, and trouble. So be it.

THE Easy Chair receives many letters, and can by no means answer nor even take notice of all. They are often personal, often confidential, often evidently the product of sentimentality and listlessness; but they are always welcome, as showing the sympathy between the Chair and its unknown friends, as well as giving it a profound glimpse into many moods and minds. They are from young and old, from married and unmarried, from men and women, and they show, upon the whole, such simplicity and rectitude, that another very good sermon might be preached from the Chair upon that text also.

In the long-run those books are pleasantest and most popular which make us think more kindly of human nature. The cynic, the skeptic, or the scoffer do not write their words upon the heart. As Shelley describes the charm of riding by the sea, and of the ceaseless delight of looking upon it—

"I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be—"

so that literature most permanently satisfies which justifies our deepest faith and highest aspiration. These little glimpses given us by the letters of which we speak give us a kindred pleasure. Will our correspondents believe it, and take this confession for the reply to their notes which otherwise we can not answer. They may be sure that all are received and read, and no kindly word or appeal or request is overlooked or forgotten.

WHATEVER the ultimate result may be of the tremendous battles of May in Virginia, it is vain to affect unconsciousness of the sorrow that has fallen upon so many homes in which this Magazine has long been a familiar monthly friend. The scope of the cause and the immensity of the struggle made that month probably the most important in our history. Upon both sides the valor was prodigious, and the tenacity of the contest showed the quality of the race contending. In no event of our annals have the youth and vitality of this country been so fearfully proved. The shock was terrific, but it was inevitable. It is weakness and folly to deplore the wars without which, at least thus far in God's Providence, error and wrong would prevail over the right. Every man would prefer a peaceable life, in amity with his neighbors and the world; but what man would buy peace with any kind of dishonor, or secure his own comfort by the sacrifice of his children's?

In so vast a strife as that which has desolated this country for three years, however right we may believe one side to be, and however wrong the other, it is impossible, as it is unmanly, not to recognize the persistent bravery with which each has been defended. It is our faith that in the long-run a generous, humane, and ennobling cause, whatever and wherever it may be, will triumph. But we have no right to suppose that a man of just sentiments will be impervious to bullets, nor that a hundred resolved bad men may not overpower a dozen good ones, however resolute. So long as questions are debated with the tongue only we may trust to reason. But when they come to the decision of battle, we must remember that the appeal is to reason no longer. And when they have gone so far as to be submitted to battle, then battle and not reason nor justice will decide.

But for the sorrowful and suffering every where, for the hearts that ache and are broken, all good men will pray for the divine consolation.

THE Easy Chair can not possibly refuse his friends the gratification of reading this noble testimony to the gallantry of Americans:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I am not like your Dorinda Number One, for I never was an 'object of interest.' I am simply Peggy, but I can testify to the truth of your remarks on the natural gallantry of the male sex. I am fifty-four years old, and have traveled alone, with very rare exceptions, since I was fourteen, on sloops, smacks, steam and canal boats; also horse boats, in stage-coaches, cabs, car-

riages of all kinds, rail-cars, both steam and horse, and omnibuses; but can not call to mind *one* instance of rudeness or unkindness: on the contrary, time would fail me to tell all the kindness I have received. I am and have been for the last twenty years twice the weight and bulk of ordinary women; but if I enter a crowded car I generally have a seat offered me; or if I propose to a gentleman to take a share of the seat with him he will offer to find another seat for himself; that I never will permit, if he will excuse my crowding him. I have made many pleasant acquaintances in that way, beguiled many tedious hours, and gained much useful information. Now, it is very easy to be polite to a young and pretty woman, but I could give many instances in the last twenty years of *my* life to show the gallantry of the male sex to women because they are women. But I will not tax your time or patience further unless you wish to hear individual instances of my experience, but will conclude by saying I agree with you in this, as I always have in all things since my acquaintance first began with you in *Harper's Monthly* No. 1, and has continued without interruption until the last. As I think you possess a goodly share of the gallantry of your sex, I feel assured you will excuse my presumption in addressing you as dear Easy Chair.

"PEGGY."

"P.S.—I mean by gallantry the reverence the best of men feel and show our sex."

Editor's Drawer.

THE following come to the Drawer from Missouri:

In the Davis County (Iowa) Circuit Court, several years ago, an action of slander was brought by A— against C—, damages claimed, \$3000. The defendant employed Judge Faglin in his behalf, and soon after went to the State of Indiana on a visit, and there died. When the case was called, at the next term of court, Judge F., appearing for the defendant, filed the following answer:

"[A— vs. C—.] Comes now the defendant, and for answer to plaintiff's petition says that he is dead; that he died in Indiana on or about the 10th day of July, 185—, of fever and ague. He therefore asks that this suit may abate, and of this he puts himself upon the country."

The Court, at the suggestion of defendant's death, ordered the cause stricken from the docket. Judge F. walked out of the court-room, and finding some men standing together talking he walked up to where they were, and broke upon their conversation as follows:

"Gentlemen, I gained my case."

"What case, Judge?"

"The most important one in our court, A— against C—."

"How did you gain it?"

"My client died, Sir."

I WAS called upon to defend a criminal suit in Ozark County, Missouri, before Squire G—. My client was arrested upon complaint of one M— for stealing a cow. The justice had himself written the complaint, of which the following is a copy *verbatim*:

"{State of Missouri, } The defendant, Mike Johnson,
{County of Ozark, } is accused of the crime of (Here state the offense) against the peace and dignity of the State, and contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided.

DANIEL MAIDEN.

"Sworn to, etc."

When the defendant was brought into court for trial I filed a motion to dismiss the case because the complaint did not charge him with any crime, that the words "Here state the offense" in the complaint

was not charging a crime, etc. When I had concluded my short argument the Court, upon grave deliberation, overruled my motion, and as a reason for doing so said that he had "followed the form he found in the law book exactly, and that he had been told when he was elected to follow the words of the law." My client was held to bail for his appearance at the next Circuit Court.

A CORRESPONDENT in the Union army says:

Having received from the United States Christian Commission some reading matter among which were old *Harper's Monthlies* [he means *Harper's old Monthlies*], and being much pleased with the Drawer, I wish to become a contributor. I also thank the Christian Commission for the Magazines, especially the Drawer.

While on the retreat from Dandridge to Knoxville, Tennessee, January 15, 1864, I stopped at the house of an old woman on the road-side who was very loquacious. She commenced by giving me a history of the wrongs she had sustained from the armies—Rebs and Yanks, as she called them—and finally concluded by giving an account of a battle.

"Along come Longstreet's walk men, and along come Wolford's critter men, and they formed a line of fight right in my yard, and knocked over my ash-hopper that I wouldn't taken two dollars and a half for."

WHILE we were foraging in Sequatchie, Tennessee, after the campaign which ended with the battle of Chicamauga, our boys used to get up cotillion parties, etc., in the country, which were well attended by the ladies, both Union and Secesh, of the valley. The latter were very careful on such occasions about the language they used in the presence of the boys, lest they might offend them. One of the ladies stepped up to Wash (the fiddler) and said, very politely, "Will you be so kind as to play the *Federal Doodle*?"

I SEND you the following fact about Jim Blascum, the "cute darkey:"

A number of years ago there lived in the eastern part of Connecticut, not far from the Rhode Island line, a farmer by the name of Thomas T—. In his family he had a colored boy called Jim Blascum, whom he had taken to "bring up." Jim was employed in light farm-work during the summer, and did the chores and went to school in winter. He was the most inveterate little rogue in the whole town, and all the mischief perpetrated in the neighborhood was generally traceable to him.

One time, when Jim was about twelve years of age, his master had occasion to drive a lot of cattle down into Rhode Island, and took him along to assist him. The farmer stopped at a tavern in Coventry, on his route, to procure some refreshments, taking the little darkey in with him. In the bar-room T— encountered an old friend, who invited him to drink, and they immediately decided to have each a brandy sling, and ordered the bar-keeper to make them. Now this acquaintance, whose name was Will Davis, was a great talker, and was apt to become absent-minded when he got upon old times, as he did on this occasion; and just as he had reached the middle of a story the bar-keeper announced: "Your slings are ready, gentlemen." Each lifted his glass to his lips; but Will only took one sip, and then set it down, for he was too much interested in his story to drink more. Jim, with rolling

eyes and glistening ivories, had stood directly behind Will, listening to his story; but as soon as he set down his glass the little darkey, with a *sang froid* that Newcomb might imitate to advantage, reached under his elbow, grasped the tumbler, quaffed the contents at a swallow, and replaced it on the counter. When Will had concluded and the laugh had "come in" (in which the bar-keeper, who had been a silent witness of Jim's cute manœuvre, joined with a zest that was unwarranted by the narrative itself) he turned to finish his sling. At the sight of the empty glass he looked first at the bar-keeper, then at his companion, exclaiming, "I have talked so fast that I drank that sling and didn't know it! Now we will go and look at your cattle."

I BELONG to the army of the Union in North Carolina. In January last I accompanied an expedition from Plymouth to Windsor, North Carolina, where a force of Georgia cavalry were encamped. We attacked them shortly after daylight; they fled, leaving in our possession their camp and equipage. Among the latter were their drums and brass musical instruments. After the excitement of the skirmish and pursuit was over, and we were returning to the Roanoke River to embark for Plymouth, the men, as usual on such occasions, were talking over the events of the morning, when one of them remarked,

"Those reb musicians will be court-martialed."

"What for?" asked some of the boys.

"Why the Regulations say that 'retreat' shall be beat at sunset, but those fools beat it in the morning."

OUR regiment took part in the expedition under General Foster to Goldsborough, North Carolina, in December, 1862. One day, as we were advancing, and brisk skirmishing was going on in front, a wounded rebel was carried to the rear by a party of contrabands. I stopped a moment to look at the man, and said to one of the negroes, "Is that man badly hurt? Will he live?" The darkey replied: "Mas-sa, he's shot fru de body. He can't live to save his life!"

THE South still furnishes food for the Drawer:

Mr. Collins was a young Methodist minister, of more than average ability, with reverence large, self-esteem small. Being appointed to a certain circuit in the Georgia Conference, he became possessed with a dread of preaching in the hearing of his presiding elder, the Rev. Dr. Pierce, since made a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This elder was, in Mr. Collins's opinion, the great man of his Conference, if not of the whole Methodist Connection. Dr. Pierce, who had heard flattering accounts of the young man's promise, made various efforts to hear Mr. Collins, all of which were persistently defeated by the ingenuity of the diffident minister.

On one occasion Mr. Collins received word from his presiding elder that he would be present at a certain appointment. The intelligence was not overwhelming to the young minister, since Dr. Pierce would, of course, occupy the pulpit.

The day and hour of the appointment arrived. Mr. C., with a beating heart, sat in the rude pulpit, the expectant congregation sat on their uncushioned seats, the women talking over their gardens and poultry and children and ailments, while the men discussed the prospects of the cotton and rice crops;

but no Dr. Pierce had appeared. The minister consulted his watch with nervous frequency. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes past the hour for the service to begin, and still the presiding elder had not arrived. The people gradually subsided into silence, and sat with sober visages, indicating that they were ready to receive their spiritual food. At length a brother who usually raised the tunes started, in a clear, confident voice, the voluntary—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

This brought in all the younger men who had been lingering outside. At the conclusion of the hymn, Dr. Pierce not yet appearing, no other course was left for the anxious minister but to inaugurate the services. He read a very long chapter with great deliberation, lined a hymn of seven stanzas, and in his prayer remembered at length every cause of every church, all nations, and all classes. People's knees stiffened, their limbs fell asleep—indeed comfortable naps were taken by some; while several plethoric and several rheumatic members of the congregation slyly arose from their knees during the prayer and resumed their seats. Amens, at first so fervently and so vociferously uttered, were after a time heard at alarmingly distant intervals, and at length ceased altogether until the minister uttered the final Amen, when there was a general and most hearty response from every quarter of the church. One panting sister, as she resumed her seat, remarked, behind her fan of turkey-tailed feathers, to a neighboring sister, that she found a dozen good stopping-places for Brother Collins before he got through.

But the presiding elder hadn't arrived although he had been given such generous time, and Mr. Collins saw that he must preach. So he arose, took his text, and timidly entered upon his sermon, furtively watching the door, thinking all the while—"Perhaps Dr. Pierce will come yet," and wondering what he should do in that event. In the process of his sermon he entered upon a description of the devil. "Dr. Pierce may come yet," said the speaker to himself, as he proceeded in his description of that evil being, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. In the midst of the description the church-door opened, and Dr. Pierce entered.

"Oh! bless me! there he is now!" exclaimed Brother Collins, throwing up his hands and growing very white, and then sinking on the pulpit-bench.

The effect upon the audience of this startling announcement may be imagined.

A VERY clever contributor sends three anecdotes:

Governor H—— was a Virginian, and as a protégé of General Jackson was appointed by him Territorial Governor of Michigan. His F. F. V. ways and notions not being exactly agreeable to the democracy over whom he was sent to rule, they gave him notice to quit, which was sanctioned by the President, and he was transferred to the Land Office at Green Bay, where, as Register, he served Uncle Sam until his patron went out of office. He then offered himself to the people of Wisconsin as a candidate for the Territorial Legislature; and after pressing his claims in a long and very ingenious speech, intended to suit all parties at Green Lake, he wound up with, "Gentlemen, these are my sentiments; and let me assure you they are the sentiments of an honest man—an honest politician. But, gentlemen, if they don't suit you, they kin be altered!"

REV. MR. H—— was stationed at Appleton, Wis-

consin, and was very much annoyed on the first Sabbath by the whispering and other improper conduct of some young gentlemen present. He stopped his discourse, and fixing his eyes upon the offenders, said: "I very much dislike to reprove any one in a congregation where I am not acquainted; as I am afraid of making as great a mistake as Brother R—— once made at F——. While preaching his first sermon he was very much disturbed by the misconduct of an individual in the congregation, who, though several times reproved by Brother R——, only behaved the worse for it through the whole sermon." As Brother R—— was leaving the church after the services one of the brethren accosted him with, 'Brother R——, didn't you know that man you reprov'd to-day was a fool?' It is needless to say the nuisance was abated.

PAT FINEGAN's wife was a very vixen, and gave him no peace of his life. One day, after a quarrel, in which he was ejected from his shanty by his better-half, he enlisted as a volunteer. Being accosted by an acquaintance with—"Well, Patrick, they say you are going in for the war." "No, no," said he; "I am going for pace!"

MANY incidents have been recorded to illustrate the power of imagination, but the following has never been in print:

One of the first traders in our town was Jonas M——, who was something of a wag, and whose jokes were often of the kind termed *practical*. His store was frequented by the young people of the town, who enjoyed his fun and his stories. Every trader in those days dealt in the *ardent*; and among other customers Jonas had one, an old fellow named Meshach H——, who came quite regularly for his grog. Seeing him coming in one evening, as usual, Jonas said to the by-standers, "Now we will have some fun! I will bet a bottle of wine that I will get old H—— drunk on sweetened water."

"Taken."

"Meshach," says the trader, "go to the pump and get a pail of cool water, and I will give you something to drink." Delighted at the proposal he started off, and while absent a decanter was filled with water, and molasses added sufficient to color it. Old age, and an almost unremitted use of "Santa Cruz" and "Jamaica," had somewhat deadened the old man's sense of taste, and on his return he drank his glass without discovering the deception. It had an effect on his mind also, and he began to be social and talkative. "Have another glass, Meshach;" and another glass was taken, and another, until he became quite merry and loquacious, and the company of course were equally so. The old man had every appearance of intoxication. He would invariably, when spending his evenings at the store, fall asleep, and sit snoozing in his chair until the time came to shut up the shop. This evening was not an exception; and while sitting in his chair asleep, Jonas, with the help of a companion, carried chair and sleeper quietly out of the door, and placed them down on the sidewalk. It was a chilly evening and dark, and the cold soon slightly roused the sleeper. Now Meshach had a young "sprig," who, in honor of his sire, had been christened Meshach, but was more familiarly called "Mish." As the cold began to revive the old man—his senses gradually returning, but still somewhat obfuscated—he bellowed forth, "Mish! Mish! I say: shut the door! Shut the door, you rascal!"

The laughter of the company awakened him, and he made his way home as well as he could in his situation.

• A CALIFORNIAN writes to the Drawer :

G—— P—— is an inveterate practical joker. Lying in bed pretty late in the morning, he is very much annoyed by the whistle of a steam-mill close by, and, to play a joke on the engineer, concluded to muzzle the whistle. He asked the owner if muzzling the whistle would cause any accident, and was answered in the negative. The owner let the men into the secret, and a look-out was kept. Our hero made his appearance with a bundle of rags and strings, creeping cautiously upon the shed roof to the whistle. Reaching the spot, he looked all round to see if he had it all to himself. With a big grin on his phiz, he reached his hand up and commenced stuffing in the old rags. At that moment the signal was given, and up went the valves, whistle, and blower, and off the shed rolled our hero, into a pile of coal-dust and ashes, thinking he bursted the whole concern, and started on the run amidst the shouts of all hands in the mill. It has been said of him since that he would go five miles around rather than go by a mill with a whistle on.

A CORRESPONDENT in Missouri says :

We have this winter been having "Mite Societies" and festivals for the benefit of the poor in our town, and one lady (Mrs. B——) was distributing food and other necessities to the needy. Among others she went to Mrs. Y——, whose family were said to be almost starving. She found them without sufficient clothing, without wood, and not a morsel of food in the house.

"Well, Mrs. Y——, what do you need most? what would you like to have?"

Mrs. Y—— meditated seriously a moment, then her face brightened, and she exclaimed,

"Well, I always did want a head-dress; they're so becomin'!"

An Elmira subscriber sends this contribution to the Drawer :

Doctor Wiggins, of our little city, can make just as much display of his learning as any Doctor who has a good deal more of it, and can use just as big words as any one of the faculty between Elmira and New York. Being called as a witness on a murder trial here a few years ago, where the plea of insanity was put in by the defense, he was cross-questioned in regard to his medical knowledge, when he informed the jury, among other things, that the human brain was in two parts, viz., the brain proper, and the membrane.

WE have a faithful contraband (writes a lady) who has lived with us since his birth, and is very much devoted to us. He is "Union" in sentiment, but is silent or pretends to rebelism when his mistress, who is a rebel, is by, for fear of offending her. One day last summer, about the time several ladies in this part of the State had been banished, a company of soldiers, headed by Lieut. —, was passing. One of the soldiers called out to Jim, who was looking at them, "Boy, what are your folks?" Jim scratched his head a moment, very much perplexed, and anxious not to compromise his mistress, said, at length, triumphantly, "They's *while* folks, Sah." Their united yell of laughter was deafening, and pleased Jim very much. Another soldier then call-

ed out, "What are you, boy?" Jim looked around, found his mistress was in hearing, and replied, "I, Sah? I's a *nigger*!" They didn't ask Jim any more questions, but gave "three cheers for the contraband;" and Jim walked off with the satisfying comment, "Takes dis nigger to outdo white folks."

A FRIEND related the following to me not long ago :

Jake, a contraband of theirs, was notorious for "going by the rules of contrariness," as he expressed it. When rebel soldiers were by Jake was strong Union, and when Federals he was a violent Secesh. One day Jake was in the yard when a company of Federal soldiers passed by. A soldier told him to hurrah for the North; without any hesitation Jake yelled, "Hurrah for Dixie!" The soldier angrily said, "Hurrah for h—ll, you fool!" Jake looked around to see if the way was clear, and roared, "Every fellow for his own country, Sah!" and skedaddled in haste.

A SERGEANT in the army writes to the Drawer of the tricks the privates play on their officers sometimes :

A good story is told of Lieutenant-Colonel Rose, 26th Indiana Volunteers. After the fall of Vicksburg the division of which his regiment formed a part made a raid into the interior of Mississippi. They marched without any transportation whatever; not even did the Colonel's mess take their cook along, but, fastening a coffee-pot and frying-pan to their saddles, and stowing three days' rations away about their persons, proceeded to do as other soldiers do, *i. e.*, do for themselves.

The command had bivouacked for the night; the camp-fires were lighted, and every thing bore the appearance of business. Colonel Clark kindled his fire, filled his coffee-pot, and was making other preparations for supper, while Colonel Rose got some coffee from his saddle-bags, put it in a tin cup, and with a bayonet proceeded to mash it. The coffee, being damp from sweat, did not grind to his satisfaction; so, in his dilemma, he appealed to the boys to know how they managed it. The boys, ever glad to get a joke at an officer's expense, replied, "Wet it, Colonel—wet it," and passed on, hardly able to suppress their risibles, while the Colonel actually got his canteen and wet the stubborn coffee. You can imagine how easily the coffee mashed when soaked.

FROM one of the county jails in Massachusetts an unfortunate gentleman writes to the Drawer. How a reader of the Drawer managed to get into jail we can not conceive. Perhaps he is the keeper of it, or the chaplain. He says :

In one of the county jails in the State of Massachusetts I have the misfortune to be confined. My friends are in the habit of sending me *Harper's Monthly*; and thinking that a little original incident that occurred here might interest some of your readers, and find a place in the Drawer, I send the following :

We have a prisoner here who prides himself on being the best-educated man in jail. One of the prisoners being sick, and not expecting to recover, a priest was sent for to administer the right of extreme unction. After the ceremony had been performed Jones came into the cook-room looking as wise as a judge, and said, "Well, that poor fellow has had the rite of supreme injunction administered,

and is all right." In spite of jail rules, and in spite of the subject, the house was in a roar.

A BARBER was confined here for not being able to control his appetite. The first night he was locked in his cell says he to the turnkey,

"Are all the outside doors fast?"

"Yes. Why do you ask that question?"

"I should be afraid to stay here were they not."

It was so ludicrous he was soon a favorite with the officers, and never was locked in his cell after.

FROM our youth up we have been in the habit of reading your *Drawer*, and not having seen any thing therein from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, feel it our duty to contribute the following:

We have in our midst a person of some pretensions who styles himself "ye editor" of our county paper, Stout by name, who has just returned from a trip to Washington and a visit to Old Abe. We also have among us one Heath, who is Clerk of the Circuit Court. It so happened that a farmer brought a load of fresh fish—bass and suckers—to market, when said Heath "pitched in" and bought a fine string of bass. Our friend Stout also bought a string of fish, but not being "on time," was obliged to take up with suckers.

Heath having business to attend to in town, left his string of bass with a friend. Soon Stout passing by, and seeing Heath's string of bass hanging up, thinks to perpetrate a fine joke on him, so substitutes his string of suckers for the string of bass, which he takes home and duly hands over to the cook, who prepares the sweet morsel which greatly tickleth the palate of "ye editor." But who can depict the astonishment of Heath when he finds his beautiful bass turned to suckers! Soon, however, the miracle is explained.

"Verily," says Heath, "I'll fix him!"

A few days thereafter the agent of the American Express Company met Stout, and informed him of the arrival of an express box to his address. Stout finds the box marked and labeled in the most elaborate style of the express-man's art, pays one dollar and a half charges, shoulders the box and lugs it to his office. Very soon thereafter he receives a visit from Heath and numerous of his intimate friends, who find him just resurrecting his old friends the suckers from their untimely grave, and acknowledges himself "just a little sold!"

FEELING indebted to the *Drawer* for many a hearty laugh, and being desirous of reciprocating, even in a small way, I send you the following, which goes to show how totally unqualified are some of the employés of the Government who receive their appointments through political favoritism.

Patrick M'C—, of Brooklyn, having made himself useful to the party, was rewarded for his services by a position as engineer in the heating department of the Capitol at Washington—a berth worth some fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars per annum, which he held during Buchanan's Administration. Now there is not a day that passes but that there are more or less sight-seers at the Federal Metropolis, and among the first places they visit is the Capitol, particularly during the sessions of Congress. In the winter of 1859, among those who paid a visit to that noble structure, and admired its many beauties, was a very intelligent gentleman from Boston. After having minutely inspected the statuary and interior decorations of the upper floors, he was curious to

know the *modus operandi* of heating buildings of such large dimensions, and for that purpose was directed to the Engine-Room, where he encountered our friend, Patrick M'C—, who, being anxious to make a favorable impression upon strangers, readily gave them such information as he possessed about the engine department. The visitor was particularly struck with the beauty of the engine, which is really a fine specimen of mechanical skill and ingenuity. After admiring its workings for a few minutes, he inquired of Patrick how many horse-power it was. "Horse-power!" ejaculated Patrick, looking at the stranger with perfect astonishment; "why, there is no horse-power about it—it goes by steam!"

In Colorado Territory we have a correspondent who writes:

At the last District Court held in this Territory, Hon. Allen Bradford presiding, I was foreman of the United States Court jury. An honest Dutchman, Jan Jakes, lives on a farm near the road, and keeps a tavern, where detachments of officers and soldiers pause often to refresh. Jan was brought up for selling whisky to soldiers, and plead guilty, but said: "Mr. Shudge, I dought every pody trinks, and sell de wiskey to every pody!" "Well," said the Judge, "as you did not know it was against the law, I will fine you ten dollars and let you off." "Dat is coot, Mister Shudge, but I is got no money." As Jan was known to be honest, he was allowed to depart; and in half an hour he came back with a roll of bills in his hand, and said, "Mister Shudge, I pay you now. I vins forty tollars from vun officer, and I danks you vunce more: coot-by, Mister Shudge!"

THESE are very good from the army:

As one of the brigades of the Reserve Corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chickamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright-eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows tramping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red and on the golden stars of the flag, she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag!—see the stars!" A shout deep and loud went up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the sunny-haired child, resolving, if his good right arm availed any thing, God's flag should conquer.

Mrs. —, the accomplished and beautiful wife of a volunteer officer, tells the following:

When she was at the Louisville Hotel, while our army was gathering strength to spring upon Bragg at Bardstown, a little boy, whose parents were noted for their secession sympathies, was dangling by the neck over the baluster a toy, known in the nursery vocabulary as a "limber-jack," exclaiming between his little teeth, "There now, old Abe, I told you I would hang you!" giving, as he spake, the string a vindictive jerk. This lady, who was standing by, said, "Johnnie, I'll report you as a rebel, and have you put in the military prison." He quickly drew up his extempore gallows, put the cord into his pocket, and running up to her, said, "Oh, please, don't tell! It's not Mr. Lincoln, it's a limber-jack; I was only playing hanging Yankees!"

EVERY one in our Division has heard of Solomon. He is the General's master-of-horse, a Frenchman

by birth, and has never yet been able to obtain the slightest conception of the power of our language. While the brigade to which he is attached was lying at Stone's River, fifteen miles from Nashville, Solomon had occasion to go to the city. As he was starting the General said, "Solomon, bring me Nashville time." About night Solomon returned, after paying his respects to many of the doggeries on the way, loitering, as was his custom. As soon as he arrived he went to the General, taking out his watch with an important air, saying, "It was just un quartier un tree o'clock when I leeve ze seetie, then I stop mine vatch, so he keep the reeght time."

"But what is the time now?" asked the General. "Ah! dat I know not. You sais breeng ze Nashville time; I breengs him eexsactly!"

ON another occasion some one reported to the Brigade Adjutant that Solomon had called him a fool. The Adjutant took him good-humoredly to task about it. "You knows, Add-ju-tant, I neever say him, for I neever speak what I dink!"

COLONEL B—, of the Eighteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, a son of ex-Governor B—, of New York, is a brave officer, and beloved by his entire command.

During the siege of Vicksburg officers as well as privates became careless of dress, and none more so than Colonel B—, and he so extremely careless that the line officers took the matter in hand, and prevailed upon the Colonel to "dress up," as the Eighteenth had so distinguished itself in battle, it was surely to be one of the "honored" to enter the city proper after the fall, and "the boys" did not care to be ashamed of their Colonel's external appearance on such an occasion. Accordingly the return boat brought a blue suit "fit for a Colonel."

The line officers, elated at the change of dress, gave a supper in honor of the event. Colonel B— was seated at the head of the table. During the feast a "gray-back" was observed making his way up on the sleeve of the Colonel's new coat, and his attention being called to it, very coolly for a moment viewed it, as if for a grand strategic movement, when he deliberately unbuttoned his vest, seized the "gray-back" between his thumb and finger, and plunged it inside his vest, exclaiming with an oath as he did so, "Don't you know your place? Go back where you belong!" Those who know the Colonel can imagine the effect.

A GOLD-HUNTER in Idaho Territory writes to the Drawer:

We have an eccentric magistrate holding forth at the present time in Bannock, who frequently furnishes some staple for fun for a whole week to every disciple of Blackstone in town. Not long since he was occupied in hearing a case which was of sufficient interest to attract a considerable crowd. During the progress of the case he began to grow very fidgety and nervous over the argument of counsel on some knotty point; and finally, unable to restrain his impatience longer at the length of time taken by the learned gentlemen of the long robe, and still not venturing to administer a rebuke to them, he turned quickly and shortly around to a couple of spectators who were whispering in an undertone in a corner of the room, with a big oath: "Can't you keep still?" As soon as the case closed, to make amends for his involuntary breach of the dignity of his own court, he fined himself \$5 for contempt, entered the fine

upon the docket, and religiously paid the amount into the school fund, where the law of the Territory provides all fines collected by him shall go.

A NOTARY PUBLIC in California sends the following:

The late Squire Wright, of whose eccentricities you have formerly spoken, in regard to his sentencing a man to the penitentiary, after a preliminary examination, on the charge of horse-stealing, and who once decided a suit of Major Bidwell's by a horse-race, did a thing once of which I never saw any public mention. A fellow was arrested on a charge of cattle-stealing and brought before the Squire, who, giving a severe look at the "subject" before him, asked,

"How do you answer the charge of stealing Neal's cattle? Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the prisoner, in a faltering voice.

"You're a big liar!" roared the exasperated magistrate, and immediately bound him over to answer the charge at the Court of Sessions.

A QUEER genius, named George Alexander, better known as "Stutterin' Aleck," died over in Washoe a few months ago. He had been a sergeant in the army in Mexico, and was at one time an "orderly" in and about the tent of General Taylor. A few days before the battle of Monterey a Mexican scout was captured and brought into the presence of "Old Rough and Ready," who having occasion to interrogate the scout, told Aleck to find him an interpreter.

"An inter-ter-ter-preter? What's th-that, General?" stammered the orderly.

"Why," roared old Zach, "find me some one that can speak Spanish, you booby!"

"General, t-t-try the p-p-p-risoner," says Aleck; "he's n-n-never spoke nothin' but Sp-p-p-anish all his life!"

THE criticisms and comments of would-be connoisseurs are among the most amusing incidents of an hour's lounge in Art galleries. One which we heard at the Sanitary Fair is too good to be lost:

The contributions of artists for the benefit of the Fair were marked on the frame "Pro Patria." A very knowing man asked one of the attendants, "Who painted that picture?" and received for answer, "An Irish artist not yet much known." The critic, looking closely at the frame, read, "Pro Patria," and remarked, "Oh! Patria; yes, he is comparatively unknown, but he is fast coming into notice!"

MANY years ago there resided in Versailles, the seat of justice of Ripley County, in this State (Indiana), a man named William Skeen. He was noted for being of rather extreme corpulency, was quite illiterate, and kept the principal "tavern" in the village. He had a goodly share of this world's gear, and withal was generous and humane—never behind his peers in bestowing tangible relief upon every object of charity that was worthy. It so happened that the people of his precinct elected him Justice of the Peace on a certain occasion. Not long after he was installed into office, one of his *constituents* prosecuted another to recover a cow which the plaintiff averred the defendant unlawfully retained, and which belonged to him. A writ of replevin was issued, and a notice served upon the defendant to appear before the Squire, at a certain

time, to show cause why he should not deliver up the animal. The hour for the trial of the right of property came. Both parties appeared, and the cause was tried. Nothing unusual occurred during this important ceremony, and at the close of the pettifoggery the Court decided that the right of property was in the plaintiff. The spectators began to disperse, and the Justice was entering up his judgment, when he heard the defendant say to a friend behind him, "Well, there was nothing said about the calf, and I won't give that up, no how!" This was a sort of a "poser" to the Squire; but he stopped writing, and sat as if in a deep study for some moments. Directly he let drop his pen, and jumping up he caught the refractory individual by the throat, and giving him a violent "throttling," exclaimed, "Give up that calf, too, you scoundrel, or I'll choke you to death!" The poor fellow was nearly frightened out of his senses, and as soon as he could get breath he incoherently ejaculated, "I will, Squire! I will!" After this exhibition of the manner in which Squire Skeen enforced justice in his court, no one ever dared to quibble or prevaricate while doing business before him.

THE following is from a New Brunswick correspondent:

DEAR DRAWER,—I don't know how it is that we Provincials so seldom show in your department. It can't be because of our not appreciating a good thing, as I can assure you *Harper's* is as eagerly sought for here, under the Cross of St. George, as in any part of the "land of Abraham." I inclose you the latest in these parts:

John F—— is a barber, not long from across the big pond, and, unfortunately for his own good, too much addicted to the flowing bowl. He was a bachelor, but in a fit of insanity got married, and found, when too late, that *hers* wasn't a congenial spirit by any means. The honey-moon wasn't well over before she seceded, à la Floyd, carrying off the crockery and spoons. However, some good-natured friend interfered and brought her back again; but the secession had destroyed John's confidence in her, and "good words" were seldom the household order of the day. Previous to his marriage he had always kept up the supply of hot water for his customers by the use of a spirit-lamp; but finding this rather expensive, he now sent to the kitchen for hot water when he wanted it. A customer entered one day, and took his seat in the big chair for a shave. Remarking that the spirit-lamp was absent, he asked John how the hot water was procured. "Oh, no trouble at all now," said he; "the wife *keeps me always in hot water!*"

AN Army Chaplain writes:

I have long owed you a debt which, month after month, I have delayed paying. My conscience smites me, and I can withhold just dues no longer. I always read you first when I get a new *Harper*. Just now I am a soldier—"nothing but an enlisted man;" though at home I was a clergyman, and, in fact, am now pastor of a church in New Hampshire, on a three years' leave of absence. God bless that people for their patriotism in sparing their pastor for a time, whom they wouldn't dismiss!

Several years ago, while at the Academy, several members of my class were together one evening, enjoying a cozy chat, and among the number was one quiet fellow, very green in appearance, but withal a fellow of a good deal of mother-wit. We will call

him Hal. The topics of conversation were various. After a while one of our number picked up Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, and, turning over the leaves, read a few lines here and there. Soon he came upon the subject, "Marriage," and read (I quote from memory, and may not have it correct), "Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his Providence.".... "If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living upon the earth, therefore think of her, *pray* for her."

Hal looked up with a quiet twinkle in his eye, and said, "Boys, let's have a *prayer-meeting!*"

AN officer in the First Maine Cavalry says that he has enjoyed the Drawer for so many months it is a duty to offer a few items for consideration:

While our regiment was attached to General Hartsuff's command, Colonel Allen appropriated Surgeon B——'s tent, using it to shelter his mess-table. Surgeon B—— indignantly resented the act, and addressed a communication to General Hartsuff, setting forth the injustice of the deed, and adding, "that he had not so much as a fly to interpose between his head and the starry-decked heavens above him."

The communication was returned, through the regular channel, with this indorsement:

"Colonel Allen will cause a fly to be interposed between the Doctor's head and the starry-decked heavens above him."

ANOTHER: After Lee recrossed the Potomac last summer, our regiment had a sharp fight with Stuart's cavalry at Shepherdstown, Virginia. Most of our men were dismounted, and fighting under the cover of trees and inequalities of the ground.

One of the boys from Company E, a fellow full of jest as he was of life, exclaimed to his comrades, "Do you see that tall, lank-looking reb with a straw hat on? Now keep your eye on him, and see him jump." He fired, and as the smoke arose he leaped into the air, exclaiming, "By thunder! the wrong boy jumped that time."

He was borne from the field cursing that lean reb who stood edgewise.

A CORRESPONDENT in Kickapoo, Illinois, says:

In the western part of the State there lives a queer stick by the name of Starkey, who works for the farmers round about when he works at all. Upon one occasion he hired to an Englishman who usually kept two or three hired men. Starkey made his appearance in due season for breakfast, and the Englishman, as usual, brought up from the cellar the morning's rations of whisky in a very large mug—what he supposed sufficient for a "nip" for "all hands." In consideration of Starkey's being the "new hand" he handed him the mug first. Starkey, nothing loth, drained it without stopping to take breath. The Englishman, amazed at the fellow's "capacity," said, ironically, "Have some more, Mr. Starkey?" "Oh no," said Starkey, innocently; "I never takes big drams, like some folks!"

THEY have a Wabash College in Indiana, from which State this comes:

Judge B—— is a good lawyer, and quite eminent for the clearness of his head and the correctness of his judicial decisions, but he loves fun as well as the law, and sometimes is unable to repress his humor even on the bench. While he was holding court at W——, some years since, the prosecuting attorney

brought in an indictment for "winning and losing," and inadvertently had written, "did unlawfully loose." A motion was made to quash, on the ground that the indictment did not charge the commission of a criminal act—as, it was urged, a man might lawfully be as loose as he pleased. "Oh," said the Judge, with a look which almost put you in possession of the joke before he uttered it, "he was probably playing on the 'Double O.'"

GENTLEMEN who wear full beards needn't read this: In the town of M——, Massachusetts, where I taught school while in college, there was a clergyman of very light complexion, who was always clean shaven. One Sunday he "exchanged" with a neighboring minister, whose complexion and hair were black as coal. He wore a full beard, quite long, and his locks hid his ears. Seated in the pulpit his head only was seen above the desk by a little girl, who eyed him very sharply, all the while nestling up closer and closer to her mother. After a few moments she raised herself in the seat so as to get her lips near her mother's ears, and without once removing her eyes from the minister, she eagerly whispered, as though in a great deal of fear, "*Mother, mother, is that Satan?*"

THE first preaching I did was in one of the hill-towns of New Hampshire, where the Society was so feeble that they made no attempt to support preaching except during a few months in the summer. I spent my first Seminary vacation with them. Many of the inhabitants had probably never entered a "Meeting-house" a dozen times in their life. Among this number was one who, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, thought it would be a fine idea to go and hear the "young minister." So he arrays himself in his best. But unfortunately he comes late; and, it being a cool day, the doors are closed. But, nothing disconcerted, he walks boldly up to the door, and thinking for the moment that the etiquette of the house is the same as his neighbor's, he gives *three loud raps*. But he has no sooner rapped than he thinks he has made a mistake, which bewildered him, and his first idea is to take to his heels, which he did. The worshipers were of course startled at the unusual sound of rapping, and one of the deacons near the door started out to see what it was. He was just in time to see a pair of coat-tails flying round the corner, and thinking mischief was brewing, he followed. He soon found the man behind a pile of boards, trembling like an aspen-leaf. The deacon rather angrily demanded what he was about. "*I was a-frinking of what I hadn't orter been frinking on!*" was his only reply.

ONE of my friends, a lady whom the Muses visit sometimes, told me some of her earlier experiences in writing poetry. Two short poems of hers had been printed, entitled respectively, "A Stray Waif," and "Searchings for Truth." Shortly after an aunt of hers visited at her father's, and the poems were duly read, admired, and commented upon. Her uncle coming in before the visit was concluded, the lady remarked, in the course of conversation, "Here's some of Mary's poetry, husband; don't you want to read it?" "Ah, indeed!" said he; "what is it about?" "Oh," replied auntie, abstractedly, "'A Stray Wolf,' and 'Stretching the Truth!'" Fancy the feelings of the poetess.

In the village of Barnettston, Massachusetts,

lived, a few years ago, a maiden lady who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Aunt Hepsy." She was a very worthy lady, but years had made her very deaf, which gave rise to some ludicrous misunderstandings on her part. One time the minister was making her a pastoral call, and in the course of it asked her how long she had enjoyed religion. His astonishment was not small when she answered, at the top of her voice, as her manner was, "Goin' on fifteen year! Sometimes it's better, and sometimes it's worse!" She thought he had asked her how long she had been deaf.

A FRIEND in the pine woods on the shores of Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan, writes:

In our little would-be-if-it-could city (composed of two score slab shanties, half that number of houses, and five hundred stumps), lives a decidedly original character, of the name of Lawton, commonly called "Old Lawton" for short. A very estimable man he is, no doubt, but his peculiarity is *slowness*; an earthquake couldn't start him from a walk. One morning, while he was eating breakfast, his house was discovered to be on fire on the roof, and the flames making considerable head-way. No ladder was to be found on the premises, and old Lawton, putting on his hat, proceeded deliberately to one of his neighbors who lived some little distance away in search of one. Arriving, he knocked, and being admitted, the following conversation took place:

"Good mo-o-o-rnin', Mr. A——."

"Good-morning, Mr. Lawton. Walk in."

"Pretty cold this mornin'."

"Yes, 'tis rather frosty. Take a chair."

"Wa'al, I can't stop long"—taking a seat as he spoke. "I cum to see if I could get that ladder of yourn a little while, Mr. A——. My house is on fire, and I hain't no way of gittin' onto the roof."

"Take that ladder and start, you —— fool!" shouted Mr. A——, springing from his chair and rushing out of the house.

He and the ladder were at Mr. Lawton's before that enterprising individual had measured half the distance. The house was saved, but it wasn't old Lawton's fault.

ONE of our up-the-Sound friends furnishes the following:

"Dead-beat" is the euphonious term applied to any individual who, under the plea of destitution of the needful, seeks to travel by rail or steamer without rendering an equivalent in current funds. A case of this kind recently came to our notice, in which two feminine "dead-beats" were cleverly outwitted.

Not many months since Sam S——, the popular and fun-loving clerk of a favorite river steamer, while collecting tickets from the passengers, discovered that two well-dressed females on deck were not only unsupplied with tickets, but also without money—according to their own story. Sam politely but unsuccessfully attempted to persuade them that they must be wrong; mentioned that he had met with just such cases before, and always found that they were mistaken, etc. But his appeals, though ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," were fruitless; the fair but somewhat unscrupulous travelers continued to affirm impecuniosity. Leaving them for a while, Sam finished his round, and sought in the depths of his office to excogitate a plan for ensnaring the enemy. His inventive and ever-fertile genius soon devised an expedient. One of the women was Irish, the other native (and probably "to

the manner born"), with an infantile "dead-beat" in her grasp. Seizing a Webster Unabridged, which lay in the office, Sam attached to the cover an improvised paper cross, and with this formidable document under his arm majestically approached the Emeraldine.

"Madam," said Sam, "do you observe this Catholic Bible which I have in my possession?"

"Sure I do," was the reply.

"Well, then, if you have no money you must swear to it. Put your right hand on that cross, and make oath to the truth of what I repeat to you."

Madam tremblingly placed her hand on the cross.

"You do solemnly swear," commenced Sam, in a sepulchral voice, "that the contents of this book are true, to the best of your knowledge and belief; that you haven't got any money now; that you never had any, and nev—" At this point our Catholic friend precipitately withdrew her hand; the oath was getting too strong for her aroused and guilty conscience. The relentless Sam sternly insisted upon the completion of the oath; but the now wailing Hibernian, not daring to comply, vainly endeavored in various ways to evade the issue. Finding her tormentor inexorable, she suddenly recollected that she had "a friend" on board who would perhaps lend her the amount needed. "No doubt of it," said Sam; "never knew it to fail; these friends always happen along just in the nick of time. I'll give you just one minute to see your friend, and shall then call on you for the money. Returning at the expiration of the minute, the dollar and a quarter was handed over, and pocketed in triumph by Sam.

The other woman, who had been suspiciously watching the proceedings, was not to be so easily managed. Sam saw at a glance that she was impervious to "oaths" of any description or in any quantity: he must change his tactics. "My friend," said he, "if you haven't any money you must give me some proof of it. Turn your pockets inside out." "But I can't; I have got my baby." "Oh, I'll take your baby," responded Sam—and take it he did. "Now empty your pockets." The pockets were emptied without revealing any money. "Never mind," remarked Sam, condolingly, "I'll keep the baby; my wife has been wanting one for some time, and will consider this cheap at a dollar and a quarter. *Au revoir!*" And off he marched with his prize, and intrenched himself in his office. The babe, not fully appreciating the desirableness of this change of base, began to squall. Sam trotted it on his knee and tried to assuage its sorrows, but in vain; the more he trotted, the more vehemently did it lament, and clutch at Sam's spectacles. At length, in considerable disgust, he placed it on the floor. A knock at the door interrupted Sam's contemplation of his newly-found treasure. Unlocking the door, he saw (as he expected) the mother of the child, who told him that fortunately she had met a friend who, having known her "in better circumstances," had kindly loaned her a dollar and a quarter. "Precisely," said Sam, as she handed him the money. "I thought so all the time. Take your infant and be happy. I wouldn't be hired to touch it again!" The discomfited female retired with her offspring, and Sam, lighting a cigar, smoked in calm satisfaction at the result of his strategy.

SOME twelve or fifteen years ago, away down in Vermont, lived a minister, a most excellent man—as Down East ministers are wont to be—but somewhat nervous withal, and easily annoyed by any interruption when he was in the pulpit. One Sabbath

morning he had commenced services, and proceeded as far as reading in the Scriptures, the lesson happening to be a chapter in Exodus, when two dogs of vicious dispositions meeting in the aisle had a disagreement, and appeared to be on the point of settling matters by a canine duel; which led the minister to interpolate a passage in his reading which was not down in the Book, and with rather curious effect. Imagine the astonishment of a devout New England audience on hearing their pastor read a verse of Scripture like the following:

"And he spake unto Moses saying— Brother Sandford, turn those dogs out of the house!"

An audible smile developed itself among the younger ones; and even some of the "pillars of the church" had no small difficulty in preserving a "Sabba'-day" expression of countenance.

VENANGO COUNTY, Pennsylvania, is the scene and seat of the following incidents, for which we are indebted to a friend:

P——, now on the bench, and for five years before one of the foremost practitioners, was very tart, and somewhat addicted in his younger days to profanity, albeit his only vice. He once conducted a cause in ejectment which took some days. The jury brought in the verdict against him. His client was absent from the court-house at the rendition of the verdict, but coming in immediately after found P—— with his head down on the counsel-table, much dejected. The client nudged him, and asked how his case went. Said P——, without looking up, "You lost it." Said the client, "I will not let it stop there; I have an idea in my head." P—— replied, glancing sideways, without raising his head from the table, "*Keep it there, keep it there. It is some — rascally one, I warrant you!*"

P—— and G—— and T——, all subsequently on the bench, were traveling the "Wild Cat Circuit." The roads were not passable then, and have got no better since. The night was dark as pitch or stack of black cats, and the storm was wild. The lightning and thunder and crashing of trees were terrible. P—— couldn't refrain from his habit of swearing. G—— was more reverential, and begged P—— to stop his comments; said he, "We might be struck down at any moment." Said P——, "I don't care; we would never need to travel this — road again!"

WHEN in the Legislature a constituent sent me the following bill to have passed. It does not occur to me that it ever became a law; but of that, from circumstances daily occurring, I ought not to be too sure. The author of it "still lives," and if he knew I sent it to you my days might not be "prolonged in the land." Here it is:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in general Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same:

"That All wemin that is now Married to a second husband or a third husband, tha shall not Receive anny intrist from tha Raille Estaite of tha first husband; and if she be Married to a third husband she shall not Receive anny intrust from hur second husbands Raille Estaite, and tha Monney that those Married wemin is drawing the intrist of shall be Davided Among the Ahrs that is intitlled to it. But all wamin Married and thare husband Dye, tha shall Receive thaire shaire of tha persounall Estaite and tha intrist tha may have in Raille Estaite so long as tha Rmain thaire widow According to tha prasant act of Asambley of Pansylvainy and this shall be in full force from this Daitte."



SALLY.—“Oh, Betsy, ain't things awful high? Pep'-mint Taffy four cents an ounce, and only three Round Hearts for a penny!”

BETSY.—“And only think! Peanuts two cents a measure, and half of them bad!”



MARY.—“Now, Will, does this dress become my style?”

WILL.—“Capitally, on the whole. That lilac organdie, with flowers *à disposition*, harmonizes with your complexion: and the *tournure* gives you just the right degree of *embonpoint*.”



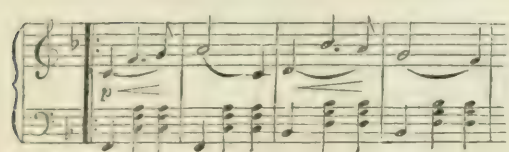
MAMMA.—“Well, dear, you shall decide. What view will you select?”

MAUD.—“Oh, a three-quarter view, by all means. That brings out the outline, you know; and if the *chiaro-oscuro* is well managed will do the best justice to my peculiar style of beauty.”

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Four Experiences in Waltzing.

1.



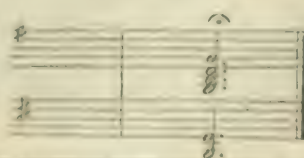
2.



3.



4.



For explanation, the numerical Reader will consult any Lady and her Piano. — *Ed. Harper's Magazine.*

Fashions for July.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—MORNING TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—HOME DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

THE MORNING TOILET consists of a black *poult de soie* jacket, cut rounding away from the front, with plaits on the middle of the back, giving it the appearance of a coat-skirt; the sleeves ornamented with ribbons.

The HOME DRESS, designed for the country, consists of a robe of white cambric à la Agnes Sorel, without seam at the waist. A cording of the same, in Gothic pattern, with small buttons, forms the ornament.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXI.—AUGUST, 1864.—VOL. XXIX.



THE WILD BULL OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A CLUB-MAN IN AFRICA.*

MOST men go to Africa to look for fame, or for the sources of the Nile, or for new cotton-fields, or for heathen to convert; Mr. Winwood Reade, who describes himself as a young man about town, went for his pleasure. Some Englishmen go to the sea-side for amusement, some to Norway, and some to Paris; but Mr. Reade must needs go as far as the West Coast and the famous Bight of Benin, of which an old sea-rhyme reports, that

* *Savage Africa*, by W. WINWOOD READE. Harper and Brothers.

"One man comes out
Where a hundred went in."

Some men find amusement in hunting deer, and some in tiger shooting; but Mr. Reade had read Du Chaillu, and nothing would satisfy this man about town but the novel sensations of a gorilla-chase. He is a traveler who takes life as he finds it, and has even a taste for savagery.

Mr. Reade reached the African coast by way of Madeira—where he bought a picture of the Virgin, an embroidered collar, and some feather

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flowers—and Teneriffe, where, wishing to hire a horse to ride into the country, a pony was led out from the stable, through the bedroom and best parlor, into the street. His only excursion was to a mildewed town, Laguna, in which the most remarkable sight to a traveling club-man was the extraordinary fatness of the fleas. When we add that in the next chapter he calls the sea a "monotonous and over-rated element," and declares dinner the great event of the nautical day, the reader will perceive that an habitué of the London clubs is after all but a man, subject, like the commonest mortals, to weariness and hunger. As you approach the West African coast life in a little ill-furnished steamer is not enchanting. "At half-past eight," says Mr. Reade, "we used to sit down to a breakfast of edible cinders. We had tea and coffee; but as the tea was usually made in yesterday's coffee-boiler, and *vice versa*, choice became a mere matter of form. At twelve we spoiled our dinner with cheese and biscuits, and at four o'clock the cook spoiled it again. At ten all the lights were put out, and each man retired to his oven." That is a day in the tropics. "If pleasure is one's object in traveling," remarks this philosopher of the clubs, "every purpose is answered by reading a volume of adventures, drinking a cup of strong tea, and allowing one's imagination to wander. Thus one can make charming discoveries; and the custom is common enough; but to shackle the ethereal explorer with a vile body which savages can detain, and malaria enfeeble, is one of those vulgar errors which only young foolish men fall victims to." It is not many men who can own so gracefully to the possession of youth and folly.

Mr. Reade has not a high opinion of the people or the country he visited. Englishmen seldom have, unless the country is England and the people John Bulls. At Sierra Leone he found the negroes speaking broken English, not more religious or honest than the average run of a London crowd, as profane as sailors, and as litigious as English squires; and having been persuaded at Exeter Hall that they were a set of black saints, he was much disappointed. He does not tell us what the Sierra Leonites thought of him; but as his first adventure among them was to assist—to the extent of looking on—at a violation of the revenue laws, no doubt they judged him but "so so." "I went ashore," he writes, "with two French traders, one of whom carried a very heavy and suspicious-looking carpet bag, the other an open box of cigars. On the quay we were confronted by two custom-house officers (colored).

"One of these made a movement toward the carpet bag, which was intercepted by the gentleman with the cigars.

"'I assure you,' he said, politely, 'that I have brought them ashore simply for my own smoking.'

"A negro's attention, like a child's, is riveted by the least thing which is held up before it. The two officials immediately closed upon

the cigars; the carpet bag progressed rapidly toward the town.

"'You see,' continued the Frenchman, speaking with great deliberation, 'that there is only one pound here. They are a hundred and ten to the pound. Would you like to count them, gentlemen?'

"The carpet bag turned a corner.

"'I buy them,' continued the French trader, keeping his eyes fixed upon the huge orbits of the negro's, 'from a gentleman with whom I am personally acquainted, and—'

"'But where is de oder gentleman wid de—'

"'And I can assure you that they are really excellent.'

"'But wher'm oder—'

"'As I told you before, gentlemen, I am not at liberty to sell them, but I shall be most happy to present you each with one. Will you give yourself the trouble to take one, Sir?'

"He crammed one into each of their hands, and having favored them with a few more urbane speeches and with a quantity of bows, left them to the enjoyment of their small gratuity, and me to the suspicion that they were little better than Continental *douaniérs*.

"The next day was Sunday, and in the morning I had a valise carried up to the house to which I had been invited. When I offered the man sixpence, the ordinary fee, he demanded an extra sixpence 'for breaking the Sabbath.'

He complains that their dress is somewhat "loud;" that they imagine themselves to be genuine Englishmen, which would be an unpardonable offense in any body; and that a negro jury is pretty sure to decide against a white man. Some of his stories of Sierra Leone jury-trials read curiously like tales of Irish Justice, and perhaps are equally true. In fact, if we may believe Mr. Reade, the blacks of this English colony are quite as disagreeable as ignorant Englishmen, and in precisely the same way. When he comes to Liberia our traveler moralizes on republics; he prefers monarchies—being a Briton—and remarks, in justification of his taste, that "the earth should be a reflection of heaven, and heaven is an empire"—with colonies, Mr. Reade?

The steamer stopped at Cape Palmas to take in a crew of Kramen, the handybillies of this coast, men of immense strength, tractable savages, great pickpockets, gluttons, drunkards; fond of their mothers, their country, and the flesh of dogs. Of these dissipated giants Mr. Reade chose five, to serve him as a boat's crew in his exploration of African rivers. They were called Smoke-Jack, Dry Toast, Cockroach, Pot-o'-Beer, and Florence Nightingale; received five dollars per month, a red cap, and a blue flannel shirt; and came aft every day to ask the name of their employer and inquire after the health of his near relatives. Such is African breeding.

At Cape Coast Castle, where poor Letitia Landon died and was buried, he asked to be shown her grave. "My companion answered

AN AFRICAN TORNAIDO.



by pointing to my feet, and I found I was standing on the grave of L. E. L."

The King of Ashantee is prohibited by law from having at any time more than three thousand three hundred and thirty-three wives; his government must therefore be called a limited monarchy; and it appears to have some features in common with other monarchies. The tax-gatherer is found in every market-place; there is even an income tax; the country has turn-

pikes, if we may believe Mr. Reade; there are revenue officers; and by a singular law, if a cock crows it is forfeited to the crown—for which reason the "bird of morn" is ingeniously muzzled in Ashantee. As for law and lawsuits, think of this: "A man has a fowl killed by another man's dog. After three years have elapsed he enters his indictment, suing not only for the fowl itself, but for the eggs which it would have laid, and for the chickens which it would have

hatched in those three years." Surely, Dahomey needs but a few "modern improvements" to make of it a first-class monarchy.

From Dahomey the steamer turned off to Fernando Po, a cheerful island, where the bite of an insect is often fatal, and a gentleman bitten on the leg by a mosquito had to suffer amputation. The English on this coast have a habit of drinking brandy-and-water, of which the consequences are fatal, though our traveler was assured every where that no white man could exist on the coast without it. It appears to be as fatal to drink as to remain sober, though "society" does not acknowledge the fact, nor dilute its brandy.

At last, and by a roundabout way, made pleasant to the reader by much delightful gossip and some useful information, Mr. Reade arrived at the Gaboon, the trading station, which, as Mr. Du Chaillu's readers will remember, was that enterprising hunter's head-quarters.

Of Mr. Du Chaillu's friends, the Mpongwe, Mr. Reade tells us not much that is new, but he gives them the same character, of shrewd and unscrupulous traders, which his predecessor gave. Here is a story of a pilot and interpreter which is too characteristic to be omitted:

"Krinji was the salaried pilot and interpreter of the local government. He could speak Dikälë, Shekani, and Panwe or Fanh, the three dialects of the interior, as well as French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese. But when a negro is talented white men suffer. A new commandant having arrived in the Gaboon, he made the usual complimentary visit to King George, a powerful chieftain across the water, one of whose subjects had run away with Krinji's wife. Preparations having been made for a big palaver, the following conversation ensued in full native council.

"COMMANDANT. King George, the king of my country has sent me to take care of this river. I have come to bid you good-day. I hope that we shall be friends.

"KRINJI (*interpreting*). King George, the commandant says he has heard that one of your people has taken away my wife. He says that you must send her back directly.

"KING GEORGE. Your wife is nothing to me. Tell the commandant I can not trouble myself about a little palaver like that.

"KRINJI. King says he is very much pleased to see a great white man like you. He would like very much to be your friend.

"COMMANDANT. Tell the king I am very much pleased to hear those words. If he takes care of the French so that they have good trade, I will take care that he does not remain unrewarded. It is only by promoting peace and concord that our mutual interests will be benefited.

"KING GEORGE. What does he say?

"KRINJI. He says strong words. He says, Are you blind, that you do not see the men he has brought here with guns and swords? If you do not bring my wife very quickly here, he

will make all your people dust, and your town ashes.

"KING GEORGE (*to his men*). Go out and get your guns. If there is trouble, kill Krinji first, but do not hurt the great white man.

"COMMANDANT. What are they all running out for?

"KRINJI. The king has told them to kill a sheep for your dinner. They run quickly because they love you.

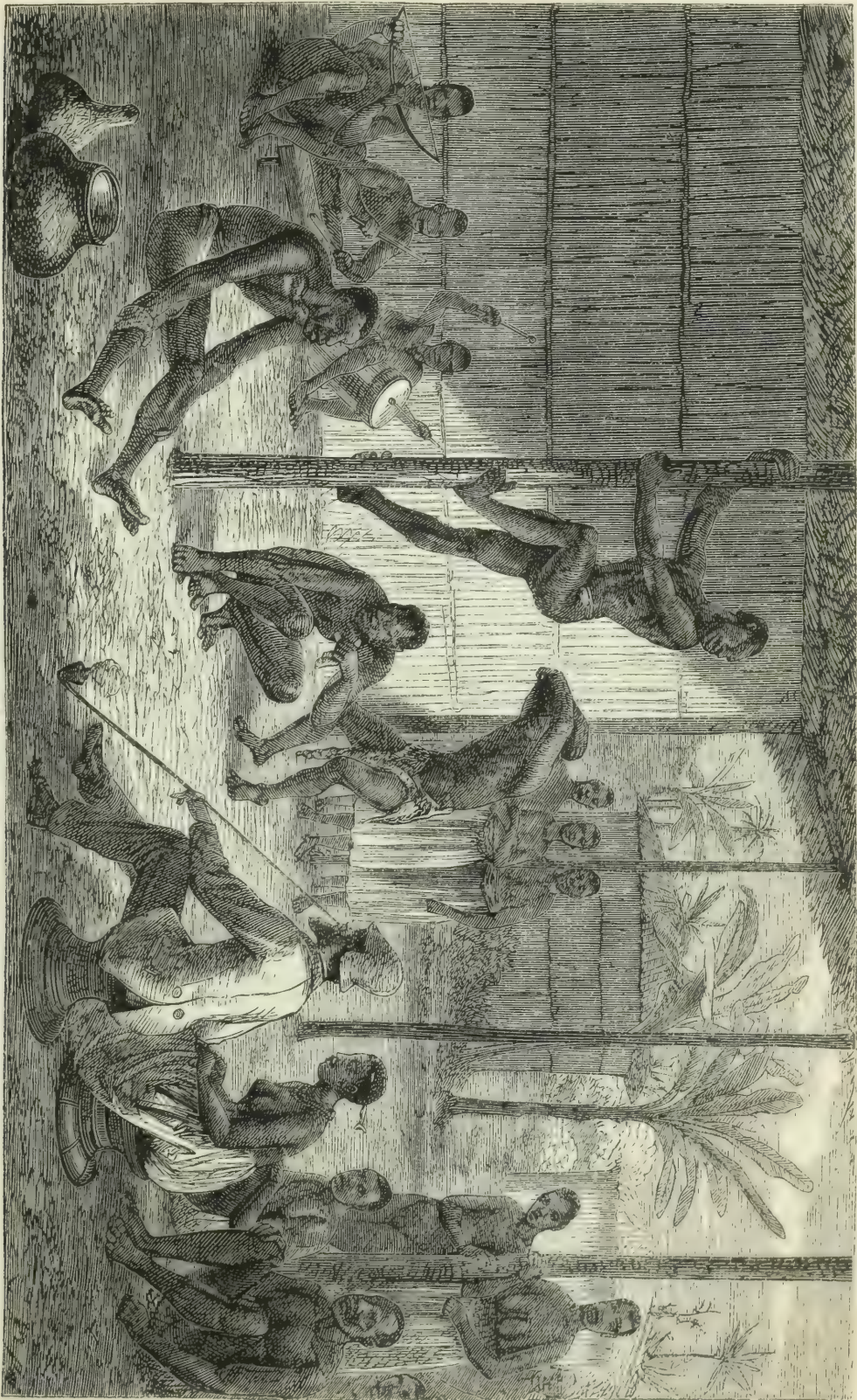
"COMMANDANT. Oh, tell the king if I stop to dinner I shall lose the tide. I must go now.

"KRINJI. Well, King George, I ask the white man not to be angry about my palaver. You are my friend, and I do not wish to see you dead. So he says that he will go now, but if you do not send my wife in three days he will bring a ship with big guns to burn your town.

"The commandant, on hearing afterward how he had been tricked, was too much amused to be angry; but matters became more serious when Krinji, piloting a man-of-war, ran her aground, that he might have opportunities of plunder. A warrant was issued against him; he disappeared, and probably victimized the human race in some other quarter of the coast."

We must here mention that the great desire of Mr. Reade's heart was to shoot a gorilla. Alas, he had to leave Africa with this desire unsatisfied. His first sight of the great ape was at the Gaboon; he writes: "One day Mongilomba came and told me that there was a fresh-killed gorilla for sale. I went down to the beach, and saw it lying in a small canoe which it almost filled. It was a male, and a very large one. The preserved specimen can give you no idea of what this animal really is, with its skin yet unshriveled and the blood scarce dry upon its wounds. The hideousness of its face, the grand breadth of its breast, its massive arms, and, above all, its hands, like those of a human giant, impressed me with emotions which I had not expected to feel. But nothing is perfect. The huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent, shriveled, and decrepit as those of an old man."

Here we may as well conclude the account of Mr. Reade's experiences of the gorilla. He ascended the Muni and the Fernand Vaz, explored in a somewhat too hasty manner the hunting ground of Mr. Du Chaillu; saw several dead gorillas, and the tracks and marks of living ones; heard the roar of one which ran away from him; but never got a shot at one. His experiences and observations, so far as they go, confirm in a remarkable manner the correctness of Mr. Du Chaillu's statements; he names the same kings, and tribes; he vouches for the cannibalism of the Fans, once smiled at as an incredible tale; he dined with Quengueza, and hunted with the Bakalai. What he saw with his own eyes proved his predecessor's narrative true; but he declines to believe that Mr. Du Chaillu himself shot gorillas. He believes that no white man has ever encountered the great ape; and he does not at all give credit to Mr. Du Chaillu's



THE GORILLA DANCE.

accounts of his experiences in that kind. His argument on this subject appears to us to have no weight at all. It amounts to just this: Mr. Reade, who remained in the gorilla country a few weeks, did not succeed in seeing or shooting one of these animals. Therefore he asks us to believe that Mr. Du Chaillu, who devoted nearly three years to their chase, had no better fortune.

But this disappointed gorilla-hunter has much

else to tell us of; how he dined on monkey à l'odika—odika being a rich, dark, vegetable gravy, obtained from the kernel of the wild mango; and the monkey stew combining "the delicacy of a pullet and the rich savor of a hen-pheasant;" how he breakfasted on another dish, which tasted like a mixture of yellow soap and red pepper, and was as unpleasant as his dinner the day before had been delightful; how he was caught in a hurricane, and passed a dreadful

night in the forest, wet through, and in momentary fear of being crushed beneath a falling tree; how he passed some feverish days in the cabin of a palm-oil trader, whose drunken captain persuaded him that all the crew were drunk, and himself alone sober and trust-worthy; while the mate pleasantly cautioned him, "Sir, Mr. Reade, if the captain gives you medicine, you ask him to drink a little himself first." The West African tragedy enacted on board this Liverpool bark (with real daggers and genuine poison) is a sombre story, which we shall not spoil by re-telling here.

He made a tour among the Fans, finding the women more charming than the men, and himself an object of so great curiosity that the enterprising Mpongwe fellow who piloted him might have made a fortune by exhibiting him for a small remuneration. A cannibal is not necessarily a ferocious creature, he says, but owns that, while with them, he never suffered those near him to get very hungry. A veteran Fan assured him, with a smile at the question, that "they all ate men," and volunteered the information that *man* was good—"like monkey, all fat." This gentleman confined himself to a diet of prisoners of war. Some people, he said, ate witches, but for his part he did not think them wholesome. When our traveler had cross-examined the Fan for some time he, in turn, took up the question and asked Mr. Reade why the white men took so much trouble to send for people to eat. "Were the black men nicer than white men to eat?" Then this white man saw for the first time that he, too, was thought a cannibal. "My answer," he says, "was dictated by a motive of policy. I said that the flesh of the white man was a deadly poison; and so not being able to eat one another we were obliged to send to this country."

He assisted at a slaughter of elephants, which had been penned up, and were killed with spears and guns; and then sailed for the Fernand Vaz, where he visited Ngumbi, the capital and residence of Mr. Du Chaillu's famous friend Quengueza, whose daughter, Ananga, a pretty savage if we may believe Mr. Reade, waited upon him and made love to him. Here for a short while he led a life as free, charming, and novel as Melville's in Typee.

"As I was seated in my house," says Mr. Reade, "the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered, accompanied by Oshupu. She was tall and finely moulded, her hands and feet exquisitely small, her complexion of that deep warm bronze color, which is as different from the animal blackness of the Coast negroes as it is from the sickly yellow of the Hindoos. Her eyes were large, and filled with a soft and melancholy expression. She came gracefully toward me, and, holding out her hand, murmured in a soft voice, *Mbolo*. This young lady was an emblem of hospitality. She told me, through Oshupu, that the king, her father, had ordered her to attend upon me in person (for that is the highest honor that can be paid to a guest); and, having

asked me if I was pleased with the arrangements of the house, she smiled and went out.

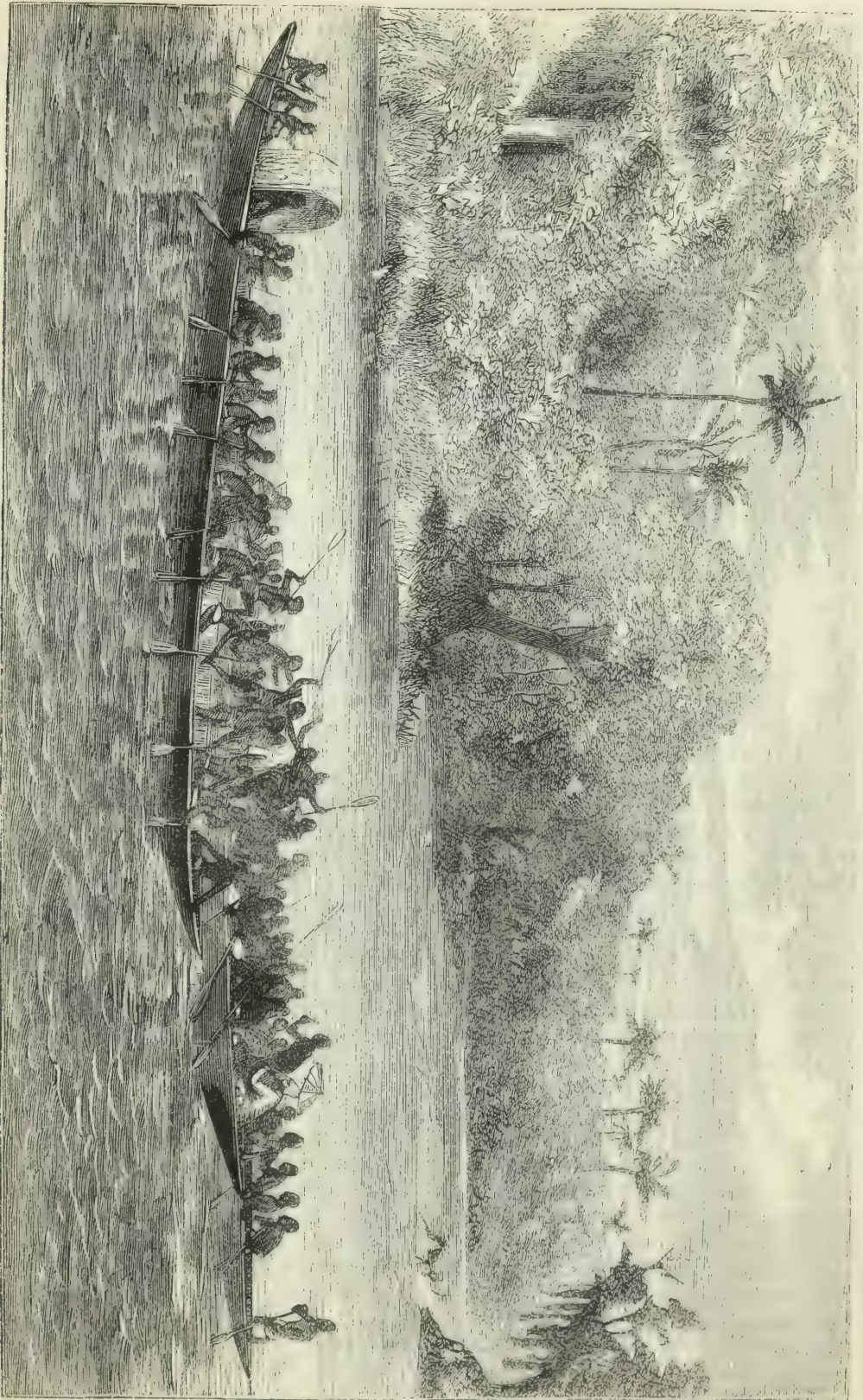
"We spent hours every day in each other's company. It is impossible to imagine a more delicious study than this pretty savage afforded me. I found her as chaste, as coquettish, and as full of innocent mischief as a girl of sixteen would have been in England. In a little while I found myself becoming fond of her.

"At daybreak every morning she presented me with a cup of tea, which Oshupu had taught her to make, and with cakes made of ground-nuts and plantains pounded together. When I came back from the forest, worn out and dispirited, Ananga was there to receive me, and to bathe my wearied feet. She would bring me my dinner, which she had cooked with her own hands, like the daughters of the ancient Patriarchs. She would stand by me all the while; for she would let no one wait on me but her; and, by devouring me with her looks, would anticipate all my wants.

"When I had finished my dinner, we would sit side by side, and I would look at my face in her eyes—the only mirror which I possessed. One day Ananga reproached me with being artificial. What made me wear so many clothes? she asked, with inexpressible scorn. I replied that it was one of the foolish fashions of my country. And was it a fashion of my country, she asked, to wear the hair of a wild beast on my head, and to paint my face white? On my replying that Njambi had thought fit to create me with these deformities, she uttered a cry of derision, and, taking hold of my hair, pulled it severely. When it did not come out, her eyes dilated, and she looked at me in stupefaction. Then, wetting her finger, she rubbed my cheek with it, and fled in terror to my interpreters. They laughed at her uproariously, and she came back in a shamefaced manner, and sat beside me without speaking. One day I put my hands in my pockets. The sudden disappearance of two important members filled her with dismay; but, when I explained the phenomenon, she went into convulsions of delight. Nothing would now content her but diving her hands all day long into these wonderful 'holes,' as she called them; and she used even to hold *soirées*, to which her numerous sisters were invited. I was made to put my hands in my pockets at least fifty times an evening; and my hands themselves were passed from one to the other, and examined by these young philosophers, as if they were newly-discovered fossils."

Was ever a young gentleman about town so pleasantly situated before? The King of the Rembo showed our traveler the fashions of the country; he attended at a grotesque exhibition called a gorilla-dance of which he gives a picture. Surely the charmer sitting at his side is not the pretty Ananga? He hunted, also; and one day came upon the tracks of a gorilla, and heard the monstrous beast passing through the forest, but he was not favored with a shot at it, or at any of its kind. When he attempted to

DETAINED.



leave Ngumbi, it pleased the mighty Quengueza to say no; and when Ananga's lover went off in spite of the royal commands, he was overtaken and brought back. Do not imagine that the princess was about to institute a suit for breach of promise of marriage. Her lover had promised nothing, except a great number of trinkets, which he had already given; and, moreover, on the Rembo women do not sue.

"Would you like to come with me to my

country?" asked the traveler of his princess, the evening after his forcible return, and received for reply: "I am a bundle; if my father tells you to take me, I am taken; if my father tells you to leave me, I am left. Man is the master."

But on this evening he was curious to learn why she loved him, as she confessed, with such blushes as a princess may blush, better than any of her own people.

"‘Why do you love me better than black men, Ananga?’"

She hesitated to answer. "At last she said faintly that she loved me better than them, she could not tell why. But I made her fond of me; perhaps it was some fetich which I had given her. She was only a poor black girl; how was she to know all the arts of a great white man?"

"Ah, thought I, not without a little self-complacency, love is indeed a fetich which no philosopher can define, and which may be concealed in a look, in a smile, in a word; which—

"Ananga's musical laugh interrupted my meditations. She was chattering something to Mafuk with vast noise and volubility. Now savages can not speak without a pantomime of eyes and hands, which often renders language superfluous. Ananga was touching her beads and cloth, glancing at me, and laughing immoderately.

"‘What is she saying, Mafuk?’ said I.

"My grave tone warned Ananga. She said something in a low, quick tone to Mafuk; but as she put her fingers on her lips at the same time, I easily guessed the meaning of her words.

"‘She is asking you not to tell me, Mafuk; but I am your master: do what I order you.’"

"Mafuk, alarmed by my apparent knowledge of Mpongwe, and by my imperious tone, confessed what Ananga had just said, viz., that she thought a white face very ugly; that having her face wetted with a man's lips was very improper, and not nice at all; and, finally, that she only liked me because I had a fine canoe and servants, and because I had given her plenty of beads and some fine satin-stripe cloth.

"Upon this," adds Mr. Reade, "I went into the house of the slaves, and began to take down some words of the Mchâgâ dialect."

It was not without ingenious shifts, nor without danger, that he at last escaped from Ngumbi.

It was Mr. Reade's fortune to go to St. Paul de Loanda in an empty slaver; he landed after a tedious passage of fifty-six days, which would have been made by a steamer in four days. He had no friends at St. Paul, no letters of introduction, and three and sixpence in his pocket. He went ashore hoping to find letters at the Consul's office, but was told that they had just been sent back to Fernando Po. Luckily the Consul, Mr. Gabriel, was a gentleman, and lent him a hundred pounds, furnished with which our man about town projected an excursion into the interior.

St. Paul de Loanda is not a charming place. The streets are ankle-deep with sand, the public buildings are all decaying, or in *statu quo*; oxen are stalled in the college of the Jesuits. The town is garrisoned with convicts, who are kept from mutiny by a low diet; if they nevertheless commit crimes, they are sent into the interior, where they catch fever and die. The Portuguese have fallen into the native fashion and keep seraglios; society is not of the best in St. Paul. In short, it is, though in a different

sense, what Mr. Douglas said Vermont was, a good place to go away from.

Mr. Reade determined on a visit to the interior of Angola. He procured for guide a mysterious Swiss castaway—a clever fellow, master of a dozen languages, a good cook, and a cut-throat; for the rest, intelligent and industrious. The style of traveling in Angola is represented in the adjoining illustration. The hammock-bearers went off at a shuffling trot; the leader had a small stick in his hand, with which he beat time like a band-master, and howled:

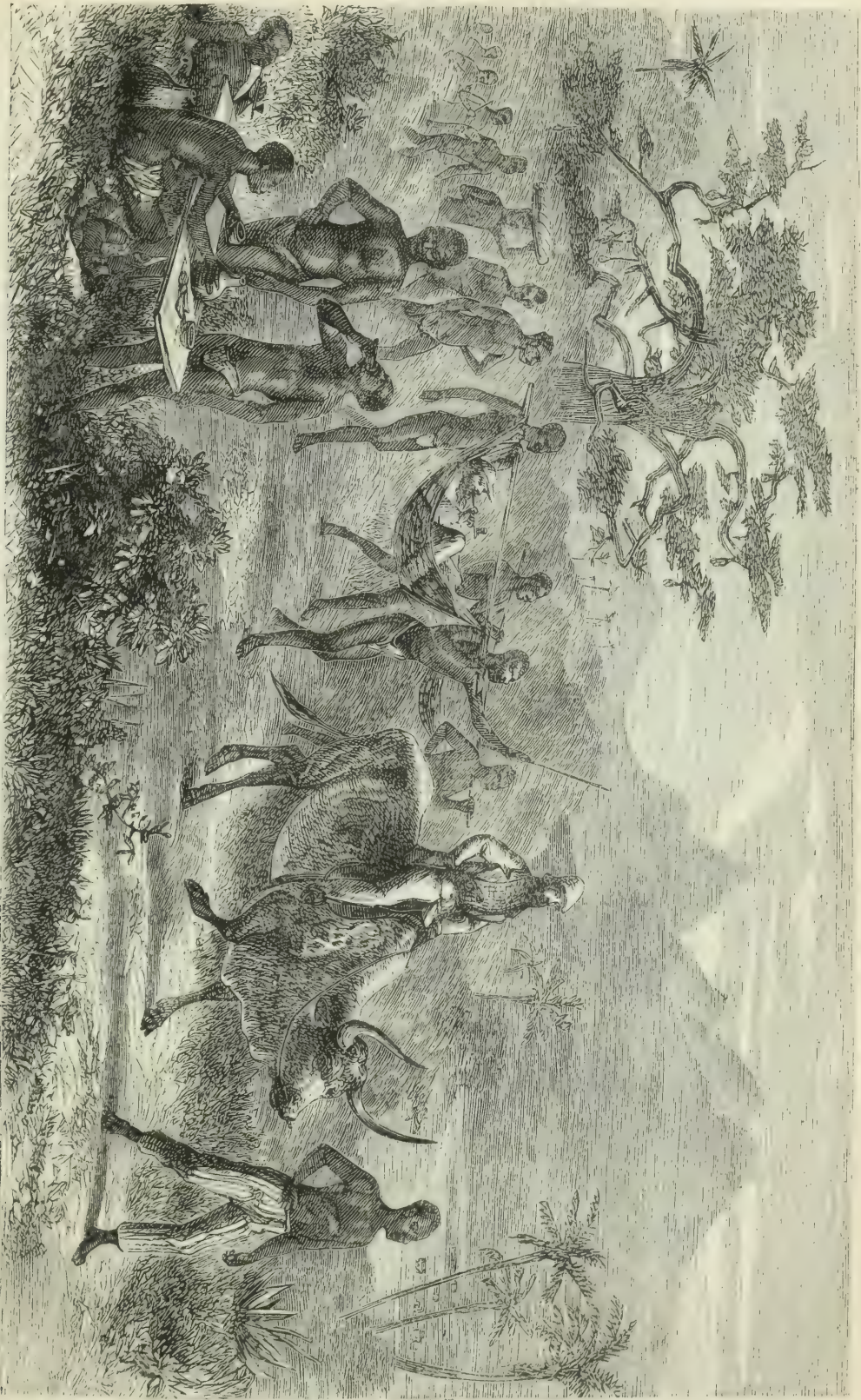
Shove him on!
But is he a good man?
No, I think he is, a stingy fellow.
Shove him on!
Let him drop in the road, then.
No, he has a big stick;
Shove him on!
Oh matta-bicho! matta-bicho!
Who will give me matta-bicho?

Matta-bicho is a phrase meaning *kill-worm*. These people suppose that their entrails are tormented by a small worm, which it is necessary to kill with raw brandy. The mosquitoes of Angola are of a peculiarly malevolent species, says Mr. Reade. We remember that Dr. Livingstone made the same remark. Why, is a puzzle to our author and beyond his comprehension. Perhaps they get less to eat or drink. He remarks also that the alligators are more savage. Perhaps in that torrid and unbearable clime all animal nature becomes ill-tempered and vindictive.

The traveler is well cared for in Angola. At frequent intervals are found caravanserais—unfurnished hotels without a *table d'hôte*—where a policeman—think of a policeman in Africa!—makes the sojourners comfortable, and furnishes fire and water. The story of Joachim, the interpreter and steward, forms the most interesting episode in the journey to Ambaka; but we must leave this gentlemanly cut-throat to the readers of Mr. Reade's book. Suffice it to say that he had wit, elegance, a virtuous expression of countenance, and a fine tenor voice; that he understood excellently the mystery of cooking an omelette; and confessed to having murdered a rival in Switzerland.

In a country like Angola, if the annual rains set in a week later than the usual time, it becomes a serious matter to the animal inhabitants. Thus Mr. Reade found birds which had evidently perished from drought, and bees attacked their calabashes of water. On the tenth day they reached the goal of their journey, Ambaka, and put up at the house of one Senhor Mendez, a lawyer, rich, living in a shed, with an invalid wife bestowed in an outhouse. Senhor Mendez was an educated man, took an interest in European politics, and gravely inquired if the Russian war was yet over, and whether Lord Palmerston were yet alive. They sell raw-hide shoes at a shilling the pair in Ambaka, serve Champagne in *liqueur* glasses, and have an ugly habit of secret poisoning. They drink stale, musty tea, preferring it to excellent na-

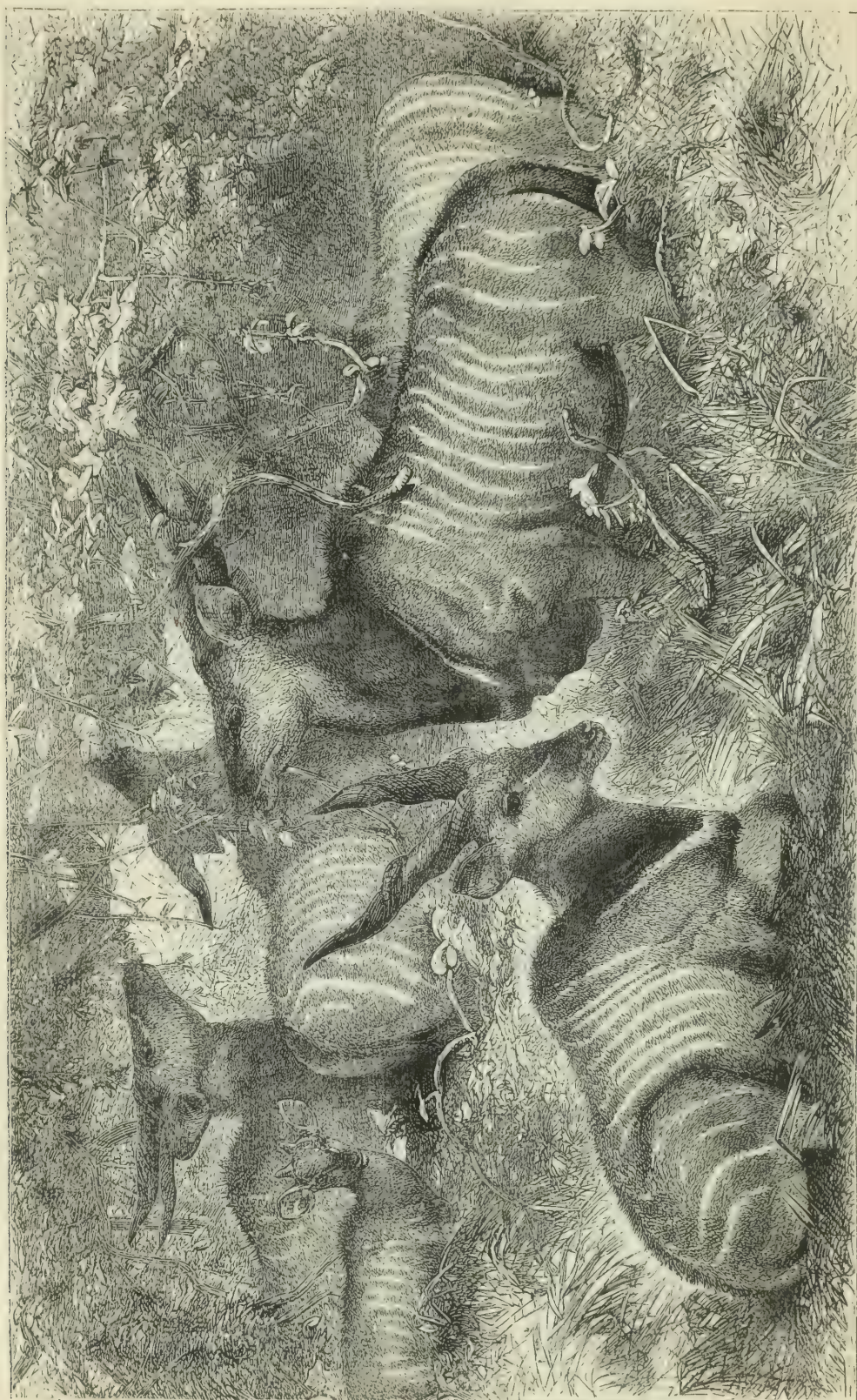
BY OX AND HAMMOCK, IN ANGOLA.



tive-grown coffee; and once, at the table of Senhor Mendez, when Mr. Reade and Joachim were taking coffee, their host cried out to one of his poor relations, sitting at table, to make haste and finish his tea, and then drink some coffee; "so that"—turning to his guests with a considerate smile—"if you should be poisoned on the road, you may not think it was here." The Senhor was friendly; but one of his neighbors, at whose house our author was obliged to sleep,

with ingenious malignity took the mosquito curtains from his bed, and left the "accursed Englishman" to unbearable torment.

On his return to Loanda Mr. Reade was seized with fever, and got away as fast as he could in a steamer to the Cape de Verdes, whence he traveled to the Senegambia, and visited the French, whom he found a jollier and more endurable people than the Portuguese. On the passage he interpolates a chapter on the great



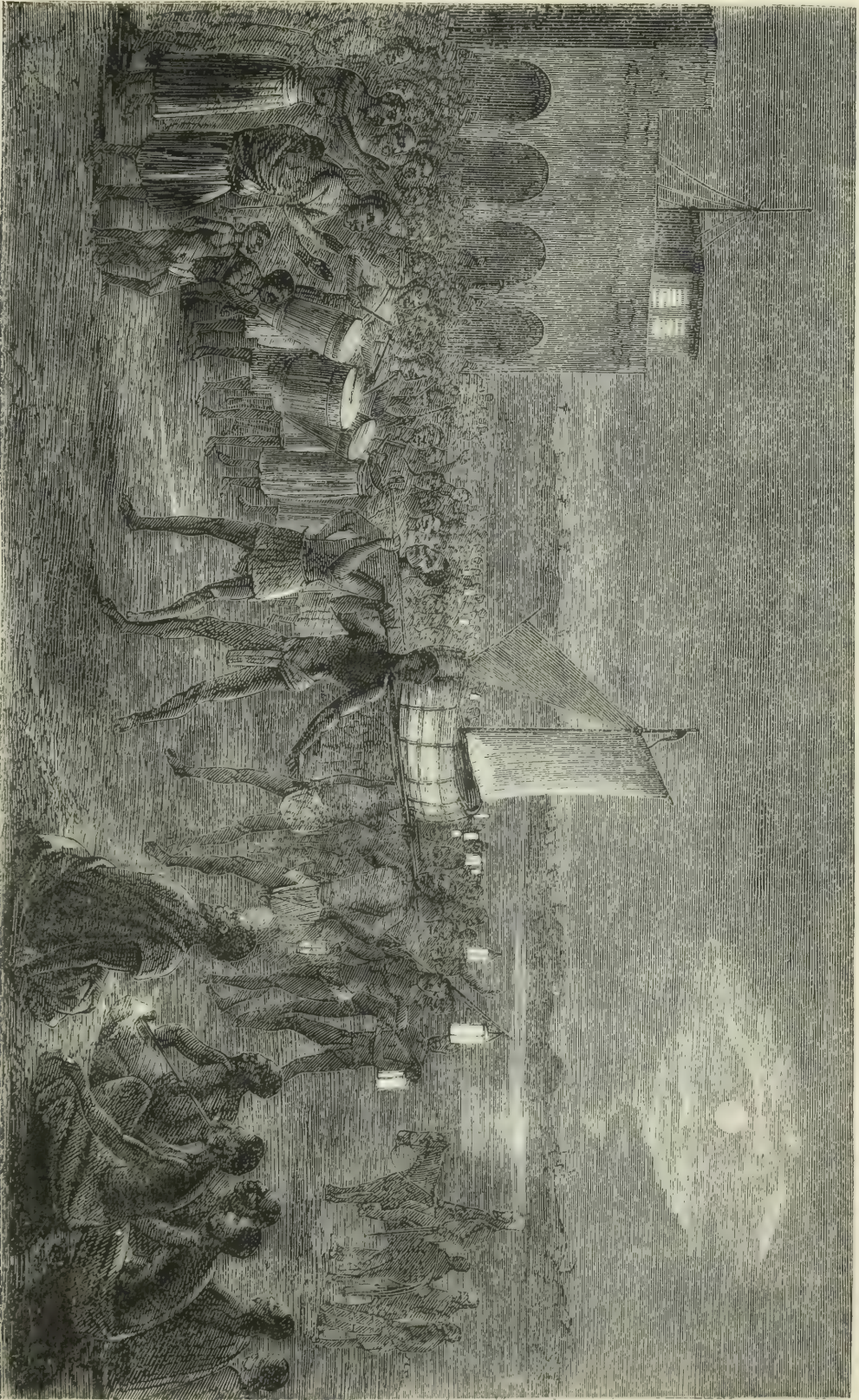
THE DAIKUNKA.

Congo Empire, which is pleasant reading though scarcely to be believed. However, if not true, it is "well found," and a history of the interior of Africa constructed in the same style would be a very amusing book.

The French carry their national habits with them into every country where they settle. When Mr. Reade landed in the Casemanche, at Goree, he went immediately to a *pension*, where he found a French sea-captain drinking absinthe

at a little table, and a lieutenant trying on a new pair of patent-leather boots. He accepted an invitation to visit the interior with a French trader, at whose house, a hundred miles inland, he found a good library of the French classics; and a company of marabouts, who had crossed the continent as traders, and could tell our traveler many marvelous tales: of lions with long manes; of an antelope striped like a zebra—which he shot afterward—of a tribe of men on the Ni-

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE CASEMANCHE.



ger, who could live several hours under water, and caught crocodiles alive; and lastly, of the wonderful tree *Self-fire*, whose fruit explodes when ripe with a report like a musket-shot, and burns the tree, from whose ashes rises, phoenix-like, a new shoot. Moved by these stories he determined upon a journey still further inland, among the celebrated tribe of Mandingoes. Returning to the Casemanche on Christmas-eve, he was made home-sick by a sight of which an

illustration will give the reader some idea, accompanied by the caroling, by negroes ignorant of English, of some old Christmas chants. This is a curious relic of a custom implanted here by the English when they possessed this region of the Senegal many years ago. The natives keep it up without knowing, or caring for, its meaning.

The next morning he enjoyed a breakfast which was certainly eccentric. His French

friends had made great preparations to keep up Christmas. They began this meal with snails, brought from France in barrels filled with flour, which preserved them admirably. These were accompanied by oysters torn from trees. The fish consisted of African soles, carp, and mullet. To these followed gazelle cutlets; two small monkeys, served cross legged, with liver sauce; stewed iguana—a lizard, and a dish much admired; roasted crocodile eggs; some slices of smoked elephant, a rarity from the interior; a few plates of fried locusts, and some land crabs previously fattened; the breasts of a manatee or sea-cow, the mermaid of old sailors; a dish of boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with a musky flavor added; and finally some hippopotamus steaks. The dessert consisted of pine-apples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, pawpaws, and “a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and without exception a nasty taste.”

After such a breakfast dinner was impossible—so it formed the only meal of the day. He tells some remarkable stories of the dog-faced baboon—a fierce animal, which attacks man without fear, and has been known, it seems, to carry off women, concerning which trait Mr. Reade gives a curious story on apparently good evidence. In this part of Africa game is plentiful, though the gorilla is not found there. And what is more, he relates an apparently well-authenticated ghost-story, in which the ghost of an unlucky surgeon Beale was seen by a dozen persons on a dozen different occasions. This occurred at Macarthy's Island on the Gambia. From there he went to the Senegal; of the customs of the Fullahs, the Mohammedan tribe found there, he gives a full and very interesting account.

Among the French, who are settled in the country, or who garrison it, cleanliness is a boon not obtainable without personal effort; at the Governor's table every guest cleaned his own plate, and Mr. Reade tells a ghastly story of dining with a friend, and catching the young scamp who waited on the table cleaning the plates by licking them with his tongue. The red ants in this country are very fatal to houses, wooden chests, paper, elephants, leopards, and even Scotchmen; a few years ago they ate up a gentleman of this nation, who had unfortunately taken a bottle of brandy too much.

The Senegal and Gambia are subject to great floods, in which the waters cover all the sur-

rounding country, and cause such scenes as that which he has depicted in an illustration. All the beasts of the forests, tamed by fear, crouch, terror-stricken, together upon the highest points of land. Such a scene gives one to understand under what influences the animals entered the ark of Father Noah. Sergeant Boivin told him that once, during a flood, he came upon a little island in the watery waste, where were found amicably reposing together two lions, a leopard, some monkeys and hyenas, two antelopes, and a wild boar. The Sergeant confessed without a blush that “all of these they killed without difficulty.”

In this region he heard of a female Napoleon, concerning whose exploits he has some remarkable incidents to tell. This Amazon, the Queen of the Jagas, is said to have been brave as the lion was supposed to be before Dr. Livingstone exploded him. She is reported to have ordered a massacre of all male children, and attempted to found an Amazon empire; she had a cruel habit of dining on her lovers; and finally a prudent lover—if there are such beings—poisoned her. Those who choose may believe this story of the Queen of the Jagas, which is told at considerable length, and is amusing even if scarcely credible. Nor will the reader skip the chapter devoted to the fabulous monsters of Africa—the roc, the unicorn, and the tailed men, concerning whose existence there are various stories, gathered up by the industrious club-man. Concerning the tails of the Niam-Niams, he cites the evidence of one Mahammah, who had seen them, and describes the caudal appendage as about forty *centimetres* in length, and two or three in diameter—and without hair. The owners of these tails are cannibals, live in holes in the rocks, go naked, are of a deep black, file their teeth, and make fire by means of a stone which they find in their country. They fight with clubs, bows and arrows, and assegais; cultivate rice and corn, and some fruits; have woolly hair; and are killed by their neighbors because they have tails. Mr. Reade gives a good deal of very interesting information concerning these people.

Finally, says Mr. Reade, “I found that a tour in Africa, where one is always on the move, is as expensive as traveling in Europe. I also began to observe that the little dwelling which I sent from Providence was getting sadly out of repair. I was what the French call *fatigué*, and we ‘used up.’ I resolved to return.”



THEODOSIA BURR.

NEW YORK does well to celebrate the anniversary of the day when the British troops evacuated the city; for it was in truth the birthday of all that we now mean by the City of New York. One hundred and seventy-four years had elapsed since Hendrick Hudson landed upon the shores of Manhattan; but the town could only boast a population of twenty-three thousand. In ten years the population doubled; in twenty years trebled. Washington Irving was a baby seven months old, at his father's house in William Street, on Evacuation Day, the 25th of November, 1783. On coming of age he found himself the inhabitant of a city containing a population of seventy thousand. When he died, at the age of seventy-five, more than a million of people inhabited the congregation of cities which form the metropolis of America.

The beginnings of great things are always interesting to us. New Yorkers, at least, can not read without emotion the plain, matter-of-fact accounts in the old newspapers of the manner in which the city of their pride changed masters. Journalism has altered its modes of procedure since that memorable day. No array of headings in large type called the attention of readers to the details of this great event in the history of their town, and no editorial article in extra leads commented upon it. The newspapers printed the merest programme of the proceedings, with scarcely a comment of their own; and, having done that, they felt that their duty was done, for no subsequent issue contains an allusion to the subject. Perhaps the reader will be gratified by a perusal of the account of the evacuation as given in *Rivington's Gazette* of November 26, 1783.

New York November 26:—Yesterday in the Morning the American Troops marched from Haerlem, to the Bowery-Lane—They remained there until about One o'Clock, when the British Troops left the Posts in the Bowery, and the American Troops marched into, and took Possession of the City, in the following Order, viz.

1. A Corps of Dragoons
2. Advanced Guard of Light Infantry.
3. A Corps of Artillery
4. Battalion of Light Infantry.
5. Battalion of Massachusetts Troops,
6. Rear Guard

After the Troops had taken Possession of the City, the GENERAL [Washington] and GOVERNOR [George Clinton] made their Public Entry in the following Manner:

- 1 Their Excellencies the General and Governor, with their Suites, on Horseback.
- 2 The Lieutenant-Governor, and the Members of the Council, for the Temporary Government of the Southern District, four a-breast.
3. Major General Knox, and the Officers of the Army, eight a-breast
4. Citizens on Horseback, eight a-breast.
5. The Speaker of the Assembly, and Citizens, on Foot, eight a-breast

Their Excellencies the Governor and Commander in Chief were escorted by a Body of West-Chester Light Horse, under the command of Captain Delavan.

The Procession proceeded down Queen-Street [now Pearl], and through the Broadway, to *Cape's Tavern*.

The Governor gave a public Dinner at *Fraunces's Tavern*; at which the Commander in Chief and other General Officers were present.

After Dinner, the following Toasts were drank by the Company:

1. The United States of America.
2. His most Christian Majesty.
3. The United Netherlands.
4. The King of Sweden.
5. The American Army
6. The Fleet and Armies of France, which have served in America.
7. The Memory of those Heroes, who have fallen for our Freedom.
8. May our Country be grateful to her military children.
9. May Justice support what Courage has gained
10. The Vindicators of the Rights of Mankind in every Quarter of the Globe
- 11 May America be an Asylum to the persecuted of the Earth.
12. May a close Union of the States guard the Temple they have erected to Liberty.
13. May the Remembrance of THIS DAY be a Lesson to Princes.

The arrangement and whole conduct of this march, with the tranquillity which succeeded it, through the day and night, was admirable! and the grateful citizens will ever feel the most affectionate impressions, from that elegant and efficient disposition which prevailed through the whole event.

Such was the journalism of that primitive day. The sedate Rivington, for so many years the Tory organ, was in no humor, we may suppose,

to chronicle the minor events of the occasion, even if he had not considered them beneath the dignity of his vocation. He says nothing of the valiant matron in Chatham Row who, in the impatience of her patriotism, hoisted the American flag over her door two hours before the stipulated moment, noon, and defended it against a British provost officer with her broomstick. Nor does he allude to the great scene at the principal flag-staff, which the retiring garrison had plentifully greased, and from which they had removed the blocks and halyards, in order to retard the hoisting of the stars and stripes. He does not tell us how a sailor boy, with a line around his waist and a pocket full of spikes, hammered his way to the top of the staff, and restored the tackling by which the flag was flung to the breeze before the barges containing the British rear-guard had reached the fleet. It was a sad day for Mr. Rivington, and he may be excused for not dwelling upon its incidents longer than stern duty demanded.

The whole State of New York had been waiting impatiently for the evacuation of the City. Many hundreds of the old Whig inhabitants, who had fled at the entrance of the English troops seven years before, were eager to come again into possession of their homes and property, and resume their former occupations. Many new enterprises waited only for the departure of the troops to be entered upon. A large number of young men were looking to New York as the scene of their future career. Albany, which had served as the temporary capital of the State, was full of lawyers, law-students, retired soldiers, merchants, and mechanics, who were prepared to remove to New York as soon as Rivington's *Gazette* should inform them that the British had really left, and General Washington taken possession. As in these days certain promises to pay are to be fulfilled six months after the United States shall have acknowledged the independence of a certain Confederacy, so at that time it was a custom for leases and other compacts to be dated from "the day on which the British troops shall leave New York." Among the young men in Albany who were intending to repair to the city were two retired officers of distinction, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, a student at law, and AARON BURR, then in the second year of his practice at the bar. (JAMES KENT and EDWARD LIVINGSTON were also students of law in Albany at that time.) The old Tory lawyers being all exiled or silenced there was a promising field in New York for young advocates of talent, and these two young gentlemen had both contracted marriages which necessitated speedy professional gains. Hamilton had won the daughter of General Schuyler. Burr was married to the widow of a British officer, whose fortune was a few hundred pounds and two fine strapping boys fourteen and sixteen years of age.

And Burr was himself a father. THEODOSIA, "his only child," was born at Albany in the spring of 1783. When the family removed to New

York in the following winter, and took up their abode in Maiden Lane—"the rent to commence when the troops leave the city"—she was an engaging infant of seven or eight months. We may infer something of the circumstances and prospects of her father when we know that he had ventured upon a house of which the rent was two hundred pounds a year. We find him removing, a year or two after, to a mansion at the corner of Cedar and Nassau streets, the garden and grapery of which were among the finest in the thickly-settled portion of the city. Fifty years after he had still an office within a very few yards of the same spot, though all trace of the garden of Theodosia's childhood had long ago disappeared. She was a child of affluence. Not till she had left her father's house did a shadow of misfortune darken its portals. Abundance and elegance surrounded her from her infancy, and whatever advantages in education and training wealth can procure for a child she had in profusion. At the same time her father's vigilant stoicism guarded her from the evils attendant upon a too easy acquisition of things pleasant and desirable.

She was born into a happy home. Even if we had not the means of knowing something of the character of her mother, we might still infer that she must have possessed qualities singularly attractive to induce a man in the position of Burr to undertake the charge of a family at the outset of his career. She was neither handsome nor young, nor had she even the advantage of good health. A scar disfigured her face. Burr—the brilliant and celebrated Burr—heir of an honored name, had linked his rising fortunes with an invalid and her boys. The event most abundantly justified his choice, for in all the fair island of Manhattan there was not a happier family than his, nor one in which happiness was more securely founded in the diligent discharge of duty. The twelve years of his married life were his brightest and best; and among the last words he ever spoke were a pointed declaration that his wife was the best woman and the finest lady he had ever known. It was her cultivated mind that drew him to her. "It was a knowledge of your mind," he once wrote her, "which first inspired me with a respect for that of your sex, and with some regret I confess, that the ideas you have often heard me express in favor of female intellectual power are founded in what I have imagined more than in what I have seen, except in you."

In those days an educated woman was among the rarest of rarities. The wives of many of our most renowned revolutionary leaders were surprisingly illiterate. Except the noble wife of John Adams, whose letters form so agreeable an oasis in the published correspondence of the time, it would be difficult to mention the name of one lady of the revolutionary period who could have been a companion to the *mind* of a man of culture. Mrs. Burr, on the contrary, was the equal of her husband in literary discernment, and his superior in moral judgment. Her remarks, in

her letters to her husband, upon the popular authors of the day, Chesterfield, Rousseau, Voltaire, and others, show that she could correct as well as sympathize with her husband's taste. She could enjoy the wit of Voltaire without being perverted by his scoffing. She relished all of Chesterfield except the "indulgence," which Burr thought essential. She had a weakness for Rousseau, but was not deluded by his sentimentality. She enjoyed Gibbon without stumbling at his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters.

The home of Theodosia presents to us a pleasing scene of virtuous industry. The master of the house, always an indomitable worker, was in the full tide of a successful career at the bar. His two step-sons were employed in his office, and one of them frequently accompanied him in his journeys to distant courts as clerk or amanuensis. No father could have been more generous or more thoughtful than he was for these fatherless youths, and they appeared to have cherished for him the liveliest affection. Mrs. Burr shared in the labors of the office during the absence of her lord. All the affairs of this happy family moved in harmony, for love presided at their board, inspired their exertions, and made them one. One circumstance alone interrupted their felicity, and that was the frequent absence of Burr from home on business at country courts; but even these journeys served to call forth from all the family the warmest effusions of affection.

"What language can express the joy, the gratitude of Theodosia!" writes Mrs. Burr to her absent husband, in the fifth year of their marriage. "Stage after stage without a line. Thy usual punctuality gave room for every fear; various conjectures filled every breast. One of our sons was to have departed to-day in quest of the best of friends and fathers. This morning we waited the stage with impatience. Shrouder went frequently before it arrived; at length returned—*no letter*. We were struck dumb with disappointment. Barton [eldest son] set out to inquire who were the passengers; in a very few minutes returned exulting—a packet worth the treasures of the universe. Joy brightened every face; all expressed their past anxieties, their present happiness. To enjoy was the first result. Each made choice of what they could best relish. Porter, sweet wine, chocolate, and sweetmeats made the most delightful repast that could be enjoyed without thee. The servants were made to feel their lord was well; are at this instant toasting his health and bounty. While the boys are obeying thy dear commands, thy Theodosia flies to speak her heartfelt joy—her Aaron safe—mistress of the heart she adores, can she ask more? Has Heaven more to grant?"

What a pleasing picture of a happy family circle is this, and how rarely are the perils of a second marriage so completely overcome! It was in such a warm and pleasant nest as this that Theodosia Burr passed the years of her childhood.

Charles Lamb used to say that babies had no right to our regard merely *as* babies, but that every child had a character of its own by which it must stand or fall in the esteem of disinterest-

ed observers. Theodosia was a beautiful and forward child, formed to be the pet and pride of a household. "Your dear little Theo," wrote her mother in her third year, "grows the most engaging child you ever saw. It is impossible to see her with indifference." From her earliest years she exhibited that singular fondness for her father which afterward became the ruling passion of her life, and which was to undergo the severest tests that filial affection has ever known. When she was but three years of age her mother would write: "Your dear little daughter seeks you twenty times a day; calls you to your meals, and will not suffer your chair to be filled by any of the family." And again: "Your dear little Theodosia can not hear you spoken of without an apparent melancholy; inasmuch that her nurse is obliged to exert her invention to divert her, and myself avoid to mention you in her presence. She was one whole day indifferent to every thing but your name. Her attachment is not of a common nature."

Here was an inviting opportunity for developing an engaging infant into that monstrous thing, a spoiled child. She was an only daughter in a family of which all the members but herself were adults, and the head of which was among the busiest of men.

But Aaron Burr, amidst all the toils of his profession, and in spite of the distractions of political strife, made the education of his daughter the darling object of his existence. Hunters tell us that pointers and hounds *inherit* the instinct which renders them such valuable allies in the pursuit of game; so that the offspring of a trained dog acquires the arts of the chase with very little instruction. Burr's father was one of the most zealous and skillful of schoolmasters, and from him he appears to have derived that pedagogic cast of character which led him, all his life, to take so much interest in the training of protégés. There was never a time in his whole career when he had not some youth upon his hands to whose education he was devoted. His system of training, with many excellent points, was radically defective. Its defects are sufficiently indicated when we say that it was pagan, not Christian. Plato, Socrates, Cato, and Cicero, might have pronounced it good and sufficient: St. John, St. Augustine, and all the Christian host would have lamented it as fatally defective. But if Burr educated his child as though she were a Roman girl, her mother was with her during the first eleven years of her life, to supply, in some degree, what was wanting in the instructions of her father.

Burr was a stoic. He cultivated hardness. Fortitude and fidelity were his favorite virtues. The seal which he used in his correspondence with his intimate friends, and with them only, was descriptive of his character and prophetic of his destiny. It was a Rock, solitary in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, and bore the inscription, "*Nec flatu nec fluctu*"—neither by wind nor by wave. It was his principle to steel him-

self against the inevitable evils of life. If we were asked to select from his writings the sentence which contains most of his characteristic way of thinking, it would be one which he wrote in his twenty-fourth year to his future wife: "That mind is truly great which can bear with equanimity the trifling and unavoidable vexations of life, and be affected only by those which determine our substantial bliss." He utterly despised all complaining even of the greatest calamities. He even experienced a kind of proud pleasure in enduring the fierce obloquy of his later years. One day, near the close of his life, when a friend had told him of some new scandal respecting his moral conduct, he said: "That's right, my child, tell me what they say. I like to know what the public say of me—the *great* public!" Such words he would utter without the slightest bitterness, speaking of the *great* public as a humorous old grandfather might of a wayward, foolish, good little child.

So, at the dawn of a career which promised nothing but glory and prosperity, surrounded by all the appliances of ease and pleasure, he was solicitous to teach his child to do and to endure. He would have her accustomed to sleep alone, and to go about the house in the dark. Her breakfast was of bread and milk. He was resolute in exacting the less agreeable tasks, such as arithmetic. He insisted upon regularity of hours. Upon going away upon a journey he would leave written orders for her tutors, detailing the employments of each day; and, during his absence, a chief topic of his letters was the lessons of the children. *Children*—for, that his Theodosia might have the advantage of a companion in her studies, he adopted the little Natalie, a French child, whom he reared to womanhood in his house. "The letters of our dear children," he would write, "are a feast. To hear that they are employed, that no time is absolutely wasted, is the most flattering of any thing that could be told me of them. It insures their affection, or is the best evidence of it. It insures, in its consequences, every thing I am ambitious of in them. Endeavor to preserve regularity of hours; it conduces exceedingly to industry." And his wife would answer: "I really believe, my dear, that few parents can boast of children whose minds are so prone to virtue. I see the reward of our assiduity with inexpressible delight, with a gratitude few experience. My Aaron, they have grateful hearts." Or thus: "Theo [seven years old] ciphers from five in the morning until eight, and also the same hours in the evening. This prevents our riding at those hours."

When Theodosia was ten years old Mary Wollstonecraft's eloquent little book, "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," fell into Burr's hands. He was so powerfully struck by it that he sat up nearly all night reading it. He showed it to all his friends. "Is it owing to ignorance or prejudice," he wrote, "that I have not yet met a single person who had discovered or would allow the merit of this work?" The

work, indeed, was fifty years in advance of the time; for it anticipated all that is rational in the opinions respecting the position and education of women which are now held by the ladies who are stigmatized as the Strong-minded, as well as by John Mill, Herbert Spencer, and other economists of the modern school. It demanded fair play for the *understanding* of women. It proclaimed the essential equality of the sexes. It denounced the awful libertinism of that age, and showed that the weakness, the ignorance, the vanity, and the seclusion of women prepared them to become the tool and minion of bad men's lust. It criticised ably the educational system of Rousseau, and, with still more severity, the popular works of bishops and priests, who chiefly strove to inculcate an abject submission to man as the rightful lord of the sex. It demonstrated that the sole possibility of woman's elevation to the rank of man's equal and friend was in the cultivation of her mind, and in the thoughtful discharge of the duties of her lot. It is a really noble and brave little book, undeserving of the oblivion into which it has fallen. No intelligent woman, no wise parent with daughters to rear, could read it now without pleasure and advantage.

"Meekness," she says, "may excite tenderness, and gratify the arrogant pride of man; but the lordly caresses of a protector will not gratify a noble mind that pants and deserves to be *respected*. Fondness is a poor substitute for friendship.".... "A girl whose spirits have not been damped by inactivity, or innocence tainted by false shame, will always be a romp, and the doll will never excite attention unless confinement allows her no alternative.".... "Most of the women, in the circle of my observation, who have acted like rational creatures, have accidentally been allowed to run wild, as some of the elegant formers of the fair sex would insinuate.".... "Men have better tempers than women because they are occupied by pursuits that interest the *head* as well as the heart. I never knew a weak or ignorant person who had a good temper.".... "Why are girls to be told that they resemble angels, but to sink them below women? They are told that they are only like angels when they are young and beautiful; consequently it is their persons, not their virtues, that procure them this homage.".... "It is in vain to attempt to keep the heart pure unless the head is furnished with ideas.".... "Would ye, O my sisters, really possess modesty, ye must remember that the possession of virtue, of any denomination, is incompatible with ignorance and vanity! Ye must acquire that soberness of mind which the exercise of duties and the pursuit of knowledge alone inspire, or ye will still remain in a doubtful, dependent situation, and only be loved while ye are fair! The downcast eye, the rosy blush, the retiring grace, are all proper in their season; but modesty being the child of reason can not long exist with the sensibility that is not tempered by reflection.".... "With what disgust have I heard sensible women speak of the wearisome confinement which they endured at school. Not allowed, perhaps, to step out of one broad path in a superb garden, and obliged to pace, with steady deportment, stupidly backward and forward, holding up their heads and turning out their toes, with

shoulders braced back, instead of bounding forward, as nature directs to complete her own design, in the various attitudes so conducive to health. The pure animal spirits, which make both mind and body shoot out and unfold the tender blossoms of hope, are turned sour and vented in vain wishes or pert reprimands, that contract the faculties and spoil the temper; else they mount to the brain, and sharpening the understanding before it gains proportionable strength, produce that pitiful cunning which disgracefully characterizes the female mind—and, I fear, will ever characterize it while women remain the slaves of power."

In the spirit of this book Theodosia's education was conducted. Her mind had fair play. Her father took it for granted that she could learn what a boy of the same age could learn, and gave her precisely the advantages which he would have given a son. Besides the usual accomplishments, French, music, dancing, and riding, she learned to read Virgil, Horace, Terence, Lucian, Homer, in the original. She appears to have read all of Terence and Lucian, a great part of Horace, all the Iliad, and large portions of the Odyssey. "Cursed effects," exclaimed her father once, "of fashionable education, of which both sexes are the advocates, and yours eminently the victims. If I could foresee that Theo would become a mere fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurements, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I yet hope by her to convince the world what neither sex appears to believe, that women have souls."

How faithfully, how skillfully he labored to kindle and nourish the intelligence of his child his letters to her attest. He was never too busy to spare a half-hour in answering her letters. In a country court-room, in the Senate-chamber, he wrote her brief and sprightly notes, correcting her spelling, complimenting her style, reproving her indolence, praising her industry, commenting on her authors. Rigorous taskmaster as he was, he had a strong sense of the value of just commendation, and he continued to mingle praise very happily with reproof. A few sentences from his letters to her will serve to show his manner.

(In her tenth year.)—"I rose up suddenly from the sofa, and rubbing my head, 'What book shall I buy for her?' said I to myself. 'She reads so much and so rapidly that it is not easy to find proper and amusing French books for her; and yet I am so flattered with her progress in that language that I am resolved she shall, at all events, be gratified. Indeed I owe it to her.' So after walking once or twice briskly across the floor, I took my hat and sallied out, determined not to return till I had purchased something. It was not my first attempt. I went into one bookseller's shop after another. I found plenty of fairy tales and such nonsense, fit for the generality of children nine or ten years old. 'These,' said I, 'will never do. Her understanding begins to be above such things;' but I could see nothing that I would offer with pleasure to an *intelligent, well-informed* girl nine years old. I began to be discouraged. The hour of dining was come.

'But I will search a little longer.' I persevered. At last I found it. I found the very thing I sought. It is contained in two volumes octavo, handsomely bound, and with prints and registers. It is a work of fancy, but replete with instruction and amusement. I must present it with my own hand."

He advised her to keep a diary, and to give her an idea of what she should record he wrote for her such a journal of one day as he should like to receive.

Plan of the Journal.—"Learned 230 lines, which finished Horace. Heigh-ho for Terence and the Greek Grammar to-morrow. Practiced two hours less thirty-five minutes, which I begged off. Howlett (dancing-master) did not come. Began Gibbon last evening. I find he requires as much study and attention as Horace; so I shall not rank the reading of *him* among amusements. Skated an hour; fell twenty times, and find the advantage of a hard head. Ma better—dined with us at table, and is still sitting up and free from pain."

She was remiss in keeping her journal; remiss, too, in writing to her father, though he reminded her that he never let one of *her* letters remain unanswered a day. He reproved her sharply. "What," said he, "can neither affection nor civility induce you to devote to me the small portion of time which I have required? Are authority and compulsion then the only engines by which you can be moved? For shame, Theo. Do not give me reason to think so ill of you."

She reformed. In her twelfth year, her father wrote: "Io triumphe! there is not a word misspelled either in your journal or letter, which can not be said of one you ever wrote before." And again: "When you want punctuality in your letters, I am sure you want it in every thing; for you will constantly observe that you have the most leisure when you do the most business. Negligence of one's duty produces a self-dissatisfaction which unfits the mind for every thing, and *ennui* and peevishness are the never-failing consequence."

His letters abound in sound advice. There is scarcely a passage in them which the most scrupulous and considerate parent could disapprove. Theodosia heeded well his instructions. She became nearly all that his heart or his pride desired.

During the later years of her childhood, her mother was grievously afflicted with a cancer, which caused her death in 1794, before Theodosia had completed her twelfth year. From that time, such was the precocity of her character, that she became the mistress of her father's house and the companion of his leisure hours. Continuing her studies, however, we find her in her sixteenth year translating French comedies, reading the Odyssey at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and about to begin the Iliad. "The happiness of my life," writes her father, "depends upon your exertions; for what else, for whom else, do I live?" And, later, when all the world supposed that his whole soul was absorbed in getting New York ready to vote for

Jefferson and Burr, he told her that the ideas of which *she* was the subject that passed daily through his mind would, if committed to writing, fill an octavo volume.

Who so happy as Theodosia? Who so fortunate? The young ladies of New York, at the close of the last century, might have been pardoned for envying the lot of this favorite child of one who then seemed the favorite child of fortune. Burr had been a Senator of the United States as soon as he had attained the age demanded by the Constitution. As a lawyer he was second in ability and success to no man; in reputation, to none but Hamilton, whose services in the Cabinet of General Washington had given him great celebrity. Aged members of the New York bar remember that Burr alone was the antagonist who could put Hamilton to his mettle. When other lawyers were employed against him Hamilton's manner was that of a man who felt an easy superiority to the demands upon him; he took few notes; he was playful and careless, relying much upon the powerful declamation of his summing up. But when Burr was in the case, Burr the wary, the vigilant, who was never careless, never inattentive, who came into court only after an absolutely exhaustive preparation of his case, who held declamation in contempt, and knew how to quench its effect by a stroke of polite satire, or the quiet citation of a fact, then Hamilton was obliged to have all his wits about him, and he was observed to be restless, busy, and serious. There are now but two or three venerable men among us who remember the keen encounters of these two distinguished lawyers. The vividness of their recollection of those scenes of sixty years ago shows what an impression must have been made upon their youthful minds.

If Hamilton and Burr divided equally between them the honors of the bar, Burr had the additional distinction of being a leader of the rising Democratic Party; the party to which, at that day, the youth, the genius, the sentiment of the country were powerfully drawn; the party which, by his masterly tactics, was about to place Mr. Jefferson in the Presidential chair after ten years of ineffectual struggle.

All this enhanced the *éclat* of Theodosia's position. As she rode about the island on her pony, followed at a respectful distance, as the custom then was, by one of her father's slaves mounted on a coach-horse, doubtless many a fair damsel of the city repined at her own homelier lot, while she dwelt upon the many advantages which nature and circumstances had bestowed upon this gifted and happy maiden.

She was a beautiful girl. She inherited all her father's refined beauty of countenance; also his shortness of stature; the dignity, grace, and repose of his incomparable manner, too. She was a plump, petite, and rosy girl; but there was that in her demeanor which became the daughter of an affluent home, and a certain assured, indescribable expression of face which seemed to say, Here is a maiden who to the

object of her affection could be faithful against an execrating world—faithful even unto death.

Burr maintained at that time two establishments, one in the city, the other a mile and a half out of town on the banks of the Hudson. Richmond Hill was the name of his country seat, where Theodosia resided during the later years of her youth. It was a large, massive wooden edifice, with a lofty portico of Ionic columns, and stood on a hill facing the river, in the midst of a lawn adorned with ancient trees and trained shrubbery. The grounds, which extended to the water's edge, comprised about a hundred and sixty acres. Those who now visit the site of Burr's abode, at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, behold a wilderness of very ordinary houses covering a dead level. The hill has been pared away, the ponds filled up, the river pushed away a long distance from the ancient shore, and every one of the venerable trees is gone. The city shows no spot less suggestive of rural beauty. But Richmond Hill, in the days of Hamilton and Burr, was the finest country residence on the island of Manhattan. The wife of John Adams, who lived there in 1790, just before Burr bought it, and who had recently traveled in the loveliest counties of England, speaks of it as a situation not inferior in natural beauty to the most delicious spot she ever saw. "The house," she says, "is situated upon an eminence; at an agreeable distance flows the noble Hudson, bearing upon its bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields beautifully variegated with grass and grain, to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton, in Devonshire. Upon my left the city opens to view, intercepted here and there by a rising ground and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present the exuberance of a rich, well-cultivated soil. The venerable oaks and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot, which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security; for I have, as much as possible, prohibited the grounds from invasion, and sometimes almost wished for game laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon are too great temptations to the sportsmen to withstand."

Indeed the whole island was enchanting in those early days. There were pleasant gardens even in Wall Street, Cedar Street, Nassau Street; and the Battery, the place of universal resort, was one of the most delightful public grounds in the world—as it will be again when the Spoiler is thrust from the places of power, and the citizens of New York come again into the ownership of their city. The banks of the Hudson and of the East River were forest-crowned bluffs, lofty and picturesque, and on every favorable site stood a cottage or a mansion surrounded with pleasant grounds. The letters

of Theodosia Burr contain many passages expressive of her intense enjoyment of the variety, the vivid verdure, the noble trees, the heights, the pretty lakes, the enchanting prospects, the beautiful gardens, which her daily rides brought to her view. She was a dear lover of her island home. The city had not then laid waste the beauty of Manhattan. There was only one bank in New York, the officers of which shut the bank at one o'clock and went home to dinner, returned at three, and kept the bank open till five. Much of the business life of the town partook of this homely, comfortable, easy-going rural spirit. There was a mail twice a week to the North, and twice a week to the South, and many of the old-fashioned people had time to live.

Not so the younger and newer portion of the population. We learn from one of the letters of the ill-fated Blennerhassett, who arrived in New York from Ireland in 1796, that the people were so busy there in making new docks, filling in the swamps, and digging cellars for new buildings, as to bring on an epidemic fever and ague that drove him from the city to the Jersey shore. He mentions, also, that land in the State doubled in value every two years, and that commercial speculation was carried on with such avidity that it was more like gambling than trade. It is he that relates the story of the adventurer, who, on learning that the yellow-fever prevailed fearfully in the West Indies, sent thither a cargo of coffins in nests, and that no room might be lost filled the smallest with gingerbread. The speculation, he assures us, was a capital hit; for the adventurer not only sold his coffins very profitably, but loaded his vessel with valuable woods, which yielded a great profit at New York. At that time, also, the speculation in lots, corner lots, and lands near the city was prosecuted with all the recklessness which we have been in the habit of supposing was peculiar to later times. New York was New York even in the days of Burr and Hamilton.

As mistress of Richmond Hill Theodosia entertained distinguished company. Hamilton was her father's occasional guest. Burr preferred the society of educated Frenchmen and French women to any other, and he entertained many distinguished exiles of the French Revolution. Talleyrand, Volney, Jerome Bonaparte, and Louis Philippe were among his guests. Colonel Stone mentions, in his Life of Brant, that Theodosia, in her fourteenth year, in the absence of her father, gave a dinner to that chieftain of the forest, which was attended by the Bishop of New York, Dr. Hosack, Volney, and several other guests of distinction, who greatly enjoyed the occasion. Burr was gratified to hear with how much grace and good-nature his daughter acquitted herself in the entertainment of her company. The chief himself was exceedingly delighted, and spoke of the dinner with great animation many years after.

We have one pleasant glimpse of Theodosia

in these happy years, in a trifling anecdote preserved by the biographer of Edward Livingston, during whose mayoralty the present City Hall was begun. The mayor had the pleasure, one bright day, of escorting the young lady on board a French frigate lying in the harbor. "You must bring none of your sparks on board, Theodosia," exclaimed the pun-loving magistrate; "for they have a magazine here, and we shall all be blown up." Oblivion here drops the curtain upon the gay party and the brilliant scene.

A suitor appeared for the hand of this fair and accomplished girl. It was Joseph Alston of South Carolina, a gentleman of twenty-two, possessor of large estates in rice plantations and slaves, and a man of much spirit and talent. He valued his estates at two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Their courtship was not a long one; for though she, as became her sex, checked the impetuosity of his advances and argued for delay, she was easily convinced by the reasons which he adduced for haste. She reminded him that Aristotle was of opinion that a man should not marry till he was thirty-six. A fig for Aristotle, he replied; let us regard the *ipse dixit* of no man. It is only want of fortune or want of discretion, he continued, that could justify such a postponement of married joys. But "suppose," he added, "(merely for instance) a young man nearly two-and-twenty, already of the greatest discretion, with an ample fortune, were to be passionately in love with a young lady almost eighteen, equally discreet with himself, and who had a 'sincere friendship' for him, do you think it would be necessary to make him wait till thirty? particularly where the friends on both sides were pleased with the match."

She told him, also, that some of her friends who had visited Charleston had described it as a city where the yellow-fever and the "yells of whipped negroes, which assail your ears from every house," and the extreme heat, rendered life a mere purgatory. She had heard, too, that in South Carolina the men were absorbed in hunting, gaming, and racing; while the women, robbed of their society, had no pleasures but to come together in large parties, sip tea, and look prim. The ardent swain eloquently defended his native State:

"What!" he exclaimed, "is Charleston, the most delightfully situated city in America, which, entirely open to the ocean, twice in every twenty-four hours is cooled by the refreshing sea-breeze, the Montpelier of the South, which annually affords an asylum to the planter and the West Indian from every disease, accused of heat and unhealthiness? But this is not all, unfortunate citizens of Charleston; the scream, the yell of the miserable unresisting African, bleeding under the scourge of relentless power, affords music to your ears! Ah! from what unfriendly cause does this arise? Has the God of heaven, in anger, here changed the order of nature? In every other region, without exception, in a similar degree of latitude, the same sun which ripens the tamarind and the anana, ameliorates the temper, and disposes it to gentleness and kindness. In India and other countries not very different in

climate from the southern parts of the United States, the inhabitants are distinguished for a softness and inoffensiveness of manners, degenerating almost to effeminacy; it is here then, only, that we are exempt from the general influence of climate: here only that, in spite of it, we are cruel and ferocious! Poor Carolina!"

And with regard to the manners of the Carolinians he assured the young lady that if there was one State in the Union which could justly claim superiority to the rest in social refinement and the art of elegant living it was South Carolina, where the division of the people into the very poor and the very rich, left to the latter class abundant leisure for the pursuit of literature and the enjoyment of society:

"The possession of slaves," he owns, "renders them proud, impatient of restraint, and gives them a haughtiness of manner which, to those unaccustomed to them, is disagreeable; but we find among them a high sense of honor, a delicacy of sentiment, and a liberality of mind, which we look for in vain in the more commercial citizens of the Northern States. The genius of the Carolinian, like the inhabitants of all southern countries, is quick, lively, and acute; in steadiness and perseverance he is naturally inferior to the native of the North; but this defect of climate is often overcome by his ambition or necessity; and, whenever this happens, he seldom fails to distinguish himself. In his temper he is gay and fond of company, open, generous, and unsuspicious; easily irritated, and quick to resent even the appearance of insult; but his passion, like the fire of the flint, is lighted up and extinguished in the same moment."

Such discussions end only in one way. Theodosia yielded the points in dispute. At Albany, on the 2d of February, 1801, while the country was ringing with the names of Jefferson and Burr, and while the world supposed that Burr was intriguing with all his might to defeat the wishes of the people by securing his own election to the Presidency, his daughter was married. The marriage was thus announced in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of February 7th:

"MARRIED.—At Albany, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, JOSEPH ALSTON, of South Carolina, to THEODOSIA BURR, only child of AARON BURR, Esq."

They were married at Albany because Colonel Burr, being a member of the Legislature, was residing at the capital of the State. One week the happy pair passed at Albany. Then to New York; whence, after a few days' stay, they began their long journey southward. Rejoined at Baltimore by Colonel Burr, they traveled in company to Washington, where, on the 4th of March, Theodosia witnessed the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson, and the induction of her father into the Vice-Presidency. Father and child parted a day or two after the ceremony. The only solid consolation, he said in his first letter to her, that he had for the loss of her dear companionship, was a belief that she would be happy, and the certainty that they should often meet. And, on his return to New York, he told her that he had approached his home as

he would "the sepulchre of all his friends." "Dreary, solitary, comfortless. It was no longer home." Hence his various schemes of a second marriage, to which Theodosia urged him. He soon had the comfort of hearing that the reception of his daughter in South Carolina was as cordial and affectionate as his heart could have wished.

Theodosia now enjoyed three as happy years as ever fell to the lot of a young wife. Tenderly cherished by her husband, whom she devotedly loved, caressed by society, surrounded by affectionate and admiring relations, provided bountifully with all the means of enjoyment, living in the summer in the mountains of Carolina, or at the home of her childhood, Richmond Hill, passing the winters in gay and luxurious Charleston, honored for her own sake, for her father's, and her husband's, the years glided rapidly by, and she seemed destined to remain to the last Fortune's favorite child. One summer she and her husband visited Niagara, and penetrated the domain of the chieftain Brant, who gave them royal entertainment. Once she had the great happiness of receiving her father under her own roof, and of seeing the honors paid by the people of the State to the Vice-President. Again she spent a summer at Richmond Hill and Saratoga, leaving her husband for the first time. She told him on this occasion that every woman must prefer the society of the North to that of the South, whatever she might say. "If she denies it she is set down in my mind as insincere and weakly prejudiced." But, like a fond and loyal wife, she wrote, "Where you are there is my country, and in you are centred all my wishes."

She was a mother too. That engaging and promising boy, Aaron Burr Alston, the delight of his parents and of his grandfather, was born in the second year of the marriage. This event seemed to complete her happiness. For a time, it is true, she paid dearly for it by the loss of her former robust and joyous health. But the boy was worth the price. "If I can see without prejudice," wrote Colonel Burr, "there never was a finer boy;" and the mother's letters are full of those sweet, trifling anecdotes which mothers love to relate of their offspring. Her father still urged her to improve her mind, for her own and her son's sake, telling her that all she could learn would necessarily find its way to the mind of the boy. "Pray take in hand," he writes, "some book which requires attention and study. You will, I fear, lose the habit of study, which would be a greater misfortune than to lose your head." He praised, too, the ease, good sense, and sprightliness of her letters, and said truly that her style, at its best, was not inferior to that of Madame de Sévigné.

Life is frequently styled a checkered scene. But it was the peculiar lot of Theodosia to experience during the first twenty-one years of her life nothing but prosperity and happiness, and during the remainder of her existence nothing but misfortune and sorrow. Never had her fa-

ther's position seemed so strong and enviable as during his tenure of the office of Vice-President; but never had it been in reality so hollow and precarious. Holding property valued at two hundred thousand dollars, he was so deeply in debt that nothing but the sacrifice of his landed estate could save him from bankruptcy. At the age of thirty he had permitted himself to be drawn from a lucrative and always increasing professional business to the fascinating but most costly pursuit of political honors. And now, when he stood at a distance of only one step from the highest place, he was pursued by a clamorous host of creditors, and compelled to resort to a hundred expedients to maintain the expensive establishments supposed to be necessary to a Vice-President's dignity. His political position was as hollow as his social eminence. Mr. Jefferson was firmly resolved that Aaron Burr should not be his successor; and the great families of New York, whom Burr had united to win the victory over Federalism, were now united to bar the further advancement of a man whom they chose to regard as an interloper and a parvenu. If Burr's private life had been stainless, if his fortune had been secure, if he had been in his heart a Republican and a Democrat, if he had been a man earnest in the people's cause, if even his talents had been as superior as they were supposed to be, such a combination of powerful families and political influence might have retarded, but could not have prevented, his advancement; for he was still in the prime of his prime, and the people naturally side with a man who is the architect of his own fortunes.

On the 1st of July, 1804, Burr sat in the library of Richmond Hill writing to Theodosia. The day was unseasonably cold, and a fire blazed upon the hearth. The lord of the mansion was chilly and serious. An hour before he had taken the step which made the duel with Hamilton inevitable, though eleven days were to elapse before the actual encounter. He was tempted to prepare the mind of his child for the event, but he forebore. Probably his mind had been wandering into the past, and recalling his boyhood; for he quoted a line of poetry which he had been wont to use in those early days. "Some very wise man has said," he wrote,

"Oh, fools, who think it solitude to be alone!"

This is but poetry. Let us, therefore, drop the subject, lest it lead to another, on which I have imposed silence on myself." Then he proceeds, in his usual gay and agreeable manner, again urging her to go on in the pursuit of knowledge. His last thoughts before going to the field were with her and for her. His last request to her husband was that he should do all that in him lay to encourage her to improve her mind.

The bloody deed was done. The next news Theodosia received from her father was that he was a fugitive from the sudden abhorrence of his fellow-citizens; that an indictment for murder was hanging over his head; that his career in New York was, in all probability, over forever; and that he was destined to be for a time

a wanderer on the earth. Her happy days were at an end. She never blamed her father for this, or for any act of his; on the contrary, she accepted without questioning his own version of the facts, and his own view of the morality of what he had done. He had formed her mind and tutored her conscience. He *was* her conscience. But though she censured him not, her days and nights were embittered by anxiety from this time to the last day of her life. A few months later her father, black with hundreds of miles of travel in an open canoe, reached her abode in South Carolina, and spent some weeks there before appearing for the last time in the chair of the Senate; for, ruined as he was in fortune and good name, indicted for murder in New York and New Jersey, he was still Vice-President of the United States, and he was resolved to reappear upon the public scene, and do the duty which the Constitution assigned him.

The Mexican scheme followed. Theodosia and her husband were both involved in it. Mr. Alston advanced money for the project, which was never repaid, and which, in his will, he forgave. His entire loss, in consequence of his connection with that affair, may be reckoned at about fifty thousand dollars. Theodosia entirely and warmly approved the dazzling scheme. The throne of Mexico, she thought, was an object worthy of her father's talents, and one which would repay him for the loss of a brief tenure of the Presidency, and be a sufficient triumph over the men who were supposed to have thwarted him. Her boy, too—would he not be heir-presumptive to a throne?

The recent publication of the "Blennerhassett Papers" appears to dispel all that remained of the mystery which the secretive Burr chose to leave around the object of his scheme. We can now say with almost absolute certainty that Burr's objects were the following: The throne of Mexico for himself and his heirs; the seizure and organization of Texas as preliminary to the grand design. The purchase of lands on the Washita was for the threefold purpose of veiling the real object, providing a rendezvous, and having the means of tempting and rewarding those of the adventurers who were not in the secret. We can also now discover the designed distribution of honors and places: Aaron I., Emperor; Joseph Alston, Head of the Nobility and Chief Minister; Aaron Burr Alston, heir to the throne; Theodosia, Chief Lady of the Court and Empire; Wilkinson, General-in-Chief of the Army; Blennerhassett, Ambassador to the Court of St. James; Commodore Truxton (perhaps), Admiral of the Navy. There is not an atom of new *evidence* which warrants the supposition that Burr had any design to sever the Western States from the Union. If he himself had ever contemplated such an event, it is almost unquestionable that his followers were ignorant of it.

The scheme exploded. Theodosia and her husband had joined him at the home of the

Blennerhassett, and they were near him when the President's proclamation dashed the scheme to atoms, scattered the band of adventurers, and sent Burr a prisoner to Richmond, charged with high treason. Mr. Alston, in a public letter to the Governor of South Carolina, solemnly declared that he was wholly ignorant of any treasonable design on the part of his father-in-law, and repelled with honest warmth the charge of his own complicity with a design so manifestly absurd and hopeless as that of a dismemberment of the Union. Theodosia, stunned with the unexpected blow, returned with her husband to South Carolina, ignorant of her father's fate. He was carried through that State on his way to the North, and there it was that he made his well-known attempt to appeal to the civil authorities and get deliverance from the guard of soldiers. From Richmond he wrote her a hasty note, informing her of his arrest. She and her husband joined him soon, and remained with him during his trial.

At Richmond, during the six months of the trial, Burr tasted the last of the sweets of popularity. The party opposed to Mr. Jefferson made his cause their own, and gathered round the fallen leader with ostentatious sympathy and aid. Ladies sent him bouquets, wine, and dainties for his table, and bestowed upon his daughter the most affectionate and flattering attentions. Old friends from New York and new friends from the West were there to cheer and help the prisoner. Andrew Jackson was conspicuously his friend and defender, declaiming in the streets upon the tyranny of the Administration and the perfidy of Wilkinson, Burr's chief accuser. Washington Irving, then in the dawn of his great renown, who had given the first efforts of his youthful pen to Burr's newspaper, was present at the trial, full of sympathy for a man whom he believed to be the victim of treachery and political animosity. Doubtless he was not wanting in compassionate homage to the young matron from South Carolina. Mr. Irving was then a lawyer, and had been retained as one of Burr's counsel; not to render service in the court-room, but in the expectation that his pen would be employed in staying the torrent of public opinion that was setting against his client. Whether or not he wrote in his behalf does not appear. But his private letters, written at Richmond during the trial, show plainly enough that, if his head was puzzled by the confused and contradictory evidence, his heart and his imagination were on the side of the prisoner.

Theodosia's presence at Richmond was of more value to her father than the ablest of his counsel. Every one appears to have loved, admired, and sympathized with her. "You can't think," wrote Mrs. Blennerhassett, "with what joy and pride I read what Colonel Burr says of his daughter. I never could love one of my own sex as I do her." Blennerhassett himself was not less her friend. Luther Martin, Burr's chief counsel, almost worshiped her. "I find,"

wrote Blennerhassett, "that Luther Martin's idolatrous admiration of Mrs. Alston is almost as excessive as my own, but far more beneficial to his interest and injurious to his judgment, as it is the medium of his blind attachment to her father, whose secrets and views, past, present, or to come, he is and wishes to remain ignorant of. Nor can he see a speck in the character or conduct of Alston, for the best of all reasons with him, namely, that Alston has such a wife." It plainly appears, too, from the letters and journal of Blennerhassett, that Alston did all in his power to promote the acquittal and aid the fallen fortunes of Burr, and that he did so; not because he believed in him, but because he loved his Theodosia.

Acquitted by the jury, but condemned at the bar of public opinion, denounced by the press, abhorred by the Republican party, and still pursued by his creditors, Burr, in the spring of 1808, lay concealed at New York preparing for a secret flight to Europe. Again his devoted child traveled northward to see him once more before he sailed. For some weeks both were in the city, meeting only by night at the house of some tried friend, but exchanging notes and letters from hour to hour. One whole night they spent together, just before his departure. To her he committed his papers, the accumulation of thirty busy years; and it was she who was to collect the debts due him, and thus provide for his maintenance in Europe.

Burr was gay and confident to the last, for he was strong in the belief that the British Ministry would adopt his scheme and aid in tearing Mexico from the grasp of Napoleon. Theodosia was sick and sorrowful, but bore bravely up and won her father's commendation for her fortitude. In one of the early days of June father and daughter parted, to meet no more on earth.

The four years of Burr's fruitless exile were to Theodosia years of misery. She could not collect the debts on which they had relied. The embargo reduced the rice-planters to extreme embarrassment. Her husband no longer sympathized with her in her yearning love for her father, though loving her as tenderly as ever. Old friends in New York cooled toward her. Her health was precarious. Months passed without bringing a word from over the sea; and the letters that did reach her, lively and jovial as they were, contained no good news. She saw her father expelled from England, wandering aimless in Sweden and Germany, almost a prisoner in Paris, reduced to live on potatoes and dry bread; while his own countrymen showed no signs of relenting toward him. In many a tender passage she praised his fortitude. "I witness," she wrote, in a well-known letter, "your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to

make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. When I afterward revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear! My vanity would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our relationship. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

Mr. Madison was President then. In other days her father had been on terms of peculiar intimacy with Madison and his beautiful and accomplished wife. Burr, in his later years, used to say that it was he who had brought about the match which made Mrs. Madison an inmate of the Presidential mansion. With the members of Madison's Cabinet, too, he had been socially and politically familiar. When Theodosia perceived that her father had no longer a hope of success in his Mexican project she became anxious for his return to America. But against this was the probability that the Administration would again arrest him and bring him to trial for the third time. Theodosia ventured to write to her old friend, Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, asking him to interpose on her father's behalf. A letter still more interesting than this has recently come to light. It was addressed by Theodosia to Mrs. Madison. The coldest heart can not read this eloquent and pathetic production without emotion. She writes:

"MADAM,—You may perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from one with whom you have had so little intercourse for the last few years. But your surprise will cease when you recollect that my father, once your friend, is now in exile; and that the President only can restore him to me and his country.

"Ever since the choice of the people was first declared in favor of Mr. Madison, my heart, amid the universal joy, has beat with the hope that I, too, should soon have reason to rejoice. Convinced that Mr. Madison would neither feel nor judge from the feelings or judgment of others, I had no doubt of his hastening to relieve a man whose character he had been enabled to appreciate during a confidential intercourse of long continuance, and whom [he] must know incapable of the designs attributed to him. My anxiety on this subject has, however, become too painful to be alleviated by anticipations which no events have yet tended to justify; and in this state of intolerable suspense I have determined to address myself to you, and request that you will, *in my name*, apply to the President for a removal of the prosecution now existing against AARON BURR. I still expect it from him as a man of feeling and candor, as one acting for the world and for posterity.

"Statesmen, I am aware, deem it necessary that sentiments of liberality, and even justice, should yield to considerations of policy; but what policy can require the absence of my father at present? Even had he contemplated the project for which he stands arraigned, evidently to pursue it any further would now be impossible. There is not left one pretext of alarm even to calumny; for bereft of fortune, of popular favor, and almost of friends, what could he accomplish? And whatever may be the apprehensions or the clamors of the ignorant and the interested, surely the timid, illiberal system which would sacrifice a man to a remote and unreasonable possibility that he might infringe some law founded on an unjust, unwarrantable suspicion that he would desire it, can not be approved by Mr. Madison, and must be unnecessary to a President so loved, so honored. Why, then, is my father banished from a country for which he has encountered wounds and dangers and fatigue for years? Why is he driven from his friends, from an only child, to pass an unlimited time in exile, and that, too, at an age when others are reaping the harvest of past toils, or ought at least to be providing seriously for the comfort of ensuing years? I do not seek to soften you by this recapitulation. I only wish to remind you of all the injuries which are inflicted on one of the first characters the United States ever produced.

"Perhaps it may be well to assure you there is no truth in a report lately circulated that my father intends returning immediately. He never will return to conceal himself in a country on which he has conferred distinction.

"To whatever fate Mr. Madison may doom this application, I trust it will be treated with delicacy. Of this I am the more desirous as Mr. Alston is ignorant of the step I have taken in writing to you, which, perhaps, nothing could excuse but the warmth of filial affection. If it be an error, attribute it to the indiscreet zeal of a daughter whose soul sinks at the gloomy prospect of a long and indefinite separation from a father almost adored, and who can leave unattempted nothing which offers the slightest hope of procuring him redress. What, indeed, would I not risk once more to see him, to hang upon him, to place my child on his knee, and again spend my days in the happy occupation of endeavoring to anticipate all his wishes.

"Let me entreat, my dear Madam, that you will have the consideration and goodness to answer me as speedily as possible; my heart is sore with doubt and patient waiting for something definitive. No apologies are made for giving you this trouble, which I am sure you will not deem irksome to take for a daughter, an affectionate daughter thus situated. Inclose your letter for me to A. J. Frederic Prevost, Esq., near New Rochelle, New York.

"That every happiness may attend you,
is the sincere wish of

"THEO. BURR ALSTON."

This letter was probably not ineffectual. Certain it is that Government offered no serious obstacle to Burr's return, and instituted no further proceedings against him. Probably, too, Theodosia received some kind of assurance to this effect, for we find her urging her father, not only to return, but to go boldly to New York among his old friends, and resume there the practice of his profession. The great danger to be apprehended was from his creditors, who then had power to confine a debtor within limits, if not to throw him into prison. "*If the worst comes to the worst*," wrote this fond and devoted daughter, "*I will leave every thing to suffer with you*." The italics are her own.

He came at length. He landed in Boston, and sent word of his arrival to Theodosia. Rejoiced as she was, she replied vaguely, partly in cipher, fearing lest her letter might be opened on the way, and the secret of her father's arrival be prematurely disclosed. She told him that her own health was tolerable; that her child, then a fine boy of eleven, was well; that "his little soul warmed at the sound of his grandfather's name;" and that his education, under a competent tutor, was proceeding satisfactorily. She gave directions respecting her father's hoped-for journey to South Carolina in the course of the summer; and advised him, in case war should be declared with England, to offer his services to the Government. He reached New York in May, 1812, and soon had the pleasure of informing his daughter that his reception had been more friendly than he could have expected, and that in time his prospects were fair of a sufficiently lucrative practice.

Surely now, after so many years of anxiety and sorrow, Theodosia—still a young woman, not thirty years of age, still enjoying her husband's love—might have reasonably expected a happy life. Alas! there was no more happiness in store for her on this side of the grave. The first letter which Burr received from his son-in-law after his arrival in New York contained news which struck him to the heart.

"A few miserable weeks since," writes Mr. Alston, "and in spite of all the embarrassments, the troubles, and disappointments which have fallen to our lot since we parted, I would have congratulated you on your return in the language of happiness. With my wife on one side and my boy on the other, I felt myself superior to depression. The present was enjoyed, the future was anticipated with enthusiasm. One dreadful blow has destroyed us; reduced us to the veriest, the most sublimated wretchedness. That boy, on whom all rested; our companion, our friend—he who was to have transmitted down the mingled blood of Theodosia and myself—he who was to have redeemed all your glory, and shed new lustre upon our families—that boy, at once our happiness and our pride, is taken from us—is dead. We saw him dead. My own hand surrendered him to the grave; yet we are alive. But it is past. I will not conceal from you that life is a burden, which, heavy as it is, we shall both support, if not with dignity, at least with decency and firmness. Theodosia has endured all that a human being could endure; but her admirable mind will triumph. She supports herself in a manner worthy of your daughter."

The mother's heart was almost broken.

"There is no more joy for me," she wrote. "The world is a blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone forever. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost! Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavor to fulfill my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy; no, none—none."

She could not be comforted. Her health gave way. Her husband thought that if any thing could restore her to tranquillity and health it would be the society of her father; and so, at the beginning of winter, it was resolved that she should attempt the dangerous voyage. Her father sent a medical friend from New York to attend her.

"Mr. Alston," wrote this gentleman, "seemed rather hurt that you should conceive it necessary to send a person here, as he or one of his brothers would attend Mrs. Alston to New York. I told him you had some opinion of my medical talents; that you had learned your daughter was in a low state of health, and required unusual attention, and medical attention on her voyage; that I had torn myself from my family to perform this service for my friend."

And again, a few days after:

"I have engaged a passage to New York for your daughter in a pilot-boat that has been out privateering, but has come in here, and is refitting merely to get to New York. My only fears are that Governor Alston may think the mode of conveyance too undignified, and object to it; but Mrs.

Alston is fully bent on going. You must not be surprised to see her very low, feeble, and emaciated. Her complaint is an almost incessant nervous fever."

The rest is known. The vessel sailed. Off Cape Hatteras, during a gale that swept the coast from Maine to Georgia, the pilot-boat went down, and not one escaped to tell the tale. The vessel was never heard of more. So perished this noble, gifted, ill-starred lady.

The agonizing scenes that followed may be imagined. Father and husband were kept long in suspense. Even when many weeks had elapsed without bringing tidings of the vessel, there still remained a forlorn hope that some of her passengers might have been rescued by an outward-bound ship, and might return, after a year or two had gone by, from some distant port. Burr, it is said, acquired a habit, when walking upon the Battery, of looking wistfully down the harbor at the arriving ships, as if still cherishing a faint, fond hope that his Theo was coming to him from the other side of the world. When, years after, the tale was brought to him that his daughter had been carried off by pirates and might be still alive, he said: "No, no, no; if my Theo had survived that storm, she would have found her way to me. Nothing could have kept my Theo from her father."

It was these sad events, the loss of his daughter and her boy, that severed Aaron Burr from the human race. Hope died within him. Ambition died. He yielded to his doom, and walked among men, not melancholy, but indifferent, reckless, and alone. With his daughter and his grandson to live and strive for, he might have done something in his later years to redeem his name and atone for his errors. Bereft of these, he had not in his moral nature that which enables men who have gone astray to repent and begin a better life.

Theodosia's death broke her husband's heart. Few letters are so affecting as the one which he wrote to Burr when, at length, the certainty of her loss could no longer be resisted.

"My boy—my wife—gone both! This, then, is the end of all the hopes we had formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to the species. What have we left?... Yet, after all, he is a poor actor who can not sustain his little hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of *Theodosia Burr*, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's, will never forget his elevation."

He survived his wife four years. Among the papers of Theodosia was found, after her death, a letter which she had written a few years before she died, at a time when she supposed her end was near. Upon the envelope was written, "My husband. To be delivered after my death. I wish this to be read *immediately*, and before my burial." Her husband never saw it, for he never had the courage to look into the trunk that contained her treasures. But after his

death the trunk was sent to Burr, who found and preserved this affecting composition. We can not conclude our narrative more fitly than by transcribing the thoughts that burdened the heart of Theodosia in view of her departure from the world. First, she gave directions respecting the disposal of her jewelry and trinkets, giving to each of her friends some token of her love. Then she besought her husband to provide at once for the support of "Peggy," an aged servant of her father, formerly housekeeper at Richmond Hill, to whom, in her father's absence, she had contrived to pay a small pension. She then proceeded in these affecting terms:

"To you, my beloved, I leave our child; the child of my bosom, who was once a part of myself, and from whom I shall shortly be separated by the cold grave. You love him now; henceforth love him for me also. And oh, my husband, attend to this last prayer of a doting mother. Never, never listen to what any other person tells you of him. Be yourself his judge on all occasions. He has faults; see them, and correct them yourself. Desist not an instant from your endeavors to secure his confidence. It is a work which requires as much uniformity of conduct as warmth of affection toward him. I know, my beloved, that you can perceive what is right on this subject as on every other. But recollect, these are the last words I can ever utter. It will tranquilize my last moments to have disburdened myself of them.

"I fear you will scarcely be able to read this scrawl, but I feel hurried and agitated. Death is not welcome to me. I confess it is ever dreaded. You have made me too fond of life. Adieu, then,

thou kind, thou tender husband. Adieu, friend of my heart. May Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. Adieu; perhaps we may never see each other again in this world. You are away, I wished to hold you fast, and prevented you from going this morning. But He who is wisdom itself ordains events; we must submit to them. Least of all should I murmur. I, on whom so many blessings have been showered—whose days have been numbered by bounties—who have had such a husband, such a child, and such a father. Oh pardon me, my God, if I regret leaving these. I resign myself. Adieu, once more, and for the last time, my beloved. Speak of me often to our son. Let him love the memory of his mother, and let him know how he was loved by her. Your wife, your fond wife,

THEO.

"Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind toward him whom I have loved so much, I beseech you. Burn all my papers except my father's letters, which I beg you to return him. Adieu, my sweet boy. Love your father; be grateful and affectionate to him while he lives; be the pride of his meridian, the support of his departing days. Be all that he wishes; for he made your mother happy. Oh! my heavenly Father, bless them both. If it is permitted, I will hover round you, and guard you, and intercede for you. I hope for happiness in the next world, for I have not been bad in this.

"I had nearly forgotten to say that I charge you not to allow me to be stripped and washed, as is usual. I am pure enough thus to return to dust. Why, then, expose my person? Pray see to this. If it does not appear contradictory or silly, I beg to be kept as long as possible before I am consigned to the earth."

MISSING.

MISSING! missing the record said,
But whether living, or whether dead,
No one knew, no one could tell;
They saw him with his sword in hand,
They heard him give the stern command
To "Forward! charge!" then as the swell

Of waves that break along the beach
They dashed into the deadly breach,
Their bayonets like a wave of steel!
Undaunted by the battle shock—
Enclouded in the cannon smoke,
They still pressed on for woe or weal.

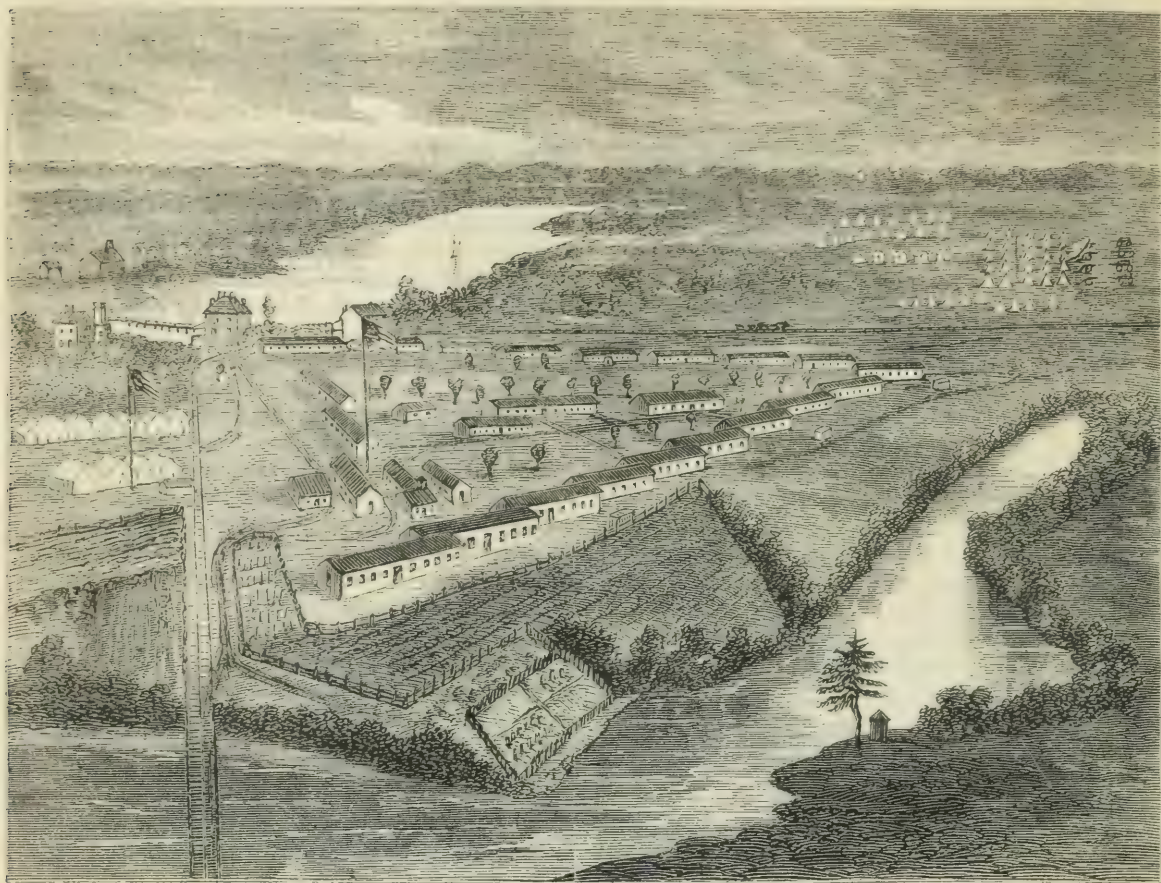
Right up into the cannon's breath—
Right up into the jaws of death,
They hewed their way with steel and lead,
Till when the tide of battle turned,
And up the east the round moon burned
To look upon a sea of dead.

The tide of battle may have swept
Him o'er the ditch—a prisoner, kept
Alive and guarded by the foe;
He may be wounded—suff'ring pain,
Uncared for, on the dreary plain;
Wounded? Or missing? Dead? Ah no!

If dead, he died a patriot's death;
If dead, he used his latest breath
To urge the shatter'd column on—
The latest motion of his hand
To steady on his wavering band
To battle till the day was won.....

O God! how long is our suspense?
But great, O God! our recompense
For all this sorrow, blood, and woe!
Our Hope is sure; serene our Faith
To battle on through Life and Death
Till Victory crowns us, o'er the foe!

THE MILITARY HOSPITALS AT FORTRESS MONROE.



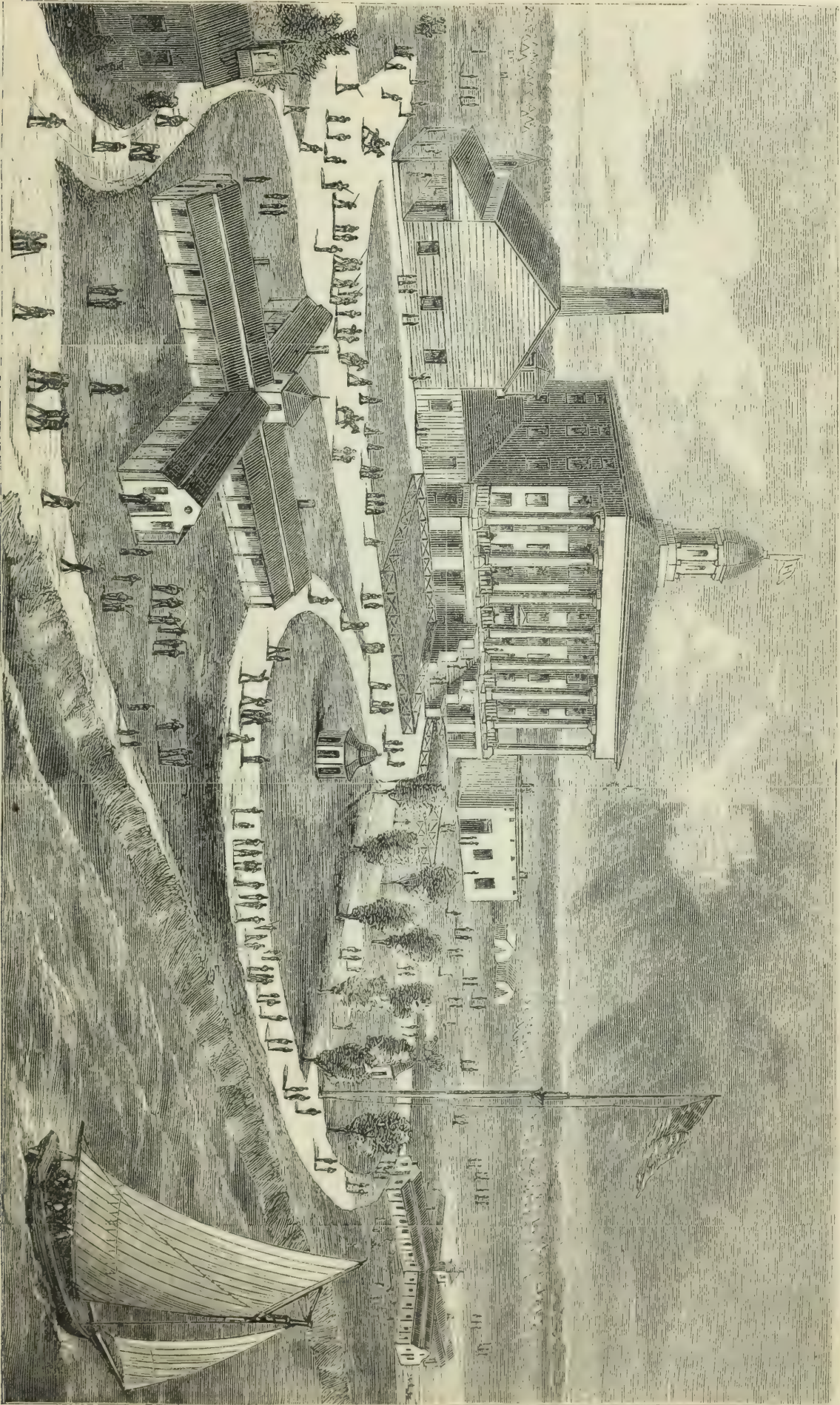
THE HAMPTON HOSPITAL.

THERE are thousands in our land who have had, and who still have, friends sick and wounded in the general hospitals of the United States. Many a patriotic father has his heart torn with anguish as he reads the name of his own son in the list of the wounded. Many a heroic mother, who girded her son with her own hand for this most holy war for human rights, can not sleep at night as she thinks of her loved boy, bleeding, languishing, far away from friends, in the wards of a hospital. It is indeed a sad lot. And yet few of these sorrowing ones have any conception of the abounding comforts which the Government has provided for its stricken soldiers—comforts generally vastly greater than could possibly be enjoyed at home. The writer, having had the opportunity to visit many of our hospitals, and having become thoroughly acquainted with the vast hospitals established at Old Point Comfort, has thought that he would render humanity a service in giving in this widely-circulated Magazine a detailed account, with full illustrations, of the treatment which a grateful nation has provided for its sick and wounded defenders.

I.—LOCATION.

The James and York rivers, running nearly parallel to each other for a distance of about forty miles, and emptying into Chesapeake Bay near its mouth, form a peninsula, now render-

ed forever memorable by the casualties of war. The land is generally a fertile plain, beneath sunny skies, and enjoying a genial clime which neither Tuscany nor Florence can rival. Its winters are just cool enough to invigorate the frame, but never to impede the movements of the plow. There are few spots on the globe more attractive. When the energies of freedom shall have felled its forests and drained its marshes, and spread over its beautiful expanse villages and schools and churches, it will not be easy to find upon our continent another region more desirable for a home. At the end of this peninsula, jutting out into the majestic bay, there is an *almost island* of about a hundred acres, connected with the main land by two narrow strips of sand. This island is the site of Fortress Monroe, the strongest and most capacious fortification of our country, embracing, with its massive walls, its moat, and its water batteries, about seventy acres. Its ramparts frown with the most formidable enginery of war which military art has as yet constructed. At the present writing General Butler, commandant of this department, has his head-quarters in one of the fine mansions within the fort. And in this connection I can not refrain from saying, that, after having spent several weeks in exploring this whole department, and seeing every where the impress of General Butler's administrative energy, I must regard him as one of the most ex-



THE CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL.

traordinary executive officers which any age has produced.

Crossing the narrow sand bar from the fortress, along the plain for the distance of a mile and a half, through a wilderness of tents, and swarming soldiers and cavalry encampments, and groups of happy contrabands, with horsemen galloping to and fro, and enormous wagons drawn by six mules, and bursts of music from bugles and martial bands, and floating banners, and rattling musketry from young troops learning the art of war in all the varieties of battle, one comes to a large and splendid edifice called the Chesapeake Hospital. It rises three stories above a high basement. Its lofty dome, surmounted by the hospital flag, can be seen from far. Its broad veranda, massively pillared, looks out upon a harbor which has scarcely a rival on this globe, where our whole navy might ride safely, and which God made not for a petty State but for a majestic nation. In the distance are seen the estuaries of the James and the Elizabeth rivers, and the heavily-wooded shores of Newport News and Sewall's Point. A quarter of a mile beyond, their spacious gardens joining, is the United States General Hospital, Hampton. These two spacious hospitals, recently united under the same Surgeon-in-charge, Dr. E. M'Clellan, may now be regarded as essentially one. Still they are in some respects so dissimilar as to require individuality of description.

II.—BUILDINGS.

The Hampton Hospital consists of a very picturesque village of about thirty cottage houses, each 125 feet long and 25 feet in width. These buildings are placed, as soldiers would say, *en échelon*, forming a triangle, embracing within its spacious area a lawn of many acres, traversed by walks and lined by young shade trees. The hand of taste has scattered here and there beds of blooming shrubbery and of flowers. Most of these cottages are called *hospital wards*, containing fifty beds each. These spacious rooms are open to the ridge, which is 18 feet high, and are well warmed and thoroughly ventilated by ridge ventilation. Each one is lighted by twenty-four windows, and is kept in a state of perfect neatness which the most accomplished New England housewife can not excel.

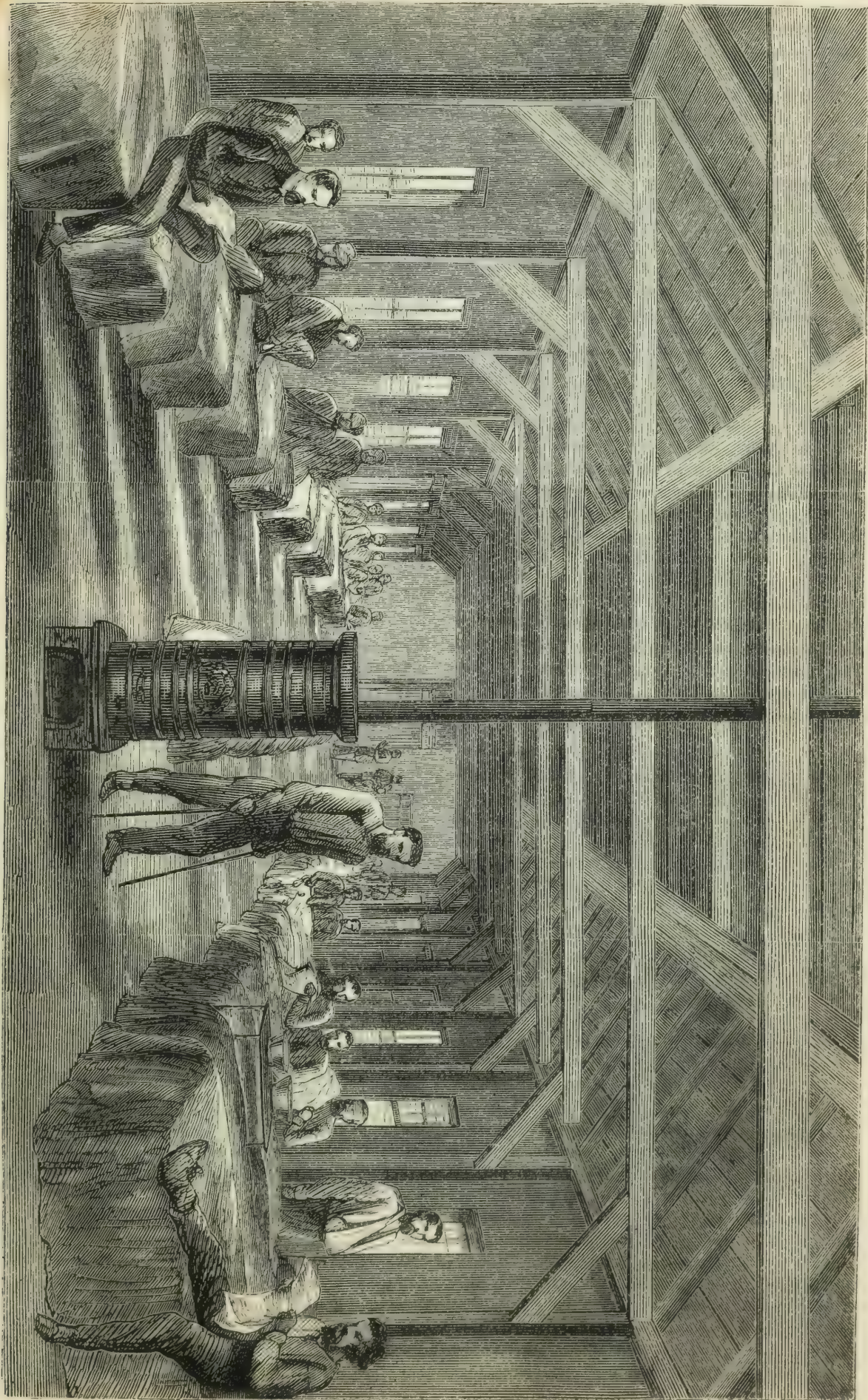
The advantages of the cottage form of the wards are manifest. There are no stairs to climb. The ventilation is perfect. There are no impure exhalations ascending from the rooms below to those above. The patients from their cots can look out from the numerous windows upon the verdant lawn, the foliage, the flowers, the sparkling sea. The convalescents can easily reach the grass, and the rose-buds, and the shade. In case of fire the sick and the wounded can instantly be removed.

There are also many advantages in having the sick collected together. It is only on some momentous occasion, as after a great battle, that these wards are entirely full. There may be usually ten, fifteen, or twenty in a room. The soldiers,

accustomed to the most social life known upon earth, would be very lonely in separate rooms. In the ward they are company for each other. The vast majority of them are not seriously sick. They are continually getting well and leaving. The hospital ward is by no means ordinarily that scene of suffering and of misery which many suppose. The annexed view is not a fancy sketch, but was taken on the spot by photography. This hospital has held eighteen hundred men in its tents and wards. Perhaps two or three hundred may be able to be sauntering over the grounds. Some are sitting up in their beds reading; others talking or singing, or playing chess or checkers. Several hundreds may sit down together at the dining-table. The wounded man, whose honorable wound is healing, and who is soon to be discharged to go home to his friends, is often the happiest of men. The sick man, who is getting well, sees a smile in every blade of grass, and hears a song of joy in every whisper of the breeze.

A general hospital is indeed a little city by itself, containing all the choicest appliances of civilized life. In addition to the wards for the patients we have here another long cottage edifice, 175 feet long by 25 feet wide, called the Medical Officers' Quarters. This building is cut up into a series of compartments 10 feet wide, and extending across the edifice 25 feet. The apartment thus formed is divided into a bedroom and sitting-room, with a central door. Here many of the officers connected with the hospital have their homes.

This building also contains a kitchen and dining-room for the occupant families. There is another building, of the same size, called *The Non-Commissioned Officers' Quarters*, where the stewards, female nurses, and other attendants reside. This also contains, besides the general steward's store-house, a kitchen, and a dining-room for the non-commissioned officers. Just in the rear of these, at the base of the triangle, there is another long building, containing the hospital office, which consists of the private office of the surgeon in charge; the general office, where the patients come if they wish to see the doctor; the linen room; the hospital post and express office; and the printing-office. In the centre of the triangle are two long commodious buildings occupied as kitchens and dining-rooms for the patients. There is also a camp of hospital tents just outside of the triangle, containing one hundred beds. These tents, which are much sought for by the convalescents, are floored and warmed, and in all respects rendered exceedingly comfortable. This pleasant little cluster of eleven tents is called *The Convalescents' Camp*. In addition, to make up the *tout ensemble* of this compact little hospital village, we have the Dead-house, the Coal-yard, the Negro Quarters, the Bathing-houses, the Store-houses, and the Stables. The sketch at the head of this paper will give the reader a very clear idea of the general appearance and arrangement of the buildings. A little to the left of the scene represented



HOSPITAL WARD.

is the country seat of the late President John Tyler. His parlor is now used as a school-room for contraband children. The remainder of the house is occupied by the Rev. Mr. Stone and his interesting family of ladies from the North, who are doing what they can to confer the blessings of education upon a race just emerging from barbarism. A little beyond this is the former mansion of the late United States Senator Mallory. He is now, it is said, a member of the rebel Congress. His broad acres are confiscated, and many of them, included in the hospital farm, are bearing abundant food for the invalid soldiers of the Union. His residence offers a very commodious dwelling for the surgeon in charge of these hospitals.

III.—GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

The administration of this important institution is simplified and facilitated by three divisions. Each of these divisions is presided over by a hospital steward. The first or General Steward has charge of all the wards, clothing, and condition of the patients. Twice each day, at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 11 o'clock at night, each ward is inspected, that no abuse may steal in. This steward also reports daily respecting the clothing, the linen room, the laundry, the storehouses, and the fidelity of the male and female nurses. There is then the Commissary Steward, who has charge of the kitchens, dining-rooms, preparation of food, and serving of food to the patients. He is present at the meals, inspecting the quality and quantity of the

food which is served. The Dispensing Steward has charge of the apothecary's shop, and the issue of medicines and hospital stores. He is responsible for every prescription sent to the patients; must prepare all important ones with his own hand, and must keep all poisons under lock and key. Each of these stewards has from two to three assistants. The apothecary's shop would be regarded as a first-class shop in any city of our land, containing all the medicines in common use, of the purest quality, and all approved stimulants.

Captain Allen Sheppard, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, is in command of the military and police force of the Hampton Hospital. He has a camp of convalescents, has charge of the armory, attends to the patrols, and in case of any internal disturbance or external assault could promptly bring quite a formidable force into the field.

The washing of the hospital is done by contraband washer-women, more than one hundred of whom are often employed. The sketch on the next page represents a group of these women who, having collected their burdens, are retiring, carrying their bundles of ten dozen each upon their heads.

IV.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

We now come to the soul of hospital life. The one great object of all these complicated appliances is the relief of sick and wounded men. The success of the hospital, consequently, depends upon the skill and fidelity of the Med-



THE DRUG SHOP.



WASHER-WOMEN.

ical Department. Sickness of every possible kind, and wounds of every conceivable variety, are to be treated in its wards. Men of the widest diversity of character and antecedents; the mother-loving boy, pure-minded, delicate, heart-broken; the wretched, hardened, friendless vagrant, floating like a drift log on life's stormy sea; the devout Christian, and the reckless sinner, all are crowded together in these wards. Man is a compound being of body and soul, matter and mind. These two act and react upon each other. A troubled mind will ruin the body. A diseased body will wreck the spirit. Every wise physician recognizes this complicate nature of man. Dr. E. McClellan, the distinguished surgeon in charge of these hospitals, alike appreciates the wants of the physical and the intellectual man; he is alike solicitous that appropriate medicine should be provided for the body and for the mind. It is needful that one intrusted with responsibilities so great should be endowed with a mind of liberal culture, should possess high scientific and professional skill, and should be capable alike of grasping comprehensive plans, and of superintending minute details. That Dr. McClellan enjoys, to an unusual degree, these gifts and attainments probably every co-operator with him in the institution will testify. He is also surrounded with a corps of conscientious, sympathizing, and accomplished practitioners. The most deadly wound, the most insidious disease, will, in these wards, find all that modern medical skill can furnish to give relief. The following list of the Hospital

Staff of the Hampton Hospital will show what ample provision the Government has made to meet every medical want of the patients:

ELY McCLELLAN, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., *in charge*; ALLEN SHEPPARD, Captain Veteran Reserve Corps, *Military Assistant*; Rev. EDWARD ROE, Hospital Chaplain, U. S. A.; H. B. WHITE, Acting Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., *Executive Officer*; L. W. BLAKE, W. L. WELLS, I. S. HILL, J. B. KINSMAN, Acting Assistant-Surgeons, U. S. A.; C. S. WARD, Medical Cadet, U. S. A.

In every great institution of this kind it is indispensable that there should be some recognized head. Every army must have a commander. And the spirit of that commander, be it heroic or be it imbecile, will spread through the ranks. The Surgeon in charge is the Executive head of the hospital. He is responsible for its management, and can not delegate *independent* authority to any officer. From him goes forth the law through all the departments of the organization. To him are returned all reports, even of the minutest details; as the blood from the branching veins is brought back to the heart. Daily reports are made to him of all that transpires in each department.

The Chaplain is the spiritual father of the great household; the friend, the guide, the comforter of the tempted, the sorrowing, the dying. The first Napoleon, with his imperial all-grasping mind, appreciated more highly than any other military commander of whom we have record the exalted mission of the chaplain. He was the special and honored messenger of the Emperor himself; placed there by imperial power to carry the solace of religion to the couch of

pain, and to report immediately to the Emperor if any of Napoleon's children—for his soldiers were his children—suffered neglect or wrong.

It is beautiful to see, in these hospitals, how harmoniously and fraternally the physician of the body and the physician of the soul co-operate. I do not speak the language of blind eulogy when I say that the Rev. Mr. Marshall of the Chesapeake, and the Rev. Mr. Roe of the Hampton Hospital, are extraordinary men—extraordinary in their adaptation to the work to which God has called them. Joyfully and successfully they press on in their arduous toil, ever sustained by the countenance of the surgeon in charge.

The Executive officer of the Hampton Hospital, Dr. White, assumes command of the hospital during the temporary absence of Dr. McClellan. He has been connected with the hospital from its foundation, is familiar with all its details, and has acquired a reputation for energy, ability, and sympathetic kindness which any man might envy. I shall be pardoned for this minuteness of detail. I am not writing to compliment the officers of this hospital, but to soothe the anxieties of thousands of parents and wives whose loved ones are perhaps now, or may soon be, patients in these wards.

One doctor is assigned to every two wards, which together contain one hundred beds. The physicians not only see that the men receive proper medical treatment, but that they also have suitable food and clothing. The food for the day is prescribed for the patient as well as the medicine. The following "Diet List" will show the variety from which a selection may be made for those whose failing appetites call for delicacies:

Chicken Soup.	Rice and Milk.
Mutton Soup.	Boiled Potatoes.
Beef Soup.	Baked Potatoes.
Oyster Soup.	Tea with Milk.
Beef-Steak.	Coffee.
Ham.	Boiled Milk.
Eggs, boiled hard.	Cocoa.
Eggs, boiled soft.	Farina.
Milk Toast.	Corn Starch.
Buttered Toast.	Crackers.

Each doctor, in rotation, performs the duty of medical officer of the day, and is required to examine all patients received into the hospital during the twenty-four hours, to assign them to their wards, to see that they are immediately and comfortably provided for, and to notify the proper surgeon of their arrival. He also inspects each ward at 9 o'clock in the morning, and again at 11 o'clock at night, to see that the nurses are all faithfully at their posts. There are also, besides an ample supply of male nurses, abundantly provided with every conceivable convenience which a sick man can want, and with strong and experienced arms to move the patients as they may require, four female nurses to perform those functions which woman's gentle hand can accomplish so much more gracefully than the rougher hand of man.

V.—THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The mail is received every morning. The postmaster makes out a list of the letters to be distributed, and gives to the ward master of each ward the letters he is to distribute, and takes from him a receipt for them. He gives the letter to the patient, and, for all registered letters, takes from him a receipt, which receipts are carefully filed. The same care is exercised in reference to boxes received by Express. The boxes are examined in the presence of the man to whom they are directed, simply to see that no intoxicating liquors are introduced. A large amount of money is sent through the office. Each pay-day the man takes his money to the postmaster, who furnishes him with an Adams Express envelope. The patient places his money in it, in the presence of the postmaster, and seals the envelope. It is then taken to the Company, who give a receipt for it, which is handed to the patient.

There are many minor details of these great establishments, such as the printing-office, the knapsack house, the arsenal, to which we can only make this brief reference. The printing-office is found to be a very great convenience.

VI.—THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Connected with the Hampton Hospital there is a farm and gardens, consisting of a hundred acres of fertile land. The soil is light and easily cultivated. The farming and gardening afford very pleasant and healthful employment for the numerous convalescents. The following list of seeds sown, and of the amount, will give the practical farmer and gardener some idea of the variety and abundance of fresh vegetables which will be at the disposal of the patients. There were sown on these broad and fertile acres, this spring, $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of beans, 4 pounds of beets, 2 pounds of cabbage seed, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound of carrots, 2 ounces of celery, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound of cucumbers, 3 bushels, shelled, of sweet corn, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of lettuce, 2 pounds of musk-melon, 2 pounds water-melon, 2 pounds of onions, 7 barrels of onion bulbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of parsnips, 6 bushels of pease, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of pepper, 225 bushels of potatoes, 5000 sprouts of sweet-potatoes, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pound of radishes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of oyster plant, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of spinach, 2 pounds of squash, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of tomatoes, 3 pounds of turnip seed. In addition to this an acre of land is devoted to strawberries of the best varieties known, and as the plants multiply the beds will increase, and this luscious fruit will be provided in the utmost profusion. The hospital is indebted to the patriotic liberality of R. H. Allen & Co., of New York; F. Bell, Esq., of Newark; Messrs. Peter and J. G. Roe, of Cornwall, New York; and John R. Caldwell, of Newburg, for liberal donations of seed. J. G. Roe, Esq., of Cornwall, New York, has sent 250 cuttings of the choicest variety of currants; which cuttings I have just been admiring, as every one in this genial soil is now vigorously and rejoicingly pushing out its leaves. When it is remembered that these hospitals, when full, consume from

fifty to one hundred bushels of potatoes each week, the necessity for the abundant supply of vegetables thus provided for will be apparent. The same kind friends have also offered to supply, without cost, an abundance of raspberry and grape vines, and fruit trees, and roses, and shrubbery.

The fences which inclose these spacious fields are of rough rails. The tasteful skill of the chaplain, the Rev. E. P. Roe, to whom the hospital is very much indebted for this agricultural energy, is converting these unsightly rails into lines of beauty, unsurpassed by any blooming hedge of old England. The morning-glory and the cypress vine thrive here with wonderful luxuriance, putting forth flowers in the greatest profusion. The fence will soon be entirely covered with a dense back-ground of dark green, enlivened with bursting buds of the most brilliant colors. Thus the military farm will be appropriately girdled with breast-works, ramparts, and bastions of gorgeous flowers.

In front of the officers' quarters, where the invalids are passing continually, an extensive flower-garden is laid out, which will be mainly under the superintending care of the ladies. The chaplain and several of the surgeons have their ladies with them. As I have visited their tasteful rooms, and sat at their united social table, it has seemed to me that they formed about as enviable a circle as could be well found in this world of toil and care. There is no beam of sunshine so bright as that which flows from the consciousness of a useful life. It is well that flowers should adorn the parterres of such homes. And these flowers will bloom in none the less lovely hues, and will emit no less fragrant odors, because the pale, tottering, invalid soldier is cheered by their beauty, and his senses are refreshed by their perfume. It is for the soldier the ladies sow these seeds and guard these opening buds.

Dr. McClellan, the head of this establishment, endowed with energies which never tire, throws the support of his encouragement and the vigilance of his eye upon every measure promotive of the general good. And he has shown liberal economy in expending tens of dollars now, that he may save hundreds in the autumn. Between two and three thousand bushels of potatoes will be raised this year; melons and squashes by the wagon load. The demands of the hospital are such that every thing must be furnished by the ten and by the hundred bushels. Early in May the vegetable garden will begin to yield its fruits. From that time till the frosts of December the patients will receive an abundant supply with the morning dew upon them. The soil and climate are such that two crops each year can be raised on most of the land. After the early potatoes, beets, cabbages, corn, pease, and beans are off the ground their place can be supplied with turnips, winter cabbages, and cucumbers for pickles. In short, two-thirds of the farm will be under a second crop. The cavalry camps in the vicinity afford, for the present, an

abundant supply of dressing for the land, so that there is no fear of exhausting the soil.

The labor of the farm is just now mainly performed by the contrabands. They are docile, easily taught, and very fair workmen when under good superintendence. With them the intellectual faculties have so long been cruelly compelled to lie dormant that they feel the necessity of some directing mind. It is the uncontradicted testimony of all who have had any experience with them as laborers that they will not only make an industrious, self-supporting, and thrifty portion of our population, but that they will greatly assist Northern enterprise and mind in truly developing this splendid country. Nothing but the curse of slavery could have so long kept it in its present state of barbarism.

I must not omit to mention, among the laborers on this farm, one worker who ever excites my admiration and sympathy. It is a splendid black stallion, jet black, the perfect model of a horse. The noble animal, "Frank," is from North Carolina, and was once the pride of the State. He was compelled to carry a traitor upon his back in the war rebels waged against our flag. He was an animal of such fiery spirit that it needed a Rarey to control him. At one time it became necessary to break open the stable at his head, and to secure him, with the greatest difficulty and danger, before he could be led out.

By the fortunes of war the noble steed was rescued from the ignominious service of traitors, and was brought under the protection of that star-spangled banner beneath whose folds he was born. But the hardships of war had broken down his constitution, and though he retained all his glossy ebony hue, and his symmetric beauty, he could no longer lead the fiery squadrons in the impetuous charge. Meekly he bears his fallen fortunes. As humbly he walks the furrow and draws the plow, no one has ever heard him make the slightest allusion to his former greatness, or to offer one word of repining in view of his present lowly lot. Whatever may be his undivulged feelings, those who now care for him and love him are saddened by the thought that a traitor's limbs should ever have bestrode an animal so noble. Silently he eats his oats; silently he plods along, ten hours a day, over the furrowed field. If his occasional companion in the plow is guilty of the slightest irregularity, gently and with dignity he reproves him by a bite upon the shoulder. Occasionally the bugle peal, which comes bursting from some military band, leads him, apparently for a moment, to forget himself. He seems to snuff the battle from afar. With ears and mane and tail erect, the proud war-horse stands before you. Then suddenly remembering that no sound can awake him to glory again, without a sigh, without a tear, he meekly bows to his humble toil. May man deal gently with you, noble "Frank!" May this luxuriant farm prove your "Hôtel des Invalides" till your life labor is done!

For the sake of the thousands who will per-



"FRANK."

haps read this sketch who have been patients in this hospital, I must not forget Sport, a coal-black dog with a white breast. Sport is truly loyal, and has always been so. He followed a loved master to the field. In the heady fight he lost his master and was himself wounded. Instinctively he came to the hospital. Though he brought no descriptive paper, Dr. M'Clellan received him kindly, and his wounds were soon healed. The grateful animal is now fairly established on the invalid corps, and seems oppressed with a weight of responsibility scarcely exceeded by that of the surgeon in charge. Ev-

ery comer and goer he scrutinizes with an anxious eye; he inspects daily all his wards with such manifest fidelity that it has not been deemed necessary to exact from him any report. If any animal trespasses upon what Sport deems the sacred proprieties of the place, he never enters any complaint but assumes the responsibility of inflicting immediate and summary punishment upon the spot. Sport is treated with that deference which all true soldiers command. He is a scarred warrior of many battles, having passed through the entire Peninsular campaign under General M'Clellan.

VII.—THE CLERICAL DEPARTMENT.

Briefly I must allude to the vast amount of labor which one is surprised to find in this Department. 1. There is a report-book, in which every morning the number of men in the Hospital is recorded, and their condition and changes during the last twenty-four hours. A corresponding report is sent to the medical director. During the last two days two hundred patients have been discharged, and four hundred received. 2. A weekly report is issued to the Surgeon-General of the army, detailing the entire condition of the hospital, a copy of which is registered. 3. There is a book in which a copy is kept of all orders of police regulation or of internal administration of the hospital. 4. There is a book in which is registered every order, military or medical, which is received. 5. A copy is kept of all letters received in reference to patients, and the answers to those letters.



"SPORT."

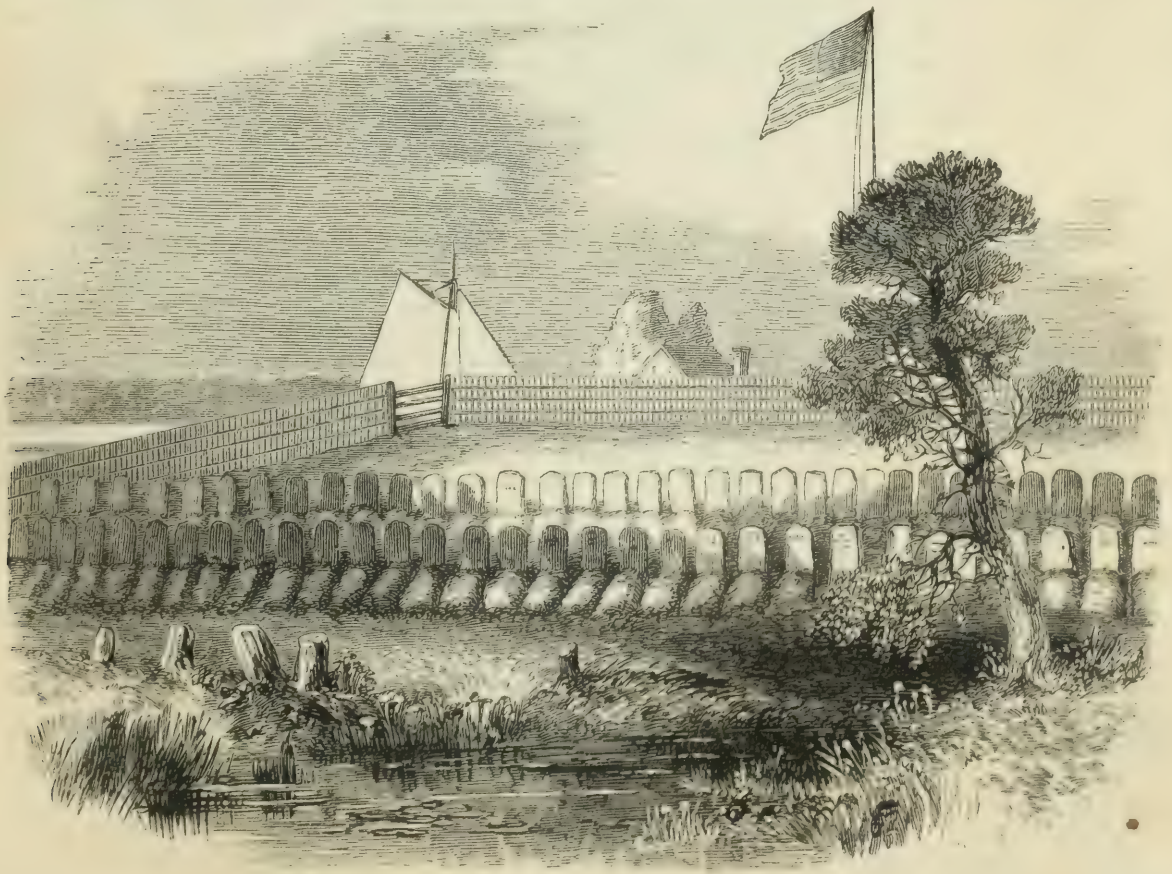
6. There is what is called the indorsement-book, which contains a record of all papers received at the hospital, with the indorsement of a superior officer. 7. The book of requisitions contains a copy of all requisitions made for supplies of any kind for the use of the hospital, such as medicines, food, clothing, furniture, tools, etc. 8. The monthly abstract of commissary stores shows the number of rations drawn during the month, and the amount of articles of food purchased with the hospital fund.

This *Hospital Fund* deserves especial notice. The Government allows the hospital to draw a certain amount of food, called rations, for every patient in its wards. But sick men can not eat the full amount they are entitled to. As the surgeon in charge makes requisition only for the amount really needed, there is a constantly increasing supply left in the store-houses, to which the hospital is entitled. As the cost price of these rations is credited to the hospital there is thus a fund accumulated. The surgeon in charge can not draw for this in money, but he is entitled to call for its value in such delicacies, for the use of the hospital, as he may deem desirable. Take for instance the month of July, 1863. There were then 1800 men in the hospital. The fund that month amounted to \$3930 71. The whole amount was immediately drawn for the use of the same men in such varied delicacies as the appetites of the sick crave, in fruits, jellies, preserves, etc. In addition to this the Sanitary Commission has come in with its refreshing supply of warm and comfortable clothing and of tempting food. It is made a

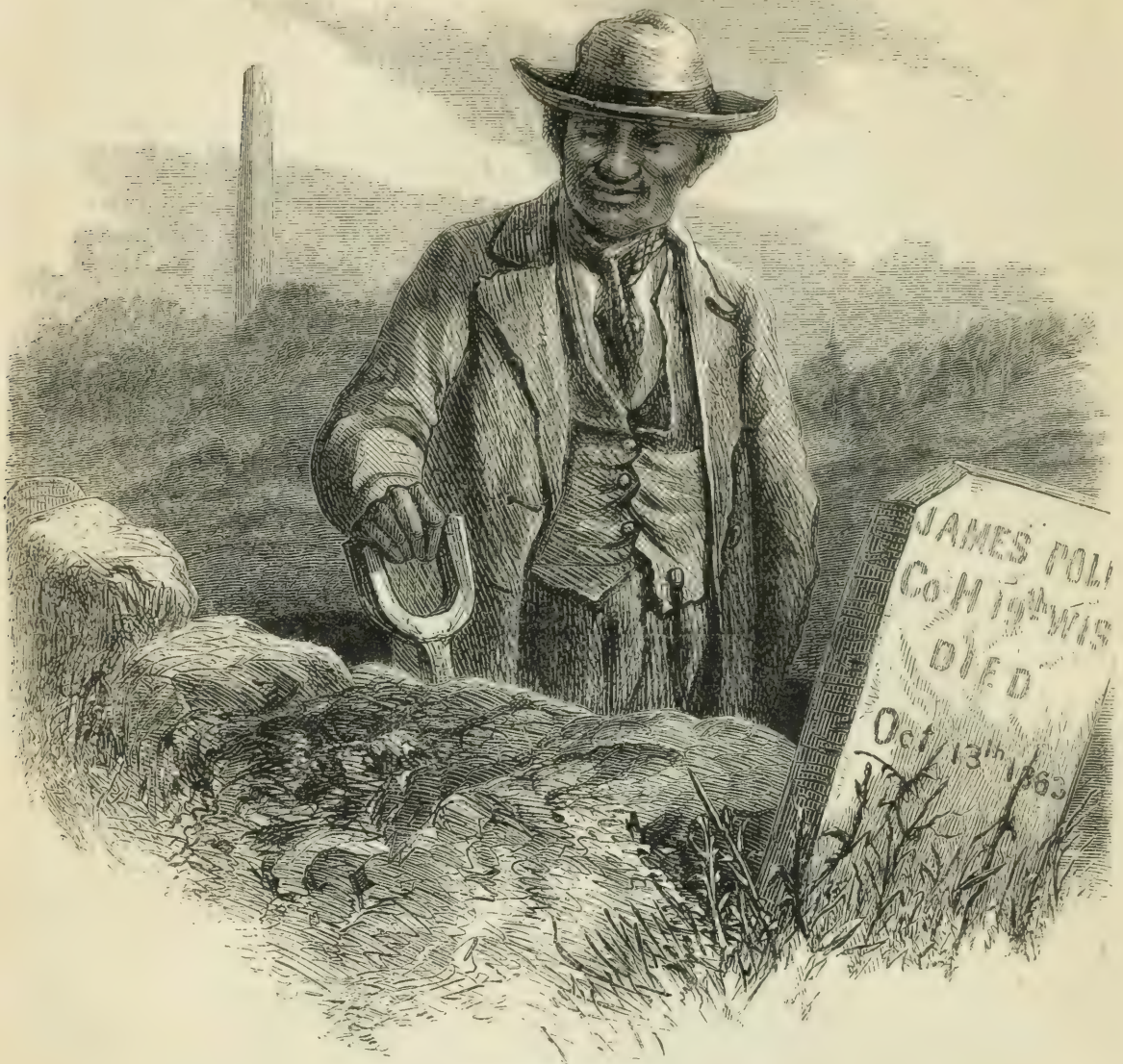
matter of special care, in these admirably-conducted hospitals, that the fund shall not be left to accumulate, but that it shall be expended for the use of those by whom it has been saved. There is the Register of Deaths. A record is kept of the name, company, and regiment of all who die; also the date of their death, the nature of their wound or disease, and the number of the grave. An inventory is made of all the effects, including money, left by the man. A notice is immediately sent to the captain commanding his company, with an inventory of his effects and his descriptive list. An inventory is also furnished at the same time to the Adjutant-General at Washington.

When a man dies he is reverently robed for his burial, placed in a military coffin, on his breast there is laid a card with his name, company, and date of death. The same is also painted on the inside of the lid of his coffin and on the outside. Every soldier who dies in the hospital, black or white, is honored with a military funeral. An escort, with trailed arms, follow him to the grave; the chaplain performs the burial service, and the volley of musketry from his comrades proclaims that the tired soldier sleeps that sleep from which there is no earthly waking. A head-board with the name, company, and regiment of the man painted upon it, is always carried with the coffin and placed at the head of the grave.

The portrait on the following page of "Jacob," the grave-digger, will call up many sad recollections in the minds of the thousands who have seen him while engaged in his daily work.



THE GRAVE-YARD.



THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

"Nigh to a grave that was newly made
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The funeral train through the open gate.
 A relic of by-gone days was he;
 His locks were as white as the foaming sea,
 And these words came from his lips so thin,
 'I gather them in! I gather them in!'"

A register is also kept of every descriptive list received at the hospital, and the date of its being sent away. The descriptive list is all-important to the soldier and his family. It contains the evidence of the money or the bounty to which he may be entitled. It is to a soldier what his account-books are to a merchant. A register is kept of all operations performed, and by whom; also a register of the name of every man discharged from service, with an account of the nature of the disease or of the wound which has disabled him.

As I have spoken above of the *Diet List*, it may be interesting to the reader to know what kind and amount of food is furnished to the patients. They are divided into three classes. First, there are the convalescents, who can safely

eat the full amount of food which a healthy man requires. Secondly, there are those who are so feeble and whose appetites are so delicate that they need less hearty food, and not more than half the ordinary amount. The third class includes those who can take but little nourishment, and that of the most simple kind. For the sake of variety each day has its bill of fare. It is not necessary to copy the list for each day in the week. I will take the bill of fare for one day, Monday for instance:

1. FULL-DIET LIST.	2. HALF-DIET LIST.	3. LOW DIET.
<i>Breakfast.</i>	<i>Breakfast.</i>	<i>Breakfast.</i>
Coffee with Milk.	Coffee.	Tea or Cocoa.
Cold Meat.	Bread.	Bread or Toast.
Bread.	Butter.	Butter.
<i>Dinner.</i>	<i>Dinner.</i>	<i>Dinner.</i>
Pork and Beans.	Mutton Soup and	Farina Gruel.
Bread Pudding.	Meat.	Bread.
	Potatoes Boiled.	
	Bread.	
<i>Supper.</i>	<i>Supper.</i>	<i>Supper.</i>
Tea with Milk.	Tea.	Tea or Cocoa.
Bread and Butter.	Bread and Butter.	Bread or Toast.
		Butter.

Such is the food which the Government provides. With the hospital fund is purchased delicacies, such as eggs, preserves, fruits, poultry, etc. It is mainly on the field and on the march that the Sanitary Commission has come in like an angel of mercy, relieving an amount of suffering which no tongue can adequately tell. It has also replenished the wardrobe of the General Hospital with those garments which can comfort one in the chamber of sickness, and has brought many delicacies to the bedside of the patient.

VIII.—THE CHAPLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.

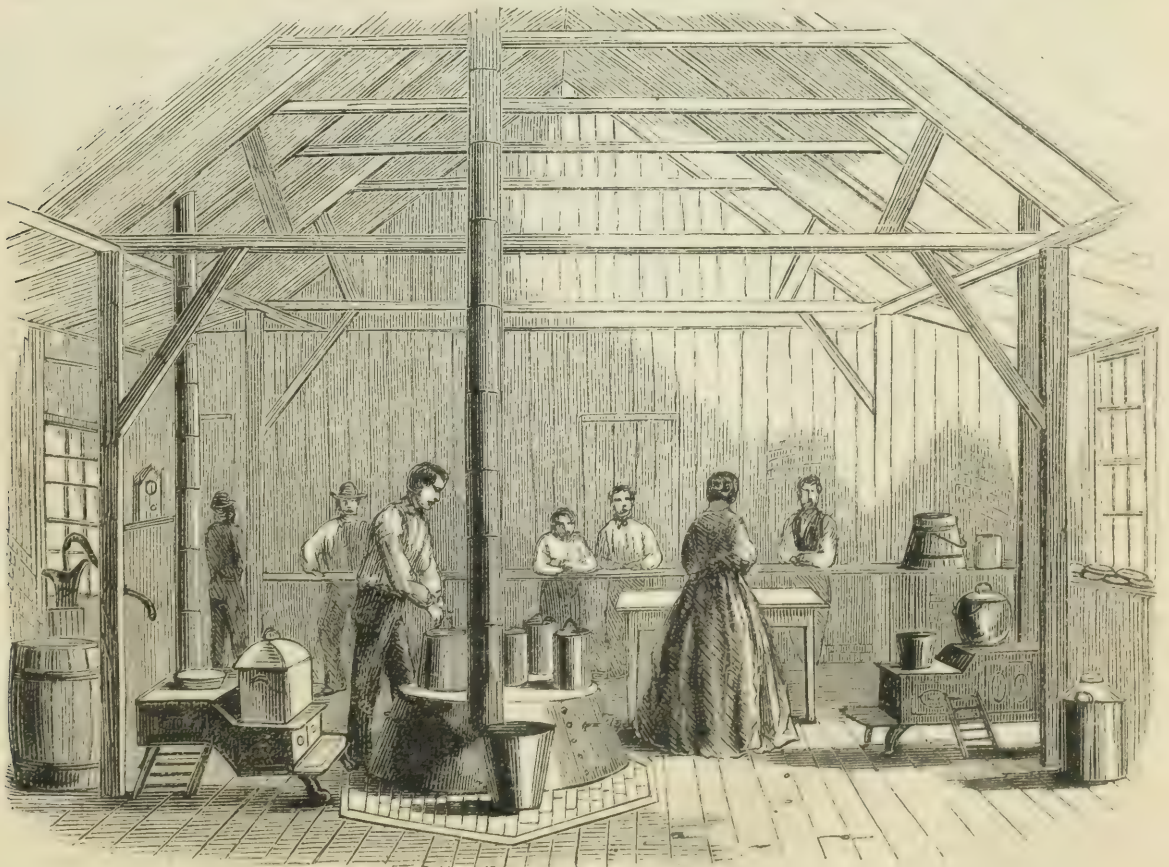
A hospital without a chaplain is a man without a religion, a body without a soul, a world without a God. No men on earth need the solace and the guidance of Christianity more than do the sick and sorrowing ones in the wards of a hospital. It is said that there are many unworthy chaplains in the American army, that there are some officers who will not have a faithful Christian minister in their regiment, and they consequently choose for their chaplain a corrupt boon companion. This may be, doubtless is so. But in a very extended visit through the lines of our army, from Baltimore to the borders of Florida, I have met many chaplains who were among the noblest of noble men; and it has not been my painful lot to meet with a single one who seemed to me to be unworthy.

It is, however, an alarming fact that in very large divisions of the United States army it is not considered genteel for commissioned officers to worship God. There are many officers who

deem it beneath their dignity to pay any *external respect whatever* to the great arbiter of the destinies of men and of nations. They have "only a God to swear by, no God to pray to." There are many and noble exceptions. Some of the best men in the world are in our army, true soldiers of the Cross. Piety shines nowhere more brightly than in the camp.

We are engaged in the most momentous conflict which ever brought hosts together in the crash of arms. If God be not for us our cause is hopeless. And yet there are thousands of officers leading our armies who ignore the very being of that God. May He, who for the sake of five righteous men would save the ancient cities doomed to destruction, have mercy upon our land!

The Rev. E. P. Roe is chaplain of the Hampton, and Rev. James Marshall is chaplain of the Chesapeake Hospital. I say, for the comfort of those Christian wives and mothers who may have husbands or sons languishing in these wards, that two more faithful, tender, able, self-denying men can nowhere be found. I know them well. The soldier is to them a brother. That true spirit of universal fraternity which Christianity enjoins thoroughly imbues their souls. It would be to me, as a Christian father, had I a son in these wards, an unspeakable comfort to know that one of these warm-hearted ministers of Christ would daily visit his bed. I do not write this to eulogize these chaplains. I write it, weeping wife, weeping mother, to comfort you; you who have given your husband, your son, for the redemption of your country, and who think



LOW-DIET KITCHEN.

of him day and night languishing in these wards.

The Rev. Edward Payson Roe has in the Hampton Hospital a Sabbath morning Bible-class. It is well attended, and much interest is manifest as the men freely discuss the passages under examination. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there is public worship, which is held in one of the spacious wards. Dr. M'Clellan, who lends to the labors of the chaplain his frank, energetic, cordial support, is now making efforts to have a chapel and a reading-room erected as soon as possible. We are on the eve, at the time of this writing, of great battles, and soon all these wards will be crowded to their utmost capacity with sick and wounded men.

The public services are well attended. There is a large church melodeon well played, and a choir led by the chaplain's orderly, E. S. Metcalf. There are ladies of the surgeons of the hospital and others in various ways connected with the institutions whose voices blend sweetly in these songs of Zion. There is also a singing school established, which is open to all who wish to attend. No wise physician can fail to see how important these measures are even as remedial and sanitary influences.

As the hospital is, like a hotel, constantly changing guests, the chaplain every Saturday evening passes through the wards, inviting all who feel inclined to attend worship the next day. As he was one evening engaged in this service a wounded soldier looked up from his pillow and said:

"Chaplain, I would give a great deal if I could go to church to-morrow; but I can not get up. I have not heard the word of God preached since I have been in the army."

"Then," said the chaplain, "if you can not come to us it is our duty to come to you."

He accordingly put the question to vote if they would like to have a brief service of eight or ten minutes there, for those who could not leave their beds. It is seldom that a sick man will turn away from such an offer. They all desired it. Since that time there has been a brief service held in each ward when the sick were able to bear it every Sabbath evening. I recently attended one of these meetings. It was touching in the extreme. The long ward with its rows of beds was dimly lighted with a few candles, revealing the languid forms and pale faces of many sufferers. Noiselessly the little group of Christian worshippers came. They took their stand in the centre of the room. A hymn was gently, plaintively sung,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

A brief portion of Scripture was read, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." A few soothing remarks, in subdued tones, were uttered. Then another hymn of sweetest melody floated through the dim and silent apartment; the familiar words,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

must have fallen almost like angel melody upon the ears of those who had so often joined in the same song in the Sabbath-schools and churches of their far-distant homes. This simple service, as broad as Christianity itself, was alike welcomed by all parties. And it is worthy of especial notice that two Roman Catholic soldiers expressed most emphatically their gratification. The whole exercise occupied but about ten minutes. Then the little band of Christ's ministering disciples noiselessly withdrew.

From ward to ward the sacred choir moves on. As the melody of divine song floats through these dim halls, more impressive far than any vaulted cathedral aisles, men partially asleep, men semi-delirious may be seen rising up in their beds, and looking around in pleased surprise, wondering whence the charming strains could come. Many a war-scarred, toil-worn soldier could be seen wiping the tear from his eye. The chaplain is always careful to consult the surgeon in charge of each ward, to ascertain if, in his judgment, any in the ward are so sick as to be injured by the excitement of the service. If so, that ward is for that evening omitted.

On Monday and Tuesday evening there is a prayer-meeting in one of the vacant wards of the Hampton Hospital, which is at present used as a chapel. The Chesapeake Hospital has a beautiful chapel, of which I shall speak hereafter. Last Tuesday evening I attended the prayer-meeting. The room was filled with soldiers. More devout and orderly attention to the exercises could not possibly have been paid. Many of the ladies of the attendant surgeons were present; and the music, instrumental and vocal, was very spirited. The occasion was one which, in all its solemnity, can not easily be effaced from the memory.

The chaplain has entered into a distinct arrangement with the ward-master and the nurses that whenever a patient expresses a wish to see him, at whatever hour of the day or of the night, he shall be immediately sent for. The chaplain is very particular upon this point, insisting upon it that there shall be no hesitation or delay in a request of this nature. Men are daily being brought into the hospital, often hundreds in a day, in all stages of disease and prostration, and suffering from every conceivable variety of wounds. It is consequently impossible for the chaplain, even in the exercise of the most unwearied vigilance, to learn personally the precise condition of them all. Moreover, men who are very sick often do not wake up to a true realization of their condition until a few hours, or even moments, before their death.

A short time ago a soldier from Vermont, apparently a frank, noble-hearted young man, was very sick. Not apprehensive of any danger, he rather repellantly, though respectfully, received the approaches of the chaplain. Suddenly his disease assumed a dangerous form, and at midnight he was told by his physician that he must die before the morning. The unexpected intel-

ligence plunged his soul into the wildest tumult of distress. It was the night succeeding the Sabbath. Earnestly he sent for the chaplain and begged for his prayer. It was one of the most solemn scenes of earth; the still hour of midnight; the dim light of the nurse's lamp; the long, dusky outline of the hospital ward; the shadowy figures of the nurses moving noiselessly about; and the spectral forms of the patients rising up in their beds to listen to the dying, agonizing cry of a man passing to the judgment—all this presented a picture upon which even angels must have gazed with awe. Pain and dread were pictured upon the face of the dying sufferer. Though the death-rattle was in his throat his prayers for pardon woke every sleeper, and brought down the solemnities of eternity into the precincts of time. The words of Christian solace seemed in some degree to soothe the perturbed spirit of the sufferer as he was pointed to a loving Father and a dying Saviour. Convulsively clasping the hand of the chaplain, the soldier-boy died, exclaiming, in his last earthly utterance, "Dear Jesus, have mercy upon me!" Eighteen hundred years ago our blessed Redeemer said to a dying penitent, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who shall say that the same loving Saviour did not listen to the penitential prayer, and receive to his arms the expiring soldier?

Another scene I will record, illustrative of the influence of Christianity in the hospital. A Christian soldier had long been sick, and had borne weakness, and pain, and absence from the friends he loved, with the most unrepining and cheerful submission. Unexpectedly his disease assumed an unfavorable turn, and it was manifest that his end was near. As the chaplain came to his bedside he found him dying, in excruciating pain of body, but peace and joy reigned in his soul. The only slight impatience he manifested was the occasional cry, in the midst of almost unendurable paroxysms of pain, "Heavenly Father, take me quickly!" One of the nurses, Mrs. Meacham, sat by his pillow, holding, with a sister's tender care, the head of the sufferer upon her shoulder. Other kind friends stood by his side, with experienced skill ministering to every want to which relief in this sad hour could be afforded. The death struggle was short, and the martyr soldier fell asleep in Jesus.

The female nurses make a special endeavor always to be with the dying. There is no dying man who, in memory of his mother, does not love to look up upon woman's loving face, and to feel the pressure of woman's gentle hand as he passes through the dark valley. So far as my observation extends the patients in this hospital, without exception, express themselves grateful for the abounding provision which is made for their wants both of body and of mind.

The present chaplain of Hampton Hospital is making vigorous efforts to secure a varied and interesting library; not merely a religious library—man can not live by bread alone—but such

a library of entertaining reading, religious, historical, biographical, as will help to beguile the weary hours of an invalid. We have only to recall our own experience to realize the value of an entertaining book when we are confined to our bed or our room. The patients were continually calling for something to read, and there were but few books to be found. It is true that the Rev. Mr. Paylen, who was on duty with Dr. McClellan for more than a year, and who performed his duties as a noble Christian man, making himself the friend and companion of the patients, and who at length was compelled to leave this field of labor through the failure of health, had commenced collecting a library, with the efficient co-operation of Dr. McClellan. But for several months after he left no chaplain had been appointed, and these books had become mostly scattered or lost. Gladly would the patients give a part of their dinner for a book. When passing through the wards, and finding so many playing cards—which game the experience of all ages teaches us it is almost impossible to play without falling into gambling—he was almost invariably met by the apology, "We have nothing else to do." But now an admirable supply of books is beginning to flow in. The Christian Commission, with expansive views and open-handed munificence, is sending, through the chaplains, to the soldiers every where food for the mind. One who visits the army meets at every point the footprints of this noble charity. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the benefits which the Christian Commission is conferring upon our army. The hospital library forming here is greatly enriched by liberal donations from S. B. Caldwell, Esq., of Brooklyn, New York; W. E. Dodge, Jun.; L. M. Ferris, Jun.; and N. Sands, Esq., of New York city. Other distinguished gentlemen have promised soon to send in valuable contributions.

It is the design of Dr. McClellan to have a library-room erected in the rear of the chapel which is soon to be built. There it is hoped that the various religious papers, now so numerous and so ably conducted, will be on file. The most important daily papers and monthly periodicals will invite the soldier to the reading-room. The sides of this room are to be shelved for books. A large number of old magazines, containing the most interesting variety of reading, have been bound. The Messrs. Harper and the Messrs. Appleton have very generously offered any of their publications, at half price, for the hospital. Messrs. Carter, Carleton, and Randolph have made offers nearly similar. The chaplain is now sending, through funds obtained from friends, for quite a list of the most valuable issues of these publishing-houses. All books are carefully labeled, the borrower's name is registered, and the book must be returned before another can be taken, and within a week.

A pleasant scene occurred in one of the wards the other day, which beautifully illustrates hospital life. There was a young soldier painfully



A SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL.

wounded. In Kilpatrick's celebrated raid, when near Richmond, his knee was dreadfully shattered by a bullet. With almost superhuman fortitude he kept his saddle for thirty hours without medical aid. He at length reached the hospital, and for weary weeks was a helpless sufferer upon his cot. One day the youthful wife of the chaplain went in with an entertaining book to read to him at his bedside. There were many patients in the ward. As she read one drew near, listening and lingering, and then another, and another, until she was surrounded by a silent, attentive group, whose sorrows and pains were for a time beguiled by the charms of a wild and wondrous tale.

Though these hospitals, under the care of Dr. McClellan, are doubtless managed with more than ordinary ability, there are unquestionably many others, which it has not been my privilege to visit, which are conducted essentially on the same principles. I spent a few days at a small hospital at Morehead City, North Carolina, under the care of Dr. J. B. Belangée, which is a perfect gem. Never have I seen in this country or Europe an establishment of its kind which surpassed it. It certainly approaches very near perfection.

Thus far I have spoken mainly of the Hampton Hospital. The Chesapeake Hospital, which is situated at its side, separated only by a narrow creek, which is crossed by a bridge and a railroad, may now be considered as a branch of the same institution, as both are under the same surgeon in charge, Dr. McClellan. Dr. George

Bayles, Acting Assistant-Surgeon, is the very efficient executive officer of this institution. The Chesapeake Hospital is a very essential, almost a necessary adjunct to the Hampton. Its main building is far more imposing in its architectural structure. Its situation is enchanting, almost beyond description. Its well-furnished apartments afford exceedingly attractive rooms for officers who seek seclusion. Its broad, majestic veranda presents a promenade where beauty only meets the eye. The building is provided with every comfort. One of Ericsson's caloric engines fills massive tanks near the roof with water, so that there is an abundant supply in each story for bathing-rooms and all other wants. This building will probably hereafter be mainly used for sick and wounded officers. The building was originally erected for a young ladies' school. It was used for that purpose until the madness of treason desolated the homes of Virginia.

In the admirable picture which accompanies this description, and which is from the artistic pencil of Dr. Bayles, there is exhibited the main building, the star-wards, and the chapel. The whole hospital, with its external wards and well-provided tents, will accommodate between eleven and twelve hundred patients. There is also a picturesque group of tents upon the ground which accommodate two companies of the Veteran Reserve Corps. These men, about 150 in number, are detailed to perform guard duty, to enforce police regulations, and to serve as attendants in every department of the institution.

Captain J. R. Stone is the efficient commander of this force.

If in the evening of any day you go into the wards of one of the hospitals in Flanders you will see, by the dim light of the tall tapers, the Flemish nuns, called Beguines, religiously consecrated as nurses for the sick. As they noiselessly glide about, in their dark dresses and their white cowls, you are oppressed as by the apparition of something unearthly—as though corpses, in their grave-clothes, had come to minister to the sick and the dying. But they are noble women, gentle nurses, who, perhaps with hearts saddened by some irreparable grief, have offered themselves, with monastic rigors of self-denial, as living sacrifices to God to serve humanity. They deserve the world's respect and love.

The "Sœurs de la Charité," in France, have bound themselves with vows still more severe, to renounce all the pleasures of life save the pleasure of relieving distress. These "Sisters of Charity" who, after a year's novitiate, take upon themselves irrevocable vows, are seen every hour of the day and of the night gliding among the beds of all the hospitals in Paris and in France.

The consecrated nurse, in her black gown and white hood, is a ministering angel amidst heart-rending scenes. Every generous spirit will render her the homage of respect and affection.

Our own hospitals have their Sisters of Charity, who with zeal not less ardent, with love not less pure, with self-sacrifice not less Christ-like, bathe the brow, and wash the feet, and dress the wounds, and close the eyes in death of their brother-man. To my heart they are nearer and dearer, in that they are not nuns but women. As I have seen some mother-loving boy look up from his pillow, upon a face beaming with kindness, and say, "Mother;" as I hear them called by the affectionate terms of "Lady" or "Sister;" as I have seen them smiling through their tears, triumphing over sleeplessness and exhaustion, and performing duties the most

painful the mind can contemplate, I feel that no country upon this globe, and that no age of this world, and that no form of religion has produced a nobler class than that of the philanthropic women of Protestant America. In our hospitals can be found not a few ladies of wealth and culture—women who can minister better at the bed of sickness because their hearts are kept warm, and all their sympathies are enlivened, by the influences of social life.

In the Chesapeake Hospital there are, at the present time, five ladies who would be classed in Flanders as Beguines, and in France as Sisters of Charity. They are Mrs. Mary B. Dully—who is chief of the department of nurses—Miss Ella Wolcott, Miss J. E. Bently, Miss Mary A. C. Johnson, and Mrs. D. W. Holt. This number will soon be increased. A great battle is soon expected, and all the wards are prepared for the awful results which even victory must secure. Mrs. Ann Burtis is the very efficient head of the nurses' department in the Hampton Hospital, having served there, with great acceptance, from the time of its organization.

The chaplain of this hospital, the Rev. James Marshall, has devoted all the enthusiasm of his nature to making provision for the intellectual and spiritual wants of the patients. The subjoined sketch will show the beautiful chapel he has reared through the contributions of liberal friends in the North. Attached to the chapel is a reading-room, of the interior of which we also give a sketch. Here the soldier can come at any hour and have access to many of the leading periodicals of the day. There is a good supply of valuable books in all the various branches of literature, theology, and science. These can be taken into the wards, being carefully charged to the one who takes them. As I was examining the library, accompanied by Mr. Marshall, he pointed me to the bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine*, as a curiosity, saying that there were no books sought for so eagerly as those. Though they had evidently been used with the utmost care, every page gave evidence



THE CHAPEL AND LIBRARY.

of the interest with which it had been perused. The volumes stood there proudly, in military array, like war-worn veterans. Rev. Mr. Marshall has been connected with this hospital two years. He has consecrated the dew of his youth to the noble work of soothing pain, of cheering the disconsolate, of feeding Christ's lambs, of guiding wanderers to the fold. The cassock, the frock, the bare or sandaled foot, the cloister, and the beads add no lustre to such heroism.

Hampton Hospital was organized on the 14th August, 1862. The first patients were received from the Army of the Potomac in its march from Harrison's Landing to reinforce General Pope's army. From that time to the 26th of April, 1864, the number of patients received and treated has been 6540. Of these 216 have died; 1049 have been discharged, but on account of disability have been transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, or to serve in other hospitals; 4491 have been cured and returned to duty; 784 now remain in hospital.

Three days after writing the above sentence the numbers in the hospital were swollen to over two thousand, sent from the Yorktown army, stripping for the fight. It is not improbable that within a few days five thousand wounded men may be sent to these grounds. The Chesapeake Hospital will accommodate about twelve hundred. But in times of great emergency many more must be crowded into its wards. The following picture of patients from Yorktown, landing at the wharf in Hampton, is taken from the life. By the kindness of Dr. McClellan the group was arrested for a moment that the artist might photograph the scene.

I write these closing lines in one of the most beautiful mornings of early May. My window at the Chesapeake opens upon the green and velvety lawn, sprinkled with sheep. Beyond is the bay smooth as glass crowded with gun-boats and transports. Every ship upon the mirrored waters seems to float double—keel meeting keel. Our gorgeous banner, drooping from the flag-staff, scarcely opens its folds. The bleating of the sheep, the plaintive cry of the sea-bird, the enchanting beauty of ocean and sky and land, all present a scene which Eden could hardly have rivaled. What a happy world might this be if man would be the brother of his fellow-man!

A few leagues from this peaceful spot nearly three hundred thousand men are mustering all their energies for the gage of battle. Foul treason would destroy our nation, and with it destroy the hopes of humanity. Patriotism has listened to the cry of imperiled liberty, and sadly, yet resolutely, has abandoned all the congenial walks of an industrial life and girded herself for the conflict. The dreadful crash of arms soon must come. These floors may then be crimsoned with dripping blood. These beds may all be filled with the pallid, the maimed, the dying; these wards may then resound with the sighs of those who shall never see father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child again. The rooms are all ready; the beds are all made; the surgeon's tools are all polished and keenly sharp; the bandages are all prepared; the surgeons, the nurses, the attendants are waiting at their posts. The awful hour soon must come. It is dreadful! O Lord, how long! how long!



BRINGING IN PATIENTS.

THE BEND.

IT hardly deserved the name of village, but was only a cluster of houses, hiding in the thick woods which filled the valley and crept upward on either side to cover the Tennessee hills. The lumber-merchants had found out these forests, caring little, indeed, for the peace of their untrodden wilds, or the beauty of their gnarled boughs, which were festooned with the growth of rich, rank mosses, and caught the sunlight here and there through the dense foliage. But the trunks were large and sturdy, and the little stream which wet their roots flowed toward the city, so, one by one, the houses of the settlers dotted the clearing, and the timber floated lazily down the river.

Two or three farmers, agents, and directors from Knoxville, together with the workmen both black and white, comprised the little colony. It was growing, however, and in its pride boasted a red building with large front windows, filled with apples and calico, butter, tin-ware, flour, sugar, candy, and rum, which it dignified by the title of "store."

This was the trysting-place of all lovers and gossips, all politicians and loafers; it was the Opera; it was Exchange; it was Broadway for the settlement.

They were gathered there as usual on the evening of which I speak, and Richard Deane, who stood among them waiting for his turn to complete a purchase, watched them idly, taking little or no interest in their proceedings, except to keep an eye on two or three of his men who would soon unfit themselves at the rum-counter for to-morrow's work if he did not interfere. The women, in their green-checked sun-bonnets, were clustered around a new pattern of calico which the last boat had brought from the city. The young people enjoyed their flirtations out on the steps, whither they had repaired "to see the sunset." The men lounged against the counter and flour-barrels, smoking their pipes. He found himself listening at last to their conversation, which had grown somewhat loud, and jarred against his ear.

"There hain't never been such times up to the Bend sence I've ben here," said a rough voice. "All the bisness a'most stopped, and perwisions risin' agin a fellar's grit, dreadful; and draftin' goin' on within ten mile on us, and says I to Melindy, says I, 'Wher's to come the end?'"

"Where, indeed?" piped an old woman's voice from the calico corner. "We shall all die like the Injins in cold bloody murder, with them battles and sojers tearin' through the country and we shet up here atween the mountains."

"They could starve us clean out as easy as *that*," said another, snapping her fingers by way of illustration, so that her brass thimble rolled off on the floor and was lost to view among the barrels.

"And 'tain't Tennessee as is to blame for it,

nuther," growled a half-drunken workman, as he watched it roll.

Deane stooped to pick up the thimble, then sat down to whittle at a pine stick, without taking any part in the conversation. The men looked askance at him among them, for Mr. Deane was a director and held with some respect, then went on talking.

"They were agoin' to stan' up fur their own, they were; and hadn't a man a right to his own niggers without them tarnal Abolitionists stepping in to say he shouldn't"—this from the Aristocrat of the Bend, who boasted an inheritance of two negroes, whom he carried with him on exhibition wherever he went, to the great envy of the settlers. His sentiments were loudly echoed. One man upheld him enthusiastically. "He would like to see them derved Yankees whipped out o' these mountains—every scoundrel of 'em."

Deane had whittled his stick to such a point that it broke in his hands; he threw it away and looked up at the speaker, with his eyes flashing.

"If there's any shame in you, Joe Carey, your cheeks ought to blush for that."

"Why now, really?" replied the man, with a coarse laugh, "do you think so, Mr. Deane? What should I be ashamed on?"

"Of being a traitor to the best Government that ever protected thankless rebels so many years as ours has."

"I'm a traitor, am I, Mr. Deane?"

"You heard what I said," he replied, quietly. There were whispers of "he's a Yankee" passing from mouth to mouth. He looked up and smiled. "Yes," he said, "I am a Yankee."

"And an Abolitionist?" said some one in a louder tone.

"And an Abolitionist."

"I wish you was along with 'em, you'd find out which be traitors then, Mr. Deane," said Joe Carey, sullenly.

Deane silenced him with a look. He then took his package and went out of the store, stopping to leave directions with a group of men about to-morrow's work.

There was one girl on the steps who looked up into his face timidly as she moved aside to let him pass. She was a slight, shrinking creature, with a sun-bonnet almost concealing her freckled face with its bands of dark reddish hair, its timid mouth, and large hazel eyes.

She had stood just in the doorway, leaning against the open blind, for a long time, with the sunset painting bars of golden light through it on her dark dress, but never reaching her face, which was turned away toward Richard Deane all the time he talked. He had seen her earnest gaze once, and had nodded to her with a kind smile; then he forgot she was there.

She watched him now as he stood talking to the men out by the pump, straightening his manly figure, and tossing the hair back from his forehead to let the wind cool it. She might

have stood so five minutes, it might have been fifteen, she could not tell, when she was startled by a pull at her sleeve. It was a little negro boy, who stood there grinning from ear to ear.

"Why, Tom, what do you want?"

"*She say Misse Hetty come home right off short.*" And the boy jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the origin of the command.

"Yes," replied the girl, "I'll come." Her face, which had brightened a moment ago like one taking in the charm of a beautiful picture, relapsed into its old lifelessness. Bidding the boy follow her in an humbled tone, as if she had no right to give a command, she sighed, went down the steps slowly, and walked away.

Seeing that Tom did not follow her, she turned round to call him. He was standing on the steps with Joe Carey, whose eyes, fixed on Deane, were gleaming wrathfully through the shaggy hair which fell over his forehead.

"Tom!"

"Yes, I'se comin', Misse Hetty."

She moved along a step or two, but Tom remained stationary. So she spoke again, this time peremptorily.

"Lor', Misse Hetty, what a hurry you am in!" said Tom, rolling his eyes, and putting his hands in his pockets. "Missus said I was gwine for to get some rope to halter de nag—t'other's broke."

"Tom, come this minute!"

"And der's some 'bacca, too, as Massa's been in de most distress for—I'se got dat to get."

Poor Hetty gave up in despair, and was turning away without him, when Carey, who apparently had not noticed the boy before, stopped in the midst of his sullen talk with the Aristocrat and the drunken workman, who were smoking at the door, and giving the boy a kick which landed him in the sand below, told him, with an oath, "to go 'long with his mistress, and not be sneakin' round him."

Tom picked himself up, looking rather crest-fallen for the moment, but there was a sly wink in his eye as he walked meekly by Hetty's side which she noticed.

"Tom, what *does* ail you?" she said.

"Lor', nothin', Misse Hetty. I was a sinful nigger to be botherin' you—I'se respectable now."

But though he followed her obediently, he rubbed his hands with such apparent delight, and chuckled and rolled his eyes so mysteriously, that Hetty felt serious fears for the genuineness of his repentance, and was just delivering him a little lecture on it, in her grave way, when she heard footsteps behind them, and almost before she knew it some one had taken her heavy bundle from her hand and was walking by her side.

"Six quarts of meal—and you such a little thing! Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to let Miss Hetty carry such a bundle."

"Dat's a fac'," said Tom, solemnly. "If you'll gib it to me I'll go it cross lots, and run wid it all de way to make up 'counts square."

And, good as his word, Tom seized the bundle, and with a broad grin at Hetty, intended probably for confession of sin, started off, and was soon over the wall and out of sight.

"Well, Hetty, your aunt doesn't give you any rest, does she?"

"Oh yes, Sir, sometimes. I ain't her own, you know. I do wish once in a while—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir. I didn't mean to trouble you, only sometimes I should like it to see a picture or something to show me what mother was like."

"Poor little thing!" And Deane looked at her compassionately as she walked so meekly by his side, with her face hidden in the shadow of her bonnet. She looked up at last in a half-frightened way.

"I—I don't know what made me, Mr. Deane. I didn't mean to talk so; it was very wrong in me, and then I had so much else to say to you—how *could* I be so selfish?"

His merry laugh did not drive away the cloud on her face.

"Perhaps you'll think me very silly," she said, with her head drooping a little, "but I am afraid. I wish you needn't have to talk about the war and all that. If you'd seen Joe Carey—"

"What of him?" said Deane, carelessly.

"Oh, such a look as he had when you went out to the pump there! I don't know—they're all so dreadful rough they wouldn't mind doing any thing, and every body here hates the North. They don't seem to mind the old flag one bit. Uncle talks so sometimes about—about men who feel as you do that I can't bear it. And then I get thinking—"

"That I shall be spirited off by those fellows some night? Why, Hetty, what a foolish little creature?"

Something in his bantering tone brought a change into her face—it was partly pain, partly resolve; and when she spoke again it was with a womanly firmness in her voice.

"I knew you would say so. I don't know very much about these things, but I am quite sure you are not safe here."

Deane's face grew grave, but he was not thinking of the words she said; it was only a certain soothing in her quiet tones that stirred to the surface some thoughts that had been hidden.

"Hetty," he said, suddenly, "I can't stand this much more, they goad me so with their traitorous words; it must end."

"End?" turning her face up in a frightened way.

"I must go away from here. If I could get up North among loyal people I should be happy."

Hetty stooped to pick a daisy, and began pulling it to pieces nervously; she made no answer.

"If I could only fight!" he went on, passionately—"if I *could* fight! It seems so hard." Unconsciously he held out his right hand, with

its mutilated finger, looking as if he loathed it for standing between him and his country's need.

In a moment Hetty had snatched it in both of hers, and bent her face over it so that it was wet with her hot tears. The young man stood amazed.

"Hetty! what ails you?"

"Don't speak so—scold me, blame me, send me out of your sight! I know what you are thinking—I did it all; it is my fault that you are unhappy, and you would have made such a brave soldier! Oh, Mr. Deane, I wish you had never seen me!"

The girl's slight frame shook with some uncontrollable emotion. He tried in his wonder to soothe her, the truth dawning gradually in his mind. He remembered what he had long forgotten—how his hand came to be the maimed thing it was. It was the very first day he was ever at the Bend when he was hunting for a place to board. He had found this little girl—she was so very small, and, indeed, no more than a little girl in years then—he had found her trying in vain to split a large log of wood—far too large for her feeble strength—and he had taken the hatchet in his kindly way to help her. The child thanked him shyly, but showed so strong a wish to learn to do the work herself, "because," she said, "aunt often sent her to make kindling," that, to please her, he had steadied the log while she made another attempt on its hard surface. Her little hands, however, were trembling and awkward, and the hatchet came sharply down on his own. He remembered how, even in his pain, he had noticed the pale terror of her face, and how she did not shriek and run away as most children would have done, but, binding her apron around his hand, she led him into the house and called for help.

That was the way he had found out her uncle, Silas Blunt, and there he had boarded ever since. He had never dreamed the little thing would take that accident to heart so after all these years.

"Hetty, why, Hetty, don't!" he said, putting his hand gently on her shoulder. "I wasn't thinking of you; indeed I had quite forgotten *how* I was hurt. I supposed you had."

Forget! She did not tell him how many nights she had cried herself to sleep over it up in her little chamber in the loft. She only looked into his face in a hopeless way, as if she wondered he did not hate her, and said, fiercely dropping her arm by her side as if she would will it useless,

"I wish it had taken off my hand!"

"Why, little Hetty"—Deane was really sorry for the girl—"you mustn't talk so—indeed you mustn't. I never have a thought of blame for you; how could I?"

She shook her head sadly; she was so persistent in these fancies.

"Come now, Hetty," he went on, with a laugh, "don't let us think any more about these disagreeable things; what do you think

of my plan of going North and getting some good business and a pleasant home?" His voice was so strong and full of hope her own seemed to catch its cheer.

"I think you know best, Mr. Deane. I think perhaps you're right. There won't be much business here if the war keeps on long."

"What a practical little head you have, Hetty! but supposing I shouldn't get work any where else?"

"You? Oh, Mr. Deane!"

She turned her eyes up to his with a sort of worship like a dumb brute's in them; you see it sometimes in these women whose patient lives are outwardly so commonplace. To look at their timid faces, to see how a word, a look, a touch could guide them, you would think only of a brook which sparkled in the sunshine, or moaned in the shade, as the case might be. But there may be deep waters there, and the current may be strong.

Deane laughed at her credulity.

"Why, Hetty, I don't seem to every body as I do to you; I shouldn't be every where what I am here; I should only be a common man—a *very* common man," he repeated musingly. But if you had seen his eye kindle, and the involuntary straightening of his tall form, you would have agreed with Hetty in thinking that, whatever place he might take in the proud world of which she knew nothing, his own honest manhood was a crown of glory to him.

He read this in her face, though she said nothing, and, pleased for the moment, as any man would be with an innocent vanity, he took her hand in a caressing way and patted it gently.

"You are a silly little thing," he said. Just then they were startled by a vision of Tom coming suddenly from behind the thicket which grew by the wall.

"Der ain't no more cross lots to go ober," he said, apologetically; "so I'se come on de street and I'se gwine respectable now, Misse Hetty;" and without stopping to take breath, he ran on down the dusty road, tossing his bundle in the air, and catching it on his feet as it came down to the imminent danger of its contents.

Hetty dropped Deane's hand quickly when she saw this apparition, with something very like a blush on her freckled cheeks; but they were hidden under her bonnet and he did not see it.

They walked on, quietly talking of him and his new plans, till they reached the house. Somehow Deane always felt better, and his future looked brighter for such a talk. She had such a quiet, sensible way of putting things—this little creature!

They found Tom sitting outside the yard the perfect picture of despair. The bundle with its broken paper lay at his feet, and the meal was scattered on the grass. He looked up with a rueful countenance, rolling his eyes at Hetty.

"Lor', I didn't mean to do dat ar—I didn't, true as Gospel! I tought I'd cotch it, and my foot stuck trough de paper. Land o' Goshen!

I dersent tell *she*. I'd lieber fight de Phlisstins 'long wid Goliah, I had." Hetty, repressing a smile at this remarkable Scriptural allusion, reproved the boy for his carelessness, then said she would do the best for him she could and take the bundle to her aunt herself. The delighted Tom was voluble in his thanks, assuring her repeatedly "dat he'd never be disrespectable agin!"

She had a fancy for the boy, and often saved him from the lawful results of his mad capers.

She and Deane replaced the meal in its bag as best they could, and, with a last kindly warning to Tom against the recurrence of like accidents, went into the house.

Hetty went directly to her aunt to intercede for Tom, patiently heard herself blamed as usual for a long category of faults, beginning with her delay at the store, and finally ending with Tom. She attempted little or no reply, took off her bonnet, and went about her evening work in the listless way habitual to her. But Mrs. Blunt was not pacified.

"I've left all them dishes for you," she said, angrily; "you've dawdled long enough for one night, and must make up for it; and you must jest see to Richard Deane's supper yourself, for when I slave myself to death for any fine gentleman that don't get his meals at Christian hours like the rest on us, my name won't be Lucindy Blunt."

Then having announced her intention of spending the evening at a neighbor's, and repeating her directions sharply, Mrs. Blunt put on her bonnet and shawl and disappeared, more than ever impressed with a sense of Hetty's unworthiness and ingratitude, and the credit it was to her to give a home to her sister's child.

If she had seen the dull face brighten and glow with pleasure I think she would have come directly back, taken off her bonnet, and prepared Mr. Deane's supper herself.

Hetty called him when it was ready, into the kitchen of course, this was the fashion at the Bend. Silas Blunt being well to do in his small way, ranking indeed next to the Aristocrat by virtue of the ownership of Tom, the house boasted a little close room with a wooden sofa on rockers, two or three chairs, a large rag mat of varied colors in the middle of the floor, and on it a small round table, ornamented with a Bible, one or two stray copies of the "Farmer's Almanac," and a cook-book, which room was honored by the name of "parlor."

Hetty had a secret wish that to-night—it might be the last night she should ever get Mr. Deane's supper herself—she might spread a snowy cloth on that little round table, and open the windows of that dark room and let him enjoy his evening meal for once, away from the stifling kitchen and the fumes of her uncle's pipe floating in from the backdoor steps, which she knew were so unpleasant to him.

But against the "powers that were" she never thought of rebelling. She closed the door that her uncle's rough voice and tobacco-smoke might

be as far away as possible, opened both the windows to let the air blow freshly through the room, and set the little table between them. After all it was not unpleasant, Deane thought, as he sat down to his simple meal. There was a stray jasmine vine which Hetty had trained outside the window, and the wind tossed its yellow blossoms to and fro, filling the air with fragrance. There was a bit of it Hetty had laid by his plate, too, and she herself looked, not pretty, he said to himself, marking her old-fashioned little figure, her sun-burned face and reddish hair. But she had such quiet ways, such a pleasant smile, moreover she was so thoughtful in all her little cares for his comfort. What a pity the girl was so plain; she would make such a nice wife for some honest, prosperous wood-cutter some day. Just as he was thinking so she stepped in front of the window to dip a glass of water for him from the pail. As she stood with her head bent a little the evening light fell through the yellow jasmine, touching her hair. He saw how heavy it was, and how beautiful its golden red could be. Her profile, too, was fair and girlish in relief against the western sky.

"Hetty," he said, suddenly, "I wonder if you'll miss me any when I'm gone."

She raised her eyes, dark and liquid again with that dumb look: he wondered that he had never known before that she had beautiful eyes. They grew dim as he watched her, still standing in the light. Then she moved away from the window with a low, nervous laugh, saying, in her timid way, that "it wasn't any matter."

Mr. Deane ate the rest of his supper in silence. Hetty at last began to wash up the tea-things in the twilight. He did not join the smoking-company which Silas Blunt and one or two of his neighbors were holding on the backdoor steps, for in their traitorous talk he could have no part nor lot. Hetty knew this was the reason he did not go, but still it pleased her to have him sit quietly in the corner where he could watch her at her work, talking over the new life he should find in the free North, under the flag he loved. It would not be much longer—he might never talk so with her again, and a few hot tears came all unbidden. But she wiped them away in the dark, and he did not see them.

Presently they heard Silas knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and he came in, followed by his wife.

"Hetty, you lazy thing, light the candle!" said her aunt, throwing herself into a chair, while Mr. Blunt grumbled because he could not find the dipper. Somehow Deane could not bear to hear Hetty scolded to-night, so, to divert attention from her, he began talking to the two, and at last told them of his intention to leave the Bend.

"Wa'al, ef ever I see a Lincolnite true grit you're one on 'em," said the astonished Silas in his heavy way.

"Now you don't say so, Mr. Deane!" and appalling visions came to Mrs. Blunt of the loss of this valuable boarder and his prompt payments.

"Hetty! Hetty! do you hear this? Where is the girl?"

Hetty was not to be seen; she had slipped away and gone up stairs to bed.

The next two weeks passed quickly. Deane was very busy making his last arrangements with the men, and instructing his successor who had been sent down from Knoxville a few days before the time fixed for his departure. This man, however, was not to board at Silas Blunt's, and Hetty was secretly glad, for he was a coarse, ill-featured person, and a rebel besides, and she felt she could not see him in Mr. Deane's place somehow.

They were hard days for Hetty, these last before he went. The poor little thing could not have said what ailed her. She did not know why it was that all the yellow sunshine which lay in thick golden bars on the kitchen floor should seem so cold, why she did not like to hear the robins sing, nor why she cried herself to sleep every night with such bitter tears. She knew why her lip trembled sometimes when Mr. Deane came home to supper and spoke a few kind words to her, or when she helped him in some preparation for his journey—it was because he was going away and she should never see him again. But it couldn't be *that* which she cried over at night, for she was such a little useless thing she had no right to mind his leaving her, and what had *that* to do with the sunlight and the robin's song?—they were just the same whether he were there or not.

And so the last day came, and she had seen Joe Carey come with a wagon to drive his trunk to the nearest station, where it might be sent by railroad, asking, with his eyes gleaming through his shaggy hair, if Mr. Deane calc'lated to go in his own boat to-night? Mr. Deane had said "yes;" and she watched Joe drive away the precious trunk, seeing him stop just on the edge of the woods to talk with two or three rough-looking men—strangers they were at the Bend; and when she heard their loud laughter, thinking how glad Joe was to get rid of Mr. Deane, the rebellious tears sprang quickly to her eyes, and she turned away, trying very hard not to hate him.

The sun set at last, large and fiery red; the twilight crept out of the woods, and the moon rose silently behind the purple hills. It was then that Deane came up to the house to take his bag and say "Good-by." He had parted from his men, with some of them pleasantly, for he had been a kind master, but he had noticed the thankless rebel look on so many faces that it was with little regret he left them and the old life he and they had led together.

He had given some last kindly advice to the ubiquitous Tom, who had followed him all day as if he feared to lose sight of him, had obtained from him the boy's invariable form of a solemn promise that he "would be respectable" to Miss Hetty in future, and had watched him run away into the woods brushing his shirt-sleeve across his eyes. He had shaken hands with Silas and

Mrs. Blunt, and left the farm-house to look for Hetty. He found her standing at the gate.

"Well, Hetty," he said, cheerfully, "I am going."

"Aren't you early? the moon is hardly up."

"No. My boat is up the river, I shall have nearly a mile's walk, and it will be bright moonlight by that time and grand sailing; the wind is just right."

He hesitated, hardly caring to say he must go. Hetty stood playing nervously with her apron strings with her head bent.

"Well," he said, at length, "it is time I started; don't forget me, Hetty, I shall think of you. This is a lonely life you lead. I haven't forgotten what you said to me one day about your mother, but you must keep up good courage."

Courage! This was just the word she wanted now, wanted so much more than he guessed. The sound of it stopped the quiver on her lips, and she folded her hands quietly.

"And then," said Deane, in a bright way, "you will marry some good man that will make you happy one of these days."

She started, a burning blush reddening her face and neck, so deep it was that he saw it by the faint light the moon sent over the hills. She hid her face on the gate, and for a moment she made him no answer. Of course, Deane thought, it was quite natural, any girl would do so, and she was so young and timid besides. He smiled.

"I didn't mean to bother you, Hetty, just as I was going off; I won't say it again, you foolish little thing, but I shall think it just the same. And, Hetty, I want to be like a good brother to you, and you mustn't mind writing me about it when the time comes, and don't forget me, will you? I shall miss you, little girl; well, good-by!"

He took her hand and kissed her gravely on the forehead, as was quite natural and very kind in him, Mrs. Blunt thought, looking through the "parlor" window.

The young man had not thought it would be so hard to leave this little thing with her sad eyes and her patient face turned so mutely up to his. He felt suddenly how he should miss her gentle ways and voice, and walked away sadly.

"Hetty!" called her aunt from the house, in a tone somewhat softened of its usual asperity. She started from her posture at the gate. She had been leaning over it, with her eyes fixed on the path to the woods and the dark form that entered their shadow.

"Well, aunt?"

"You'd better run down to the store and get some coffee, there ain't a scrap for breakfast."

Hetty obeyed silently; it was better she should have this errand though she longed for nothing so much as stillness; it was better so.

She felt no fear at being alone after dark on this solitary walk; indeed she never thought of it as solitary, nor did she pause and shrink from

passing through the group of men collected round the doorway of the store. This was the way among the girls at the Bend; they were quite safe, for there is a certain chivalry that exists among the coarsest men dwelling in such a place as that, with only the grand woods and the silence of the hills forever about them. All of beauty that can touch their rude natures makes the voice of womanhood more clear.

But of this Hetty was not thinking. She walked on mechanically, like one in a dream, yet with rapid step. Her purchase made, avoiding the curious tongues of the women in the store, and the eyes of the men on the steps who watched her idly, she made her way among them and out into the road. On every side she heard of Richard Deane: it seemed as if scarcely any thing else was said by the curious and excited people. But she did not linger at the sound, only feeling a vague impatience that every body must have his name on their lips—the name which she would whisper over softly when she could creep into his desolate room that night, and see if it would not help her to cry and get rested. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes dry and burning. She had but one thought, to get home, to be alone, any where, that she might be still and think.

Suddenly her nervous walk was stopped by the apparition of a boy apparently playing "stick-knife" in the grass just at her side. He was making wonderful evolutions in the air at each turn of the knife, greatly to the amusement of a group of men who stood smoking at some little distance, yet near enough to see him. It proved to be Tom.

"Why, Tom!"

"Hush, Misse Hetty, not so loud; dey am watchin' me. I say I play stick-knife, an' dey look. I'se been an' done waitin' for you. Don't be scared. Dat ar—" Here Tom leaped high in the air, coming down on his hands and feet, tossing his head and rolling his eyes, while he jerked out the words, "Joe Carey."

Hetty started.

"I'se gwine to—dey ain't all gone yet. Dey's gwine to meet him at de ford."

Tom stopped to roll over and fall down a banking near with the most remarkable agility. The men behind laughed in a drunken way. He came back, shaking off the dust.

"Dey'd kill me if dey knowed I'd telled yer." Here he drove his knife into the grass up to the handle. "De fac' is, Joe Carey an' dem men as has ben hangin' round wid him, dey're after Massa Deane. Dey'll find him at de Ford, an' jes' cotch him."

"What? What will they do?"

Tom finished a series of three somersaults, the last one ending at her feet.

"Dey might string him up, or duck him under—no tellin'," was his cheering reply.

"What *can* I do? I must rouse the men;" and poor Hetty turned as if she would call them.

Tom stood up, closing his knife.

"No, neber, Misse Hetty," he said, under his

breath. "Dey'll kill me sure, and half ob 'em wouldn't stir to help a Yankee nohow. You run down to de ribber and hail him. I'll be dar when it's respectable to be gwine—short off." And Tom walked away, whistling, to the store.

Hetty for a moment stood motionless; her limbs refused to carry her; she thought she should have fallen. It was only dizziness; for it passed away, and she resumed her former pace to deceive the people till she should be out of their sight. It grew quite clear to her in a moment. Joe Carey had planned revenge on his master ever since that talk in the store. Mr. Deane was alone and unarmed, she thought; she could get no help from her thankless townsmen in time to be of use. All remained with her; she alone could save him. Turning a corner where she would be out of sight, her quick walk broke into a run. Throwing off her shawl and bonnet with a fierce impatience, she flew over the fields, over the brooks and fences, as if she were a wild thing—on, on, with her hair unbound now, and streaming in the wind, to the river—on, on, with her eyes dilating, her breath coming in gasps, to the river. Only the river; that became her one thought. If she could reach it in time—if it might not be too late!

She came to it at last, out of the darkness and the windings of the great forest lying before her, broad and still in the moonlight. She stood on the bank and looked down, then up. Nothing was to be seen but a sheet of silver, nothing to be heard but the faint ripple of the water against a little shelving beach on which she stood. She shuddered and cried out in her agony; she waded out knee-deep in the cold water; she looked down, then up; she listened for the plash of oars. The woods beyond were dark and still; the hills above her were dim against the night sky; the shadows of the leaves lay floating and tremulous on the river, and the little waves which broke against the rocks sparkled in the light. The wind, too, rustled hoarsely through the forest, and a startled bird in the branches which hung over her head chirped mournfully—nothing more.

The girl paced up and down the river-side, scarcely knowing what she did; breaking through the thick underbrush that tore and scratched her hands, climbing to the edge of the rocks which jutted into the stream, holding her breath to listen, her little hands striking fiercely at her heart, as if she would tear it out to still its loud throbbings; yet her eyes never moved from the bright waters. The fall of every twig became the sound of oars; the flash of every distant rock in the moonlight a sail; the moan of the wind that swept over the ford below turned into the cry of one in mortal pain; the scream of some night-birds in the depth of the forest was hollow laughter in her ears.

She had heard dark stories of the way men who loved their country and her freedom were treated in this fair Southern land. There was one man within ten miles—it was only a month

ago—a loyal man; he was found one morning in the woods, and his little children cried and tried to waken him.

A whisper, too, was going about the country of men who watched at railroads and boat-landings—men with faces that would pale at nothing. Two of these had been seen with Joe Carey to-day.

And she so alone, so helpless; the sky so still and cold; the great woods so voiceless; and the river so fair, with no sight or sound to break the silence of its beauty.

She knelt down upon the sand, turning her poor white face up to the stars. No sound came from her lips; but in the clasping of her hands was a prayer so great that it could not be uttered.

As if in answer to it, the sound of oars broke suddenly and distinctly on her ear, then stopped. Starting, she saw a sail just unfurling up the river—*his* sail; she knew it even in the dim light by the mark of a large blue star she had herself once sewed on it. He had liked it: for it reminded him of the flag, he said.

She did not cry out, but stood quite still, waiting till he should come nearer. At last she called his name, timidly at first, then louder. He took no notice. She called again. He did not hear. She could see his form now quite plainly, and he did not move to furl his sail; his face, indeed, was turned away from her. She called again. He sat still, idly playing with his oars.

The truth came to her suddenly. His motion was so swift, and the wind, catching his sails, made so much sound, that he could not hear her weak voice. He was coming on rapidly; he would soon be past her. She ran on down the bank, calling frantically and waving her hands, keeping ever between him and the danger to which he was swiftly flying. He made no answer, the sail flapped loudly in the breeze, and the boat came on.

At last her strained eyes saw the shadow of a curve in the river, beyond which she knew the Ford's shallow waters babbled over the rocks. Between her and it the branch of an old tree had fallen, and projected far into the stream. Her quick thought seized this hope—he could not fail to see her there.

In a moment she had torn off her heavy shoes and stockings—like a true girl of the Bend as she was, not forgetting even now her forest teachings—and then she was out on the branch clinging with her bare feet to its rough surface, never pausing to grow pale and shiver at the sight of the black water beneath, but with her eyes fixed steadily on the little boat which shot down the current like a thing of life.

Deane was startled then from his musing by her cry, and looking up he saw a little figure seeming almost to hang over the water; its face was so white, and its long dark hair streamed so wildly in the wind that for a moment that nameless fear, to which the bravest of us are at times subject, came over him, and his own manly cheek blanched a little, then flushed quickly.

The words he heard, however, showed him it was no supernatural evil he had to dread.

"Furl your sail quick—they'll kill you!" Hetty stood quite still, the branch swinging up and down with her slight weight as the boat shot by and the sail came down.

Suddenly she heard a new sound, of which she well knew the meaning—it was the crackling of the bough on which she stood.

She knew there was no return; she knew, too, that the impetus of the boat had been so great it might be moments before it could turn, row up against the current, and reach her.

"Home, for your life!" she cried, her thought even then first and only for him. Then she turned and looked once down into the depths so dark and still under her feet.

Whatever the girl's soul said to God as she looked up after this to His far, bright heavens, was spoken by silence. Deane, rowing against the current, his face paling as he neared her, and still the chances lessened that he would be in time, heard no cry. He only saw her standing where the bough swung lower and lower with her weight, her hands clasped upon her breast, her hair blown about her face, smiling out into the night as if she were content. He saw her eyes fixed on him, large and full of light, with something like triumph in them as her frail support dipped deep into the river, and the water came gurgling over her feet.

Again the branch bent, and cracked and broke; but with a spring which rocked his frail boat like an egg-shell Deane caught her as she sank.

She crouched down in the boat, and hid her face in her hands for a moment. He saw that she shivered, and tried to wrap her in his heavy coat.

"No," raising her head—"no, I'm not cold."

How all the triumph had gone from her eyes! How the heroism had faded from her smile! She was quite weak now, and trembled like a child. Deane would have had her rest against him as he rowed, but she would not.

"I can sit alone now," she said. He looked at her in wonder to see what a little lifeless thing she had become, and how she shrank at his touch.

"Hetty," he said, in a kind tone, "what does all this mean?"

She told him her story in a low voice, with her eyes turned away all the while from his.

A change passed over Richard Deane's face; he was no coward, but he knew the times and the men about him well enough to see the danger from which he had been snatched.

"And so, Hetty," he said at length, in a broken voice, "you periled your own life to save mine?"

She started a little, and leaning over the side of the boat wet her hands and put them to her cheeks with a sudden motion, as if to cool them.

"I didn't think much about that," she answered.

"Hetty"—and his eyes caught hers—"I have no words to thank you with."

"I want no thanks!" She spoke sharply; then her voice softened in a moment: "Don't, please, talk about it any more. I can't."

"Poor little thing! no wonder—she had been so frightened," Deane thought, and rowed on in silence.

Hetty sat motionless in the stern of the boat, her hands folded on her lap, the light touching her wet dress and the hair which lay so darkly on her shoulders, but her face always in the shadow.

So they pulled slowly against the current up the moonlit river, and the silence between them was unbroken. Deane noticed at last that Hetty looked steadily and somewhat fearfully into the thicket on the bank. His eyes followed her gaze. A figure was certainly there, moving stealthily through the bushes.

"There! I was right—it has come from clear down most to the Ford," she whispered, drawing near to him and clutching his arm. "See!"

The form came out now into a clear space among the rocks, and stopped opposite them.

"Hooray!" cried a well-known voice, "Joe Carey's done cotched dis time. He and de white trash 'long wid him is cussin' and swearin' round dar awful 'cause Massa Deane hain't come."

It was Tom. He had been watching far down the river to warn Mr. Deane if Hetty had failed. Before they could answer he had disappeared again in the woods, and they heard him whistling "Safe in de Kingdom" long after he was out of sight.

They reached the landing at last, and Deane, when he locked his boat, gave Hetty the key.

"I want you to keep the little *Flag* for your own to remember me by," he said. "I sha'n't try another boat-ride at present, I think. I shall go off quietly by railroad early to-morrow morning. Tom will drive me."

They came to the house, and were going in silently, when Hetty stopped and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Deane."

"Why I shall see you in the morning, sha'n't I? It isn't such an early hour after all—only half past five."

"Good-by," was all she said, still holding out her hand. Deane took it, surprised.

"Well, good-by; God bless you, little Hetty!"

Then she opened the door and went in.

Her room in the loft was very quiet, and she sat down on the bare floor with the rafters over her head, and a bit of moonlight falling through the little window on her white, motionless face. With her eyes looking far out into the woods where the river gleamed through the trees, and her hands still folded on her wet dress, she listened to Richard Deane's footsteps in the room below.

And so there came to Hetty the knowledge which comes to us all, sooner or later, when the

master-hand touches us, which shall strike all the jarred notes and trembling chords of our life into harmony.

She saw what this man was to her. She was no longer the child with whom he sported; she was no more the girl with her blind worship of what stood so far above her. The blush of a woman had burned on her cheek that day before him. She loved him. It had been his thoughtless joke about her marriage which revealed this to her. She could have sunk to the ground for shame and agony, when he thought her only a foolish girl—shy, as all girls are, at the mention of such a thing.

She to *dare* to love him? She? so ignorant she was, with her homely face and awkward ways, whom he would think no more of an hour after he had left her. And he was so noble, so good, so high above her! If she might be only a poor little flower that could blossom for an hour at his feet, and make his way bright for him, even though he passed on and trod her in the dust! But no, such lowly perfume could never reach him in the unknown world into which he was going.

He would leave her, with all things about her, as if he had never been there. She would see the crowd gathered to gossip at the same old store; the boats would float idly on the hot river just the same; the men would come home from their work in the twilight, and she would stand no more at the gate to watch for him. The days with their round of work would go on at the farm-house. The lonely evenings would fall when she would be so tired—so tired, and his kindly smile would never come to rest her. If the hot tears came at sunset from thoughts of her loveless life, and dreams of her mother who would have loved her, his pleasant voice should never soothe her with its cheering.

And all the while he, in his new, happy life, would find no place for memories of the little quiet thing who set his suppers, and brought him fresh water from the spring at noon. Or even if he did think sometimes not unkindly of her, how would it be? She remembered his parting at the gate, how gentle and brotherly it was. He had even asked God to bless her; but then she had just saved his life; he was grateful. His heart too—his noble heart—was filled with pity for her. While hers—Oh that she had gone down into the bright waters looking into his eyes and smiling in her calm content, proud to die that he might live, glad to be at rest and know his last memory of her would be a gentle, perhaps a tearful one. She bowed her face in her hands, her slight form shivering as if with cold. There, crouched upon the floor with her head bent so low that her falling hair veiled her face, and hands, and breast, she sat till the moon sank behind the western hills.

"Well, Hester Reed!" was Mrs. Blunt's salutation the next morning as Hetty entered the kitchen, "these are pretty doin's! here it is five o'clock ironin' day, and I've been slavin' here

alone ever sence half past four, and Richard Deane gone half an hour ago, wonderin' and botherin' round 'cause you wasn't down to see him off."

Hetty murmured some reply about being very tired after last night.

"Reely now, that was dreadful, wern't it?" said Mrs. Blunt, in a mysterious whisper, somewhat softened by the weary way in which Hetty went about her work. "If they'd caught him he'd ha' ben in the river this morning, and nobody the wiser. What are you a shiverin' for this warm morning?"

"I'm cold," said Hetty, and she turned to pour out her uncle's coffee.

"You jest go an' hunt up your bonnet and shawl, and them shoes this morning; for *my* part, I don't see the need of leavin' of 'em off, if you did have to run faster'n common."

"I will get them back safely, aunt."

Her face was very pale this morning, and she was very quiet over her work. Mrs. Blunt possessed herself of the idea that she would be sick—"fever'n ager, maybe, or cholery infantum, or some such thing," and poor Hetty was dosed with ginger-tea all day.

The matter of Mr. Deane's escape was quietly hushed up. Silas Blunt and his wife were too much in fear of being called "Lincolnites," and of Joe Carey's vengeance, to make it a subject of gossip; and as for Tom, he would as soon have thought of jumping into the river at once and saving Joe the trouble. So the rough strangers disappeared from the Bend. Carey lounged about his work in sullen silence, and all things went on as before.

Tom, though a little cast down at first by Mr. Deane's departure, was jubilant for days over his own sharpness.

"I neber did tink," he said one day, confidentially to Hetty, when she had watched him chuckling in silence for some minutes—"I neber did tink I was so respectable afore; now I done cotched Joe Carey! He didn't know I heard him on de steps de day you an' Massa Deane walk home togeder, when he say he like to see dat ar boss git his pay for de derved Yankee talk, an' he better look out some o' dese yere dark nights, and he neber see me follorin' him an' de white trash trough de bushes, while dey talk about de Ford and Massa Deane, and den go back to de store, an' swagger round peaceable as Job in de Scriptures."

It was about a week after Deane's departure when Hetty stood leaning over the gate one night when her work was done. Her aunt had "dropped in" to have a chat with the Aristocrat's wife, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, being entitled to this honor because she also was the "mistress of a nigger;" Silas was smoking as usual back of the house, where he could feast his eyes by the sight of his potato-patch, and so Hetty was quite alone.

The days had gone by so dreamily since Mr. Deane went away. The blue of the sky and the sunlight brightening the clearing, the cease-

less talk of the people who moved about her, their very forms, even her own face looking at her so white and dim from the bit of broken glass in her room, had seemed so unreal. She longed for something to start and waken her. Her mind in its weakened and morbid state had possessed itself of the idea that he could not escape the many dangers which the distracted condition of the State threw around him, and that into one or the other of them he must fall. This fear haunted her night and day. If she could only hear from him once just one word. But that could not be; she might never know as the years went on whether he lived to reach his bright Northern home.

A peculiar whistle from Tom started her just then, and she looked up to see him performing his favorite somersault on the grass. Something white dropped out of his jacket pocket at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. It was a letter directed to her in a large, clear hand. Now Hetty had never before in her life been the possessor of a letter, but it was not that which sent the quick color flushing her forehead, cheek, and neck.

"It come to de store," said Tom, "dis yere mornin'. Bress my soul! how dat ar Joe Carey kep' a speerin' at it, but I knows Massa Deane's big writin', an' I puts it in dis pocket short metre—dat ar ain't cussin', Misse Hetty; I find it in de hymn-book—an' I say, 'Yes, Sar, Misse Hetty hab a cousin in de Nort', an' she 'spect dis yere long time dat she gwine for to go in de kingdom;' an' den I walk out solemn, like Noah when he see de flood a comin' an' jump in de ark."

Hetty's trembling fingers hid the letter in her shawl, then, fearful lest Tom should perceive her agitation, and also in her conscientious little heart unwilling to lose such an opportunity to endeavor to Christianize him, she gave him a mild reproof for his falsehood.

"I'm much obliged to you, Tom, *very* much, but I am sorry you told a lie about it. What becomes of liars, Tom?"

"Lor', Misse Hetty," said Tom, rolling his eyes till nothing but the white was visible, "I knows about de bad place—you don' 'spect I'se fool enough to go dar so easy. I 'pented o' dat ar when I go out o' de store, short off."

Hetty smiled a discouraged smile, but thinking she had at least done her duty she turned away, leaving Tom to catch grasshoppers and dissect them in the cause of science without remorse.

She trod the path over the fields and through the woods to the river, the same path she had followed in her wild flight that night, the same river which had been so white in the moonlight with the starred sail gleaming upon it, the same which had rolled so blackly under her feet when she swung lower and lower into the water, with the leaves rustling above her and the boat pulling up against the current. She wondered, with a faint smile, if all this could have really been, as she sat down on the bank beside the broken bough to read her letter.

She took it out from under her shawl and

slowly opened it. At first she could hardly see the writing. She brushed her little red hand over her eyes, however, and began. This was what she read:

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—I fancy you have been conjuring up all sorts of visions of the fate that has met me since I left the Bend, if you have thought about me at all. You have seen me hung and stabbed and drowned by my rebel friends, captured by guerrillas, drafted into the Southern army, notwithstanding I can not fire their muskets with this finger, and every other misfortune that you could think of, you have planned for me. So, to relieve your mind, I have stolen a moment to write this note. The brave little girl who saved my life has surely the right to know that I have been still taken care of. I am safely in New York. My plans are uncertain; I shall probably go to New England. I am a happier man already for breathing this free air.

"I think of you often. May God watch over you, little Hetty, and make you very happy. Your friend,

"RICHARD DEANE."

Hetty read the simple lines over and over—so very simple, so kind and friendly they were; yet a warm color flushed her cheek and a grateful smile played on her lips. He was safe, he had thought of her; she pressed the precious paper which told her so to her lips, but with a sudden motion dropped it and hid her face.

She sat so a long time, never stirring. Who can guess what was in the girl's soul? Who can tell in what a sudden picture her future stood in her sight, how those few kindly words had touched all the desolate, homeless years which should be hers and made them pass one by one before her? Who can say how she listened for the wings of the Death-Angel, and what music there was in his coming, or with what a cry she shrank back from the pearly gates and streets of gold which he showed her, for she saw herself pale before God's throne "a saint companionless?" I tell you in the grief which came to this child there are heights and depths that can not be measured.

The sun went down at last, the hills grew warm in golden mist, the light slanted over the river and touched her, playing softly in her red-brown hair; she did not move or look up to see it. The twilight fell and deepened in the woods, and the river flowed in shadow.

Then it was that she bent over to look down into the water and see the white face that gazed up at her. She thought how it would look if it lay still and cold, far down among the reeds, with the night-winds rippling the water above it, and the stars smiling down at it out of the clear sky. *They* would not call her back to her lonely life; they would only pity her, and seeing how her pale, clasped hands held Richard's little note so tightly that the current could not take it from her, they would not wonder that, being weary, she had gone to sleep.

She bent lower over the water, she began to smile as the white image there beckoned to her more and more. Suddenly the wind bore to her ear these words so distinctly that she started as if at a voice from heaven:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;"

—then growing louder and more clear—

"For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

The sound came from a distant camp-meeting up the river; it was a grand old Methodist tune; it woke all the echoes that slept in the woods, it rang out against the hills thrilling, exultant, triumphant without one tinge of doubt or fear.

Hetty started back from the river-brink trembling and cold; she turned her face up to the stars, her lips moving dryly, and while she prayed the strain grew rapturous:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

The sound died away, the echoes grew faint in the dark forest, and all the air was still. Hetty's cheeks were wet, her eyes still fixed on the sky.

"But I never had any body to love me," she cried, her hands tearing cruelly at her breast; "he was all I had."

Bowing her head she thought some one spoke to her.

"Mother!" she whispered.

She fancied that faces she dimly remembered in childhood were there and smiled, but they did not answer her. This voice which had spoken was sweeter, tenderer than that of father or mother.

"Here am I," she said.

Then she knew who it was. She knew He loved her. She felt Him very near to her. He said He would never leave her, nor forsake her. What more could she ask?

So, with Him for her Helper, Hetty took up patiently the life He had decreed to her. What the struggle was none but He knew, either then or at any other time.

Did you ever stand on the very threshold of your youth and see all its light quenched in the passing of a moment? Did you then grope in the dark, and fall in slippery places, and feel your way among thorns with not one human voice to answer your cry?

This girl's life had been so dwarfed, her heart and mind alike so dulled, who wonders at it? If you shut a flower in the dark do you think it strange that its leaves are pale, its petals hueless? What else could you expect of her? Why should she not yield to the touches which moulded her, and become at last what she saw others about her to be—a mere clod? Yet something in her nature had prevented this. Wherever there had been one spot of beauty or of love in her life she had clung to it, and her whole soul had grown warm beneath its light. Once, when a little child, she had found a half-starved dog in the woods, which she took home and made a pet of. The poor creature would never leave her, and she would kiss it, and cry on its neck for very joy—it was something to love.

Silas Blunt in a fit of passion threw the dog into the river. Then after a while a neighbor's

child learned to cling to her, and twine its little arms about her neck, and kiss the smiles into her lips. It would have brought the tears to your eyes to see her grave, unchildish face grow warm and bright at the touch of the tiny fingers.

The little one died with its eyes smiling into hers, and there was nothing left but the grasses on its grave. When she grew older it was the hills which had been her little comfort. She would steal away to watch the shadows creeping down among them, the light flecking their tops and the pearl-edged clouds which canopied them till all the dull, working-look would fade from her face, her eyes grow soft and dewy, and the girl's soul—such as that which God pronounced "very good"—would awake as from a stupor and hear His voice talking softly with her.

And now her orphaned childhood was long gone, her orphaned girlhood had passed, and all that had slept within her had been roused only to struggle with the disturbing hand and meet her worse than widowed womanhood. And never was such lot met with braver heart. By the very bitterness of her contests with herself she grew stronger. Something of a woman's pride had been in her crushed soul after all. That taught her how to curb her sorrow. This great love she might not quell, but she would tame it into something so sacred that it should not shame her, nor make her unworthy of the kind memories of him to whom she gave it. Nothing helped to conquer her pain like the thought of pleasing him. No earthly aim was so dear as a patient training of herself to be what he would not be ashamed to acknowledge as his friend. Yet as time passed on, and his few brotherly letters ceased, even this changed; and what she had done for him she did at last for herself with a vague feeling that she would make herself worthy of every thought that was in her heart for him, and was proud that it could be so, thinking she did him no wrong.

So she plunged afresh into her old work. She swept and baked and ironed and sewed. She tried to drown her tears in the washing-tub, and throw all her energies into the dusting of a room. She studied, too, in the evenings alone in her room with her little inch of a tallow candle to light the puzzling pages. This was hard work, for Hetty did not like to study. It was her heart which taught her best, not her head. Neither had she any particular incitement here, for Richard Deane was no student, and would not care about such things in her. Still she pored very patiently over her books for a while, and it did her good. She took new pains also with her appearance, and wonderful was the change a little care could make. She would think sometimes with a very pardonable womanly feeling how she wished Mr. Deane could see her, now that she had altered.

But it was not only for herself that her heart was brave and her hand unfaltering. As the plot of the war thickened, and the armies swept down from the mountains, and there was the tramping to and fro of soldiers in the quiet val-

ley, she found in the hospital near by, where they brought the poor fellows, rebels and Union prisoners alike, plenty of work for her willing fingers.

And so a year and a half passed away.

She was sitting one day quietly sewing at the kitchen door, her heart full of some of the scenes she had just witnessed among the convalescents, when they heard of the last Union victories that had made their beautiful valley free again. She remembered how their pale faces brightened, and what cheering there was from voices weak with suffering as they ran up the old flag on the hospital roof, and watched it catch the breeze, its stars bright against the blue of the sky, its broad bars glowing and warm in the sunlight. She smiled as she thought of the grasp of their hands and the tears in their manly eyes when she came to rejoice with them, and she thanked God that He had given her work to do when she had asked for it. She recalled the last year with her face growing grave. Yet there was on it an expression, if not of content, of something far better—the look of a soul at peace with God. She saw now how tenderly He had led her; how into her life, which He had made lonely forever, so much patient toil and trust had crept that had softened, like a veil, its hard outlines—outlines carved in marble, which Time could not efface. No, they could not be effaced. Even now, with the old instinct, she took up her daily cares with a vague idea of pleasing Richard resting upon them all.

The very gratitude with which her heart was filled, now that the country's song of triumph thrilled through the forests, and the Union soldiers passed proudly through the Bend—this very gratitude which should seem, she thought, to stand apart from her own poor history, only brought him nearer to her. He would once have been so pleased to see this day, and it was so long, so long since she had seen him. If he could smile upon her just once more before she died she would remember—she would talk to him like a little forest-girl who wished him well, even as a sister might, and he need never know!

The sewing fell from her listless hands, and her face, losing all the courage that the years had taught it, dropped upon her breast like the very Hetty of olden time.

It was then that a footstep startled her, and a voice, whose lightest accent she had not forgotten, spoke to her.

Looking up she saw him—the same manly form, the same honest blue eyes and kindly smile.

"Well, little Hetty," he said, and laid his hand upon her hair in the old caressing way. His lips might have touched her forehead even, but she started quickly, and stood up before him in her beautiful womanhood, so changed that he was dumb with surprise.

Her face after its first flush had paled a little, but her voice was very quiet in its welcome, and she held out her hand frankly to him.

"I little thought we should ever see you again, Mr. Deane." Not a tremor on her lips, not one moment's drooping of her clear brown eyes before his gaze.

"I thought you cared as little," he said, smiling good humoredly. "My letters—"

"Stopped coming six months ago," she said, quietly.

"No. I have written to you, Hetty; it is the mails that are at fault. I guessed as much, for I never heard from you."

There was surely a sigh of relief as he spoke. Hetty did not hear it. She said some pleasant thing about his letters, and then they sat down in the little kitchen to talk, both thinking as they did so of that night so long ago when she set his supper for him, and the air was sweet with the breath of the jasmine.

Richard Deane was puzzled. There was something so chilling in her friendly smile, so much dignity in her quiet manners, such music in her clear voice. She was utterly changed. The little freckled thing with her dulled, timid eyes whom he had left was gone. He saw in her place a beautiful woman's face, with clear, warm color in her cheeks; with her brown eyes grown soft and liquid; with golden lights playing in and out of her red-brown hair.

Two pictures of this girl had followed him in all his wanderings. One was of a slight form by the window dipping water from the pail for him, a delicate, girlish profile against the sky; yellow blossoms playing in the wind till they touched her hair; and then her eyes raised to his, dark with that dumb look.

The other was a figure which swung lower and lower into the water on a broken bough—a fearless figure, with hands clasped upon her breast, where her dark hair hung in masses, and a smile like one triumphant on her lips. He had always seen her so—now among the jasmynes, now on the moonlit river—always so.

Something of these two memories was mingled now in the woman before him. All the glimpses of beauty that he had dimly caught in the one were here, grown so bright that they dazzled him. He fancied also a touch of the triumph of the other hiding in the curve of her warm, red lips.

He watched her while they talked, a grave look creeping into his eyes, and his smile far less frequent. They seemed suddenly to have changed places. He grew confused before her, and spoke but little. She did not seem to notice it; she talked rapidly, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed.

Tom broke in upon the scene at last, grinning broadly. Mr. Deane spoke to him in his frank, pleasant way. Tom grinned again. Indeed he seemed to have lost the power of speech or motion, and this was the only way left of testifying his approbation of the sight before him. Hetty, to help him out of his difficulty, asked,

"Tom, did you ever lose any letters of Mr. Deane's to me?"

"Me, Misse Hetty! I neber do dat ar. I

jump in de Jordan and be ober wid afore I'se dat disrespectable."

"What do you suppose became of them, Tom?" said Hetty, laughing.

Tom put his elbow into his cap, and his stubby forefinger upon his forehead, and appeared to be in the deepest meditation.

"Ef you wants my 'pinion, Misse Hetty, it am jes' dis. I see Joe Carey, afore he go to de Sesechers, fotch out some letters ob de store, an' he put 'em in his pocket, an' I tink to meself dat ar's curus, 'Tom, it am, 'Tom, dat any body write to Joe, an' it's my 'pinion he hook 'em."

Hetty changed color. You are a foolish boy, Tom," she said.

But Tom was immovable. "Dat ar's my 'pinion," was all she could get out of him, and with another grin at Mr. Deane he backed out of the room and disappeared.

Hetty's uncle and aunt came in shortly after, and the afternoon passed in pleasant chat. Silas and his wife were of those sort of people who look discreetly to see which way the wind blows, so now they were as violent Unionists as they had been rebels before. Besides this, they really had a fancy for Deane, and were glad to be told of his home in Massachusetts—of the snug farmhouse, with the apple-orchard behind it, the garden sloping down to a little brook and patch of woods, the fields which, all summer, had been red with clover blossoms, and the tasseled corn which waved in the light. He looked at Hetty as he spoke of this, but she was busy getting supper, and he could not see her face.

After tea he said he should like to see the old woods again, so Hetty put on her bonnet and went with him. They came to a still place, where the green was soft under their feet, and where they could see the river through the trees, with his little boat, which Hetty had kept so sacredly, swinging at its mooring.

They sat down with the gray moss thick on the branches over their head and twining round the huge trunk against which they leaned. Flecks of light struck the trees in their ghostly dress, catching here and there the glow of faint autumn tints, and then were lost in the shadow of the forest. The birds sang among the leaves, and a rabbit crept out from the thick, rank undergrowth, coming timidly almost to Hetty's hand, which lay quite still, hidden among the high wood-grasses. She smiled at this, and looked up at Deane with some gay words on her lips, but something in his face stopped her.

"Hetty," he said, "you haven't asked me what I came here for."

"I hadn't thought," she answered.

"Would you like to know? it's a long story. Shall I tell you?"

She bowed her head, stooping to pick a bit of moss, which she pulled to pieces nervously.

"It's a long story, and yet I could tell it in a few words. Once there was a little forest-girl that I petted and played with, and she was always very kind to me. I went away after a while, and then I missed her, how much she

doesn't know. I couldn't forget her face, nor her timid, gentle ways—she had such pretty ways! I didn't know I loved her for a long time. I couldn't tell why I was so lonely at my work, or why my farm was so cheerless. When I found out I came back to her, but, Hetty, she was gone—I had lost her. I found a woman in her place. She was very beautiful: her voice was very sweet and clear, and she was glad to see me. But she seemed very far off. I thought I should not dare to tell my love to her, or ask her to be my wife, and make my new home happy, and I loved her so much, God knows! You see the little Hetty, the child that cared for me, was gone. I could not find her. Do you think I ever shall?"

He looked at her as he spoke, but her head was turned away; he saw only the golden lights hiding in her hair, and the clasping of her little toil-worn hands upon her breast. What there was in the girl's face at that moment she could not show even to him. The only One who did see it knew how the years of patient waiting at last had blessed her. When she turned her eyes up to Richard's he saw that the child Hetty had come back—he had not lost her. She crept up to him and laid her head upon his shoulder with a long, long sigh, like one at rest after a hard day's toil. "I tried very long not to love you. I am so tired," she said.

When they walked home in the twilight that night Hetty asked him if he remembered Joe Carey.

"Yes, he went into the rebel army after I left, and was killed, I believe, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but Richard—"

"Well?"

"That isn't all, he—he wanted to marry me."

Richard Deane gave a long, low whistle.

"I see now," he said, "and I guess Tom was right about the letters after all."

THE SISTERS.

I.

THEY were two sisters, one was fair,
With yellow lights in her wavy hair.
The other was dark, and in her eyes
Lurked the sultry fire of Southern skies.
They both had lands, these sisters two,
Broad in extent and fair to view.
With towns and cities on hill and plain,
And rivers which flowed to greet the main.
The fields of the one with wheat and corn
Swayed in the breath of the wind at morn.
Her sons at the plow and anvil stood,
Or wielded the axe in the shady wood.
She built great ships that over the seas
Sped on the wings of the ocean breeze.
Fleets of these in her ports found room:
Her factories hummed with the busy loom.
There men and women, early and late,
Labored to earn the bread they ate.

Her children flocked to her schools to learn
Knowledge profound and Wisdom stern.

In the autumn months she stood in the field
Laden with fruits of the harvest's yield.

In granaries built through long years of peace
She gathered the wealth of the earth's increase.
And the winds which blew from her snowy hills
Were not more free than her people's wills.

II.

The swelling slopes of the other shone white
With cotton blooms in the hot sun's light.

Under the shade of ancestral trees
Her sons and daughters lived at ease.

Her dusky bondman, stalwart and strong,
Toiled in the field the whole day long.

Hard and sinewy were his hands,
His muscles were like to iron bands.

A modern Samson in strength was he
Shorn of his glorious Liberty.

Sometimes a patient song of toil
Fell from his lips as he tilled the soil.

Sometimes at night his yearning eyes
Turned to a star in the Polar skies.

And a hungry longing for Freedom gave
Wings to the feet of the dusky slave.

But pitiless blood-hounds on his track
With their deep-mouthed bayings drove him back.

In the foul market-place he stood
The bondman sullen and stern of mood.

And like a chattel was bought and sold—
A human being for so much gold,

Down the river:—afar on its wave;
What are wife and child to the slave?

O God! that such things ever had been,
And gained the sanction of Christian men!

III.

Then rose on the air a sudden cry,
Like thunder rolling along the sky.

From the burning lips of the North it came,
Rebuking her sister's sin and shame.

Stronger the dread tornado blew,
Darker the gathering tempest grew.

In senate chamber and halls of state
Loud and long was the hot debate.

Then the Northern sister called to her side
A man for his prudence noted wide.

But she of the South with fierce replies
Flashed defiance out of her eyes.

Then shouts of "War!" on the winds went forth—
"War!" from the South: "War!" from the North.

The trumpets blew, and the loud drums beat;
The dumb earth quaked with the tread of feet.

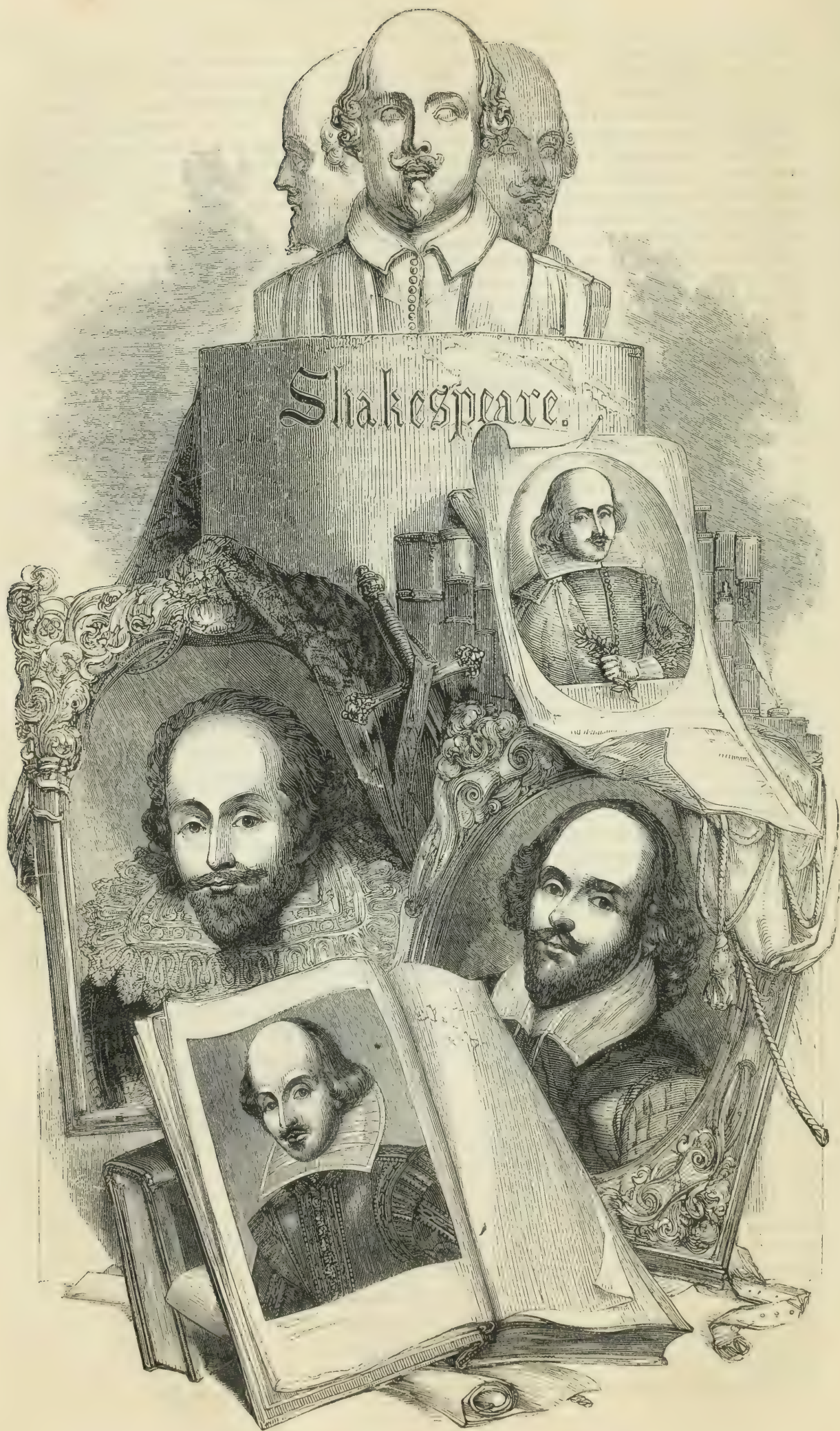
To-day the cannon thunder loud;
And yonder see the battle-cloud.

To-day earth's altar-steps are red
With precious blood of heroes shed.

Look on those swelling mounds that rise—
These are a nation's SACRIFICE.

May it atone in God's just sight,
And wash our garments snowy white,

And kindle in the East a ray,
The dawn of a broader, purer day!



Mr. William Shakspeare, At Home:

TERCENTENARY, APRIL 23, MDCCCLXIV.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tercentenary must hereafter be estimated by the world chiefly as a literary epoch. It has been the means of bringing out some scores of new works, new editions of old works, and, if not new facts, yet many lights for old facts, so that it is not too much to say that for the first time have we been brought within reach of any personal image of the poet. Photography has come into play to bring before us every paper connected with him; Palæography has ascertained which are real, which spurious; and Criticism has thoroughly sifted every contemporary line which has been supposed by any to have reference to him. As few of my readers will ever go through this mass of new works which "Mr. Wm. Shakspear of y^e Globe" has just written, through his thousands of amanuenses now living, and entered at Stationers' Hall this A.D. 1864, it will not be a superfluous work to give here briefly (alas, that it must always be *briefly*!) the sifted and actual knowledge that we have concerning this man—deferring probable but uncertain, and decidedly mythical, stories to later portions of this article, where they will be appropriate. It seems to me wisest to give the facts in chronological order.

Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," says: "Breakspear, Shakespear, and the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of arms." A certain Mr. Shakespear of Snitterfield, four miles from Stratford, was "rewarded with lands and tenements" "for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince Henry VII. of famous memory." It was *probably* one of his sons who in 1556 (Oct. 2) purchased the house in Henley Street now known as the birth-place of his son William Shakspeare. John Shakspeare was a glover and a farmer. In the same year (June 17) he was sued at court as a *glover*; and on November 19 he impleaded a neighbor for unjustly detaining 18 quarters of barley. It was probably in the following year that he married, for on the 15th of September 1558 there is a baptismal record of "Joan Shakspeare, daughter to John Shakspeare." His wife, Mary, was the youngest daughter by a first wife of Robert Arden, whose father had been groom of the chamber to Henry VII. In the year 1564 John Shakspeare was a member of the Common hall of Stratford, and did in that year as such affix *his mark* to a document of the hall. In the same year, was born his third child and first son WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.* In

the Stratford Register of Baptisms appears under date of April 26, "William, son of John Shakspere." As baptisms as early as convenient after birth were customary in those days his birthday has been fixed as the 23d, though it is quite possible that the fact of that being the day of the tutelary saint of England had something to do with the tradition. John Shakspeare enjoyed prosperity for some years. In 1568 he was promoted to the office of High Bailiff. In 1569 the Queen's players and the Earl of Worcester's players visited Stratford and performed in it; the former receiving nine shillings and the latter one for the entertainment out of the town's funds. 1571 John Shakspeare is alderman, and his son William goes to the free grammar-school then kept by Thomas Hunt, who is also curate of Luddington, a mile or two distant. 1573 and 1574 the "Earl of Leicester's players" and "my Lord Warwick's players" visit Stratford. 1575 Queen Elizabeth's grand historical visit to Kenilworth (thirteen miles from Stratford) attracted by the gorgeous pageantry of her welcome vast crowds from all mid-England. 1577 and the two following years furnish evidences of declining fortunes with John Shakspeare. He is irregular in attendance on borough meetings, mortgages land, and the sum of 3s. 4d. levied on him by the borough is "unpaid and unaccounted for." However in 1577 he is reported by Dethick, Garter King of Arms, to have had a pattern of his arms (a spear grasped by a falcon) engraved by Clarence Cooke, though he did not bear them until 1597. Just here come in surmises about William Shakspeare; that he was withdrawn from school; that he was apprenticed to a butcher; that he studied in a law office; and many other things, which have too often been given as history, but of which there is no shadow of evidence. The first definite notice that we have of him is in 1582, and is Shakspeare's marriage-bond. It was found by Sir Thomas Phillips in the Worcester registry in 1836. It bears date 28th November, 1582, and in it Fulk Sandalls and John Richardson, farmers, of Stratford, become bound in forty pounds (a sum at that time equal to over a hundred now in value) "that William Shagspere, one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey, of Stratford, in the dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solemnize marriage together," "with once asking

* We do not undertake to decide between the score of modes of spelling the poet's name. He himself undoubtedly wrote it Shakspere. In quoting from documents we follow the originals; elsewhere we simply adopt the more usual form, Shakspeare.—The portraits on the opposite page are those which have the best claim to genuineness. At the top is the Stratford bust, shown from three points of view. At the bottom is Droeshout's print from the folio

of 1623. The small portrait below the bust is from an edition of the Sonnets published in 1640; it is apparently copied, with some alterations, from the Droeshout print. The one on the right is from the Chandos portrait, which can be traced back to the possession of Davenant (born 1605, died 1668), who is said to have claimed to have been the natural son of Shakspeare. The portrait on the left is said to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen.—For illustrations of the principal scenes and relics at Stratford connected with Shakspeare, see *Harper's Magazine* for September, 1861.

of the bannes." The document also bears the seal of R. H. (Richard Hathaway.) The very careful investigations made into this document in the light of the law customs of the time leave no doubt whatever that the marriage was made under urgency, and that the forty pounds were to indemnify the minister in case of fine for marrying with only once asking bans. The seal of R. H. gives a suspicion of coercion to the marriage also. And when we read in the Stratford register that in "1583, May 26th, Susanna, daughter to William Shakspeare" was baptized—this being about six months after marriage—the conclusion is forced upon us that Shakspeare, in marrying this woman, who was seven years his senior, atoned for the error of a passionate moment.

Ann Hathaway lived at Shottery, a mile from Stratford, and was without any claim to blood so gentle as that of the Ardens with whom Shakspeare was connected on his mother's side. In 1585 the Register of Baptisms mentions: "February 2. Hamnet and Judith, sonne and daughter to William Shakspeare." Thus before he has reached his majority he has a family about him, and his father's fortunes are failing; which probably, much more than any prosecution for deer-stealing, sends him to London. From this time Ann Hathaway disappears from this history until 1608. It was certainly *about* this time (1585) that he went to London, and highly improbable that he took his wife and children with him. The personal footprints of Shakspeare in London are very faint, the Ellesmere papers, alleging a connection with Blackfriars Theatre, and other things again discovered by Collier, having been proved barefaced forgeries. The sifting of the supposed contemporary notices of him have rendered it certain that the passage in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses" containing the line,

"Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,"

referred probably to Sir Philip Sidney (whom Spenser calls "Willy" elsewhere—a name at that time for any pastoral poet), certainly not to Shakspeare, who was unknown when it was published (1590), certainly not dead or retired. Of actually contemporary notices but one remains probable *at this time*, and this is in Greene's "Groatsworth of wit bought with a Million of repentance," in which it is nearly certain that it is Shakspeare who is stigmatized as "an upstart crow, beautified in our feathers, that with his

tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country." This shows that in 1592 our poet was of sufficient consequence to excite the jealous ire of rivals. The charge of plagiarism probably refers to the fact that Greene's "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time" (1588) seems to have given the plot for the "Winter's Tale;" and Lodge's "Rosalind, Euphues's Golden Legacy" (1590) for "As you like it." The parody of the italicized passage in the quotation from Greene, on the line in the Third Part of Henry VI., Act i. Sc. iv., "Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide," is plain.

1596.—The burial entry of Stratford records: "1596, August 11th, Hamnet filius William Shakspeare." 1597.—"At the term of Easter, in the 39th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth," by "a plea of covenant" between "William Shakespere, *gentleman*," and "William Underhill, *gentleman*," the former became possessed of "one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, with appurtenances, in Stratford-upon-Avon," for which he gave "to the afore-said William sixty pounds sterling." The house on this property had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII., and was called "the great house," but Shakspeare (*æt.* 33) called it New Place. In 1598 we find Shakspeare living in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and in the list of actors in Ben Jonson's *Every man in his Humor* the poet's name stands first. At and from this time contemporary and generally complimentary notices of Shakspeare in verses and plays are frequent; and his own plays had a great popularity. There is no evidence, though much assertion, of his being a popular actor. Dr. Johnson's hypothesis of his holding horses at the door of the Globe Theatre is utterly baseless—the Globe being reached by boats. At just what time he went to Stratford to live it is impossible to say: his last appearance on the stage, of which there is any record, was in 1603, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. But before this we find him mixed up with business affairs at Stratford: *e.g.* 1598 "Pd. to Mr. Shaxpere for one lod of stone x d." 1604. —Hamlet was this year published by James Roberts. In the "Accounts of the Revels at Court" the following entries appear:—

By the Kings Ma ^{tie} . players	Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov., A play in the banketinge House att Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis. (1604.)
By his Ma ^{tie} . players	The Sunday following, A play of the Merry Wives of Windsor. (Nov. 4, 1604.)
By his Ma ^{tie} . players	On St. Stevens night in the hall a play, Mesur for Mesur. (Dec. 26, 1604.) Shaxberd.
By his Ma ^{tie} . players	On Innosents night the play of Errors. (Dec. 28th, 1604.) Shaxberd.

In the same year (1604) we find William Shakspeare bringing an action against Philip Rogers, in the Court of Stratford, for £1 15s. 10d., the price of malt delivered to him at different times. 1605.—On the 24th of July of this

year, "William Shakespere, of Stratford-uppon-Avon" bought from Ralph Hubande the unexpired portion of a 92 years lease dating from 1544, of the tithes of Stratford for the sum of £440—which was as much as thrice the same

sum now—from which, as from many other circumstances carefully noted by his biographers, his comfortable pecuniary condition is justly argued. In this year too Augustine Philips, a

fellow-actor at the Globe, bequeaths him in his will “a thirty-shilling peece in gold.” In the “Accounts of the Revels at Court” for the same year we have:—

By his Mat ^{ies} . plaiers	Betwin Newers day and Twelfe day a play of Loves labours Lost (1605)
By his Mat ^{ies} . plaiers	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the Fift (1605) Shaxberd.
By his Mat ^{ies} . plaiers	On Shrove Sunday, a play of the Marchant of Venis (Mar. 24th, 1605) Shaxberd.
By his Mat ^{ies} . plaiers	On Shrovetuesday, A play cauled The Marchant of Venis, againe commanded by the King's Ma ^{tie} . (Mar. 26th. 1605)

1606.—In a survey of Rowington Manor, William Shakspeare is noted as holding the house near New Place. 1607.—Susanna, æt. 24, Shakspeare's eldest daughter, was married to Dr. John Hall, of Stratford. On the last day of the same year the poet's youngest brother, Edmund, was buried at Southwark, entered on the register as “a player.” 1608, Sept. 9, the Stratford Register notes the burial of the poet's mother, “Mayry Shaxpere, Wydowe.” Oct. 16th the poet stands sponsor for his “godson William Walker” (to whom in his will he leaves “20s. in gold”). In the same year Hallam says “The Yorkshire Tragedy,” put on the stage in 1604, was published with Shakspeare's name; doubtless a trick, but showing that his name was a taking one with the public. It is in this year also that we meet once more the name of Shakspeare's wife. Thomas Whittington, shepherd to Richard Hathaway, dying, leaves in his will “unto the poor of Stratford 40s. that is in the hand of Anne Shaxpere, wyfe unto Mr. Wyllyam

Shaxpere, and is due debt unto me, being paid to mine executor by the said Wyllyam Shaxpere or his assignees.” Old legal forms of bequests similar to this indicate that such dispositions were made of small sums where payment was never expected, or had been often refused. 1609.—“Shakesperes Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London, by G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church-gate, 1609,” is the title of a small quarto which contains 154 Sonnets, and “A Lover's Complaint.” In the Stationer's entry T. T. is explained as Tho. Thorpe. March 15, Shakspeare issues against John Addenbrooke, Stratford, for £6 of debt and 24s. damages and costs; and, he not being found, prosecutes his surety Thomas Horneby on the 7th June following. 1611.—In a list of donations “colected towards the charge of prosecutyng the bill in parliament for the better repair of high waies &c.” Shakspeare's name is found. In the “Account of Revels at Court” are the following entries:—

By the King's players	Hallomas Nyght was presented att Whitehall before the Kinges Ma ^{tie} . a play called The Tempest (Nov 1, 1611)
The King's players	The 5th of November: A play called The Winter Nightes Tayle (1611)

1612.—The Stratford Burial Register contains: “February 4. Rich: Shakspere.”

1613.—A letter from Thomas Lorkin, dated “London, this last day of June 1613,” says: “No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Hen(ry) VIII., and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catched and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house and all in lesse than two hours, the people having enough to doe to save themselves.” There is no evidence that any loss came to Shakspeare by this, or that any of his MSS. were lost.

1614.—John Combe, bailiff for the Earl of Warwick, died, and in his will bequeathed “to Mr. William Shackspere, five pounds.” In the Stratford Chamberlain's accounts we have for this year: “Item: for one quart of sack, and on quart of clarett winne geven to a preacher at the Newe Place, xx^d.” 1616, Feb. 10, Judith, the poet's youngest daughter, æt. 31, was married to Thomas Quincy, vintner, Stratford. And further on in this year we have on the Stratford Register this momentous entry:

1616. April 25. WILL. SHAKSPERE, Gent.

Of the circumstances of his death we know nothing. A tradition extant forty-five years after his death asserts, “Shakespear, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merrie meeting, and itt seems drunk too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour then contracted.” But this is mere tradition.

On the 3d of February, 1617, we know that Dr. John Hall, Shakspeare's son-in-law, was inhabiting New Place. But what of his wife? We have that singular interpolated clause of his will: “Item: *I give unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture*,” which Mr. Howard Staunton gives us too good reason to believe was in that day a method of showing contempt. But there is an intimation in the register of burial that she may have married again after Shakspeare's death: “Mrs. James” being coupled by a brace with “wife of William Shakespear,” by association with whom she at least had the grace or pride to wish to be remembered. Mr. James was a shoemaker of Stratford. Shakspeare's wife survived him seven years, and was buried by his side. The mystery of their relation will probably never be satisfactorily cleared away; but the evidence looks very much as if the poet had been unhappy in his domestic life.

The first edition of Shakspeare's works ap-

peared in 1623, with a portrait by Martin Droeshout, representing him probably in the dress of one of his characters, Adam, and accompanying lines by Ben Jonson indicating its correctness as a likeness.

Now, reader, there is Shakspeare's life, if you choose to consider it that, and not, as some think, the mask of a life. Nay, do we not all feel, at every insignificant point of it, the presence of shadows? Has not each of us asked of him, as he of another,

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

It is, brother-in-curiosity, up into the very region of these shadows, and to a week's play of hide-and-seek with them, that the great Tercentenary calls us. And I will suppose you all the more eager to go because it does not imply the removal of guineas from your pocket, which, I have reason to assure you, is the final test of Hero-worship.

Emerson declares us very clumsy writers of history, in that, concerning a man, we simply "tell the chronicle, parentage, birth, birth-place, schooling, school-mates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death." Well, in the lack of more details, let it be recorded in future, as a chapter in Will Shakspeare's biography, that three hundred years after his death he was still powerful enough to stir as terrible a tempest as Ariel's in the theatrical and literary worlds of England; that he still magically evoked long ears on the heads of roaring Bottoms; that he was still potent to discover innumerable Shallows in England; and that Louis Napoleon's knees trembled at his ghost, and forbade it to appear in Paris. Vainly should I attempt to describe the epidemic fever which seized us here previous to this Festival. The Phelpsites glared on the Fechterites, and the programmes of Drury Lane were covered with such words about a *foreigner's* daring to play Hamlet over the grave of Shakspeare, that poor Mr. Fechter must have been beaten (morally) black and blue; for even at last he failed to appear. Then came the strife as to who should say or do the finest thing about Shakspeare that ever was said or done. One lady I heard of determined that nothing edible not mentioned by Shakspeare should come upon her table. Her husband, who had been fond of his omelet for breakfast, was much alarmed at this; but his wife relieved his heart by Anglicizing the viand into 'Amlet, and giving the A a broad Teutonic sound. A Stratford committeeman meets a London committeeman, and they shake hands in preparation for a Shakspearian duel.

STRATFORD. "Have you seen the morning's paper?"

LONDON. "*Pah!* paper! What's the use of a paper now? Shakspeare has written every thing down beforehand."

STRATFORD. "Stuff! Did Shakspeare write about that treadmill there?"

LONDON. "Certainly. 'Down, down! thou climbing sorrow!'"

STRATFORD (*taking off his hat and wiping his forehead*). "I really believe you're right. How plainly, too, he alluded to Garibaldi when he spoke of taking 'up arms against a *See* of troubles?'"

Of course we all laughed at these fever-stricken simpletons. I for one ventured, when the talk about Shakspeare became overpowering, to defend myself by telling the story of the manager in Memphis, Tennessee, who declared to Mr. Macready that "thet ere Shakespur was clean played out in Memphis." But, alas, it is only as people launched for a sea-voyage laugh at the first victims—with a laugh that frequently terminates gravely and grimly. Before I knew it, I found myself looking up old Shakspearian MSS. at the British Museum; then—a fatal sign—trying to read his will in its old lettering; until at length the fever was full on me and I on Stratford.

Whirled along now, past the towers of Windsor, past the minsters of Oxford, we pause not until we reach the porch of our temple—which happens to be a little station, manifestly built irrespective of Tercentenaries—and are intrusted, four hundred strong, with luggage, to Stratford's extra accommodating force of nine cabs, to be taken to our various quarters. Nevertheless, thou and I, reader, find ourselves, in some inexplicable way, snugly quartered in the Old White Lion Hotel, next door to the Birth-house of Shakspeare. We would indeed visit that house this very evening—the eve of the Festival—but it is forbidden: no lamp, nor fire of any kind, is ever allowed within those sacred walls, hot water in pipes being introduced from a neighboring house to keep the walls from suffering by dampness. So we lounge about the hotel, and find what characters we have about us.

Passing now into the smoking-room, we find a group with punch, pipes, and tobacco, who are listening to some profound physiognomical remarks from a young man on the bust of Shakspeare in the church. As we seat ourselves, one of the group leans over and whispers to us: "Look carefully at that face and head," says he, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and motioning with it toward the physiognomical speaker. We look. Again he whispers, "That, Sir, is a *real* descendant of William Shakspeare! You have only to look *carefully* to see the resemblance to the bust." Of course we look eagerly with our new light. Baldish at the top of the forehead the gentleman decidedly is; yes, and he has mustaches, undoubtedly, which are Shakspearian characteristics. But as his discourses proceed I, for one, have an impression that King John is preferable for style; and, in fact, find no difficulty in responding to the announcement of a steak in the dining-room, which room mine host of the White Lion has notably named *The Tempest*.

Bright and early next morning we enter the Shakspeare House, already filled with groups. An old lady, a young lady, and a policeman, for guides and guards, attend us. First of all, "you

wish to see the room in which He was born." Of course. And yet one can not help remembering that this first room, now so guarded, was a few years ago a butcher's shop; and one half of the house was a public house, known as *The Swan and Maidenhead*. The idea of making this house into a shrine is one of very recent date. Up the old stair-way we grope, and presently stand in the room where the immortal Shakspeare was born.

The walls of the room are covered over with millions, one may say, of autographs. And among them all one may count on one's fingers those which recall any real name, these being pointed out by the old lady.

We now enter the Museum, and are shown, first, an old desk from the Grammar School, at which it is alleged the boy Shakspeare sat learning his "small Latin and less Greek," as Ben Jonson's line persists in putting it. Then we have, neatly carved in greenstone, the figure of the young man under the crab-tree, preserving the story which is always told with that of the deer-stealing, although not half so authentic. This legend relates that in the village of Bidford, seven miles below Stratford, two clubs used to meet, known as the *Topers* and the *Sippers*. The *Topers* enjoyed the highest reputation as masters of the art of drinking—that is, of drinking a great deal without getting drunk—and on one occasion challenged all England to drink with them on a Whit-Monday. Stratford accepted the challenge, and among those who went to the contest was Shakspeare. On arriving at Bidford, they found that the *Topers* had gone on a frolic to Evesham. The *Sippers*, however, took up the challenge, and conquered. Thoroughly muddled, the Stratfordians started homeward; but Shakspeare could not go farther than a certain crab-tree, where he lay in profound slumber until morning. He was awakened by a detachment of his comrades who wished to renew the contest; but Shakspeare, quite penitent, declined, alleging that he had already drank with

"Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton;
With dodging Exhall, papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford;"

referring to the villages around to which his opponents belonged. Apocryphal as this story is, it certainly was extant in 1790, and has been the means of labeling the surrounding villages. The old crab-tree perished by natural decay in 1824, and an old gate-post is now all that marks the spot. The room is shown at Bidford where the battle took place, and the old sign of the Falcon Inn associated with it is preserved in this Museum, with pieces of the crab-tree.

New Place, where the poet resided in his last years, was sold by the trustees of Lady Barnard, a descendant of Shakspeare, to Sir Edward Walker, and finally came to Sir John Clopton, who married Sir Edward's daughter. Sir John built a fine house in place of the venerable structure. Sir Hugh Clopton, Sir John's successor, afterward owned the place, and entertained the

actors Garrick, Macklin, and Delane under the old mulberry-tree in the garden, which, according to tradition, Shakspeare himself had planted. In 1751 Rev. Francis Gastrell came into possession, and in a fit of anger at the number of people who came to see the mulberry-tree, cut it down. He also pulled down the house, to avoid paying poor-rates for a house he did not occupy; and soon afterward was forced by the wrath of Stratford to leave the place. His miniature is kept here for execration. The mulberry-tree was cut up into many relics and trinkets; some of which are preserved in this Museum, as also is a small vial with some of the mulberries. At New Place one now sees only a cellar, with an old well nearly filled up in the centre. Thorough excavations have of course been made there with the following results: 24 clay pipes, 3 old-fashioned thimbles, 1 knife, 1 fork, 1 button, 1 old candlestick. When my reader reflects what mouth may have been fed by that knife and fork, what lips may have held those pipes, what immortal pantaloons may have been fastened by that button, and that the candlestick (found, like truth, at the bottom of the well) might have held a light for the writing of *Othello*, he will pardon the enthusiasm with which I looked upon these relics. Another curiosity is a pair of stirrups—steel, with brass tops—which were found in the garden of the Shakspeare House itself, I believe, and are called "Shakspeare's stirrups;" but a matter of real interest is an old ring, found near Stratford church-yard by a workman. It is a gold signet-ring, inscribed with the initials W. S., with a true-lover's knot between the letters.

We now turn from the Museum; but ere we leave the Shakspeare House pass into the well-kept garden devoted to the nurture of such flowers and other plants as have been named in the works of the Poet. As we return we observe a London swell—an exasperated case of the same—who has entered with two magnificent young ladies. The first thing Milord does is to take out his superb gold pencil and move toward the wall, whereupon the old lady lays her hand upon his arm: "We don't allow visitors to write on the walls." "Oh!—ah!—why there are a great many written already." "Yes, but now we have a book for visitors' names." "But why don't you allow any more on the walls?" "Why, of course now and then we might get the name of some distinguished man, and that we would like; but, Sir, the most of people who want to write on the walls are people of no 'count at all, Sir—no 'count at all!" Whereupon Milord turns red, girls smile faintly, and the old lady passes to the next antiquity.

But we must now pause in our sight-seeing, for the time of the Grand Banquet, with which the Festival opens, is at hand. Thither we go, then, and are at once dazzled by the splendor of the scene. Long lines of tables, beautifully ornamented with flowers and figures. Saccharine Romeos, pasty Hamlets, iced Portias, on cake pedestals, make eye and palate juicy simultane-

ously. And the Bill of Fare seems to indicate that, after all, the secret of Shakspeare's genius lay in a transcendent gastronomy. We feasted on "a very, very peacock;" our bills, like Falstaff's, contained, "Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.;" we picked the "dainty duck" without any such terrible indigestion as the fat knight experienced at Herne's Oak; we conquered "the full-acorned boar." Then came the "queen of curds and cream." Meanwhile the butlers cried with obligation of pops, "He calls for wine; 'a health,' quoth he." Alcott used to tell us that we should breakfast on bowls of sunshine; but even he did not anticipate epic roasts and lyric flagons.

Looking at the long line of distinguished visitors present—i. e., those who were to make the speeches—I was sorry to see only one or two literary men, and those scarcely of the first class. Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) was the most notable of these. There was also Archbishop Trench. But chiefly there were Lords and Sirs. The Earl of Carlisle—a lively, gray-haired old man, with ribbons and stars on his breast—presided, and made a fair speech. Mayor Flower, of Stratford, made the heartiest address. An address from the institution founded in the "fatherhouse of Göthe," at Frankfort, richly engrossed with pictures of the birth-places of Göthe and Shakspeare, was presented; and felicitations from Russia were received. There were plenty of those sharp cries of agony which Englishmen call "cheers." The health of the American poets was proposed by a gentleman who evidently did not know the name of any author in America, but was gracious enough to declare that "they [the American poets] drew their inspiration from the same source with ourselves." And the company dispersed, pending a metaphysical argument by a German Professor, showing that Göthe, Shakspeare, and Homer had a kind of hypostatic unity. On the whole, I left the banquet more than ever impressed with the conviction that the fault of every English public dinner is its hopeless conventionality. Not more regularly does the clock-hand move round than it brings the toasts to the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the toast of the evening, the chairman, etc., etc., each bawled out by the liveried and white-cravatted beadle behind the chairman. There is no spontaneity—no fun. The speeches are simply cut-and-dried eulogies with appended quotations. The Queen is, of course, "born to command," and Alexandra "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and Shakspeare "a man, take him for all in all," etc.

The second day of the Festival is Sunday, and those of us who do not go a-boating on the Avon, to be logically and theologically upset, or to walk along the banks and watch the beautiful swans, will hear the new Archbishop of Dublin (Trench) in the morning, and the Bishop of St. Andrews (Wordsworth, a relative of the poet) in the afternoon. I take my position in the crowded church, hear the service intoned, and the anthems sweetly sung by the little boys in

white gowns; meditate on the humility of the noble family who sit in raised pews curtained off from the rest of the congregation, with coats of arms on the walls around them; observe the beadle, with his red coat, distinguished air, and long staff, who frequents the aisle, until at last the Archbishop enters upon a discourse in which Shakspeare—the gastronomic S., as I thought last night—appears before me as a saint. "O rare Ben Jonson!" why did you not tell us this? But in the afternoon I learn that he is not only a saint, but an especially *English* saint. He is the intensely *national* prophet and poet. So these Italians who admire his representations of Venice and Verona, and those scholars who find all ancient Rome in him, must be careful to remember that, after all, he is the beef-and-ale saint. Nevertheless I could not help reflecting that the greatest Hamlet of the stage is Fechter, the finest Juliet Stella Colas; on those telegrams from Russia, that address from Frankfort; and the celebrations that were then going on in America in homage to that genius which is a flower with hues from the sky bending over all nations, whose fragrance is the joy of the whole earth.

A better sermon it was when, after the Bishop was done, a group of men and women from all parts of the world gathered about the grave in the chancel to gaze on the features of the man who owned a shrine in each of them. The bust, which, with its carefully carved and colored clothing, undoubtedly presented Shakspeare as he appeared to his contemporaries, was, it will be remembered, painted white by poor silly Malone, just as his real mind and character had been by the Bishop's during the day. But it has now been pretty well restored to its original condition. It is very plain, however, that when Shakspeare died no fine tomb or bust was thought of. Yet it could not have been long after the publication of his works, seven years after his death, that all who had known the poet had reason to be proud of it. I remember well to have often seen an old grave-stone in the colonial parish church-yard at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on which it was written that beneath was the dust of one who had been "a pall-bearer at the funeral of William Shakspeare," that being the one thing memorable in a life which ended in the early part of the 17th century. As I read and re-read the well-known lines,

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear," etc.,

I could scarcely wonder that poor Miss Delia Bacon believed that they contained a deeper sense, and I pictured her there at midnight, with lantern and pick, about to dig for the secret of the Baconian authorship of the plays—there with the shadow of lunacy closing upon her.

Monday morning shines bright and clear upon us. Let us use its first hours in strolling through the "Shakspeare Gallery;" for perhaps the most interesting feature of the Stratford celebration is, that it has brought together between four and five hundred of the finest pictures in England. The Queen, fortunately, had

set the example by sending her magnificent painting, by Sir T. Lawrence, of John Philip Kemble as Hamlet; and, of course, the nobility followed, the result being a collection never again to be seen, and one worthy a journey over the Atlantic to see. Walking through these rooms we are thrilled with a sense of the fullness of that genius which, after filling all the moulds of its own art, had yet enough to enrich other arts with such pictures as these and such music as the *Somernachtstraum* music of Mendelssohn and "Coriolanus" of Beethoven.

Our first attraction is to the portraits of Shakspeare, of which there are thirty here, all claiming a degree of authenticity. We have here the courtly Shakspeare, whom aristocracy loves to think of as reading his plays to Queen Elizabeth; the scholarly Shakspeare, as thinkers love to enshrine him, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," pen in hand, library around; and we have the theatrical Shakspeare as the followers of his art love to picture him. After closely examining these old paintings I am convinced that they have all branched off, under training of the above-named several conceptions, from the portrait in the Folio of 1623 (the Droeshout portrait), and the bust in the church. Three of these portraits are remarkable as giving the bard a long Puritanic face, strongly resembling Calvin's, and I can not help thinking that they date from the time when the Puritans began to claim this play-actor. What a tribute it is to the catholicity of the Bard that the Puritan, the Churchman, and the Catholic all claim him as of their faith! It is simply true that he painted them all without the bias of the parties of his age, and that they were included in his all-enfolding genius as they were in Nature, and for the same reason. Among other images I was somewhat interested in the alleged mask of Shakspeare, which has been of recent years intrusted to Professor Owen. It is said to have been purchased by a German nobleman (Kesselstadt) an ambassador in London, and a devotee of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. Max Müller certifies to the genuineness of its

history as to date, and its being brought from London at that time. Owen and other men of ability believe it to be as the German family tradition asserts, the real mask of the dead Shakspeare. So does Fanny Kemble. Mr. Carlyle disbelieves it. If, as there is much reason to believe, the bust in the church was from a mask of Shakspeare, then the other is not; nevertheless it is a subject of interest and discussion. My belief is that, after all, we have no satisfactory likeness of Shakspeare other than that which is found in the first Folio, by the side of which Ben Jonson, who knew the poet best, wrote these lines:

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Brasse as he hath lit
His Face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in Brasse;
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke. . . . B. I.

Turning now to other pictures, we are first of all moved to admire the superb painting sent by the Queen. Such a man as Kemble might have been created simply to interpret for mankind the noble forms conceived by Shakspeare. As he stands there with Yorick's skull in his hand he *is* Hamlet. But even more is the satisfaction with which we turn to look at Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Thomas Lawrence declared this to be the finest female portrait in the world. Sir Robert Harvey, an eminent patron of art in the last century possessed a valuable picture which Sir Joshua coveted. But there was a picture which Sir Joshua had painted on the hem of Mrs. Siddons's garment that Sir Robert coveted. Upon agreement Sir Joshua painted from it the present picture, a duplicate, and received in return for it that other which Harvey owned. It is in most perfect condition, and a picture that I could spend days gazing at. But we must hasten along these fascinating rooms where one may get to know so well the faces of Garrick and his wife, of the beautiful Mrs. Twiss, of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, of Foote, Kean, Macklin, Lady Hamilton, and a host of others, in many rich Shakspearian scenes, and each in their favorite character. How many do I know who would take delight in this painting by Briggs of Fanny Kemble dressing for her first appearance on the stage (in the character of Juliet), with Mr. and Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Davenport about her? It is cruel to those who have not seen these pictures to dwell on them, so let me close with a mention of one sweet conception by Green, *The Dream of Shakspeare*. Partly it relates to the deer-stealing anecdote. Under a broad forest tree lies a noble youth asleep. By his side is the newly-slain deer. A hound pokes his nose close up to the



THE KESSELSTADT MASK.

youth's face, and danger follows close in the lowering face, peering between the bushes, of the game-keeper. This scene fills one-fourth of the picture, in the fore-ground. The young Shakspeare's face is meanwhile turned away from the deer and the keeper: and before him, in the bright or shadowy forms of a dream, there stretch those wondrous scenes and ideals which are in the future to be evolved from that brain. There see we the weird spirits of Macbeth, and the radiant pageant of the Tempest; passionate Juliet is awaking to the death of love; Hamlet stands like Fate beside blighted Ophelia. Ah—it is exquisite: any description would be poor to represent this painting which, not perhaps in the first class as to execution (though rich in coloring), is transfigured by its subject into pure beauty.

But now the time has come when we are to hear Handel's Messiah, that Oratorio with which England always opens festivals which it means shall be grand. To me the novelty of the performance was that I heard Sims Reeves in it. This dark little man, with his jet-black hair and mustache, is not very prepossessing; he has a heavy, used-up look, and makes a stiff bow. Doubtless he has sung in the "Messiah" more than any person living—unless it be Jenny Lind. But hark! what voice is that falling out of the sky? O may all I love hear ere they die Sims Reeves break forth with the strain "Comfort ye my people!" This dark little man is now bright and grand; and ere he has uttered that last cry allotted him in the Oratorio, "Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel," there is no chord within us that he has not surprised with emotions before unknown. In the evening we hear him again in a concert which is, in the musical direction, what the Shakspearian Gallery is in the pictorial; for here we have the music Shakspeare has inspired—the "singing leaves," as it were, which he has put forth in climbing to the clusters of his own proper fruit. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Haydn, Schubert, Verdi, Macfarren, Shield, Arne, Horne, Stevenson, Stevens, Hatton, Bishop, Allridge, and Mellon have joined to come and lay this beautiful tone-wreath on his grave.

Tuesday has come—the day fixed for the excursion to Charlecote Hall. My companion for the excursion is Howard Staunton, Esq., editor of the Shakspeare Folio, a keen critic, very skeptical about Shakspearian anecdotes, but inclined to believe this one about the deer-stealing. In fact there are some very good reasons for crediting it. In the first place it seems certain that the poet meant a personal satire in the character of Justice Shallow, and the allusion in the opening scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to the luce or pike-fish, for 700 years the device of the Lucy family, gives point to it.

But this story of the deer-stealing and the trial, which is too well known to call for repetition here, receives an indirect and droll confirmation in the fact that the affair is noted in the private family records of the Lucys, where I myself saw

it told of Sir Thomas in MS.—"the same that prosecuted Shakspear for taking a buck from his park." Now this might be otherwise accounted for, if it was accompanied with any family pride in the association; but, incredible as it may seem, the Lucys have always had a ludicrously crabbed feeling toward Shakspeare! That blood will tell across three centuries may be judged by the fact that when it was suggested to the late Sir George Lucy that he should send a haunch of venison to the annual Shakspeare dinner of Stratford, he replied—"What! send venison to a dinner for a man that stole deer out of Charlecote Park? *Never!*" This was told me by one who knew it to be true. It is also in keeping with it that Charlecote Hall has never been open to Shakspearian visitors. The present representative of the family, Sir Spencer Lucy, a young unmarried man of 32, threw it open on this occasion; but rather, it would seem, because it would have been scandalous not to do so than for any better reason. It was a fine opportunity for a very wealthy country gentleman to have shown liberality, and it would have been creditable to his *bonhomie* to have provided a venison lunch; but instead of that none of the family were seen, and the house was filled with policemen who suggested so strongly those who pounced upon Shakspeare that a story went the rounds in the evening that a young gentleman, on being addressed by a policeman with a request that he would not touch a certain work of art, started back exclaiming, "*I didn't steal it, Sir!*" In vain might one look about Charlecote Hall for a Shakspearian picture, or even for the great Poacher's works: except the one MS. line mentioned there was no sign about him; and it is clear that a traditional unfriendliness to him has survived to this day in Charlecote Hall.

Four miles, under a blue sky, on the bank of the soft-flowing Avon—by a path fringed with "daisies pied and violets blue"—above us the lark singing "at heaven's gate"—on every tree "Philomel with melody;" thus did my friend and I walk to Charlecote Hall. As we turned then into the park we saw the deer—the descendants of those which the immortal poacher invaded—and a little further the policemen, the descendants, it may be, of those who pounced upon him in turn. Then came into view the beautiful old mansion, built in the form of the letter E, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, and approached through a noble Elizabethan gate.

Already merry groups were filling the Hall where the poet's trial occurred, and others were thronging the rooms where many fine paintings by old Italian and German masters are to be seen. I was exceedingly interested in a portrait from life of Charles I., and also in some ebony-and-ivory inlaid furniture (cabinets, chairs, and lounge), which Queen Elizabeth had presented to the Earl of Leicester, and which had come to the Lucys by purchase, from Kenilworth. Repairing then to the Church, a gem in its way, we saw the old marble tomb, representing Sir

Thomas and his wife in a very fine but less enduring form than that in which his memory has been perpetuated in the old "justice of the peace and coram." What a relative thing transgression is! How many a poor fellow now in jail for poaching in Warwickshire might feel strangely affected at seeing these groups, not only of unofficial folk, but props of the law—of squires, of lords and ladies—examining the old fence which one of their number once broke through with admiration. All you have to do, poor fellows, is to smartly impale the man with your wit after stealing his deer: this makes all the difference between immortality and the next county assizes! The old fence around the park is, by-the-way, very curious, and is built now precisely as it was in the 12th century, when this family was first established here. It is built of rude unhewn slabs of timber, with single length-pieces fastened by wooden pins; and I noted an old kind of stile, unknown elsewhere, called "The Tumble-down," made of several mallets fitting into and falling upon one another, which lift up when one passes over.

But we must now return, for we must be ready to witness the first theatrical performance in the Pavilion. It is *Twelfth Night*—the comedy of cross-gartered Malvolio, and valiant Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the romance of faithful Viola. In walked a troop of Lords and Baronets, with the Earl of Carlisle at their head. They are all the pink of dignity as they march into the front seat. But wait a moment; the Poacher will invade their dignity! See there—already Lord Leigh is doubled up as by a cramp! Why is Sir Robert Hamilton smothering himself with that handkerchief? Hark! a snort and explosion—there is the Earl of Carlisle, his face red, eyes streaming, body doubled forward, hands holding his sides. Ah! my lords, just take off your stars and ribbons, and go down into the pit of Drury Lane, and the boys will ask you to "squeeze up," and the old woman offer you tuppence pop, just as if you were only a jolly play-going Englishman! But I will confess that it is enough to make the haggard face of Tragedy there smile, much less your dignities, to see Buckstone as Sir Andrew.

Wednesday morning finds me strolling through the green fields in the direction of Ann Hathaway's Cottage. The children are busy gathering daisies and cuckoo-pint (or butter-cup, since the failure of ornithology to prove that the cuckoo takes therefrom his daily dram); and it really seemed to me quite romantic to see the little Hathaways so engaged, until a little further on their comrades beset me with similar ones, not at all disinclined to exchange these bright-hued symbols of innocence for black pennies. The old cottage, far gone in decay, really shows nothing of interest except a woman who is descended from the Hathaway family. Signs enough of extreme age there are; and an old bench with high back, called "Shakspeare's Courting Seat." It was for a long time under the most beautiful shade in the garden, and it is very possible that the youth sat there with Ann;

unless, indeed, he was fastidious about seats. Fancy a seat less than a foot wide, and a back almost straight up three feet!

Returning from poor Ann's home with these reflections I was quite in a mood for witnessing the leading play of the evening, *Romeo and Juliet*, with Stella Colas, who has made the character of Juliet her specialty. I had supposed that never again could I endure to see this play; and my only association with it was that of a sighing sentimental pair making love to each other in an impossible way in the presence of an improbable balcony. But when Stella Colas comes out into the moonbeams on that balcony she is like a star, and any thing but adoration from Romeo would be a hissable impertinence. "What awtewible haccnt," whispered Sir Snob. Snob!—"that accent is one of the realities of this performance: Juliet is ridiculous as an Englishwoman, and that balcony undiscoverable from London to John O'Groat's House; but spend a moonlit night in Verona, and if you were not a traveling island with a channel between you and the rest of mankind, you would know that Juliet's true language is not English, and you would be only too glad to have the illusion heightened by a delicate accent while you get the play in the only tongue you comprehend. Therefore whatever you, Sir Snob may say, or whatever Dr. Wordsworth may say about the intense nationality of Shakspeare, these flushing cheeks and falling tears around you are the criticism of the common heart, and they declare that this Frenchwoman is the *only* Juliet now on the stage!" After we have had our laugh at the Comedy of Errors, we go home to dream of Stella Juliet up in the sky, with her Romeo cut up into stars for the observation of herself and other tender astronomers.

Early next morning I visited the Red Horse Hotel, where Washington Irving so long resided, and was shown the poker with which he is associated. When he left this hotel the poker in his room was missed; and it was about a month afterward returned with the words "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre" engraved neatly upon it. The matron who showed it to me assured me that the majority of Americans who came to see it kissed it. The name of Irving is hallowed at Stratford, where he gained many friends. Among these was one of whom something more should be said in any account of this festival.

When they remembered that the Tercentenary of Shakspeare's birthday was approaching, and that a Festival at Stratford was necessary, the Stratfordians repaired to a certain gentleman, who had several times been their Mayor, and desired him to accept that office again, and help them, in that capacity, to conduct the matter to a successful issue. This gentleman, on whose shoulders the burden of the celebration and the honor of its success have been imposed, is one in whom there is every reason that Americans should feel a peculiar interest. Mr. E. F. Flower, Mayor of Stratford, was born in 1805. He is the youngest son of a distinguished agriculturist and

politician, Richard Flower, who, in 1817, taking gloomy views of the prospects of England, sold his fine estate in Hertfordshire, Marden Hall, and emigrated with his family and many friends and laborers to the then far West of America, where he purchased a large track of land from the Government, laid out the town of Albion, and established the settlement in the southeast of Illinois known as the English settlement. There he and his companions did good service in bringing Illinois into the Union as a free State. His son shared all the perils and hardships which attended a journey to, and residence in, the far West at this time. He also, with his father, took an early interest in the slaves, and through their help many a poor fugitive gained his liberty. In his twentieth year Mr. Flower, the present Mayor, having recovered from a severe illness, returned to his native land and determined to remain. His education having been chiefly such as the hard battle of life gives, he addressed himself for the first few years to study, and during this time spent six months with Robert Owen and his friends at Lanark. One of his first pilgrimages was to the birth-place of Shakspeare, where his name stands on the book as "a citizen of the world." In Warwickshire he first met and, in 1827, married Celina, daughter

of John Greaves, Esq., of Barford. He at first went into the timber trade and lost. In 1832 he set up a small brewery at Stratford and succeeded. Since then his life has gained compensation for all early hardships. He has seen an interesting family grow up around him, honored by all. He has been four times Mayor of Stratford. Mr. Flower has always retained his interest in America; and, since the breaking out of the war, has labored earnestly to give English opinion a right direction. Few Americans have visited Stratford without enjoying his hospitality. He is indeed a true nobleman. During the week of the Festival he kept open house, and the finest companies were daily entertained at his table. Many authors, actors, and others will remember the spirited companies and lively conversations which occurred at "The Hill," where every "reading" or tradition was discussed from day to day.

Another Shakspearian concert; a dramatic reading by an American lady, Mrs. Macready; a fine performance of "As you like it" by the Haymarket Company; and, on the last evening of the Festival, a grand Costume Ball of Shakspearian characters;—and this literary jaunt, this week's Shakspearian siesta, is over.

THE UNKIND WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN, on a fearfully wet and foggy night—the sort of night which, dreary any where, is unutterably dreary in Glasgow—the five forlorn travelers reached Jessie's home in Blythwood Square, they found that Mr. Raeburn had been five days absent from it—and, strange to say, that Maurice Wyvill had never made his appearance there at all!

After that first hour of unspeakable dread, ensued days and weeks of slow suspense and dull misery; lessened and relieved by accidental gleams of hope, for human nature can only endure a certain amount of pain, either temporarily throwing it off, or sinking under it entirely. For a while the excitement kept them up somehow; the perpetual uncertainty, the inquiries started in all directions, with no lack of ingenuity—or money either, for Uncle Raeburn came out then, generously and freely to a limitless extent, as close-fisted Scotchmen, when once touched, continually do. And there was the sympathy of friends, nay, even of common acquaintances, roused into friendship by the pitifulness of the story, which circulated far and wide, as such a mysterious and melancholy history was sure to do, rousing up to light a number of other stories, which people always hear of when something similar happens to themselves. Common the fact is not—thank Heaven!

in our civilized community, where "murder will out" however closely hid, and where any strange accident evokes universal publicity—yet many cases have happened, of individuals suddenly vanishing from the midst of friends and neighbors, with no likely reason for their disappearance, no clue to their possible fate; slipping out of the whirl of ordinary life as completely as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed them up—to be never heard of more.

Any who have undergone, or even come nigh unto, such an agony, will acknowledge that to weep over the saddest death-bed, to sit beside the most untimely grave—to be smitten as by a thunder-bolt with the tidings, mercifully made certain and sure, of some beloved one passing from the measurable distance of a foreign land into the immeasurable, yet, perchance, scarcely further distance of the land unseen—is actual happiness, compared to the calamity which befell the Wyvills and Raeburns—including Mr. Wyvill and Mr. Raeburn, no longer at variance now.

The blow fell heavy upon each and all, but heaviest upon those who were expected to feel it least—Jessie and Richard. The former took it quietly at first—indeed throughout; Jessie was always quiet. But the color faded, slowly and entirely, out of her pretty soft cheek; her small figure grew thin and spare: she seemed within a few months—nay, a few weeks—to wither up

into a little old maid, who might have been any age between twenty and forty. And so she remained—and remains still.

For poor Dick, after the first excitement was over, when weeks, months, slipped by, and still Maurice was never heard of, he sank into the depression of utter repentance—say rather remorse, which is repentance with no hope of atonement. The last “unkind word,” which there was no unsaying now, and which perhaps had goaded Maurice on to that Glasgow journey in which, by some unknown means or other, he met his end, rested on the poor boy’s memory with a morbid weight. He harped upon it continually; nothing ever seemed to take it out of his mind: he seemed to feel almost as if he, and none but he, had been the death of his brother.

As a matter of course, Richard now took the place of eldest and only son. There was now no rivalry possible either at home or abroad, no jealousy of Maurice’s handsomer face or pleasanter manner, the inexpressible charm which made him, as is sure to be the case, more loved, because more lovable. All these things were forever passed away, and Richard would have given worlds to have had them back again in all their bitterness, if he could but have had Maurice also back once more.

It is good sometimes to be absent—better still, perhaps, to be dead—as regards our own imperfectness, and our equally imperfect friends. How they rise up and praise us for virtues we never possessed, and benignly pardon us for sins we never committed! How tender over our memories grow those who, living, worried our lives out, and might do the same again if we were alive to-morrow! Ay, in spite of the poet’s touching verse—more touching than true, perhaps—

“I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There’s a time when all would grow smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven.”

But whether he were dead or not, there was no need to forgive poor Maurice. In his short life of twenty years he had done little harm, and in his mysterious and terrible fate, any trifling faults he had were totally obscured and obliterated. He who, had he not been so suddenly and awfully snatched from among them, might have kept his place as an ordinarily good elder brother—full of failings, doubtless, but well-liked on the whole—was now exalted into a family idol. The sisters, who used to snub and scold him—the selfish father, who had neglected, almost ignored him—the brother, who had quarreled with him, almost daily, and yet could never get on without him—now mourned for Maurice with an anguish unrestrained, and worshiped him with a passionate love, the wilder and sadder that it came too late.

There never seemed to enter the family mind—what crossed strangers’ minds, and mouths too, not seldom; only, with the curious tenderness that any deep tragedy awakens in even the worldliest part of “the world,” nobody ever

hinted it to the Wyvills themselves—that the lad might have been himself to blame in his disappearance. That, having fallen under some sudden temptation, he might have committed some ill deed, which made him dread to meet his father’s face: or, with the mingled thoughtlessness and selfishness of his age, might have taken a fit of boyish adventurousness, and shipped himself off somewhere to America or Australia—just for fun.

Of his being murdered there seemed far less probability, seeing he had little or no money about him. He had never appeared at the Glasgow Bank at all; and it was very unlikely any murder could have been committed, undiscovered, in that city, whither, with a fatal persistency, his family were convinced he had gone. They were the more settled in this belief by the additional evidence of the stoker of the Glasgow boat, who remembered—the captain remembered nothing—having that day spoken to a young gentleman—fair-haired and pleasant—who came and looked down into the engine-room; as, with an agony of fond recollection, they knew Maurice, who had a turn for machinery, was particularly fond of doing.

So, in all their searching, they never searched, or only very superficially, the mountains round the cottage, or the spot on the hill-road where Diarmid Beg had encountered the lad—of which encounter the fisherman now spoke very charily, believing it to be the youth’s fetch and “no himself ava.” And when, in the midst of winter—which fell very early that year—the tidings came, slowly as tidings always do come to these remote Highland regions, that the poor young Englishman had never been seen more, Diarmid and his neighbors, slow to take in new ideas, and equally slow to put them together, merely shook their heads with, “Eh, but it’s awfu’!” “The bonnie lad!” but made no inquiries of any kind.

So, in a little while more, the mountains wrapped themselves in their grand familiar winter snows, and the storms swept over the little lone cottage on the shore, where the family of the Wyvills had spent that merry month. And at last, when hope was dying, almost dead in their hearts—though the girls still resolutely refused to put on mourning—they left Scotland, and all went home together to Wyvill Court—without Maurice.

The strange story of the poor lost lad was talked of all that winter at Glasgow dinner-parties; and Jessie Raeburn was pointed at in church or in the street—she never went any where else—as, “Yon’s his cousin—his sweet-heart some say.”

But whether she was or was not Maurice’s “sweet-heart,” Jessie never betrayed, and nobody knew. She lived her ordinary life, faithfully doing its duties: attending to her uncle, and keeping his large splendid house in order, neither sinking into bodily illness nor mental depression. Only people noticed—the few people whose society she shared—that the hall-bell never rang—the parlor-door never opened—the

handful of post-letters never arrived—without Jessie Raeburn turning with a start and a slight tremble of expectation—as if even yet, though weeks grew into months, and months into years, she had not given up all hope, but was patiently waiting on for him who never came.

CHAPTER IV.

WYVILL COURT lay on the western side of one of the most beautiful of the beautiful Yorkshire dales. It was a comparatively small estate, and the mansion was likewise small, built of the gray stone of the district, plain and old-fashioned within and without. For the Wyvills had been one of those ancient impoverished Roman Catholic families which are still found here and there in the wilds of the north country, poor and proud, clinging tenaciously to their ancestral faith, until the last owner, in giving up Catholicism, had sunk into that pitiful moral and mental condition only too common in the beginning of the present century, satirically called Nothingarianism.

But he was dead now, the grim, eccentric, selfish old man, who had broken his wife's heart, and never won, in the smallest degree, the hearts of his children. Yet, strange as it may appear, he never seemed to recover the blow to his pride—it could hardly be his affections—given by the disappearance or death, whichever people chose to call it, of his eldest son.

For Maurice Wyvill never came home. From that fatal 30th of September, when he was seen by Diarmid M'Diarmid hurrying down to meet the Glasgow boat, no light had been thrown on his mysterious fate. He was searched for every where; advertised for, periodically, in England, Scotland, and even the colonies; rewards large enough to have tempted any man, not his actual murderer, were offered for any clew to him, living or dead; but all in vain.

When, after a lapse of four years, the father died, many difficulties arose. Wyvill Court was strictly entailed, and until clear evidence could be obtained of the death of the eldest son the younger could inherit nothing. It was only by some ingenious legal arrangements, made to suit the emergencies of this novel and most painful case, and in the hope that Maurice, should he ever reappear, would act with the generosity befitting his character when a boy, that Richard was installed temporary master at Wyvill Court, maintaining his three sisters there upon the small income that was available. For Mr. Wyvill, like many other selfish men, had complicated all troubles by dying intestate, and the girls were wholly dependent upon the heir. So poor Dick, heir and yet not heir, cramped on all hands by innumerable perplexities, could only live on sufferance at his ancestral home, unable to take legal possession of it himself, and, worst of all, unable to adorn it, as his forefathers had always been eager to do, with a wife. For early mar-

riages had long been the hereditary blessing, as the last late marriage had been the misfortune, of the Wyvill family.

Whether Richard wanted to marry or not he never betrayed. Since his brother's loss his natural reserve had grown to an almost morbid extent. He attempted no profession; perhaps he had the sense to feel he was not clever enough to succeed therein, and trade was impossible to a Wyvill. So, both during his father's lifetime and afterward, he "hung about" at home, shooting, fishing, or dabbling in agriculture, to which, if he had any bias at all, his taste inclined: he was a born country gentleman.

Almost his only absences from home were periodical visits, at long intervals, to Glasgow; but he never asked his sisters to accompany him, and was as incommunicative about his uncle and cousin, with whom he was supposed to stay, as he was about most other things. He was not a pleasant young man, and there seemed some curious twist in his nature, growing more perceptible every year, which made his sisters, while they respected him sincerely, find it difficult to love him; at least with that warmth of love which they had felt, or now believed they had, toward his elder brother.

A chapter since I said, and not untruly, that it is good sometimes to be absent—better still to be dead; that is, for the absent and the dead; but also, in a mysterious secondary sense, for the survivors. Many a man's death earns for him far more love, and exercises a far wider influence for good, than his life might have done. Ever since Maurice's—death they still refused to call it, but his—departure, the memory of him and the anguish of his loss had brought into his family a warmer, kindlier, softer atmosphere: more patience, more forbearance; more clinging together, as if they felt the slenderness of the links that bound them to one another, and walked always in the solemn shadow of that death which overhangs all mortal life; though, alas! we are so prone to forget it, so prone to live as though we were never to die.

The girls had been good girls to their old father until his death; they had nothing to reproach themselves with on that score; and when Jessie Raeburn had to follow their example, and devote herself exclusively and engrossingly to her old uncle, they did not reproach her, even though it prevented what, in the absence of all intimate female friends, they would very well have liked—visits to her at Glasgow, or her visits to them at Wyvill Court. There was scarcely an obvious reason for the fact—yet a fact it was—that ever since that Highland journey, with its terrible ending, Jessie and her cousins (excepting Richard) had never once met. And now little Jessie was Miss Raeburn of Blythwood Square and Woodhouselea, heiress to Uncle Raeburn's uncounted wealth, which, by some crotchet which no one either blamed or much wondered at, he had left to her, and her alone.

Her cousins, though they might have been a

little disappointed, since they stood in exactly the same relationship to him, legally speaking, as herself, behaved very well. The Wyvill pride accepted its position, and was too proud to feel or to express envy, or to shrink from Jessie because she was rich and independent. They, poor girls, had scarcely wherewithal to clothe themselves, or to keep up any thing like the decent dignity expected from the Miss Wyvills of Wyvill Court; still less to suppose that any one in their own rank of life would marry them—though Emma and Jane were both handsome girls; but young men of this day have sometimes an eye to money, even in primitive Yorkshire dales.

At last a poor young parson came, who loved Emma, poor as she also was: and then the high spirit of Richard Wyvill, ay, and of Agnes too—the unselfish and motherly Agnes—writhed under new vexations. No settlements could be made; for who was to make them? So closely was the estate tied up—waiting the possible re-appearance of the heir (or his heirs; for who knew but that some son of Maurice's might one day make claim to the property?)—that it was with difficulty enough money could be got at to insure a decent marriage outfit to the daughter of the Wyvills of Wyvill Court. Emma could hardly have been married at all, had not Jessie Raeburn stepped forward and claimed her cousinly right liberally to portion the bride; doing it so sweetly, so delicately, that even Richard had not the heart to stand in the way. Possibly his own heart felt how cruel the position was, and responded to the earnest manner in which Jessie put the matter in her letter, which inclosed a check for several hundreds, addressed to Emma, in an envelope containing merely the well-known lines from Burns:

"O why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as Love
Depend on Fortune's shining?"

It was on the occasion of this marriage that, after long years, Jessie revisited Wyvill Court.

Spring was creeping greenly over the bleak Yorkshire dale, and, in spite of the wild equinoctial winds, primroses were peeping out round the roots of the old oaks, and forget-me-nots blossoming in hundreds by the river—the bright, daring, rapid river, whose course could be tracked along the dale for miles and miles—when Jessie came, a woman of seven-and-twenty, to the house where she had last been as a mere child, patronized by the girls, and domineered over by the two boys. And with that uncomfortable-ness of expectation with which people who know themselves changed, and expect equal change in others, prepare for a meeting long delayed, desiring it, and yet wishing it over—did Agnes, Emma, and Jane Wyvill stand watching for the carriage in which their brother was bringing Jessie Raeburn to the old familiar place. It was visible at last, crawling up the steep road; and then a little figure, all in black, alighted, and toiled, Richard following though not assist-

ing, up the weary half mile; but still the sisters were too nervous to do any thing but quietly wait.

"I wonder if she is altered?"

"Dick says, not much," observed Emma. "Dick likes her very much, I am sure; he always did. So did dear Maurice."

"Ah, yes! and she was very fond of Maurice."

"I wonder," remarked Emma again, with an acuteness doubtless born of her own happy lot, "whether Richard would like to marry Jessie. It has struck me so sometimes."

"Don't speak of such a thing," said Agnes, angrily—Agnes, in whom the sore circumstances of the family had sharpened and exaggerated a strong inbred pride. "What, she with all her money, and he with not a penny! He could not do it. If you ever hint at such folly, I shall wish we had never asked her here."

"I shouldn't call it folly, if he loved her and she loved him," cried Emma, spurred on to honest warmth by the thought of her own faithful and honest partner. "But, anyhow, I'll hold my tongue."

And then the traveler came close in sight, and the three ran out to meet her—the same Jessie who had kept house with them in that merry Highland cottage—wandered with them over mountain and moors—shared with them in that terrible home-coming, and in the weeks of agonized search for him who was never found: Jessie, so little changed that at sight of her face the old time came over them like a flood, and they all wept together—those three almost middle-aged women, as if they had been girls still, and all had happened but yesterday.

However, such emotion could not be very lasting: and after a few hours they put aside the unalterable past, and settled down into their present selves. Soon pleasant interests seemed to obliterate those so painful to dwell on. Emma was married—gayly, grandly: and after that, for a week or two longer, Jessie staid on—she seeming happy with them, and they trying their best to make agreeable to her the old-fashioned dreariness of Wyvill Court. Still, in some things it was a trying visit. When people have been parted for six years—moving in totally different spheres, and engrossed with totally distinct interests—a division, wider than either years or distance could effect, often comes between them. In vain the cousins rambled together through Wyvill Woods: gathered primroses and hyacinths, and tried to fancy themselves girls again—it would not do. Life's forward footstep has no returning. A new life may come—far higher than the past—richer, fuller, more heart-sufficing; but the old life comes never again.

It was almost a relief when—rather suddenly at last—Jessie said she must go home, and went: parting from the girls very affectionately: but still making no plans for another meeting—at least not immediately. When she was gone, Richard, who had throughout her whole visit kept himself rather uncomfortably aloof, sank

into more than his usual reserve and taciturnity.

One marriage often makes more: and before the summer ended the young parson's best-man came back and courted the pretty bride-maid Jane. Again cousin Jessie insisted on making her wealth common property, and portioning the other sister—"exactly as Maurice would have done if he were here." So she expressed it in her letter, and repeated afterward when she came to Wyvill Court. But her visit this time was brief, embracing only the wedding-day and the day after. She said her "engagements" prevented her longer stay. And, after the first day, Agnes ceased to urge it. With all her sweetness there was about Miss Raeburn a degree of firmness, ill-natured people might say independence of character, which made it perfectly clear that she had, in small things and great, the power of making up her own mind and keeping to it. Besides, Agnes sometimes stealthily watched her brother Richard—his hard, set face; his nervous, restless manner—and she let Jessie Raeburn go.

It was the night after she was gone—the first night the brother and sister had ever spent together, they two alone—that Agnes first ventured, tremblingly, upon a subject which had caused her anxious thought for a long while. She did so with much hesitation—being a good deal afraid of it and of Richard: but any thing was better than suspense. Besides, lately, with her sharpened experience, she had felt so certain of one thing—of two things, bitterly conflicting with one another, and neutralizing any possibility of a happy future, or of matters going on much longer in the way they stood now—that she felt it more than her desire, her absolute duty, to try and speak out.

"Jessie will have about reached Carstairs by this time."

"Yes," said Richard, without looking up from his book.

"She seems extremely well and cheerful; and how young she looked in her bride-maid's dress—almost pretty. Didn't you think so?"

"Yes," reiterated the brother; and vouchsafed no more.

"Richard," said Agnes, repressing a wild spasm at her heart, "I have been thinking—I hope your marriage will be the next in the family. If you could find some nice pretty girl in your own position: neither too rich nor too poor—(though I would rather she were poor than rich: it would be dreadful if any body were to say a Wyvill married for money)—I should be glad, extremely glad, to give up my place here and see the family name kept up, the family happiness complete."

Agnes faltered—stopped; her heart was full. Richard replied not a word.

"I think it is time you married, Richard; I do really. Hitherto I knew you could not afford it; but now there is only me, and I shall cost you very little; I can live any where. You would be perfectly safe, even if Maurice did

come back. And oh! Dick, I would so like you to be happy."

She went over and put her arms round his neck, and then all poor Richard's reserve broke down.

He told his sister—to her unutterable pain, grief, almost indignation—ay, even though she had guessed it before, but it looked so much blacker when condensed by his own confession from a cloudy conjecture into an absolute fact—that the only woman in the world who could make him happy was Jessie Raeburn.

"I have been fond of her all my life, and yet I couldn't ask her. Her horrible money!—five thousand a year I think it is. Agnes, I couldn't, you know."

"It is well you did not," said Agnes, sharply and sternly; "for she would never have married you. I am quite sure of that."

"Why not?" cried Dick, who was the sort of man that contradiction rouses always into resistance.

"I don't know—do not look at me so, for indeed I don't; and yet I am sure of it. You will never get her."

"I'll try!" said Richard, hoarsely; and began marching up and down the long, low, dark, oaken room in stronger emotion than Agnes had ever seen in him since the day of his brother's loss. "Upon my life and soul, I'll try!"

And nothing would persuade him otherwise. Agnes talked till near midnight—first persuasively, then contemptuously, then angrily—for her pride was up that any Wyvill, any brother of hers, should ask and be refused, as she felt certain would be the case; but Richard was utterly unmoved. He was determined to start for Glasgow the next morning.

"And if you do you are a fool—a mean-spirited, mercenary fool."

Richard's eyes blazed. "And, Agnes, do you know what you are? A selfish, mischief-making, wicked woman. I *will* go! though you and I should never see one another's faces again."

With that word he left her and returned not, though Agnes sat waiting a whole hour, and then crept up to her bedroom in an agony of tears.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice!" she sobbed; and the bright, frank, boyish face of her lost brother came back through the clouds of many years fresh upon her tenacious memory, contrasting with the face of the brother who remained, set in all the hardness of unwonted hard manhood. "If Maurice were only here!"—He might have been: and nearer to her than she knew.

Shortly a light knock came to her door and Richard stood there with all his hardness gone, changed and softened to a degree that seemed almost miraculous.

"Agnes, I want to say good-night to you. There are only us two left now; don't let us quarrel. I must go to Glasgow to-morrow—it's killing me—till I know my fate, one way or another. But don't send me away in anger; don't let us part with an unkind word."

"Oh, Richard! I didn't mean it. Forgive me." And she hung upon his shoulder as she had never done before in all her days. "Do just as you like, and God bless you wherever you go."

CHAPTER V.

MISS RAEURN was sitting alone in the very handsome drawing-room of her very handsome house in Blythswood Square. It was dark, and the fire-light danced on her black velvet dress—she almost always wore black: ill-natured people said, because it made her look so "interesting." But these remarks were always made behind her back, and people well knew she would not have cared one pin, or altered either her mind or her costume one whit, even had she heard them. She had that self-possessed dignity which is very indifferent to public opinion on trivial matters, where indeed public opinion has no right to busy itself at all. She went on her way calmly: accustomed even from her teens to be sole mistress in her uncle's house, where she had now quietly become independent mistress of her own.

Young as she was, she had settled at once into the busy responsible life of a woman of property, who had evidently no intention of changing her condition by marriage. To the natural influence of wealth she added a personal influence very considerable, though exercised in a sweet and womanly way. All Glasgow knew her name well;—in charity, in society, in every good and generous work, Miss Raeburn was always sought for, and always easy to find. And it would be idle to say she did not enjoy her position—she did. A lonely woman must fill her heart and her time with something: Jessie accepted the lot which Providence had assigned to her, and made the best of it; bravely and cheerfully. It had its pleasures. She loved her independence, her power of doing good unquestioned and uncontrolled. Without being in the least ungentele or unlovely, she was already, in a degree, "old-maidish"—that is, she had sufficient strength of character to stand alone. Though barely eight-and-twenty, it never seemed to enter into her own head or that of any one else that she needed either protection or guidance. She was just Miss Raeburn, of Blythswood Square and Woodhouselea; and the idea of her ever becoming Mrs. Anybody seemed far distant, and very improbable, if not quite impossible.

She sat waiting for her carriage to be announced, reading by a small lamp the daily newspaper: until, her eye being caught by the date of it, she laid it down abruptly, and remained with her head sunk between her hands, gazing mournfully into the fire. No wonder, for the paper was dated 1st October: seven years since that first of October when she and her cousins had stood watching for Maurice along the mountain-road, and he never came.

"Seven years." She repeated the words, and

then bent down, clasping her hands and stooping her head upon them; low down, as people are prone to do when some heavy wave of misery or sharp recollection breaks over them. "Oh my darling, my darling!"

Not a word more, nor a sob. Years had smoothed down and softened all things, all except the love which was absolute, sole, and undying. Some women have had such loves, quenched so far as earthly fulfillment goes, in earliest girlhood: yet surviving in another form to the very close of life—consecrated by death, or confirmed by total separation into a bond which, in the absence of any other, becomes as strong almost as marriage, being in truth the real marriage of the soul.

It might have been a great mistake—many wise, good, and loving persons may consider it so—that any woman should thus waste her life upon a mere dream: which, if she could have ended it, were far best ended. Yet people are but as they are made: and Jessie could no more have resigned her worshiped ideal of what Maurice was, and what he might have become, to sink to the reality of any of the excellent Glasgow gentlemen whom she was in the habit of meeting; could no more have exchanged that first and last love-kiss—young, passionate, mutual love—for the touch of any mortal lips, than a maid betrothed with all her heart to one man could ever put another man's ring on her finger, or pass as a bride into another man's home. It was not merely unnatural; it was impossible.

Yet no one could call Jessie Raeburn an unhappy or disappointed woman. Hers was no unrequited, misplaced, or unworthy attachment: from first to last it had been wholly sacred and wholly her own. Not one pang of bitterness, or remorse, or humiliation had mingled with its sorrow. Hardly like a regret, though full of the tenderest, most passionate remembrance, were the words, "My darling, my darling!" And then the momentary outburst passed: she sat, quietly and meditatively, waiting for the hour when she had to fulfill her evening engagement. For Miss Raeburn did not shut herself out of the world, but moved therein—playing her part well—yet letting the world peer neither smilingly nor pityingly into her inner life, which was, and ever had been, solely her own.

When the door opened she rose, gathering her rich Indian shawl round her, and moving in her usual composed graceful way across the floor, thinking it was the announcement of her carriage. But it was a visitor so unexpected that she quite started at the sight of him—pale, travel-stained, and agitated Richard Wyvill.

He fixed his eyes upon the little figure before him—the velvet gown, the dainty lace, the glittering diamonds; it had been Uncle Raeburn's delight to load his niece with diamonds. And Richard said, in his roughest manner: "Don't let me intrude. You were going out to dinner?"

"I was, but—oh cousin!" And a sudden agony of expectation, not dulled after even all

these expectant years, thrilled through her. "Something has happened? What news do you bring?"

"I bring no news at all—nothing better nor worse than myself," said he, bitterly. "And, if you like, I will go away directly."

"No, no, I could not think of such a thing," she replied, with her hand upon the bell. But on second thought she went and gave her orders herself, thus allowing Richard time to recover his ill mood, and giving a brief minute of solitude to herself. For with a strange recurrence to the ever-abiding thought which underlaid all her life, she had fancied, oh, wild hope! that Richard's sudden apparition might be caused by tidings of Maurice. No, no! Again, for the thousandth time, the vain hope faded, and she said to herself: "It is the will of God."

Ay, it was. Never in our own way, but in His own way, does the Master grant us our heart's desire: and yet still we must "rest in the Lord."

In a few minutes Jessie came back to the drawing-room, cheerful and bright, the white gloves removed and the shawl, though the diamonds still glittered on her neck and in her hair.

"Well, Richard, I don't get a cousin to visit me every day, and so I have sent an apology to the dinner-party; and you and I shall dine together in peace and quietness."

"Thank you. It is very good of you," said Richard, his irritability soothed in spite of himself by her frank, familiar air, though it caused his heart to sink within him. What if his sister should prove right after all?

Still a kind of dogged determination impelled the young man to remain and carry out his intention: to face the worst; which could not be worse than much he had already suffered. But it was hours before he could find courage to say a word beyond the commonplace family talk, the habit of the cousins through so many familiar years. Jessie at last brought her pain upon herself by the sudden and very natural question—

"And now, Richard, tell me what brought you so unexpectedly to Glasgow?"

The moment she had said this she felt her mistake; felt that the crisis, which, with a generous woman's delicate ingenuity, she had contrived to stave off so long, had arrived. She could no longer save either her lover or herself from the half dozen desperate words, which, alas! would break the pleasant bond of a lifetime. For after this poor Richard never could be her cousin any more.

Rejected love is nothing new. Most women have had to inflict it, and most men to suffer it, at least once in their lives. It does to neither any incurable harm—that is, when the misfortune is simply a fatality. Only when a woman has willfully led a man on to love her, and denied him—or when he has swamped his honest dignity of honorable manhood in the ungovernable anguish of balked desire—need there

be any irremediable bitterness in such a trial. But in either of these cases both will surely dree their own weird—a very sore one: and they deserve it.

Before Richard had half got out his words, he read his fate in Jessie's eyes. Yet they were very tender eyes—less compassionate than mutely entreating forgiveness, as if she herself must surely have done something wrong. But there was no doubt in them—none of that wavering uncertainty which in this, as in all other things, has destroyed so many a soul. She was perfectly sure of her own mind. She liked him, but she did not love him; and she made him plainly see it, as she had done from the very first. He acknowledged that himself. So, almost before they quite knew what had been said, or answered, the whole thing was over—entirely over and done.

Richard Wyvill was not a pleasant fellow—neither attractive in society nor very lovable in family life; but he was an honest fellow for all that. Deep at the core of his rough Yorkshire nature lay a keen sense of honor, a sound stability and faithfulness, which every one belonging to him was forced to appreciate. Jessie did to the full. And now that his bitter secret was out, the young man, in spite of all his disappointment, felt unconsciously relieved. Though Jessie had refused his love she had not wounded his pride. He saw that he was not degraded in her eyes; nay, more, that with a tenderness second only to the tenderness of love returned did she regard the faithful attachment which had followed her, unspoken, for so many years.

As to the money question, Richard's soreness on this head was forever healed. He felt instinctively that Jessie rejected him simply and solely because she did not love him; that had she loved him she would have thrown her paltry thousands at his feet, saying, "These are nothing—less than nothing—but I am worth a little; take *me*."

So, strange as it may appear, though he had just staked and lost what he then thought to be the one happiness of his life, the young man was not altogether miserable; for he still could respect himself and her. He neither dashed his hand to his brow and fled, nor fell on his knees in frantic entreaty, nor stamped about in anger, nor did any of the foolish things that young fellows are supposed to do under similar circumstances: he sat in his place, like an honest man who has given the best thing a man can give—his heart's love; which, though not accepted, had been neither mocked, nor trifled with, nor despised.

He was just considering whether he ought not now to depart, when a servant entered the drawing-room with a message. A man—"a Highlander—a wee bit camsteary-looking maunie—was wishing a word with the mistress."

"At this hour? What can he want?" said Miss Raeburn, surprised.

"Shall I go down and see?" asked Richard,

perhaps a little glad to resume some shadow of the former familiar cousinly ways.

"Thank you," Jessie answered, glad too.

"He says he'll no speak to onybody but the mistress," interposed the old butler, who looked rather strange and perplexed.

"Then show him up here. My cousin and I will see him together."

The man entered, and hung at the drawing-room door, staring about him with bleary eyes; and when Richard asked him his name, he answered, somewhat hesitatingly, that he was "Diarmid M'Diarmid—Diarmid Beg, ye ken."

"Indeed I don't," Richard was answering sharply, when he saw Jessie spring forward.

"The man—you remember—whom Maurice met, who last saw Maurice."

"Ay, my leddy—just mysel'. And it's about him I come—the puir laddie. Ye'll no hae heard?"

Richard glanced at Jessie, who stood listening with lips apart, white and rigid as a stone statue. At once, by a sort of revelation, he knew why she had never loved him.

For an instant his human nature recoiled, and then the nobler half of the man conquered. To find his rival in his brother—his own dearly beloved and passionately regretted brother—this of all blows would be easiest to bear. Ay, even if Maurice came back and won her.

"What about him—is he alive?"

"Truly I canna weel say," replied the Highlander, "but, I fear me, na. Do ye no ken this, Sir?"

And Diarmid unfolded from out his plaid, slowly, like a fearsome thing that he was half afraid to handle, something—it was not easy at first to detect what, so covered was it with mildew, and damp, and moss. But on closer inspection the cousins recognized it as being a strong tin case, fastening with a spring, which Maurice had had made to contain his botanical or entomological specimens: he was very fond of collecting both. Outside, on a silver plate, he had had engraved—and it was legible still—his name and address: "Maurice Wyvill, Wyvill Court, Yorkshire."

"Where did you find that? Tell us quickly!" cried Richard.

And then M'Diarmid explained—not quickly, but they understood him somehow—that a few days since he had been belated on the mountains, in a spot that was seldom traversed—not once in several years, being very dangerous on account of the numerous holes, fissures in the rocks, narrow chasms so overhung with heather that a man might easily step upon it, and be plunged in a moment to the depths below. He, Diarmid, had done this—only, with the Providence which they say guards drunkards and young children, he had managed to crawl out, bruised and sobered, but still alive.

"It was just the Lord's mercy that I wasna kilt, like mony a better man; for at the bottom I found this, ye ken"—and he pointed to the tin case.

"Any thing else?" asked Richard, in a low, awe-struck voice.

"Banes. A when banes."

So the mystery was cleared up at last; and they knew that in this world they would never see Maurice more.

Jessie and Richard clasped hands and looked at one another, wistfully and long. Then both—the man as well as the woman—lifted up their voices and wept.

After a little while Richard sent Diarmid away down stairs, made Jessie sit down, and, kneeling beside her, opened, in the way they both well remembered, the concealed spring. Inside the case, and from its substantial workmanship most wonderfully preserved, was a little book, which must have been placed there—Maurice must have placed it himself—in the interval between his fall and his dissolution—as the slender and only chance of ever conveying information to his kindred of who he was, or how he died. For, carefully examined, it proved to be a psalm-book of Jessie's, which Jessie well remembered his carrying from church for her that Sunday. One of the mouldy leaves was still turned down at the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

He had remembered them, then, in his last hour, and left this token for them, in the only way he could think of. He, the poor boy to whom had come no "aid;" whom "He that keeps Israel" had *not* kept, but, in the awful mystery of Omnipotent will, had suffered to perish here alone—the handsome, happy, loving, and beloved lad—to be found, after an interval of seven years, "a when banes."

Jessie sat dumb reading and repeating with soundless lips the words of the psalm, which seemed at first such a ghastly mockery. But slowly, with that agony of belief which forces itself upon the heart, not the reason, at an hour like this, when all the anchors of faith seem torn up, and the soul is ready to drift out blindly upon a Godless sea, there came into hers a miraculous comfort—the comfort that, for all they knew, *he* might also have had, dying forlorn and alone on the bleak mountain side.

And the more she dwelt on it the clearer this comfort grew. If during the few minutes or hours—thank God, they could not have been many!—that elapsed before consciousness left him, Maurice had had strength and courage to do this—to think of them all at home, to send them his last message, as it were—though he died, he had died nobly, calmly, in a manner not unworthy of their Maurice. And though, humanly viewed, it was a death so miserable that they dared not suffer their imaginations to dwell upon it, but passed at once to the thought of Maurice in heaven, with his sufferings ended, his new life begun—still, man's impotence is God's omnipotence. It might have been—and indeed appeared most likely, from the position in which the remains were found—that he died so peacefully that death felt to him no more



"AND THEN M'DIARMID EXPLAINED," ETC.

than falling asleep, with the Everlasting Arms underneath him, and his head pillowed on the bosom of Everlasting Love.

Maurice's bones were laid, by common family consent, in a spot not far from the place they were discovered—the little mountain graveyard, where, during that merry month of September, they had all often leaped the low wall, and sat among the long grass, or read the inscriptions on the ancient stones. There, soon

afterward, another stone was erected by Jessie Raeburn—she asked permission to do it and Richard allowed her—on which was recorded, in the simple Scotch fashion of kirk-yard memorials, Maurice's name, age, and how he died. Nothing more, except the words—incomprehensible addition to many readers, yet full of peace to her who sometimes sat and read it there—with the grand mountains looking on her, and the sea calm and blue, and the heavens shining overhead—"Psalm 121."

When all this was done Richard went back to his sisters, and they put on quiet mourning for a season. Then quietly still, without any obtrusiveness either of regret or congratulation, Richard Wyvill, Esq., of Wyvill Court, took lawful possession of his ancestral home.

I know it would be more pathetic, more in accordance with the feelings of young and poetic readers, if I were to state that Richard Wyvill never married, but remained all his days faithful to his first disappointed love. But such fidelity is rare in man, and well that it is so. By-and-by, when all hope of Jessie was at an end, Richard found a pretty, merry Yorkshire lass, who loved him—partly because he was so opposite to herself—loved him, and married him, and made him happy; so happy, that he could receive his cousin Jessie as Aunt Jessie in his household, for weeks together, without the slightest pain. And it is thought that some day his eldest son, Maurice Raeburn Wyvill, will inherit all the thousands that Jessie has to leave. For Wyvill Court is full of children, brought up rather differently from what the last generation were, with more of gentleness, less of impatience and rough disputing—in an atmosphere of sweetness and sunshine which, radiating from the elders, flows down to the younger ones, and makes of them, whatever else they may be, a family of love. For, thinking of Maurice, whose story is told from child to child till it becomes like one of the saintly chronicles of old—thinking of poor Uncle Maurice, how could they ever say to one another an unkind word?

WOMAN ON THE FARM.

AS long ago as A.M. 3625 a farmer named Furius Cresinus was accused of magic because he had better crops of corn than his neighbors. When brought to trial he produced, in defense, his well-worn implements and his sunburnt daughters, and declared that to the aid of these mighty sorceries alone he owed his success. In Rome's young days the kitchen-garden was always placed under the care of the *mater-familias*; and in Sparta, where heroes sprang from mothers no less heroic, the women tilled the land, while their sons and husbands were fighting the battles of their country.

The idea of women working on the farm is, therefore, by no means a new one. From those days to the present women have in various ways assisted in the cultivation of the soil; and the more barbarous nations (even Germany must be so classed in this respect) have availed themselves of such labor to the utmost. Among the North American Indians farming was done almost exclusively by the squaws. They tilled the soil with their rude implements, planted the seed, and gathered the crops; besides felling trees, cutting up the spoils of the hunt, dressing skins, pounding corn, doing the family-cooking, fishing, and embroidery; and oftentimes

building the very wigwams for their lords and masters.

Count the women among the field-hands of the South, examine the records of the labor accomplished, and you will find that, taking the average, women stand nearly side by side with the men. Travel through portions of our Western country, and though you will not see the daughters of men turned into beasts of burden, as in some parts of Europe, you will see many a woman guiding the harrow or the plow. Indeed it is common, in some districts, to find the farmers' wives as thoroughly competent, and as conversant with the labor and business of the farm as their husbands.

I allude to these facts simply for the purpose of resisting, at the outset, the one grand *clincher* that is generally used to strangle each new-born proposition relative to women-farmers—that "they can not do it because they lack the requisite physique." "Fancy a woman," cries some gentle citizen, who never handled a garden tool in his life, "just fancy a woman digging, plowing, carting, pitching hay—why the thing is absurd!"

And yet, my dear, common-sense friend, much as you and I may deprecate the practice, it is exactly these things which thousands of women have done and are doing the world over; and if the custom did not prove profitable, where followed, your own solid wisdom will tell you it would have been abandoned long ago. Many a buxom arm, since the world began, has turned over the heavy soil and prepared it for the seed. Many a jolly farmer's wife is never so much herself as when, with old Dobbin, she chirrup and whips her way to market or mill, her wagon laden with produce which, mayhap, her own busy hands may have gathered. And as for pitching hay, why, one of the prettiest girls I ever saw could never leave home at haying-time, because her father said he couldn't "spare her then no how; for she was worth a brace of his idle boys for mowin' and pitchin'."

Only the other day I asked a farmer, who employs many "hands" during the busy season, which he had found to be the better workmen, the Irish or the German.

"Why, I can't say exactly as to that," he replied; "but I know, for weeding and planting, or even for pitching hay, the best day's work I get is out of Dutch Mary: she's a team, I can tell you."

"Indeed!" said I, highly delighted (for I belong to the persecuted and long-suffering sex); "and pray may I ask what wages you pay her?"

"Ahem!" stammered my friend: "well, the fact is, a woman's a woman."

Not having sufficient argumentative power to dispute this astounding proposition, I simply kept my eye upon him in silence, and he continued, after gracefully wiping his forehead with a bandana handkerchief:

"A woman's a woman, you see, and can't expect man's wages; still I pay her pretty well

—pret—ty—well. Have you seen our hot-beds yet?"

"No," I replied, rather sharply. "How much do you pay Dutch Mary?"

"Oh! didn't I tell you?" said he, blushing as much as a man with a naturally red skin can blush. "Well, I give her thirty-eight cents a day."

"Why, Mr. —!" was my involuntary exclamation, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

So, of course, he mentally pronounced me to be a disagreeable, unladylike person, and got out of the way as soon as possible.

Not long ago a letter from H. C. Wright, of Pekin, Niagara County, New York, was read at a meeting of the Farmers' Club in New York; and as it bears strong testimony in favor of the present argument, I venture to transcribe a portion of it. Mr. Wright says:

"I am in the family of Marvin and Paulina Roberts, farmers, with three hundred and fifty acres of land, as good as any in the State. There are eight children—seven daughters and one son, the latter nine years old. They have been on this farm two years. . . . Their spring work was begun on the 19th of April; since which time four of the daughters, aged respectively 19, 15, 13, and 11, assisted by a niece aged 17, and by their mother, have accomplished the following labor: *i. e.*, plowed 75 acres, dragged 100 acres three times, sowed broadcast 100, and rolled 100. More plowing has been done, but the above amount of labor has been done exclusively by the mother and the five young daughters. They have now growing 45 acres of wheat, 15 of winter and 30 of spring; 50 acres of oats; 30 acres of flax; and are to put in 10 acres of corn, 10 of beans, 8 of carrots, three-fourths of an acre of onions, and 10 acres of potatoes. To-day I saw one of the daughters, aged thirteen, plowing, holding the plow and driving her own team. During the day she plowed one acre and a half, the usual labor of a day in plowing. Last Saturday I saw two of the girls, one aged seventeen, the other fifteen, sowing wheat, broadcast, and their sowing was done as well as any one would do it. I saw another, aged thirteen, *dragging*, and another, aged nineteen, *rolling*, and another piling and burning brush with her father. These daughters have the care of their own teams. One of them, who is seventeen, is detailed to do the house-work this season. She is as good at plowing, sowing, dragging, and rolling as any of them. The house-work is considered by them the hardest and most difficult to perform. They all prefer the outdoor farm-work. . . . During the two years over fifty acres have been cleared of bushes, stumps, and roots, and this has been done mainly by the mother and daughters. I can not now enlarge upon the results of this effort of a woman to train her daughters to be practical farmers, as to their physical, intellectual, or moral development. These speak for themselves. No one who knows the family, and the facts connected with their efforts to point out the way to woman to an independent, honest, and honorable subsistence, can have any misgivings as to what those results will be. They will be good, and only good. Already the example of this mother and daughters most beneficially affects the region around them."

Last spring a friend bought a country place near Elizabeth, New Jersey. The house was new and fine, but the bare, stony, and uncultivated grounds about it forbade the thought of his family finding a home there, even for a summer, until something in the way of improvement should be accomplished. What did he do? Send a surveyor and half a dozen gardeners to the spot forthwith? No: his daughter, a young and lovely girl, went there, taking with her a strong-

armed workman, and directing all her energies to the task, in time caused the spot to blossom as the rose. The land was cleared, tastefully laid out in wide graceful paths, and flower-studded bits of green, relieved by well-chosen shrubs; while further from the house orderly rows of "highly respectable" vegetables engaged to make themselves "generally useful" to the family during the approaching summer.

I saw the young lady not long afterward, and hardly knew which to admire most, her musical skill or her agricultural achievements, her ladylike, gentle bearing or the energy that had enabled her to trudge about amidst the dirt and stones, superintending Pat's labors, and making things presentable generally.

During a recent conversation with an officer of one of the prominent horticultural societies of our country (late its president, and himself an authority in all horticultural and floricultural matters) the subject of rural effects came under discussion.

"The finest specimen of landscape-gardening I have ever seen in this country," he remarked, "is the modest little country seat belonging to Mrs. J——, of Pennsylvania; that is, where the art, while availed of to the utmost, is yet rendered less apparent. She is an enthusiastic admirer of Downing, and probably followed his ideas in some particulars; yet the designing and general arrangement are all her own. There is no twisting nor straining of nature, no artificial hillock constructed for the evident purpose of winding a road over it, no crude attempt at startling effect: simply an appreciative adaptation of art to the natural configuration of the land; and the effect is truly charming."

When Lafayette visited the mother of Washington at Fredericksburg he found her busily engaged in weeding her flower-garden. Many another woman whom the world reveres has grown lovelier and purer while engaged in simple out-of-door work; and many a one, going further, with new strength born of sorrow, has carried on a farm after her husband's death, and managed its affairs with prudence and ability.

From the earliest period in the annals of our race woman has aided, not only by her labor, but by her counsel, in the cause of Agriculture. To an Empress of China we are indebted for the mulberry-tree and the rearing of silk-worms; and, according to a recent writer, "the laws which Osiris gave to Egypt were not as valuable to that country as those precepts in agriculture, those instructions in embankments, irrigation, and draining, which Isis, his Queen, gave to the Egyptians, and which enabled them to derive so much benefit from the deposits of the Nile."

To return: woman *can* do farm-work, for she has done it, and is doing it still in nearly every part of the world. Granted that she does it at a heavy cost, for extreme physical labor is a destroyer of beauty and the finer powers of thought with either sex; still, we must remember that in most cases the alternative would not be repose, but either pinching want or uncongenial work

of some kind. Woman, however, is especially adapted to the lighter branches of agriculture, and while her "big brother" has stronger muscles and a harder frame than she, it is undesirable that she should devote herself to the heavy manual labors of the farm. Besides, American women (simply through generations of inactivity and too luxurious living, and not because God meant them to be so) are not so well fitted for severe work as the German or Indian women are, though there are many of them that *can* do it, if they *must* or wish to (I insist upon that). Why, then, bring forward the "clinch" as an invariable answer to every query concerning woman on the farm? Does every male farmer spend his strength in manual labor, or does he hire sinewy arms to do the needed work? Does he employ great, stout men to pick his small fruits, or does he select those whom he knows are better suited to the task, because their touch is less rough, and their movements more nimble? Can not women do all such work better than men? In short, can they not take part in one-half, nay, two-thirds of the labor of the farm—planting, trimming, grafting, gathering, tying up bushes, training vines, weeding, drilling, designing, and a hundred other things besides? Are not these labors less exhausting than the washing, ironing, cooking, and sewing, which so many women must and do accept as their appointed work in life?

I say yes. And far more potent voices than mine say "yes" again and again; for they come from women who practice what they preach (which, *entre-nous*, I don't, always). Cheering affirmatives come from Paulina Roberts and her daughters, and from those two stout-hearted ladies who did so well on their "farm of four acres;" they come from that woman (I forget her name) who made a fortune within a few years on her own farm out West; they come from the dozens of women farmers who have told their noble experiences to the world through the *Englishwoman's Journal*; and they come from just such a one as I have in my mind now—a brave, beautiful woman, who, wishing to earn an honorable livelihood, accepted the position of overseer on a gentlemen's farm not fifty miles from New York.

In the first place, she planned and superintended the arrangement of his grounds, and he paid her for it. She "studied up" on barns, advised him as to the proper construction of his own, and took honest pay for her knowledge. She attended to the thorough under-draining of his land, the rotation of his crops, the improvement of his wood, the preparation of his lawns; in fact, is head and hands for him, as far as his place is concerned, and makes her honest living by that same. She is a superb horse-woman, and every morning rides over the grounds and gives her directions to the workmen. At stated periods she pays them their wages, and (wonderful to relate!) keeps a clear, unblotted record of her expenditures, and is in every way a faithful steward to her employer.

Yet this woman makes no noise in the world; is not "strong-minded," in the offensive sense of the term; has lost none of her feminine delicacy; and half of her friends do not know what her real business is. They only know that she lives in the country, and is very active and much interested in outdoor affairs; that she loves nature, and, above all, has the brightest eyes and rosiest cheeks in the world.

It must be admitted that such cases are rare in this country; but in Great Britain it is not uncommon for women to take charge of a farm and conduct it successfully. In England ladies take pride in a knowledge of agricultural matters, and attend meetings and shows, and in so doing their influence is admitted to be beneficial.

An American gentleman, lately traveling in England, was surprised at the interest manifested by women of all ranks in agriculture. The Duchess of Portsmouth, whom he visited, evinced perfect familiarity with the minutest details of farm management, and while showing her American guest over the Duke's large estate, explained to him all the various processes of cultivation employed.

"There are those, we fear," says Mr. Downing in his Essay on Feminine Taste in Rural Affairs, "who fancy that there is something rustic, unfeminine, and unrefined about an interest in country out-of-door matters. Would we could present to them a picture which rises in our memory at this moment, as the finest of all possible denials to such a theory. In the midst of the richest agricultural region in the Northern States lives a lady, a young unmarried lady; mistress of herself, of some thousands of acres of the finest lands, of a mansion which is almost the ideal of taste and refinement. Very well. Does the lady sit in her drawing-room all day to receive visitors? By no means. You will find her in the morning on horseback, or driving a light carriage with a pair of spirited horses. She explores every corner of the estate; she visits her tenants, examines the crops, projects improvements, directs repairs, and is thoroughly mistress of her whole estate. Her mansion opens into the most exquisite garden of fruits and flowers, every one of which she knows by heart. And yet this lady, so energetic and spirited in her enjoyment and management in out-of-door matters, is, in the drawing-room, the most gentle, the most retiring, the most modest of her sex."

In brief, it is now an established fact that women may take an active interest in agriculture, may pursue the art for a living, without being precisely like Tennyson's

"Eight daughters of the plow, stronger than men,
Huge women, blouzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labor."

So, my dear lady readers, take courage. If you are poor, and believe with Dr. Johnson's friend, that you "must live," and you like agriculture in the abstract, don't be afraid to undertake it practically. There is land enough "out West," if you can not afford it nearer home; or, if you already live in the West, and by a

strange law of human nature think you must move somewhere else to find your golden gain, why, come East. There is work for you here. Try it alone, or club together, half a dozen of you, and show the folks that the thing can be done. Study the subject thoroughly; expect to meet and to conquer difficulties; don't undertake too much at first, and don't gossip about each other—and you will succeed. The preserving and 'canning' of certain fruits and vegetables comprises an extended field of labor in itself, and is freely open to you.

You can cultivate grapes exclusively, and help the light wine temperance cause, or you can raise any of the small fruits, or dwarf pears and apples, flower seeds, choice plants, sorghum—any thing, in short, that you choose.

Go to work with stout hearts, clear heads, and steady hands, and join the van.

Then in time the wail of that ceaseless chorus,
"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!"

may die away; and more fearful sounds may also be stilled—the sobs of those who, weary and despairing, spurned by man and, oh! more than all, by woman, have been driven to that which their souls loathe for the sake of bread.

When to that wild cry of thousands of homeless women, "Work! Work! give us work!" comes back the echo WORK—not in a weird whisper from the world's hollow places, but in a practical shape—the women farmers may feel that their labors have not been solely for themselves, nor in vain.

Heaven speed the day!

DENIS DUVAL.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



CHAPTER VIII.

DENIS AT SEA.

I PROMISE you there was no doubt or hesitation next Sunday regarding our good rector's opinions. Ever since the war with America began, he had, to the best of his power, exhorted his people to be loyal, and testified to the authority of Cæsar. "War," he taught, "is not altogether an evil; and ordained of Heaven, as our illnesses and fevers doubtless are, for our good. It teaches obedience and contentment under privations; it fortifies courage; it tests loyalty; it gives occasion for showing mercifulness of heart; moderation in victory; endurance

and cheerfulness under defeat. The brave who do battle victoriously in their country's cause leave a legacy of honor to their children. We English of the present day are the better for Crecy, and Agincourt, and Blenheim. I do not grudge the Scots their day of Bannockburn, nor the French their Fontenoy. Such valor proves the manhood of nations. When we have conquered the American rebellion, as I have no doubt we shall do, I trust it will be found that these rebellious children of ours have comported themselves in a manner becoming our English race, that they have been hardy and resolute, merciful and moderate. In that Declaration of War against France, which has just reached us, and which interests all England, and the men of this coast especially, I have no more doubt in my mind that the right is on our side than I have that Queen Elizabeth had a right to resist the Spanish Armada. In an hour of almost equal peril, I pray we may show the same watchfulness, constancy, and valor; bracing ourselves to do the duty before us, and leaving the issue to the Giver of all Victory."

Ere he left the pulpit our good rector announced that he would call a meeting for next market-day in our town-hall—a meeting of gentry, farmers, and sea-faring men to devise means for the defense of our coast and harbors. The French might be upon us any day; and all our people were in a buzz of excitement, Volunteers and Fencibles patrolling our shores, and fishermen's glasses forever on the look-out toward the opposite coast.

We had a great meeting in the town-hall, and of the speakers it was who should be most loyal to king and country. Subscriptions for a Defense Fund were straightway set afoot. It was determined the Cinque Port towns should raise a regiment of Fencibles. In Winchelsea alone the gentry and chief tradesmen agreed to raise a troop of volunteer horse to patrol along the shore and communicate with dépôts of the regular military formed at Dover, Hastings, and

Deal. The fishermen were enrolled to serve as coast and look-out men. From Margate to Folkestone the coast was watched and patrolled: and privateers were equipped and sent to sea from many of the ports along our line. On the French shore we heard of similar warlike preparations. The fishermen on either coast did not harm each other as yet, though presently they too fell to blows: and I have sad reason to know that a certain ancestor of mine did not altogether leave off his relations with his French friends.

However, at the meeting in the town-hall grandfather came forward with a subscription and a long speech. He said that he and his coreligionists and countrymen of France had now for near a century experienced British hospitality and freedom, that when driven from home by Papist persecution, they had found protection here, and that now was the time for French Protestants to show that they were grateful and faithful subjects of King George. Grandfather's speech was very warmly received; that old man had lungs, and a knack of speaking, which never failed him. He could spin out sentences by the yard, as I knew, who had heard him expound for half hours together with that droning voice which had long ceased (Heaven help me!) to carry conviction to the heart of grandfather's graceless grandson.

When he had done, Mr. Joseph Weston, of the Priory, spoke, and with a good spirit too. (He and *my dear friend, Mr. Sam*, were both present, and seated with the gentlefolks and magistrates at the raised end of the hall.) Mr. James said that as Mr. Duval had spoken for the French Protestants, he, for his part, could vouch for the loyalty of another body of men, the Roman Catholics of England. In the hour of danger he trusted that he and his brethren were as good subjects as any Protestants in the realm. And as a trifling test of his loyalty—though he believed his neighbor Duval was a richer man than himself (grandfather shrieked a “No, no!” and there was a roar of laughter in the hall)—he offered as a contribution to a defense fund to lay down two guineas for Mr. Duval's one!

“I will give my guinea, I am sure,” says grandfather, very meekly; “and may that poor man's mite be accepted and useful!”

“One guinea!” roars Weston; “I will give a hundred guineas!”

“And I another hundred,” says his brother. “We shall show, as Roman Catholic gentry of England, that we are not inferior in loyalty to our Protestant brethren.”

“Put my fazer-in-law, Peter Duval, down for one 'ondred guinea!” calls out my mother, in her deep voice. “Put me down for twenty-five guinea, and my son Denis for twenty-five guinea! We have eaten of English bread and we are grateful, and we sing with all our hearts God save King George!”

Mother's speech was received with great applause. Farmers, gentry, shop-keepers, rich and

poor, crowded forward to offer their subscription. Before the meeting broke up a very handsome sum was promised for the arming and equipment of the Winchelsea Fencibles; and old Colonel Evans, who had been present at Minden and Fontenoy, and young Mr. Barlow, who had lost a leg at Brandywine, said that they would superintend the drilling of the Winchelsea Fencibles, until such time as his Majesty should send officers of his own to command the corps. It was agreed that every body spoke and acted with public spirit. “Let the French land!” was our cry. “The men of Rye, the men of Winchelsea, the men of Hastings, will have a guard of honor to receive them on the shore!”

That the French intended to try and land was an opinion pretty general among us, especially when his Majesty's proclamation came, announcing the great naval and military armaments which the enemy was preparing. We had *certain communications* with Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk still, and our fishing boats sometimes went as far as Ostend, which then belonged to the Emperor. Our informants brought us full news of all that was going on in those ports; of the troops assembled there, and royal French ships and privateers fitted out. I was not much surprised one night to find our old Boulogne ally Bidois smoking his pipe with grandfather in the kitchen, and regaling himself with a glass of his own brandy, which I know had not paid unto Cæsar Cæsar's due. The pigeons on the hill were making their journeys still. Once, when I went up to visit Farmer Perreau, I found M. de la Motte and a companion of his sending off one of these birds, and Lamotte's friend said, sulkily, in German, “What does the little *Spitzbube* do here?” “*Versteht vielleicht Deutsch*,” murmured La Motte, hurriedly, and turned round to me with a grin of welcome, and asked news of grandfather and my mother.

This ally of the chevalier's was a Lieutenant Lütterloh, who had served in America in one of the Hessian regiments on our side, and who was now pretty often in Winchelsea, where he talked magnificently about war and his own achievements, both on the Continent and in our American provinces. He lived near Canterbury as I heard. I guessed, of course, that he was one of the “Mackerel” party, and engaged in smuggling, like Lamotte, the Westons, and my graceless old grandfather and his ally, Mr. Rudge, of Rye. I shall have presently to tell how bitterly Monsieur de la Motte had afterward to rue his acquaintance with this German.

Knowing the chevalier's intimacy with the gentlemen connected with the mackerel fishery, I had little cause to be surprised at seeing him and the German captain together; though a circumstance now arose, which might have induced me to suppose him engaged in practices yet more lawless and dangerous than smuggling. I was walking up to the hill—must I let slip the whole truth, madam, in my memoirs? Well,

it never did or will hurt any body; and, as it only concerns you and me, may be told without fear. I frequently, I say, walked up the hill to look at these pigeons, for a certain young person was a great lover of pigeons, too, and occasionally would come to see Farmer Perreau's *columbarium*. Did I love the sight of this dear white dove more than any other? Did it come sometimes fluttering to my heart? Ah! the old blood throbs there with the mere recollection. I feel—shall we say how many years younger, my dear? In fine, those little walks to the pigeon-house are among the sweetest of all our stores of memories.

I was coming away, then, once from this house of billing and cooing, when I chanced to espy an old school-mate, Thomas Measom by name, who was exceedingly proud of his new uniform as a private of our regiment of Winchelsea Fencibles, was never tired of wearing it, and always walked out with his firelock over his shoulder. As I came up to Tom he had just discharged his piece and hit his bird too. One of Farmer Perreau's pigeons lay dead at Tom's feet, one of the carrier pigeons, and the young fellow was rather scared at what he had done, especially when he saw a little piece of paper tied under the wing of the slain bird.

He could not read the message, which was written in our German handwriting, and was only in three lines, which I was better able to decipher than Tom. I supposed at first that the message had to do with the smuggling business, in which so many of our friends were engaged, and Measom walked off rather hurriedly, being by no means anxious to fall into the farmer's hands, who would be but ill-pleased at having one of his birds killed.

I put the paper in my pocket, not telling Tom what I thought about the matter; but I did have a thought, and determined to commence with my dear Doctor Barnard regarding it. I asked to see him at the Rectory, and there read to him the contents of the paper which the poor messenger was bearing when Tom's ball brought him down.

My good doctor was not a little excited and pleased when I interpreted the pigeon's message to him, and especially praised me for my reticence with Tom upon the subject. "It may be a mare's nest we have discovered, Denny, my boy," says the doctor; "it may be a matter of importance. I will see Colonel Evans on this subject to-night." We went off to Mr. Evans's lodgings; he was the old officer who had fought under the Duke of Cumberland, and was, like the doctor, a justice of peace for our county. I translated for the colonel the paper, which was to the following effect:

[The paper is wanting.]

Mr. Evans looked at a paper before him, containing an authorized list of the troops at the various Cinque Port stations, and found the poor pigeon's information quite correct. Was this the chevalier's writing? the gentleman asked. No, I did not think it was M. de la

Motte's handwriting. Then I mentioned the other German in whose company I had seen M. de la Motte. The Monsieur Lütterloh, whom Mr. Evans said he knew quite well. "If Lütterloh is engaged in the business," said Mr. Evans, "we shall know more about it;" and he whispered something to Doctor Barnard. Meanwhile he praised me exceedingly for my caution, enjoined me to say nothing regarding the matter, and to tell my comrade to hold his tongue.

As for Tom Measom he was less cautious. Tom talked about his adventure to one or two cronies; and to his parents, who were tradesmen like my own. They occupied a snug house in Winchelsea, with a garden and a good paddock. One day their horse was found dead in the stable. Another day their cow burst and died. There used to be strange acts of revenge perpetrated in those days; and farmers, tradesmen, or gentry, who rendered themselves obnoxious to *certain parties*, had often to rue the enmity which they provoked. That my unhappy old grandfather was, and remained in the smugglers' league, I fear, is a fact which I can't deny or palliate. He paid a heavy penalty to be sure; but my narrative is not advanced far enough to allow of my telling how the old man was visited for his sins.

There came to visit our Winchelsea magistrates Captain Pearson, of the *Lynx* frigate, then in the Downs; and I remembered this gentleman, having seen him at the house of my kind patron, Sir Peter Denis, in London. Mr. Pearson also recollected me as the little boy who had shot the highwayman; and was much interested when he heard of the carrier pigeon, and the news which he bore. It appeared that he, as well as Colonel Evans, were acquainted with Mr. Lütterloh. "You are a good lad," the captain said; "but we know," said the captain, "all the news those birds carry."

At this time our whole coast was alarmed, and hourly expectant of a French invasion. The French fleet was said to outnumber ours in the Channel: the French army, we knew, was enormously superior to our own. I can remember the terror and the excitement; the panic of some, the braggart behavior of others; and specially I recall the way in which our church was cleared, one Sunday, by a rumor which ran through the pews that the French were actually landed. How the people rushed away from the building, and some of them whom I remember the loudest among the braggarts, and singing their "Come if you dare!" Mother and I in our pew, and Captain Pearson in the rector's, were the only people who sate out the sermon, of which Doctor Barnard would not abridge a line, and which, I own, I thought was extremely tantalizing and provoking. He gave the blessing with more than ordinary slowness and solemnity; and had to open his own pulpit-door and stalk down the steps without the accompaniment of his usual escort, the clerk, who had skipped out of his desk and run away like the rest of the congregation. Doctor Barnard had

me home to dinner at the Rectory; my good mother being much too shrewd to be jealous of this kindness shown to me and not to her. When she waited upon Mrs. Barnard with her basket of laces and perfumeries, mother stood as became her station as a tradeswoman. "For thee, my son, 'tis different," she said. "I will have thee be a gentleman:" and faith, I hope I have done the best of my humble endeavor to fulfill the good lady's wish.

The war, the probable descent of the French, and the means of resisting the invasion, of course, formed the subject of the gentlemen's conversation; and though I did not understand all that passed, I was made to comprehend subsequently, and may as well mention facts here which only came to be explained to me later. The pigeons took over certain information to France in return for that which they brought. By these and other messengers our Government was kept quite well instructed as to the designs and preparations of the enemy, and I remember how it was stated that his Majesty had occult correspondents of his own in France, whose information was of surprising accuracy. Master Lütterloh dabbled in the information line. He had been a soldier in America, a recruiting crimp here, and I know not what besides; but the information he gave was given under the authority of his employers, to whom in return he communicated the information he received from France. The worthy gentleman was, in fact, a spy by trade; and though he was not born to be hanged, came by an awful payment for his treachery, as I shall have to tell in due time. As for M. de la Motte the gentlemen were inclined to think that his occupation was smuggling, not treason, and in that business the chevalier was allied with scores, nay hundreds, of people round about him. One I knew, my pious grandpapa: other two lived at the Priory, and I could count many more even in our small town, namely, all the mackerel men to whom I had been sent on the night of poor Madame de Saverne's funeral.

Captain Pearson shook me by the hand very warmly when I rose to go home, and I saw, by the way in which the good doctor regarded me, that he was meditating some special kindness in my behalf. It came very soon, and at a moment when I was plunged in the very dismalest depths of despair. My dear little Agnes, though a boarder at the house of those odious Westons, had leave given to her to visit Mrs. Barnard; and that kind lady never failed to give me some signal by which I knew that my little sweet-heart was at the Rectory. One day the message would be, "The rector wants back his volume of the *Arabian Nights*, and Denis had better bring it." Another time, my dearest Mrs. Barnard would write on a card, "You may come to tea, if you have done your mathematics well;" or, "You may have a French lesson," and so forth: and there, sure enough, would be my sweet little tutoress. How old, my dear, was Juliet when she and young Capu-

let began their loves? My sweet-heart had not done playing with dolls when our little passion began to bud: and the sweet talisman of innocence I wore in my heart hath never left me through life, and shielded me from many a temptation.

Shall I make a clean breast of it? We young hypocrites used to write each other little notes, and pop them in certain cunning corners known to us two. Juliet used to write in a great round hand in French; Romeo replied, I dare say, with doubtful spelling.

We had devised sundry queer receptacles where our letters lay *poste restante*. There was the China pot-pourri jar on the Japan cabinet in the drawing-room. There, into the midst of the roses and spices, two cunning young people used to thrust their hands, and stir about spice and rose-leaves, until they lighted upon a little bit of folded paper more fragrant and precious than all your flowers and cloves. Then in the hall we had a famous post-office, namely, the barrel of the great blunderbuss over the mantle-piece, from which hung a ticket on which "loaded" was written, only I knew better, having helped Martin, the doctor's man, to clean the gun. Then in the church-yard, under the wing of the left cherub on Sir Jasper Billing's tomb, there was a certain hole in which we put little scraps of paper written in a cipher devised by ourselves, and on these scraps of paper we wrote: well, can you guess what? We wrote the old song which young people have sung ever since singing began. We wrote "amo, amas," etc., in our childish handwriting. Ah! thanks be to Heaven, though the hands tremble a little now they write the words still! My dear, the last time I was in Winchelsea I went and looked at Sir Jasper's tomb, and at the hole under the cherub's wing; there was only a little mould and moss there. Mrs. Barnard found and read one or more of these letters, as the dear lady told me afterward, but there was no harm in them; and when the doctor put on his *grand sérieux* (as to be sure he had a right to do), and was for giving the culprits a scolding, his wife reminded him of a time when he was captain of Harrow School, and found time to write other exercises than Greek and Latin to a young lady who lived in the village. Of these matters, I say, she told me in later days: in all days, after our acquaintance began, she was my truest friend and protectress.

But this dearest and happiest season of my life (for so I think it, though I am at this moment happy, most happy, and thankful) was to come to an abrupt ending, and poor Humpty Dumpty having climbed the wall of bliss, was to have a great and sudden fall, which, for a while, perfectly crushed and bewildered him. I have said what harm came to my companion Tom Measom for meddling in Monsieur Lütterloh's affairs and talking of them. Now, there were two who knew Meinherr's secret, Tom Measom, namely, and Denis Duval; and though Denis held his tongue about the matter, except in con-

versing with the Rector and Captain Pearson, Lütterloh came to know that I had read and explained the pigeon-dispatch of which Measom had shot the bearer; and, indeed, it was Captain Pearson himself, with whom the German had sundry private dealings, who was Lütterloh's informer. Lütterloh's rage, and that of his accomplice, against me, when they learned the unlucky part I had had in the discovery, were still greater than their wrath against Measom. The Chevalier de la Motte, who had once been neutral and even kind to me, was confirmed in a steady hatred against me, and held me as an enemy whom he was determined to get out of his way. And hence came that catastrophe which precipitated *Humpty Dumpty* Duval, Esq., off the wall from which he was gazing at his beloved, as she disported in her garden below.

One evening—shall I ever forget that evening? It was Friday—

[Left blank by Mr. Thackeray]—after my little maiden had been taking tea with Mrs. Barnard, I had leave to escort her to her home at Mr. Weston's at the Priory, which is not a hundred yards from the Rectory door. All the evening the company had been talking about battle, and danger, and invasion, and the war news from France and America; and my little maiden sate silent, with her great eyes looking at one speaker and another, and stitching at her sampler. At length the clock tolled the hour of nine, when Miss Agnes must return to her guardian. I had the honor to serve as her escort, and would have wished the journey to be ten times as long as that brief one between the two houses. "Good-night, Agnes!" "Good-night, Denis! On Sunday I shall see you!" We whisper one little minute under the stars; the little hand lingers in mine with a soft pressure; we hear the servants' footsteps over the marble floor within, and I am gone. Somehow, at night and 'at morning, at lessons and play, I was always thinking about this little maid.

"I shall see you on Sunday;" and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand.

The gate closed on her, and I walked away by the church-wall, and toward my own home. I was thinking of that happy, that unforgotten night of my childhood, when I had been the means of rescuing the dearest little maiden from an awful death; how, since then, I had cherished her with my love of love; and what a blessing she had been to my young life. For many years she was its only cheerer and companion. At home I had food and shelter, and, from mother at least, kindness, but no society; it was not until I became a familiar of the good doctor's roof that I knew friendship and kind companionship. What gratitude ought I not to feel for a boon so precious as there was conferred on me? Ah, I vowed, I prayed, that I might make myself worthy of such friends; and

so was sauntering homeward, lost in these happy thoughts, when—when something occurred which at once decided the whole course of my after-life.

This something was a blow with a bludgeon across my ear and temple which sent me to the ground utterly insensible. I remember half a dozen men darkling in an alley by which I had to pass, then a scuffle and an oath or two, and a voice crying, "Give it him, curse him!" and then I was down on the pavement as flat and lifeless as the flags on which I lay. When I woke up I was almost blinded with blood, I was in a covered cart with a few more groaning wretches; and when I uttered a moan, a brutal voice growled out with many oaths an instant order to be silent, or my head should be broken again. I woke up in a ghastly pain and perplexity, but presently fainted once more. When I awoke again to a half-consciousness I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried, and then flung into the bows of a boat, where I suppose I was joined by the rest of the dismal cart's company. Then some one came and washed my bleeding head with salt-water (which made it throb and ache very cruelly). Then the man, whispering "I'm a friend," bound my forehead tight with a handkerchief, and the boat pulled out to a brig that was lying as near to land as she could come, and the same man who had struck and sworn at me would have stabbed me once more as I reeled up the side, but that my friend interposed in my behalf. It was Tom Hookham to whose family I had given the three guineas, and who assuredly saved my life on that day, for the villain who attempted it afterward confessed that he intended to do me an injury. I was thrust into the forepeak with three or four more maimed and groaning wretches, and the wind serving, the lugger made for her destination, whatever that might be. What a horrid night of fever and pain it was! I remember I fancied I was carrying Agnes out of the water; I called out her name repeatedly, as Tom Hookham informed me, who came with a lantern, and looked at us poor wretches huddled in our shed. Tom brought me more water, and in pain and fever I slept through a wretched night.

In the morning our tender came up with a frigate that was lying off a town, and I was carried up the ship's side on Hookham's arm. The captain's boat happened to pull from shore at the very same time, and the captain and his friends, and our wretched party of pressed men with their captors, thus stood face to face. My wonder and delight were not a little aroused when I saw the captain was no other than my dear rector's friend, Captain Pearson. My face was bound up, and so pale and bloody as to be scarcely recognizable. "So, my man," he said, rather sternly, "you have been for fighting, have you? This comes of resisting men employed on his Majesty's service."

"I never resisted," I said; "I was struck from behind, Captain Pearson."

The captain looked at me with a haughty, surprised air. Indeed a more disreputable-looking lad he scarcely could see. After a moment he said, "Why, bless my soul, is it you, my boy? Is it young Duval?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, and whether from emotion, or fever, or loss of blood and weakness, I felt my brain going again, and once more fainted and fell.

When I came to myself I found myself in a berth in the *Serapis*, where there happened to be but one other patient. I had had fever and delirium for a day, during which it appears I was constantly calling out "Agnes, Agnes!" and offering to shoot highwaymen. A very kind surgeon's mate had charge of me, and showed me much more attention than a poor wounded lad could have had a right to expect in my wretched, humiliating position. On the fifth day I was well again, though still very weak and pale; but not too weak to be unable to go to the captain when he sent for me to his cabin. My friend the surgeon's mate showed me the way.

Captain Pearson was writing at his table, but sent away his secretary; and when the latter was gone shook hands with me very kindly, and talked unreservedly about the strange accident which had brought me on board his ship. His officer had information, he said, "and I had information," the captain went on to say, "that some very good seamen of what we called the Mackerel party were to be taken at a public house in Winchelsea, and his officer netted a half dozen of them there, who will be much better employed" (says Captain Pearson) "in serving the King in one of his Majesty's vessels than in cheating him on board their own. You were a stray fish that was caught along with the rest. I know your story. I have talked it over with our good friends at the Rectory. For a young fellow, you have managed to make yourself some queer enemies in your native town; and you are best out of it. On the night when I first saw you I promised our friends to take you as a first-class volunteer. In due time you will pass your examination and be rated as a midshipman. Stay—your mother is in Deal. You can go ashore, and she will fit you out. Here are letters for you. I wrote to Doctor Barnard as soon as I found who you were."

With this I took leave of my good patron and captain, and ran off to read my two letters. One from Mrs. Barnard and the doctor conjointly, told how alarmed they had been at my being lost, until Captain Pearson wrote to say how I had been found. The letter from my good mother informed me, in her rough way, how she was waiting at the Blue Anchor Inn in Deal, and would have come to me; but my new comrades would laugh at a rough old woman coming off in a shore boat to look after her boy. It was better that I should go to her at Deal, where I should be fitted out in a way becoming an officer in his Majesty's service. To Deal accord-

ingly I went by the next boat; the good-natured surgeon's mate, who had attended me and taken a fancy to me, lending me a clean shirt, and covering the wound on my head neatly so that it was scarcely seen under my black hair. *Le pauvre cher enfant! comme il est pâle!* How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me! The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon. Then she took me off to a tailor in the town, and provided me with an outfit a lord's son might have brought on board; and when she saw me dressed in my midshipman's uniform, she put such a great heavy purse of guineas into my pocket that I wondered at her bounty. I suppose I cocked my hat and strutted very consequentially by her side on the Mall. She had two or three friends, tradesfolk like herself, and partners no doubt in certain dubious maritime transactions at which I have hinted; but these she did not care to visit. "Remember, my son," said she, "thou art a gentleman now. Trades-people are no company for thee. For me 'tis different. I am but a poor hair-dresser and shop-keeper." And such of her acquaintance as she met she saluted with great dignity, but never offered to present me to one of them. We supped together at the Anchor, and talked about home, that was but two days off, and yet so distant. She never once mentioned my little maiden to me, nor did I somehow dare to allude to her. Mother had prepared a nice bedroom for me at the inn, to which she made me retire early, as I was still weak and faint after my fever; and when I was in my bed she came and knelt down by it, and with tears rolling down her furrowed face offered up a prayer in her native German language, that He who had been pleased to succor me from perils hitherto would guard me for the future, and watch over me in the voyage of life which was now about to begin. Now, as it is drawing to its close, I look back at it with an immense awe and thankfulness for the strange dangers from which I have escaped, the great blessings I have enjoyed.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Barnard, narrating my adventures as cheerfully as I could, though, truth to say, when I thought of home and a little Someone there, a large tear or two blotted my paper; but I had reason to be grateful for the kindness I had received, and was not a little elated at being actually a gentleman, and in a fair way to be an officer in his Majesty's navy. My uniforms were ready in a very short time. Twenty-four hours after they were ordered Mr. Levy brought them to our inn, and I had the pleasure of putting them on; and walked on the Parade, with my hat cocked, my hanger by my side, and mother on my arm. Though I was perfectly well pleased with myself, I think she was the prouder of the two. To one or two tradesmen and their wives, whom she knew, she gave a most dignified nod of recognition this day, but passed on without speaking, as if she would have them understand that



DENIS'S VALET.

they ought to keep their distance when she was in such fine company. "Always respect yourself, my son," she said. "When I am in the shop I am in the shop, and my customers' very humble servant; but when I am walking on Deal Parade with thee I am walking with a young gentleman in his Majesty's navy. And Heaven has blessed us of late, my child, and thou shalt have the means of making as good a figure as any young officer in the service."

As I was strutting on the Mall, on the second

day of my visit to Deal, what should I see but my dear Doctor Barnard's well-known post-chaise nearing us from the Dover Road? The doctor and his wife looked with a smiling surprise at my altered appearance; and as they stepped out of their chaise at the inn the good lady fairly put her arms round me and gave me a kiss. Mother, from her room, saw the embrace, I suppose. "Thou hast found good friends there, Denis, my son," she said, with sadness in her deep voice. "'Tis well. They

can befriend thee better than I can. Now thou art well, I may depart in peace. When thou art ill the old mother will come to thee, and will bless thee always, my son." She insisted upon setting out on her return homeward that afternoon. She had friends at Hythe, Folkestone, and Dover (as I knew well), and would put up with one or other of them. She had before packed my new chest with wonderful neatness. Whatever her feelings might be at our parting, she showed no signs of tears or sorrow, but mounted her little chaise in the inn yard, and, without looking back, drove away on her solitary journey. The landlord of the Anchor and his wife bade her farewell very cordially and respectfully. They asked me, would I not step into the bar and take a glass of wine or spirits? I have said that I never drank either; and suspect that my mother furnished my host with some of these stores out of those fishing-boats of which she was owner. "If I had an only son, and such a good-looking one," Mrs. Boniface was pleased to say (can I, after such a fine compliment, be so ungrateful as to forget her name?)—"If I had an only son, and could leave him as well off as Mrs. Duval can leave you, I wouldn't send him to sea in wartime, that I wouldn't." "And though you don't drink any wine, some of your friends on board may," my landlord added, "and they are always welcome at the Blue Anchor." This was not the first time I had heard that my mother was rich. "If she be so," I said to my host, "indeed it is more than I know." On which he and his wife both commended me for my caution, adding, with a knowing smile, "We know more than we tell, Mr. Duval. Have you ever heard of Mr. Weston? Have you ever heard of Monsieur de la Motte? We know where Boulogne is, and Ost—" "Hush, wife," here breaks in my landlord. "If the captain don't wish to talk, why should he? There is the bell ringing from the Benbow and your dinner going up to the doctor, Mr. Duval." It was indeed as he said, and I sat down in the company of my good friends, bringing a fine appetite to their table.

The doctor, on his arrival, had sent a messenger to his friend, Captain Pearson, and while we were at our meal the captain arrived in his own boat from the ship, and insisted that Dr. and Mrs. Barnard should take their dessert in his cabin on board. This procured Mr. Denis Duval the honor of an invitation, and I and my new sea-chest were accommodated in the boat and taken to the frigate. My box was consigned to the gunner's cabin, where my hammock was now slung. After sitting a short time at Mr. Pearson's table a brother-midshipman gave me a hint to withdraw, and I made the acquaintance of my comrades, of whom there were about a dozen on board the *Serapis*. Though only a volunteer, I was taller and older than many of the midshipmen. They knew who I was, of course—the son of a shop-keeper at Winchelsea. Then and afterward I had my share

of rough jokes, you may be sure; but I took them with good-humor; and I had to fight my way as I had learned to do at school before. There is no need to put down here the number of black eyes and bloody noses which I received and delivered. I am sure I bore but little malice, and, thank Heaven, never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterward. Certain men there were who hated *me*; but they are gone and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised, and little the worse for their enmity.

The first lieutenant of our ship, Mr. Page, was related to Mrs. Barnard, and this kind lady gave him such a character of her very grateful, humble servant, and narrated my adventures to him so pathetically, that Mr. Page took me into his special favor, and interested some of my mess-mates in my behalf. The story of the highwayman caused endless talk and jokes against me which I took in good part, and established my footing among my mess-mates by adopting the plan I had followed at school, and taking an early opportunity to fight a well-known bruiser among our company of midshipmen. You must know they called me "Soapsuds," "Powder-puff," and like names, in consequence of my grandfather's known trade of hair-dresser; and one of my comrades bantering me one day, cried, "I say, Soapsuds, where was it you hit the highwayman?" "There," said I, and gave him a clean left-handed blow on his nose, which must have caused him to see a hundred blue lights. I know about five minutes afterward he gave me just such another blow; and we fought it out and were good friends ever after. What is this? Did I not vow as I was writing the last page yesterday that I would not say a word about my prowess at fisticuffs? You see we are ever making promises to be good, and forgetting them. I suppose other people can say as much.

Before leaving the ship my kind friends once more desired to see me, and Mrs. Barnard, putting a finger to her lip, took out from her pocket a little packet, which she placed in my hand. I thought she was giving me money, and felt somehow disappointed at being so treated by her. But when she was gone to shore I opened the parcel, and found a locket there, and a little curl of glossy black hair. Can you guess whose? Along with the locket was a letter in French, in a large girlish hand, in which the writer said, that night and day she prayed for her dear Denis. And where, think you, the locket is now? where it has been for forty-two years, and where it will remain when a faithful heart that beats under it hath ceased to throb.

At gun-fire our friends took leave of the frigate, little knowing the fate that was in store for many on board her. In three weeks from that day what a change! The glorious misfortune which befell us is written in the annals of our country.

On the very evening while Captain Pearson was entertaining his friends from Winchelsea, he received orders to sail for Hull, and place

himself under the command of the admiral there. From the Humber we presently were dispatched northward to Scarborough. There had been not a little excitement along the whole northern coast for some time past, in consequence of the appearance of some American privateers, who had ransacked a Scottish nobleman's castle, and levied contributions from a Cumberland sea-port town. As we were close in with Scarborough a boat came off with letters from the magistrates of that place, announcing that this squadron had actually been seen off the coast. The commodore of this wandering piratical expedition was known to be a rebel Scotchman: who fought with a rope round his neck to be sure. No doubt many of us youngsters vaped about the courage with which we would engage him, and made certain, if we could only meet with him, of seeing him hang from his own yard-arm. It was *Diis aliter visum*, as we used to say at Pockock's; and it was we threw *deuceace* too. Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward knight of his Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword.

We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Captain Piercy. And thus it came about that after being twenty-five days in his Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that has been fought in our or any time.

I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23d September, which ended in our glorious captain striking his own colors to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle.....

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE reader has now read the last line written by William Makepeace Thackeray. The story breaks off as his life ended—full of vigor, and blooming with new promise like the apple-trees in this month of May. The only difference between the work and the life is this, that the last chapters of the one have their little pathological gaps and breaks of unfinished effort, the last chapters of the other were fulfilled and complete. But the life may be let alone; while as for the gaps and breaks in his last pages nothing that we can write is likely to add to their significance. There they are; and the reader's mind has already fallen into them, with sensations not to be improved by the ordinary commentator. If Mr. Thackeray himself could do it, that would be another thing. Preacher he called himself in some of the Roundabout discourses, in which his softer spirit is always to be heard, but he never had a text after his own mind so much as these last broken chapters would give him *now*. There is the date of a certain Friday to be filled in, and Time is no more. Is it *very* presumptuous to imagine the Roundabout that Mr. Thackeray would write upon this unfinished work of his if he could come back to do it? We do not think it is, or very difficult either. What Carlyle calls the divine gift of speech was so largely his, especially in his maturer years, that he made clear in what he *did* say pretty much what he *would* say about any thing that engaged his thought; and we have only to imagine a discourse "On the Two Women at the Mill"* to read off upon our minds the sense of what Mr. Thackeray alone could have found language for.

Vain are these speculations—or are they vain? Not if we try to think what he would think of his broken labors, considering that one of these days our labors must be broken too. Still, there is not much to be said about it; and we pass on to the real business in hand, which is to show as well as we may what "Denis Duval" would have been had its author lived to complete his work. Fragmentary as it is, the story must always be of considerable importance, because it will stand as a warning to imperfect critics never to be in haste to cry of any intellect, "His vein is worked out: there is nothing left in him but the echoes of emptiness." The decriers were never of any importance, yet there is more than satisfaction, there is something like triumph in the mind of every honest man of letters when he sees, and knows every body must see, how a genius which was sometimes said to have been guilty of passing behind a cloud toward the evening of his day came out to shine with new splendor before the day was done. "Denis Duval" is unfinished, but it ends *that* question. The fiery genius that blazed over the city in "Vanity Fair," and passed on to a ripe afternoon in "Esmond," is not a whit less great; it is only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly, as it sinks too suddenly in "Denis Duval."

This is said to introduce the settlement of another too hasty notion, which we believe to have been pretty generally accepted: namely, that Mr. Thackeray took little pains in the construction of his works. The truth is, that he very industriously *did* take pains. We find that out when we inquire, for the benefit of the readers of his Magazine, whether there is any thing to tell of his designs for "Denis Duval." The

* "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left."

answer comes in the form of many most careful notes, and memoranda of inquiry into minute matters of detail to make the story *true*. How many young novelists are there who *haven't* much genius to fall back upon, who yet, if they desired to set their hero down in Winchelsea a hundred years ago, for instance, would take the trouble to learn how the town was built, and what gate led to Rye (if the hero happened to have any dealings with that place), and who were its local magnates, and how it was governed? And yet this is what Mr. Thackeray did, though his investigation added not twenty lines to the story and no "interest" whatever: it was simply so much conscientious effort to keep as near truth in feigning as he could. That Winchelsea had three gates, "Newgate on S.W., Landgate on N.E., Strandgate (*leading to Rye*) on S.E.;" that "the government was vested in a mayor and twelve jurats, jointly;" that "it sends canopy bearers on occasion of a coronation," etc., etc., etc., all is duly entered in a note-book with reference to authorities. And so about the refugees at Rye, and the French reformed church there; nothing is written that history can not vouch for. The neat and orderly way in which the notes are set down is also remarkable. Each has its heading, as thus:

Refugees at Rye.—At Rye is a small settlement of French refugees, who are for the most part fishermen, and have a minister of their own.

French Reformed Church.—Wherever there is a sufficient number of faithful there is a church. The pastor is admitted to his office by the provincial synod, or the colloquy, provided it be composed of seven pastors at least. Pastors are seconded in their duties by laymen, who take the title of Ancients, Elders, and Deacons-precentor. The union of Pastors, Deacons, and Elders forms a consistory.

Of course there is no considerable merit in care like this, but it is a merit which the author of "Denis Duval" is not popularly credited with, and therefore it may as well be set down to him. Besides, it may serve as an example to fledgling geniuses of what *he* thought necessary to the perfection of his work.

But the chief interest of these notes and memoranda lies in the outlook they give us upon the conduct of the story. It is not desirable to print them all; indeed, to do so would be to copy a long list of mere references to books, magazines, and journals, where such by-way bits of illustration are to be found as lit Mr. Thackeray's mind to so vivid an insight into manners and character. Still, we are anxious to give the reader as complete an idea of the story as we can.

First, here is a characteristic letter, in which Mr. Thackeray sketches his plot for the information of his publisher:

MY DEAR S.,—I was born in the year 1764, at Winchelsea, where my father was a grocer and clerk of the church. Every body in the place was a good deal connected with smuggling.

There used to come to our house a very noble French gentleman, called the COUNT DE LA MOTTE, and with him a German, the BARON DE LÜTTERLOH. My father used to take packages to Ostend and Calais for these two gentlemen, and perhaps I went to Paris once and saw the French queen.

The squire of our town was SQUIRE WESTON of the Priory, who, with his brother, kept one of the genteel houses in the country. He was church-warden of our church, and much respected. Yes, but if you read the *Annual Register* of 1781 you will find that, on the 13th July, the sheriffs attended at the TOWER OF LONDON to receive custody of a De la Motte, a prisoner charged with high treason. The fact is, this Alsatian nobleman being in difficulties in his own country (where he had commanded the Regiment Soubise), came to London, and under pretense of sending prints to France and Ostend, supplied the French Minister with accounts of the movements of the English fleets and troops. His go-between was Lütterloh, a Brunswicker, who had been a crimping agent, then a servant, who was a spy of France and Mr. Franklin, and who turned king's evidence on La Motte, and hanged him.

This Lütterloh, who had been a crimping agent for German troops during the American, then a servant in London during the Gordon riots, then an agent for a spy, then a spy over a spy, I suspect to have been a consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent.

What if he wanted to marry THAT CHARMING GIRL who lived with Mr. Weston, at Winchelsea? Ha! I see a mystery here.

What if this scoundrel, going to receive his pay from the English admiral, with whom he was in communication at Portsmouth, happened to go on board the *Royal George* the day she went down.

As for John and Joseph Weston, of the Priory, I am sorry to say they were rascals too. They were tried for robbing the Bristol mail in 1780; and being acquitted for want of evidence, were tried immediately after on another indictment for forgery—Joseph was acquitted, but George capitally convicted. But this did not help poor Joseph. Before their trials, they and some others broke out of Newgate, and Joseph fired at and wounded a porter, who tried to stop him, on Snow Hill. For this he was tried and found guilty on the Black Act, and hung along with his brother.

Now, if I was an innocent participator in De la Motte's treasons, and the Westons' forgeries and robberies, what pretty scrapes I must have been in?

I married the young woman whom the brutal Lütterloh would have had for himself, and lived happy ever after.

Here, it will be seen, the general idea is very roughly sketched, and the sketch was not in all its parts carried out. Another letter, never sent to its destination, gives a somewhat later account of Denis:

My grandfather's name was Duval, he was a barber and perruquier by trade, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. I was sent to board with his correspondent, a Methodist grocer, at Rye.

These two kept a fishing-boat, but the fish they caught was many and many a barrel of Nantz brandy, which we landed—never mind where—at a place to us well known. In the innocence of my heart, I—a child—got leave to go out fishing. We used to go out at night and meet ships from the French coast.

I learned to scuttle a marlinspike,
reef a lee scupper,
keelhaul a bowsprit

as well as the best of them. How well I remember the jabbering of the Frenchmen the first night as they handed the kegs over to us! One night we were fired into by his Majesty's revenue-cutter *Lynx*. I asked what those balls were fizzing in the water, etc.

I wouldn't go on with the smuggling; being converted by Mr. Wesley, who came to preach to us at Rye—but that is neither here nor there....

In these letters neither "my mother" nor the Count de Saverne and his unhappy wife appear; while Agnes exists only as "that charming girl." Count de la Motte, the Baron de Lütterloh, and the Westons, seem to have figured foremost in the author's mind: they are historical charac-

ters. In the first letter we are referred to the *Annual Register* for the story of De la Motte and Lütterloh; and this is what we read there:

January 4, 1781.—A gentleman was taken into custody for treasonable practices, named Henry Francis de la Motte, which he bore with the title of baron annexed to it. He has resided in Bond Street, at a Mr. Otley's, a woolen-draper, for some time.

When he was going up stairs at the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, he dropped several papers on the staircase, which were immediately discovered by the messenger, and carried in with him to Lord Hillsborough. After his examination he was committed a close prisoner, for high treason, to the Tower. The papers taken from him are reported to be of the highest importance. Among them are particular lists of every ship of force in any of our yards and docks, etc., etc.

In consequence of the above papers being found, Henry Lütterloh, Esq., of Wickham, near Portsmouth, was afterward apprehended and brought to town. The messengers found Mr. Lütterloh ready booted to go a-hunting. When he understood their business he did not discover the least embarrassment, but delivered his keys with the utmost readiness. . . . Mr. Lütterloh is a German, and had lately taken a house at Wickham, within a few miles of Portsmouth; and as he kept a pack of hounds, and was considered as a good companion, he was well received by the gentlemen in the neighborhood.

July 14, 1781.—Mr. Lütterloh's testimony was of so serious a nature that the court seemed in a state of astonishment during the whole of his long examination. He said that he embarked in a plot with the prisoner in the year 1778, to furnish the French court with secret intelligence of the Navy; for which, at first, he received only eight guineas a month; the importance of his information appeared, however, so clear to the prisoner, that he shortly after allowed him fifty guineas a month, besides many valuable gifts; that, upon any emergency, he came post to town to M. de la Motte, but common occurrences, relative to their treaty, he sent by the post. He identified the papers found in his garden, and the seals, he said, were M. de la Motte's, and well known in France. He had been to Paris by direction of the prisoner, and was closeted with Monsieur Sartine, the French Minister. He had formed a plan for capturing Governor Johnstone's squadron, for which he demanded 8000 guineas, and a third share of the ships, to be divided among the prisoner, himself, and his friend in a certain office, but the French court would not agree to yielding more than an eighth share of the squadron. After agreeing to enable the French to take the commodore, he went to Sir Hugh Palliser and offered a plan to take the French, and to defeat his original project with which he had furnished the French court.

The trial lasted for thirteen hours, when the jury, after a short deliberation, pronounced the prisoner guilty, when sentence was immediately passed upon him; the prisoner received the awful doom (he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered) with great composure, but inveighed against Mr. Lütterloh in warm terms. . . . His behavior throughout the whole of this trying scene exhibited a combination of manliness, steadiness, and presence of mind. He appeared, at the same time, polite, condescending, and unaffected, and, we presume, could never have stood so firm and collected at so awful a moment if, when he felt himself fully convicted as a traitor to the State which gave him protection, he had not, however mistakenly, felt a conscious innocence within his own breast that he had devoted his life to the service of his country. . . .

M. de la Motte was about five feet ten inches in height, fifty years of age, and of a comely countenance; his deportment was exceedingly genteel, and his eye was expressive of strong penetration. He wore a white cloth coat and a linen waistcoat worked in tambour.—*Annual Register*, vol. xxiv., p. 184.

It is not improbable that from this narrative of a trial for high treason in 1781 the whole story radiated. These are the very men whom we have seen in Thackeray's pages; and it is a fine test of his insight and power to compare

them as they lie embalmed in the *Annual Register*, and as they breathe again in "Denis Duval." The part they were to have played in the story is already intelligible, all but the way in which they were to have confused the lives of Denis and his love. "At least, Duval," De la Motte said to me when I shook hands with him and with all my heart forgave him, "mad and reckless as I have been and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort when I myself was almost without a meal." What was the injury which Denis forgave with all his heart? Fatal to all whom he loved, there are evidences that De la Motte was to have urged Lütterloh's pretensions to Agnes: whose story at this period we find inscribed in the note-book in one word—"Henriette, Iphigenia." For Agnes was christened Henriette originally, and Denis was called Blaise.*

As for M. Lütterloh, "that consummate scoundrel, and doubly odious from speaking English with a German accent," having hanged De la Motte, while confessing that he had made a solemn engagement with him never to betray each other, and had then immediately laid a wager that De la Motte *would* be hanged, having broken open a secretaire, and distinguished himself in various other ways, he seems to have gone to Winchelsea, where it was easy for him to threaten or cajole the Westons into trying to force Agnes into his arms. She was living with these people, and we know how they discountenanced her faithful affection for Denis. Overwrought by the importunities of Lütterloh and the Westons, she escaped to Dr. Barnard for protection; and soon unexpected help arrived. The De Viomesnills, her mother's relations, became suddenly convinced of the innocence of the countess. Perhaps (and when we say perhaps we repeat such hints of his plans as Mr. Thackeray uttered in conversation at his fireside) they knew of certain heritages to which Agnes would be entitled were her mother absolved: at any rate, they had reasons of their own for claiming her at this opportune moment—as they did. Agnes takes Dr. Barnard's advice, and goes off to these prosperous relations, who, having neglected her so long, desire her so much. Perhaps Denis was thinking of the sad hour when he came home, long years afterward, to find his sweetheart gone, when he wrote: "Oh, Agnes, Agnes! how the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us; what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your fa-

* Among the notes there is a little chronological table of events as they occur:

Blaise, born, 1763.
Henriette de Barr was born in 1766-7.
Her father went to Corsica, '68.
Mother fled, '68.
Father killed at B., '69.
Mother died, '70.
Blaise turned out, '79.
Henriette Ιφιγενια, '81.
La Motte's catastrophe, '82.
Rodney's action, '82.

ther knelt over the little cot in which his child lay sleeping!"

At the time she goes home to France Denis is far away, fighting on board the *Arethusa*, under his old captain, Sir Richard Pearson, who commanded the *Serapis* in the action with Paul Jones. Denis was wounded early in this fight, in which Pearson had to strike his own colors, almost every man on board being killed or hurt. Of Pearson's career, which Denis must have followed in after-days, there is more than one memorandum in Mr. Thackeray's note-book.

Serapis, R. Pearson. *Beatson's Memoirs*.

Gentleman's Magazine, 49, p. 484. Account of action with Paul Jones, 1779.

Gentleman's Magazine, 502, p. 84. Pearson knighted, 1780.

Commanded the *Arethusa* off Ushant, } "Field of Mars,"
1781, in Kempenfeldt's action. } art. Ushant.

and then follows the question:

Qy. How did Pearson get away from Paul Jones?

But before that is answered we will quote "the story of the disaster" as Sir Richard tells it, "in words nobler than any I could supply:" and, indeed, Mr. Thackeray seems to have thought much of the letter to the Admiralty Office, and to have found Pearson's character in it.

After some preliminary fighting:

We dropped alongside of each other, head and stern, when, the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half past eight till half past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and, in short, every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks.

About half past nine a cartridge of powder was set on fire, which, running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the mainmast. . . . At ten o'clock they called for quarter from the ship alongside; hearing this, I called for the boarders and ordered them to board her, which they did; but the moment they were on board her they discovered a superior number lying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them; our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns till past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and, in short, impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. Our mainmast at the same time went by the board. . . .

I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened—that of losing His Majesty's ship I had the honor to command; but, at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes that their lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away, but that on the contrary every exertion has been used to defend her.

The *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, after drifting about in the North Sea, were brought into the Texel by Paul Jones; when Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador at the Hague, memorialized their high mightinesses the States-General of the Low Countries, requesting that

these prizes might be given up. Their high mightinesses refused to interfere.

Of course the fate of the *Serapis* was Denis's fate; and the question also is, how did he get away from Paul Jones? A note written immediately after the query suggests a hair-breadth escape for him after a double imprisonment.

Some sailors are lately arrived from Amsterdam on board the *Laetitia*, Captain March. They were taken out of the hold of a Dutch East Indiaman by the captain of the *Kingston* privateer, who, having lost some of his people, gained some information of their fate from a music-girl, and had spirit enough to board the ship and search her. The poor wretches were all chained down in the hold, and but for this would have been carried to perpetual slavery.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 50, p. 101.

Do we see how truth and fiction was to have been married here? Suppose that Denis Duval, escaping from one imprisonment in Holland, fell into the snares of Dutch East Indiamen, or was kidnapped with the men of the *Kingston* privateer? Denis chained down in the hold, thinking one moment of Agnes and the garden wall which alone was too much to separate them, and at the next moment of how he was now to be carried to perpetual slavery, beyond hope. And then the music-girl; and the cheer of the *Kingston's* men as they burst into the hold and set the prisoners free. It is easy to imagine what those chapters would have been like.

At liberty, Denis was still kept at sea, where he did not rise to the heroic in a day, but progressed through all the commonplace duties of a young seaman's life, which we find noted down accordingly:

He must serve two years on board before he can be rated midshipman. Such volunteers are mostly put under the care of the gunner, who caters for them; and are permitted to walk the quarter-deck and wear the uniform from the beginning. When fifteen and rated midshipmen, they form a mess with the mates. When examined for their commissions they are expected to know every thing relative to navigation and seamanship, are strictly examined in the different sailings, working tides, days' works, and double altitudes—and are expected to give some account of the different methods of finding the longitudes by a time-keeper and the lunar observations. In practical seamanship they must show how to conduct a ship from one place to another under every disadvantage of wind, tide, etc. After this the candidate obtains a certificate from the captain, and his commission when he can get it.

Another note describes a personage whose acquaintance we have missed:

A seaman of the old school, whose hand was more familiar with the tar-brush than with Hadley's quadrant, who had peeped into the mysteries of navigation as laid down by J. Hamilton Moore, and who acquired an idea of the rattletraps and rigging of a ship through the famous illustrations which adorn the pages of Darcy Lever.

Denis was a seaman in stirring times. "The year of which we treat," says the *Annual Register* for 1779, "presented the most awful appearance of public affairs which perhaps this country had beheld for many ages;" and Duval had part in more than one of the startling events which succeeded each other so rapidly in the wars with France and America and Spain. He was destined to come into contact with Major André, whose fate excited extraordinary sym-

pathy at the time: Washington is said to have shed tears when he signed his death-warrant. It was on the 2d of October, 1780, that this young officer was executed. A year later, and Denis was to witness the trial and execution of one whom he knew better and was more deeply interested in, De la Motte. The courage and nobleness with which he met his fate moved the sympathy of Duval, whom he had injured, as well as of most of those who saw him die. Denis has written concerning him: "Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy, a gentleman with many a stain, nay, crime to reproach him, but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling toward that fatal man."

Lütterloh's time had not yet come; but besides that we find him disposed of with the *Royal George* in the first-quoted letter, an entry in the note-book unites the fate of the bad man with that of the good ship.*

Meanwhile, the memorandum "Rodney's action, 1782," indicates that Duval was to take part in our victory over the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse, who was himself captured with the *Ville de Paris* and four other ships. "De Grasse with his suite landed on Southsea Common, Portsmouth. They were conducted in carriages to the *George*, where a most sumptuous dinner had been procured for the count and his suite, by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, who entertained him and his officers at his own expense." Here also was something for Denis to see; and in this same autumn came on the trial of the two Westons, when Denis was to be the means—unconsciously—of bringing his old enemy, Joseph Weston, to punishment. There are two notes to this effect:

1782-3. Jo. Weston, always savage against Blaise, fires on him in Cheapside.

The Black Act is 9 George II., c. 22. The preamble says: Whereas several ill-designing and disorderly persons have associated themselves under the name of Blacks, and entered into confederacies to support and assist one another in stealing and destroying deer, robbing warrens and fish-ponds.... It then goes on to enact that if any person or persons shall willfully or maliciously shoot at any person in any dwelling-house or other place, he shall suffer death as in cases of felony without benefit of the clergy.

A Joseph Weston was actually found guilty, under the Black Act, of firing at and wounding a man on Snow Hill, and was hanged with his brother. Mr. Thackeray's note-book refers him to "The Westons in 'Sessions Papers,' 1782, pp. 463, 470, 473," to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1782, to "Genuine Memoirs of George and Joseph Weston, 1782," and *Notes and Queries*, Series I. vol. x.†

* Contemporary accounts of the foundering of the *Royal George* represent her crowded with people from the shore. We have seen how Lütterloh was among these, having come on board to receive the price of his treason.

† These notes also appear in the same connection: "*Horse-Stealers*." One Saunders was committed to Oxford jail for horse-stealing, who appears to have belonged to a gang, part of whom stole horses in the north counties, and the other part in the south, and about the

The next notes (in order of time) concern a certain very disinterested action of Duval's:

Deal Riots, 1783.

DEAL.—Here has been a great scene of confusion, by a party of Colonel Douglas's Light Dragoons, sixty in number, who entered the town in the dead of the night in aid to the excise-officers, in order to break open the stores and make seizures; but the smugglers, who are never unprepared, having taken the alarm, mustered together, and a most desperate battle ensued.

Now old Duval, the perruquier, as we know, belonged to the great Mackerel party, or smuggling conspiracy, which extended all along the coast; and frequent allusion has been made to his secret stores, and to the profits of his so-called *fishing* expeditions. Remembering what has been written of this gentleman, we can easily imagine the falsehoods, tears, lying asseverations of poverty and innocence which old Duval must have uttered on the terrible night when the excise-officers visited him. But his exclamations were to no purpose, for it is a fact that when Denis saw what was going on, he burst out with the truth, and though he knew it was his own inheritance he was giving up, he led the officers right away to the hoards they were seeking.

His conduct on this occasion Denis has already referred to where he says: "There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak.....Now they are secrets no more.. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago: nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up." And therewith all old Duval's earnings, all Denis's fortune that was to be, vanished; but of course Denis prospered in his profession, and had no need of unlawful gains.‡

But very sad times intervened between Denis and prosperity. He was to be taken prisoner by the French, and to fret many long years away in one of their arsenals. At last the Revolution broke out, and he may have been given up, or—thanks to his foreign tongue and extraction—found means to escape. Perhaps he went in search of Agnes, whom we know he never forgot, and whose great relations were now in trouble, for the Revolution which freed him was terrible to "aristocrats."

This is nearly all the record we have of this part of Denis's life, and of the life which Agnes led while she was away from him.§ But perhaps

midland counties they used to meet and exchange.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 39, 165.

1783. *Capital Convictions*.—At the Spring Assizes, 1783, 119 prisoners received sentence of Death.

‡ Notices of Sussex smuggling (says the note-book) are to be found in vol. x. of *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, 69, 94. Reference is also made to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. viii. pp. 292, 172.

§ The following memoranda appear in the note-book:

"Marie Antoinette was born on the 2d November, 1755, and her saint's day is the FÊTE DES MORTS.

"In the Corsican expedition the Legion de Lorraine was under the Baron de Viomesnil. He emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution, took an active part in the army of Condé, and in the emigration, returned with Louis XVIII., followed him to Gand, and was made marshal and peer of France after '15.

"Another Vi. went with Rochambeau to America in 1780."

it was at this time that Duval saw Marie Anfoiriette; perhaps he found Agnes, and helped her to get away; or had Agnes already escaped to England, and was it in the old familiar haunts—Farmer Perrean's *Columbarium*, where the pigeons were that Agnes loved; the rectory garden basking in the autumn evening; the old wall and the pear-tree behind it; the plain from whence they could see the French lights across the Channel; the little twinkling window in a gable of the priory house, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock—that Denis and Agnes first met after their long separation?

However that may have been, we come presently upon a note of "a tailor contracts to supply three superfine suits for £11 11s. (*Gazetteer and Daily Advertiser*);" and also of a villa at Beckenham, with "four parlors, eight bedrooms, stables, two acres of garden, and fourteen acres of meadow, let for £70 a year," which may have been the house the young people first lived in after they were married. Later, they moved to Fareport, where, as we read, the admiral is weighed along with his own pig. But he can not have given up the service for many years after his marriage; for he writes: "T'other day when we took over the King of France to Calais (H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs have a post-chaise from Dover to look at that old window in the priory house at Winchelsea. I went through the old wars, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as vehemently after forty years as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the school-boy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy."

"And who, pray, was Agnes?" he writes elsewhere. "To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her; to win such a prize in life's lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done—of any worth—has been done by trying to deserve her."..... "*Monsieur mon fils*—(this is to his boy)—if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, 'I loved him,' when the daisies cover me." Once more of Agnes he writes: "When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayers shall toll for a certain D.D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive."

ON THE RIGHT FOOTING.

IT was a busy time in one of our New England cities. News had come that the Federal troops were in need of stockings, which at that stage of the war had not been very abundantly supplied to the newly-organized army that was then taking the field for the fall campaign of 1861. Sisters and mothers, maidens and spinsters, were engaged in the primitive employment

of knitting. Patriotism had armed the men with muskets and the women with needles. It was the autumn following the sad reverse at the battle of Bull Run; and while woman's fingers were busy adding stitch to stitch, her thoughts reverted to that fatal field as the forerunner of still greater calamities.

But some natures are so buoyant that they resist all depressing influences, and live in a sunlight of their own. My reader, therefore, need not expect a sorrowful story, because I narrate what took place at a time of national misgiving.

In a pleasant room, into which the afternoon sun was shining, sat Miss Mary Brown and Miss Mary I. Brown, much alike in name, but quite unlike in some other respects. Miss Mary I. Brown was a young maiden, Miss Mary Brown was a maiden not young. The one was eighteen, the other forty-eight. One was looking forward to matrimony as a probable and desirable thing, the other looked upon matrimony as barely possible, and on the whole unadvisable.

Miss Mary I. Brown had been named for her aunt, Miss Mary Brown, by a kind brother, who devised this method of handing down his sister's name to posterity after having abandoned all hope that it would be preserved by direct descent. The niece, however, went by the name of Bell, a contraction of her middle name, Isabel. Miss Mary lived with her brother, and thus she and Bell were constantly together, the niece having in her aunt one of those agreeable companions as is sometimes found in the character of a maiden lady who has wasted none of her native sweetness upon a heartless lover or a selfish husband.

These two were a part of the great knitting-machine that was turning out stockings by the hundreds and forwarding them to the Union army. Bell had just finished a pair, and was running the heels when she suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, aunt, I have thought of one way to get a husband!"

"One way," replied her aunt, showing no surprise at Bell's remark. "That is nothing wonderful. You would hardly be a woman if you have but one way. In my day girls of your age had many ways to set themselves about that business."

"But they did not always succeed," said Bell, looking archly at her aunt.

"No they did not always get married, for sometimes they made up their minds beforehand to turn their attention to taking care of their rattle-brained nieces."

"That remark can not apply to me, for Uncle John told me that I haven't any brains. But I am rather glad you didn't get married, for every young lady like myself is greatly benefited by having a good aunt at hand who has no children of her own to look after."

"There, my young lady had better not ventilate any more of her sage ideas just now."

"No, aunt, not one word more after I have told you my plan for catching a husband."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why you see, 'aunt, when I marry I mean to have a good, tall, brave husband."

"Yes, I could guess that, for I never saw a little woman who did not prefer a tall man."

"I am going to write an advertisement for a husband and put it into this pair of large stockings; and as the tallest men will pick out the biggest stockings I shall advertise myself to a regular grenadier."

"You may as well advertise yourself in the New York *Herald* under the head of *Matrimonial*."

"Oh no, aunt, I don't want any of the simpletons who read and answer such advertisements. I want a good, brave Union soldier, who is not afraid to accept these stockings with the conditions I shall impose upon him."

So Bell, upon a bit of paper, wrote the following:

"This pair of stockings was knit by Miss Mary Brown, who holds herself in readiness to marry the man who will wear them on the battle-field, and afterward return to claim her hand."

"There, aunt, what do you think of that?" said Bell, after reading it aloud.

"I don't like the idea of your using my name. Why not write it out in full—Mary Isabel Brown?"

"That would tell too much. I want it so that it may stand for either of us. Then, if the fellow should take me at my word and I did not fancy him, there will be a chance to retreat."

"Such frolics are not very discreet, Bell, and I should object to your carrying out this one if I did not think you were safe. The man who finds either of us will have some hundreds of Mary Browns to pick from."

"Well, aunt, I am not going to write any thing more. It must not be too definite. The fellow will have to hunt some if ever he finds me out."

In due time the stockings from the Browns went into the same box with those from the Smiths, and others whose posterity has not multiplied so rapidly as have the descendants of the original Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith, and started for the Union camp.

In due time the stockings reached the Federal troops, and were distributed among the barefoot squads. Bell's stockings were handed over to a very small man, while a smaller pair had fallen to the lot of the only six-footer in the company, who was trying to put them on as the small man held his up, and, after taking in their dimensions with a mechanic's eye, exclaimed:

"I say, Tom, I shall get lost in these stockings. I guess they were knit for Goliath of Gath."

"They are quite different from mine, then. I have been at work upon these till I think I shall never be able to straighten my back again. See how far I have got them on," and Tom held up his foot to show his comrade his progress. He

had worked his toes down to the angle where the heel belongs, while the foot of the stocking looked very limp and empty. "I hope there are no guerrillas round," continued he; "for if they should surprise the camp before I get this stocking on, I should be in an awkward predicament. I could neither fight nor run, and should have to sit still and be shot."

Dick watched him pulling and tugging, and then burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at? I don't see any thing so very queer about all this."

"Well, I do. I think it is mighty queer that you should try to pull on that pair of stockings which will just fit me, while I have a pair that will just suit you."

Tom dropped his foot to the floor. It struck him as a very happy thought on the part of Dick. It had not occurred to him, Yankee though he was, that there could be such a transaction as a "swop" in which both parties could be benefited.

So Tom and Dick made an exchange; and Tom, seizing one of the large stockings, slipped his foot down the long leg till his toes reached the farthest extremity.

"That is a capital fit. If I could find the girl who knit that I would marry her as soon as the war is over," saying which, Tom pulled on the other stocking, and felt something in the toe of it. "I guess there is a mouse's nest in this one," said he, as he drew it off and found Bell's note. "No, it is a piece of writing, by Jove!" and Tom proceeded to open and read it.

"That note is mine, Tom. Fair play. I didn't agree to let you have all there might be in that stocking when I exchanged."

"Ah, my good fellow, you are not familiar with the law on this point. I hold the stocking and the stocking held the note, *ergo* I hold the note, and my good friend, Richard Smith, holds the other pair of stockings and all they contain. But hear it, and then perhaps you will withdraw your claim."

Tom read and Dick listened.

"Yes, Tom, I renounce all right to that document. I should not object to the first condition, for you know I am as valiant as Hector—"

"Hecuba you probably mean," interrupted Tom, who was aware that his comrade's knowledge of the Grecian heroes was second-hand.

"As valiant as Hecuba, then," continued Dick, accepting the correction. "But as to marrying Mary Brown, I would sooner go barefoot all my days. She is probably some old maid with more sentiment than sense."

"Nonsense, Dick; that note was not written by an old maid. I will take up the gauntlet, and when I get a furlough I'll have a hunt for that girl. I rather like the spirit of this communication."

"I should like to know how you are going to find her, unless her address is on the note."

"No it is not, and all I know about it is that she signs her name Mary Brown, and that she

probably lives somewhere on our side of the Potomac."

"I think you'll find her then. You'll have a fine chance for a search! Brown is not a common name, and there can not be two Mary Browns north of Mason and Dixon's line."

"Don't try to convince me that the thing is impossible, for I'll find her sooner or later as sure as I am a good fellow."

Thereupon Tom instituted an inquiry to find out from which direction the stockings came. After a little search he ascertained that three boxes had just been emptied, but from which his had been taken he could not learn. One of the boxes came from New York, one from Boston, and one from Lowell.

"There," thought Tom, "that is about as definite as though I had found out that they came from the country where the Americans live."

But he took note of these three places for future reference, leaving it for time and chance to settle the question.

It was not a week after this circumstance before Tom found himself face to face with the foe on an obstinately-fought field, in which he received two wounds, one through the fleshy part of his leg, and the other in his shoulder. He was carried from the field on a stretcher.

At first he was faint from loss of blood; but as soon as his wounds were dressed and consciousness had fully returned he beckoned Dick toward him.

"What did they do with my stockings, Dick?"

"Never mind your stockings now, Tom; you must keep quiet."

"But I do mind about my stockings, and I can't have them lost. Those are the Mary Brown stockings, and must be found. One of them has two shot-holes in it."

"I'll look them up, Tom, but you must keep quiet. You've lost so much blood now that you are pale as a ghost."

After a few weeks spent in the hospital Tom came back to the camp to inquire for his stockings.

"Here they are," said Dick, as he handed them to him. "I have had them washed and put in the best order."

"Very much obliged to you, Dick," said Tom, as, in a group of soldiers, he examined the one containing the holes where the enemy's bullet had gone through.

"Why, Tom, were you wounded in both legs?" asked a comrade, who had discovered two similar shot-holes in the other stocking.

"No," replied Tom; "I was shot in the leg and shoulder. But how the holes came in the other stocking I don't know. My leg was in this one when the ball went through, for there is a stain of blood yet on that white toe. How is this, Dick?"

"I don't know, Tom. After they were washed I found that both of them had holes in them, and I supposed you had been shot in both legs. Are you sure you were not?"

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"Quite sure. But I am not so certain that some of my friends have not been playing at Falstaff's game."

As Tom's wounds would not allow him to go on duty for some time he was promoted to the rank of captain, and sent off to recruit a company.

"Now," thought he, as soon as his papers had been made out, "I'll find that Mary Brown."

So he bought a valise, put up an extra shirt, and made himself ready.

Tom was a Massachusetts officer, and was to recruit his company in that State.

"New York, then, I must give up," thought he; "and it may be that she lives there, though I hardly think she does. The girl that got up that idea must be Yankee born, and probably lives in the Hub of the Universe. I'll try Boston first, at any rate."

So, after a flying visit to his friends, Tom opened a recruiting-office in Boston, and set himself to work to fill up his company. But while he was hunting up recruits he kept on the look-out for the Browns. He consulted the city directory; he found whole pages of Browns, and among them five Miss Mary Browns—a milliner, a washer and ironer, a boarding-house keeper, an astrologist, and a doctress. He took the address of the milliner and the doctress, and made his first call upon the former. As he entered she was writing in her account-book, one glance at which convinced him that she was not the writer of the note in his possession. Having purchased some trifling article, he left to go in search of the doctress. Having found the place, he rang the bell, and was ushered into a waiting-room. In a few moments a middle-aged woman entered. She looked a little surprised at Tom's stalwart proportions and regimentals.

"Is this Miss Mary Brown?" asked he.

"That is my name, Sir. Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"I have not called upon you in your professional capacity. I only wish to know whether you are one of a society of ladies who, three months ago, sent a box of clothing to the Army of the Potomac."

"I am sorry to say that I am not."

"The name Mary Brown was in one of the stockings, and I did not know but you might be the one. Have you any relation of that name?"

"None that I am aware of."

And then Tom, thinking he should be safe, produced the note for Miss Brown's inspection.

"Are you the man who has complied with the first condition?" asked the doctress, eying him from head to foot.

"Yes," replied he, bent upon experimenting on this matron's heart.

Afterward, in relating the circumstances to Dick, Tom said,

"When I told her that, I never in my life saw a woman look so sorry that she had not knit a certain pair of stockings."

"But what would you have done if she had been the right one?" asked Dick. "You would have been in a fine fix!"

"Not quite so fast, my good fellow. Do you suppose that after having been shot through in two places I went into battle without a chance of retreat? If she had proved the real Mary Brown, I should have told her that a friend of mine, Richard Smith, had taken the stockings, and that I had called, with his compliments, requesting her to prepare for the wedding-day!"

Tom spent some time with this female physician, who had many questions to ask of the returned soldier.

Having thus failed to find the right Mary Brown, he again turned to the directory.

"She must be the daughter of some of these Browns," said he, as his eye again ran over the long list. "But how I am to find her I don't know, unless fortune helps me. I have it!" he thought at last. "I'll go to the post-office and find out all the Browns in Boston."

He made known his business to the obliging postmaster, who gave him the address of half a score of Mary Browns. Subsequent interviews with each of these, however, threw no light upon the matter.

The next week, while looking over the newly-posted list of advertised letters, Tom came across the name Mary Brown.

"Who knows but she may be the one? Very likely she is," thought he. "The postmaster does not know who she is, and that is why she was left out of the list he gave me. I'll see if I can find out who calls for that letter."

So Tom bought the biggest morning paper he could find, and took his station within ear-shot of the place of delivery.

There were numerous calls for advertised letters, but none for Mary Brown. Tom was about abandoning his post when he observed a beautiful young lady coming into the door.

"I wish that might be Mary Brown," thought he, as he looked at her over his paper.

"Is there a letter here for Miss Mary Brown?" she asked, in a rich, musical voice, as she looked in at the pigeon-hole.

The beat of Tom's heart leaped up to two hundred a minute.

"By Jove, her name is Mary Brown!" said Tom to himself, who, in his most excited moments, never swore by any thing more sacred than the old heathen deities.

It would have been an easy matter for a business man to step up and settle the question of her identity, as Tom had done in several cases before. But his courage and presence of mind both forsook him the instant he found out that she might be the object of his search. It was not till he saw her passing out of the door that he recovered from his panic and bethought himself that his game must be followed. So off he started, keeping her in sight, though she walked away at a rapid rate.

She was tall and stately, and Tom could not help thinking what a fine-looking couple they

would be, as he watched her graceful movements and thought of his own military air.

She soon reached Washington Street, and here Tom's difficulties began. The street was crowded. Tom, keeping his eye fixed upon the head and shoulders of his enchantress, had no eyes left for any other purpose. He brushed by crinolines with a force that threatened to carry them away; and had the mouth of the infernal pit been before him he would have walked into it.

After going a few blocks she entered a millinery shop. Tom stopped outside and looked at the bonnets in the show-case till she came out, and then followed on. A quarter of a mile farther, in the same direction, she entered a dry good store. Tom again lingered outside, and examined the wonderful patterns with their more wonderful names, and then took up the pursuit again. He followed for a long distance up Washington Street; but just as he was passing a large jewelry store he lost sight of her. He pushed on a block farther, doubled on his track, and looked into all the shop windows. At the jewelry store he came upon her, face to face, as she was coming out of the door. At a second sight of that queenly face Tom could hear his heart beat. He thought she must have heard it too. But as he was only one of a large number of human beings drifting the same way he escaped her notice.

"Ah," said Tom, as soon as he had recovered from the shock, "'to love is indeed a painful thrill!'"

From the jewelry store she led Tom a long chase, to the end of Washington Street and up Cornhill into a book-store. Tom, growing bolder, went in too, and looked at the books and heard her inquire for Rollin's Ancient History.

"She isn't one of the readers of 'yellow covers,'" thought Tom, as he heard the name. "She prefers solid reading. What a lucky fellow I am!"

It never once occurred to him that though this lady's name was Mary Brown she might not be the one he was in search of. So strongly did he hope that she was the right one he could not rid himself of the conviction that she was the right one.

Having made her purchases she came near Tom to look at the new books upon the show-table. Tom was spell-bound. The same thrill of which he had spoken crept over his frame, and he was as helpless as an animal fascinated by a snake.

"What is the matter with me?" thought he, as she left the store. "I never felt so in the presence of any other woman."

From the book-store Tom followed her back to Washington Street, where she started down on the other side. Instead of slackening her pace her step seemed more vigorous than ever. Tom was still somewhat weak from his wounds, and his lame leg began to complain.

"I wonder if she is going to walk back at this rate the whole length of this street," thought he.

"But there is no help for it. I shall follow her as long as I can walk."

Her calls at the different large establishments were even more frequent than when coming up the street.

"I hope she will not have to go shopping too often after I marry her," thought he. "It is equal to the Bull Run retreat. She must be rich to patronize all the high-priced establishments. But I have no objection to the money."

Toward the last part of the chase Tom had grown so incautious that the lady appeared to be aware that he was following her.

At last, after having walked back nearly the whole length of Washington Street, she got into a horse-car that was going out of the city. As there was no other course to be taken Tom went into the same car and took a seat opposite. He did not stare blankly at the straw on the car floor as some people do. His eyes wandered along the row of faces on the opposite seat, not failing to take a good look at the face which most attracted him. The game was growing more exciting, for as often as his eyes rested upon her countenance he detected her watching him. After a ride of about two miles, during which the passengers had come and gone till there were only three or four left, the car reached the end of the route, where the rest stepped out. They were no sooner out of the car than Tom saw a small, insignificant-looking man coming directly toward them, apparently on the look-out for this very woman. Tom held his breath. Could it be possible? Yes, they were kissing each other as only newly-married people do kiss. Tom heard her say, "How kind in you, my love, to come and meet me!" Then followed a few low words, during which the little man frowned at Tom as though he would like to swallow him. Tom was so disgusted that he made "a bee line" for a little oyster shop not far off, muttering as he went,

"Who would have thought that so superb a woman could fancy that insignificant specimen of a biped!" and Tom consoled himself with reflecting upon his own proud form, and wholly recovered from his disappointment by the time he had finished his second oyster stew.

Notwithstanding Tom's zeal he had been unsuccessful, and would have been obliged to give up the search had not an accident put the whole thing in his possession.

While attending to his recruiting he became known as a returned soldier who was familiar with the state of things in the camp to which the ladies of Boston were at that time sending different articles. He was therefore often consulted by them, and invited to attend the "sewing circle," where he met, among others, the person he was in search of. He had been introduced to her as Miss Brown; but as he noticed her companions called her Bell, he did not for a moment suppose she was the Mary Brown of his search. It was not till he had met her several times that he was able to identify her. He had been called upon one evening to assist in pack-

ing some clothing to be sent to the camp, when he heard one of the girls suggest that they should put a written note into each pair of stockings. The girls rattled on as only girls know how when their gentle bosoms are stirred by the spirit of patriotism, and Bell related her doings in this line.

"And did you give your address in full?" asked one of the girls.

"No, indeed," said Bell; "I just signed my name Mary Brown."

"And left the Isabel out?"

"Yes, of course; and the fellow that finds me will have something to do, I think."

That evening Tom acted as Bell's escort. He took particular notice of the street and number where he left her, and afterward walked back and looked at the name on the door-plate, that he might find out her father's name.

The next day, by consulting the directory and asking a few questions, he found out to his satisfaction that, on the whole, Mr. Brown was a very desirable father-in-law. Having made up his mind that he was ready to take Bell "for better or for worse," he overhauled his valise, took out his magic stockings and made them into a neat little parcel, into which he put the following note, which also inclosed Bell's note:

"MY DEAR BETROTHED,—I am the happy man into whose hands these stockings fell. I have complied with the condition expressed in the inclosed note, and shall call at 8 o'clock this evening to claim your hand.

"Yours forever,

Tom."

This parcel he sent by a careful messenger, and then waited as patiently as possible for the next hour to pass away.

When the parcel arrived the servant, seeing it was directed to Miss Mary Brown, took it directly to Bell's aunt and left the room. Bell was with her aunt, and declared that the package was intended for herself. Her aunt, who usually indulged Bell in her peculiar freaks, allowed her to open it. The note attracted her, and a glance at its contents told the whole story. Bell looked frightened.

"What is the matter, Bell?" asked her aunt, who was curiously examining the stockings.

"Read that, aunt," said Bell, dropping into a chair.

"This is rather bad, Bell," said her aunt. "You've found a husband sooner than you expected. But have you examined the stockings?"

Bell caught them up and glanced at the holes.

"He has been shot through both legs."

"Yes, so it seems," said her aunt. "He must have lost both of them, I am afraid."

"Oh, aunt," sobbed Bell, "how can I have a husband with both legs gone? What shall I do?"

Had the man come back sound in body she could have turned him off most easily, but to refuse a lover after he had lost both legs in his country's service was quite a different thing. But how could she get out of it honorably? After a hastily called council of war it was de-

cided that Bell's aunt should be the real Mary Brown, and should dispose of this eccentric lover as best she could.

At the appointed time the bell rang, and Tom was shown in, dressed in his best regimentals and polished boots. He inquired for Miss Mary Brown. This the servant thought must mean the aunt, as she had always heard the niece called Bell; hence she started on her errand without asking which Miss Brown was wanted.

"I'll be down in a few minutes, Bridget," said the aunt. "But what sort of looking gentleman is he?"

"Och a fine-lookin' gintleman intirely. He is taller than me brother Patrick, and as straight as a bulrush!"

"Does he go on crutches, Bridget?" asked Bell.

"On crutches, is it?" said Bridget, opening her eyes wide. "By no manes! Why should he go wid two sticks, when he has two as good legs as iver a man wants?"

"Does he look pale and sick?" asked Bell.

"No, indade!" said the bewildered Bridget. "He looks as strong as any man of his inches, and so fresh and gintlemanly in his bright buttons that I think any young lady, like yourself, would like to have him for a swate-heart!"

"Hush, Bridget!" said Bell. "Say Miss Brown will be down in a few minutes."

As soon as Bridget had left them Bell crept quietly down stairs and took a peep through the door, which stood ajar, when of course she recognized our hero Tom. She now understood it all as soon as she recalled what she had said on the previous evening. She went quietly back to her aunt's room, and, with a countenance wear-

ing quite a different expression, explained how matters stood.

"Then I suppose you would like to dispense with my services altogether?"

"Well, aunt, you know it would not be quite right to tell a falsehood about it, even if we could. I didn't think it was quite right before, and now that I have seen and know the fellow, I am certain it is not right."

"It is surprising how the sight of a fine-looking soldier changes a young lady's moral view of things!"

"Now be good, aunty! The scrape is bad enough as it is, and I don't know what I shall do with him."

"Do as I have done for so many years—don't commit yourself."

Bell felt rather afraid that she should commit herself, for she had looked at Tom with something more than a partial eye several times before she saw him through the crack in the door; so when she went down stairs and entered the room where he was sitting, she was careful to close the door behind her, knowing that, such is the nature of her sex, her aunt might be tempted to stand at the head of the stairs and listen. What was said and done in Mr. Brown's parlor that evening can only be guessed.

Tom in due time raised his company and returned to the field, where he has never been known to turn his back upon any thing which duty has required him to face; but he occasionally tells Dick that "when this cruel war is over" he will surely marry Mary Brown, if there is enough of him left to enable him to say, "I, Tom, take this woman," etc.

BROKEN IMAGES.

AN artist friend but recently from Rome
Gave me on his return a statuette;
With tender care I brought my treasure home,
And lovingly on yon carved bracket set
The beauteous image, there where angels keep,
Beside my bed, their vigils through the night,
That in the morning, loosed from bonds of sleep,
It first of all might greet my waking sight.

And often when the rosy light of Dawn,
On sunrise wings, from the far Orient came
Through the dim window-curtains, closely drawn,
Piercing the gloom with slender shafts of flame,
My drowsy eyes the statuette have sought,
And lingered long upon the perfect face
In silent wonder at the skill which wrought
Out of the lifeless marble so much grace.

Thus looking on the artist's gift one day,
There came, meanwhile, a rapping at my door,
And from its stand my treasure fell, and lay
In scattered fragments on the cruel floor;
And entered one, a cynic, hard and cold,
Full of old dogmas of the dusty past,
Who with chill sophistry and reasoning bold
Routs all my dreams, this rude Iconoclast.

In every secret chamber of the heart
Some sculptured image in its dim shrine stands,
Wrought by a subtle and mysterious art,
And fashioned by an unseen artist's hands;
Carved out of fond desires and cherished hopes
Which long have lain concealed from others' view,
Like hidden pearls for which the diver gropes,
Far underneath the ocean's waves of blue.

Here in this chamber a sweet woman's face
Looks down with pensive smile and tender eyes;
Here in this other, from its lofty place,
Ensculptured Fame on soaring pinion flies;
Here is an image in whose outstretched hands
The yellow gold in glittering beauty shines—
Upon a mound of yellow dust it stands;
And here are fragments out of empty shrines.

So do we fill each niche within the heart
With some fair image, and our yearning eyes
Oft look within, when from the world apart,
To view the treasure which we so much prize—
Oft look within to find with bitter pain
(Oh cruel Fate, thou rude Iconoclast!)
Only the scattered fragments which remain,
The image but a memory of the past.

TREATMENT OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.



ILLUSTRATION No. 1.

tested by the results of extensive inquiries which the Life-boat Institution has set on foot among the medical practitioners, coroners, and other experienced persons. The following are the rules which apply in all cases, and in every country.

FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces. The points to be aimed at are—first and immediately, the restoration of breathing; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation. The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing. For if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced the restoration to life will be endangered.

TO RESTORE BREATHING.

Place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downward and one of the arms under the forehead (*Illustration No. 1*), in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward,

leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth. If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment prescribed below to promote warmth.

If there be only slight breathing or no breathing, or if the breathing fail, then, to excite breathing, turn the patient well and instantly on the side (*Illustration No. 2*), supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, harts-horn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately, on them.

If there be no success, lose not a moment, but

AT this season, when accidents in boating and bathing will frequently occur, it may be useful for us to publish, with the necessary illustrations, the text of those instructions for the revival of persons apparently drowned, which the British Royal National Life-boat Institution has lately compiled. The Board of Admiralty and the Controller of the Coast-guard Preventive Service have each ordered a large number of copies to be distributed among the seamen of the British Navy and those of the Coast-guard respectively. The leading principles of this method are founded upon those prescribed by the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Silvester, but modified or

instantly—to imitate breathing—replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again, repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side. On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side (*Illustration No. 1*), removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole operation let one person attend solely to the movements of the head and of the arm placed under it. While the above operations are being proceeded with dry the hands and feet, and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured strip the body and cover or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing as follows: Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upward from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades. (*Illustration No. 3.*) Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips: an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

In order to imitate the movement of breathing take your place at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upward above the head and keep them stretched upward for two seconds. (*Illustration No. 4.*) By this means air is drawn into the lungs. Then turn down the patient's arms and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. By this means air is pressed out of the lungs. Repeat the measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly about fifteen times in a minute until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, im-



ILLUSTRATION No. 2.

mediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

AFTER BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

Commence rubbing the limbs upward, with firm, grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, etc.: by this measure the blood is propelled along the veins toward the heart. The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet. If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room. On the restoration of life a tea-spoonful of warm water

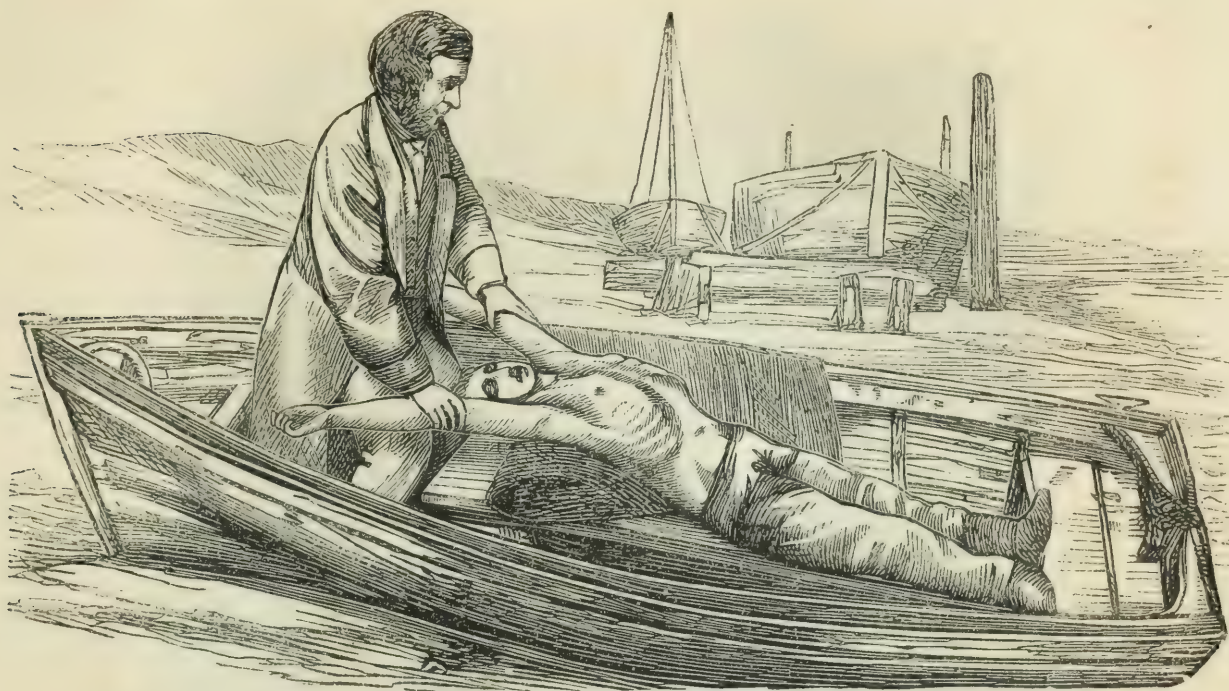


ILLUSTRATION No. 3.

should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

APPEARANCES ACCOMPANYING DEATH.

Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half closed, the pupils dilated, the jaws clenched, the fingers semi-contracted, the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

CAUTIONS.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment or confined space.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstance hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.



ILLUSTRATION No. 4.



AT THE BAR.—[SEE CHAPTER VI.]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FIRST. THE CUP AND THE LIP.

CHAPTER VIII.

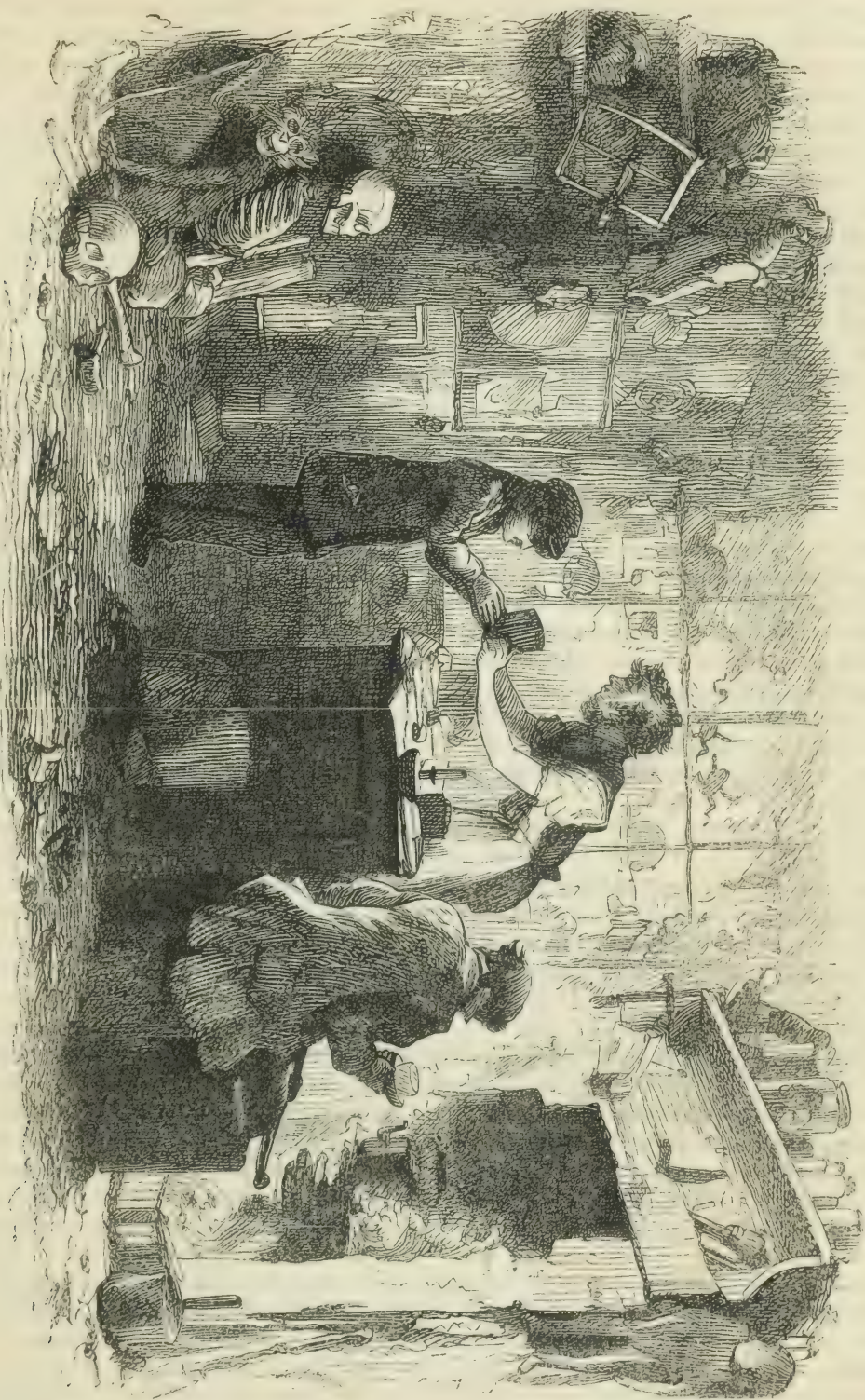
MR. BOFFIN IN CONSULTATION.

WHOSOEVER had gone out of Fleet Street into the Temple at the date of this history, and had wandered disconsolate about the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal church-yard, and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that church-yard until at the most dismal window of them all he saw a dismal boy, would in him have beheld, at one grand comprehensive swoop of the eye, the managing clerk,

junior clerk, common-law clerk, conveyancing clerk, chancery clerk, every refinement and department of clerk, of Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, erewhile called in the newspapers eminent solicitor.

Mr. Boffin having been several times in communication with this clerkly essence, both on its own ground and at the Bower, had no difficulty in identifying it when he saw it up in its dusty eyrie. To the second floor on which the window was situated, he ascended, much pre-occupied in mind by the uncertainties besetting

MR. VENTS SURROUNDED BY THE TROPHIES OF HIS ART.—[SEE CHAPTER VII.]



the Roman Empire, and much regretting the death of the amiable Pertinax: who only last night had left the imperial affairs in a state of great confusion, by falling a victim to the fury of the pretorian guards.

"Morning, morning, morning!" said Mr. Boffin, with a wave of his hand, as the office-door was opened by the dismal boy, whose appropriate name was Blight. "Governor in?"

"Mr. Lightwood gave you an appointment, Sir, I think?"

"I don't want him to give it, you know," returned Mr. Boffin; "I'll pay my way, my boy."

"No doubt, Sir. Would you walk in? Mr.

Lightwood ain't in at the present moment, but I expect him back very shortly. Would you take a seat in Mr. Lightwood's room, Sir, while I look over our Appointment Book?" Young Blight made a great show of fetching from his desk a long thin manuscript volume with a brown paper cover, and running his finger down the day's appointments, murmuring, "Mr. Aggs, Mr. Baggs, Mr. Caggs, Mr. Daggs, Mr. Faggs, Mr. Gaggs, Mr. Boffin. Yes, Sir; quite right. You are a little before your time, Sir. Mr. Lightwood will be in directly."

"I'm not in a hurry," said Mr. Boffin.

"Thank you, Sir. I'll take the opportunity,

if you please, of entering your name in our Callers' Book for the day." Young Blight made another great show of changing the volume, taking up a pen, sucking it, dipping it, and running over previous entries before he wrote. As, "Mr. Alley, Mr. Balley, Mr. Calley, Mr. Dalley, Mr. Falley, Mr. Galley, Mr. Halley, Mr. Lalley, Mr. Malley. And Mr. Boffin."

"Strict system here; eh, my lad?" said Mr. Boffin, as he was booked.

"Yes, Sir," returned the boy. "I couldn't get on without it."

By which he probably meant that his mind would have been shattered to pieces without this fiction of an occupation. Wearing in his solitary confinement no fetters that he could polish, and being provided with no drinking-cup that he could carve, he had fallen on the device of ringing alphabetical changes into the two volumes in question, or of entering vast numbers of persons out of the Directory as transacting business with Mr. Lightwood. It was the more necessary for his spirits, because, being of a sensitive temperament, he was apt to consider it personally disgraceful to himself that his master had no clients.

"How long have you been in the law, now?" asked Mr. Boffin, with a pounce, in his usual inquisitive way.

"I've been in the law, now, Sir, about three years."

"Must have been as good as born in it!" said Mr. Boffin, with admiration. "Do you like it?"

"I don't mind it much," returned Young Blight, heaving a sigh, as if its bitterness were past.

"What wages do you get?"

"Half what I could wish," replied young Blight.

"What's the whole that you could wish?"

"Fifteen shillings a week," said the boy.

"About how long might it take you now, at a average rate of going, to be a Judge?" asked Mr. Boffin, after surveying his small stature in silence.

The boy answered that he had not yet quite worked out that little calculation.

"I suppose there's nothing to prevent your going in for it?" said Mr. Boffin.

The boy virtually replied that as he had the honor to be a Briton who never never never, there was nothing to prevent his going in for it. Yet he seemed inclined to suspect that there might be something to prevent his coming out with it.

"Would a couple of pound help you up at all?" asked Mr. Boffin.

On this head, young Blight had no doubt whatever, so Mr. Boffin made him a present of that sum of money, and thanked him for his attention to his (Mr. Boffin's) affairs; which, he added, were now, he believed, as good as settled.

Then Mr. Boffin, with his stick at his ear, like a Familiar Spirit explaining the office to him, sat staring at a little book-case of Law

Practice and Law Reports, and at a window, and at an empty blue bag, and at a stick of sealing-wax, and a pen, and a box of wafers, and an apple, and a writing-pad—all very dusty—and at a number of inky smears and blots, and at an imperfectly-disguised gun-case pretending to be something legal, and at an iron box labeled HARMON ESTATE, until Mr. Lightwood appeared.

Mr. Lightwood explained that he came from the proctor's, with whom he had been engaged in transacting Mr. Boffin's affairs.

"And they seem to have taken a deal out of you!" said Mr. Boffin, with commiseration.

Mr. Lightwood, without explaining that his weariness was chronic, proceeded with his exposition that, all forms of law having been at length complied with, will of Harmon deceased having been proved, death of Harmon next inheriting having been proved, etc. and so forth, Court of Chancery having been moved, etc. and so forth, he, Mr. Lightwood, had now the great gratification, honor, and happiness, again etc. and so forth, of congratulating Mr. Boffin on coming into possession, as residuary legatee, of upward of one hundred thousand pounds, standing in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, again etc. and so forth.

"And what is particularly eligible in the property Mr. Boffin, is, that it involves no trouble. There are no estates to manage, no rents to return so much per cent. upon in bad times (which is an extremely dear way of getting your name into the newspapers), no voters to become par-boiled in hot water with, no agents to take the cream off the milk before it comes to table. You could put the whole in a cash-box to-morrow morning, and take it with you to—say, to the Rocky Mountains. Inasmuch as every man," concluded Mr. Lightwood, with an indolent smile, "appears to be under a fatal spell which obliges him, sooner or later, to mention the Rocky Mountains in a tone of extreme familiarity to some other man, I hope you'll excuse my pressing you into the service of that gigantic range of geographical bores."

Without following this last remark very closely, Mr. Boffin cast his perplexed gaze first at the ceiling, and then at the carpet.

"Well," he remarked, "I don't know what to say about it, I am sure. I was a'most as well as I was. It's a great lot to take care of."

"My dear Mr. Boffin, then *don't* take care of it!"

"Eh?" said that gentleman.

"Speaking now," returned Mortimer, "with the irresponsible imbecility of a private individual, and not with the profundity of a professional adviser, I should say that if the circumstance of its being too much weighs upon your mind, you have the haven of consolation open to you that you can easily make it less. And if you should be apprehensive of the trouble of doing so, there is the further haven of consolation that any number of people will take the trouble off your hands."

"Well! I don't quite see it," retorted Mr. Boffin, still perplexed. "That's not satisfactory, you know, what you're a-saying."

"Is Anything satisfactory, Mr. Boffin?" asked Mortimer, raising his eyebrows.

"I used to find it so," answered Mr. Boffin, with a wistful look. "While I was foreman at the Bower—*afore it was the Bower*—I considered the business very satisfactory. The old man was a awful Tartar (saying it, I'm sure, without disrespect to his memory) but the business was a pleasant one to look after, from before daylight to past dark. It's a'most a pity," said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his ear, "that he ever went and made so much money. It would have been better for him if he hadn't so given himself up to it. You may depend upon it," making the discovery all of a sudden, "that *he* found it a great lot to take care of!"

Mr. Lightwood coughed, not convinced.

"And speaking of satisfactory," pursued Mr. Boffin, "why, Lord save us! when we come to take it to pieces, bit by bit, where's the satisfactoriness of the money as yet? When the old man does right the poor boy after all, the poor boy gets no good of it. He gets made away with, at the moment when he's lifting (as one may say) the cup and sarser to his lips. Mr. Lightwood, I will now name to you, that on behalf of the poor dear boy, me and Mrs. Boffin have stood out against the old man times out of number, till he has called us every name he could lay his tongue to. I have seen him, after Mrs. Boffin has given him her mind respecting the claims of the nat'ral affections, catch off Mrs. Boffin's bonnet (she wore, in general, a black straw, perched *as a matter of convenience* on the top of her head), and send it spinning across the yard. I have indeed. And once, when he did this in a manner that amounted to personal, I should have given him a rattler for himself, if Mrs. Boffin hadn't thrown herself betwixt us, and received flush on the temple. Which dropped her, Mr. Lightwood. Dropped her."

Mr. Lightwood murmured "Equal honor—Mrs. Boffin's head and heart."

"You understand: I name this," pursued Mr. Boffin, "to show you, now the affairs are wound up, that me and Mrs. Boffin have ever stood, as we were in Christian honor bound, the children's friend. Me and Mrs. Boffin stood the poor girl's friend; me and Mrs. Boffin stood the poor boy's friend; me and Mrs. Boffin up and faced the old man when we momentarily expected to be turned out for our pains. As to Mrs. Boffin," said Mr. Boffin, lowering his voice, "she mightn't wish it mentioned now she's Fashionable, but she went so far as to tell him, in my presence, he was a flinty-hearted rascal."

Mr. Lightwood murmured "Vigorous Saxon spirit—Mrs. Boffin's ancestors—bowmen—Agincourt and Cressy."

"The last time me and Mrs. Boffin saw the poor boy," said Mr. Boffin, warming (as fat usually does) with a tendency to melt, "he was

a child of seven year old. For when he come back to make intercession for his sister, me and Mrs. Boffin were away overlooking a country contract which was to be sifted before carted, and he was come and gone in a single hour. I say he was a child of seven year old. He was going away, all alone and forlorn, to that foreign school, and he come into our place, situate up the yard of the present Bower, to have a warm at our fire. There was his little scanty traveling clothes upon him. There was his little scanty box outside in the shivering wind, which I was going to carry for him down to the steamboat, as the old man wouldn't hear of allowing a sixpence coach-money. Mrs. Boffin, then quite a young woman and a pictur of a full-blown rose, stands him by her, kneels down at the fire, warms her two open hands, and falls to rubbing his cheeks; but seeing the tears come into the child's eyes, the tears come fast into her own, and she holds him round the neck, like as if she was protecting him, and cries to me, 'I'd give the wide wide world, I would, to run away with him!' I don't say but what it cut me, and but what it at the same time heightened my feelings of admiration for Mrs. Boffin. The poor child clings to her for a while, as she clings to him, and then, when the old man calls, he says 'I must go! God bless you!' and for a moment rests his heart against her bosom, and looks up at both of us, as if it was in pain—in agony. Such a look! I went aboard with him (I gave him first what little treat I thought he'd like), and I left him when he had fallen asleep in his berth, and I came back to Mrs. Boffin. But tell her what I would of how I had left him, it all went for nothing, for, according to her thoughts, he never changed that look that he had looked up at us two. But it did one piece of good. Mrs. Boffin and me had no child of our own, and had sometimes wished that how we had one. But not now. 'We might both of us die,' says Mrs. Boffin, 'and other eyes might see that lonely look in our child.' So of a night, when it was very cold, or when the wind roared, or the rain dripped heavy, she would wake sobbing, and call out in a fluster, 'Don't you see the poor child's face? O shelter the poor child!'—till in course of years it gently wore out, as many things do."

"My dear Mr. Boffin, every thing wears to rags," said Mortimer, with a light laugh.

"I won't go so far as to say every thing," returned Mr. Boffin, on whom his manner seemed to grate, "because there's some things that I never found among the dust. Well, Sir. So Mrs. Boffin and me grow older and older in the old man's service, living and working pretty hard in it, till the old man is discovered dead in his bed. Then Mrs. Boffin and me seal up his box, always standing on the table at the side of his bed, and having frequently heard tell of the Temple as a spot where lawyers' dust is contracted for, I come down here in search of a lawyer to advise, and I see your young man up at this

present elevation, chopping at the flies on the window-sill with his penknife, and I give him a Hoy! not then having the pleasure of your acquaintance, and by that means come to gain the honor. Then you, and the gentleman in the uncomfortable neckcloth under the little archway in Saint Paul's Church-yard—"

"Doctors' Commons," observed Lightwood.

"I understood it was another name," said Mr. Boffin, pausing, "but you know best. Then you and Doctor Scemmons, you go to work, and you do the thing that's proper, and you and Doctor S. take steps for finding out the poor boy, and at last you do find out the poor boy, and me and Mrs. Boffin often exchange the observation, 'We shall see him again, under happy circumstances.' But it was never to be; and the want of satisfactoriness is, that after all the money never gets to him."

"But it gets," remarked Lightwood, with a languid inclination of the head, "into excellent hands."

"It gets into the hands of me and Mrs. Boffin only this very day and hour, and that's what I am working round to, having waited for this day and hour a' purpose. Mr. Lightwood, here has been a wicked cruel murder. By that murder me and Mrs. Boffin mysteriously profit. For the apprehension and conviction of the murderer, we offer a reward of one tithe of the property—a reward of Ten Thousand Pound."

"Mr. Boffin, it's too much."

"Mr. Lightwood, me and Mrs. Boffin have fixed the sum together, and we stand to it."

"But let me represent to you," returned Lightwood, "speaking now with professional profundity, and not with individual imbecility, that the offer of such an immense reward is a temptation to forced suspicion, forced construction of circumstances, strained accusation, a whole tool-box of edged tools."

"Well," said Mr. Boffin, a little staggered, "that's the sum we put o' one side for the purpose. Whether it shall be openly declared in the new notices that must now be put about in our names—"

"In your name, Mr. Boffin; in your name."

"Very well; in my name, which is the same as Mrs. Boffin's, and means both of us, is to be considered in drawing 'em up. But this is the first instruction that I, as the owner of the property, give to my lawyer on coming into it."

"Your lawyer, Mr. Boffin," returned Lightwood, making a very short note of it with a very rusty pen, "has the gratification of taking the instruction. There is another?"

"There is just one other, and no more. Make me as compact a little will as can be reconciled with tightness, leaving the whole of the property to 'my beloved wife, Henerietty Boffin, sole executrix.' Make it as short as you can, using those words; but make it tight."

At some loss to fathom Mr. Boffin's notions of a tight will, Lightwood felt his way.

"I beg your pardon, but professional profundity must be exact. When you say tight—"

"I mean tight," Mr. Boffin explained.

"Exactly so. And nothing can be more laudable. But is the tightness to bind Mrs. Boffin to any and what conditions?"

"Bind Mrs. Boffin?" interposed her husband.

"No! What are you thinking of! What I want is, to make it all hers so tight as that her hold of it can't be loosed."

"Hers freely, to do what she likes with? Hers absolutely?"

"Absolutely?" repeated Mr. Boffin, with a short sturdy laugh. "Hah! I should think so! It would be handsome in me to begin to bind Mrs. Boffin at this time of day!"

So that instruction, too, was taken by Mr. Lightwood; and Mr. Lightwood, having taken it, was in the act of showing Mr. Boffin out, when Mr. Eugene Wrayburn almost jostled him in the doorway. Consequently Mr. Lightwood said, in his cool manner, "Let me make you two known to one another," and further signified that Mr. Wrayburn was counsel learned in the law, and that, partly in the way of business and partly in the way of pleasure, he had imparted to Mr. Wrayburn some of the interesting facts of Mr. Boffin's biography.

"Delighted," said Eugene—though he didn't look so—"to know Mr. Boffin."

"Thankee, Sir, thankee," returned that gentleman. "And how do *you* like the law?"

"A—not particularly," returned Eugene.

"Too dry for you, eh? Well, I suppose it wants some years of sticking to, before you master it. But there's nothing like work. Look at the bees."

"I beg your pardon," returned Eugene, with a reluctant smile, "but will you excuse my mentioning that I always protest against being referred to the bees?"

"Do you!" said Mr. Boffin.

"I object on principle," said Eugene, "as a biped—"

"As a what?" asked Mr. Boffin.

"As a two-footed creature;—I object on principle, as a two-footed creature, to being constantly referred to insects and four-footed creatures. I object to being required to model my proceedings according to the proceedings of the bee, or the dog, or the spider, or the camel. I fully admit that the camel, for instance, is an excessively temperate person; but he has several stomachs to entertain himself with, and I have only one. Besides, I am not fitted up with a convenient cool cellar to keep my drink in."

"But I said, you know," urged Mr. Boffin, rather at a loss for an answer, "the bee."

"Exactly. And may I represent to you that it's injudicious to say the bee? For the whole case is assumed. Conceding for a moment that there is any analogy between a bee and a man in a shirt and pantaloons (which I deny), and that it is settled that the man is to learn from the bee (which I also deny), the question still remains, What is he to learn? To imitate? Or to avoid? When your friends the bees worry

themselves to that highly fluttered extent about their sovereign, and become perfectly distracted touching the slightest monarchical movement, are we men to learn the greatness of Tuft-hunting, or the littleness of the Court Circular? I am not clear, Mr. Boffin, but that the hive may be satirical."

"At all events, they work," said Mr. Boffin.

"Ye-es," returned Eugene, disparagingly, "they work; but don't you think they overdo it? They work so much more than they need—they make so much more than they can eat—they are so incessantly boring and buzzing at their one idea till Death comes upon them—that don't you think they overdo it? And are human laborers to have no holidays because of the bees? And am I never to have change of air because the bees don't? Mr. Boffin, I think honey excellent at breakfast; but, regarded in the light of my conventional schoolmaster and moralist, I protest against the tyrannical humbug of your friend the bee. With the highest respect for you."

"Thankee," said Mr. Boffin. "Morning, morning!"

But the worthy Mr. Boffin jogged away with a comfortless impression he could have dispensed with, that there was a deal of unsatisfactoriness in the world, besides what he had recalled as appertaining to the Harmon property. And he was still jogging along Fleet Street in this condition of mind, when he became aware that he was closely tracked and observed by a man of genteel appearance.

"Now then," said Mr. Boffin, stopping short, with his meditations brought to an abrupt check, "what's the next article?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Boffin."

"My name too, eh? How did you come by it? I don't know you."

"No, Sir, you don't know me."

Mr. Boffin looked full at the man, and the man looked full at him. "No," said Mr. Boffin, after a glance at the pavement, as if it were made of faces and he were trying to match the man's, "I *don't* know you."

"I am nobody," said the stranger, "and not likely to be known; but Mr. Boffin's wealth—"

"Oh! that's got about already, has it?" muttered Mr. Boffin.

"—And his romantic manner of acquiring it make him conspicuous. You were pointed out to me the other day."

"Well," said Mr. Boffin, "I should say I was a disappointment to you when I *was* pinte^d out, if your politeness would allow you to confess it, for I am well aware I am not much to look at. What might you want with me? Not in the law, are you?"

"No, Sir."

"No information to give, for a reward?"

"No, Sir."

There may have been a momentary mantling in the face of the man as he made the last answer, but it passed directly.

"If I don't mistake, you have followed me from my lawyer's and tried to fix my attention. Say out! Have you? Or haven't you?" demanded Mr. Boffin, rather angry.

"Yes."

"Why have you?"

If you will allow me to walk beside you, Mr. Boffin, I will tell you. Would you object to turn aside into this place—I think it is called Clifford's Inn—where we can hear one another better than in the roaring street?"

("Now," thought Mr. Boffin, "if he proposes a game at skittles, or meets a country gentleman just come into property, or produces any article of jewelry he has found, I'll knock him down!") With this discreet reflection, and carrying his stick in his arms much as Punch carries his, Mr. Boffin turned into Clifford's Inn aforesaid.)

"Mr. Boffin, I happened to be in Chancery Lane this morning, when I saw you going along before me. I took the liberty of following you, trying to make up my mind to speak to you, till you went into your lawyer's. Then I waited outside till you came out."

("Don't quite sound like skittles, nor yet country gentleman, nor yet jewelry," thought Mr. Boffin, "but there's no knowing.")

"I am afraid my object is a bold one, I am afraid it has little of the usual practical world about it, but I venture it. If you ask me, or if you ask yourself—which is more likely—what emboldens me, I answer, I have been strongly assured that you are a man of rectitude and plain dealing, with the soundest of sound hearts, and that you are blessed in a wife distinguished by the same qualities."

"Your information is true of Mrs. Boffin, anyhow," was Mr. Boffin's answer, as he surveyed his new friend again. There was something repressed in the strange man's manner, and he walked with his eyes on the ground—though conscious, for all that, of Mr. Boffin's observation—and he spoke in a subdued voice. But his words came easily, and his voice was agreeable in tone, albeit constrained.

"When I add, I can discern for myself what the general tongue says of you—that you are quite unspoiled by Fortune, and not uplifted—I trust you will not, as a man of an open nature, suspect that I mean to flatter you, but will believe that all I mean is to excuse myself, these being my only excuses for my present intrusion."

("How much?" thought Mr. Boffin. "It must be coming to money. How much?")

"You will probably change your manner of living, Mr. Boffin, in your changed circumstances. You will probably keep a larger house, have many matters to arrange, and be beset by numbers of correspondents. If you would try me as your Secretary—"

"As *what*?" cried Mr. Boffin, with his eyes wide open.

"Your Secretary."

"Well," said Mr. Boffin, under his breath, "that's a queer thing!"

"Or," pursued the stranger, wondering at Mr. Boffin's wonder, "if you would try me as your man of business under any name, I know you would find me faithful and grateful, and I hope you would find me useful. You may naturally think that my immediate object is money. Not so, for I would willingly serve you a year—two years—any term you might appoint—before that should begin to be a consideration between us."

"Where do you come from?" asked Mr. Boffin.

"I come," returned the other, meeting his eye, "from many countries."

Mr. Boffin's acquaintance with the names and situations of foreign lands being limited in extent and somewhat confused in quality, he shaped his next question on an elastic model.

"From—any particular place?"

"I have been in many places."

"What have you been?" asked Mr. Boffin.

Here again he made no great advance, for the reply was, "I have been a student and a traveler."

"But if it ain't a liberty to plump it out," said Mr. Boffin, "what do you do for your living?"

"I have mentioned," returned the other, with another look at him, and a smile, "what I aspire to do. I have been superseded as to some slight intentions I had, and I may say that I have now to begin life."

Not very well knowing how to get rid of this applicant, and feeling the more embarrassed because his manner and appearance claimed a delicacy in which the worthy Mr. Boffin feared he himself might be deficient, that gentleman glanced into the mouldy little plantation or cat-preserve, of Clifford's Inn, as it was that day, in search of a suggestion. Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry-rot and wet-rot were there, but it was not otherwise a suggestive spot.

"All this time," said the stranger, producing a little pocket-book and taking out a card, "I have not mentioned my name. My name is Rokesmith. I lodge at one Mr. Wilfer's, at Hol-loway."

Mr. Boffin stared again.

"Father of Miss Bella Wilfer?" said he.

"My landlord has a daughter named Bella. Yes; no doubt."

Now this name had been more or less in Mr. Boffin's thoughts all the morning, and for days before; therefore he said:

"That's singular, too!" unconsciously staring again, past all bounds of good manners, with the card in his hand. "Though, by-the-by, I suppose it was one of that family that pinte me out?"

"No. I have never been in the streets with one of them."

"Heard me talked of among 'em, though?"

"No. I occupy my own rooms, and have held scarcely any communication with them."

"Odder and odder!" said Mr. Boffin. "Well,

Sir, to tell you the truth, I don't know what to say to you."

"Say nothing," returned Mr. Rokesmith; "allow me to call on you in a few days. I am not so unconscionable as to think it likely that you would accept me on trust at first sight, and take me out of the very street. Let me come to you for your further opinion, at your leisure."

"That's fair, and I don't object," said Mr. Boffin; "but it must be on condition that it's fully understood that I no more know that I shall ever be in want of any gentleman as Secretary—it *was* Secretary you said; wasn't it?"

"Yes."

Again Mr. Boffin's eyes opened wide, and he stared at the applicant from head to foot, repeating "Queer!—You're sure it was Secretary? Are you?"

"I am sure I said so."

—"As Secretary," repeated Mr. Boffin, meditating upon the word; "I no more know that I may ever want a Secretary, or what not, than I do that I shall ever be in want of the man in the moon. Me and Mrs. Boffin have not even settled that we shall make any change in our way of life. Mrs. Boffin's inclinations certainly do tend toward Fashion; but, being already set up in a fashionable way at the Bower, she may not make further alterations. However, Sir, as you don't press yourself, I wish to meet you so far as saying, by all means call at the Bower if you like. Call in the course of a week or two. At the same time, I consider that I ought to name, in addition to what I have already named, that I have in my employment a literary man—with a wooden leg—as I have no thoughts of parting from."

"I regret to hear I am in some sort anticipated," Mr. Rokesmith answered, evidently having heard it with surprise; "but perhaps other duties might arise?"

"You see," returned Mr. Boffin, with a confidential sense of dignity, "as to my literary man's duties, they're clear. Professionally he declines and he falls, and as a friend he drops into poetry."

Without observing that these duties seemed by no means clear to Mr. Rokesmith's astonished comprehension, Mr. Boffin went on:

"And now, Sir, I'll wish you good-day. You can call at the Bower any time in a week or two. It's not above a mile or so from you, and your landlord can direct you to it. But as he may not know it by its new name of Boffin's Bower, say, when you inquire of him, it's Harmon's; will you?"

"Harmoon's," repeated Mr. Rokesmith, seeming to have caught the sound imperfectly, "Har-marn's. How do you spell it?"

"Why, as to the spelling of it," returned Mr. Boffin, with great presence of mind, "that's *your* look out. Harmon's is all you've got to say to *him*. Morning, morning, morning!" And so departed, without looking back.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. AND MRS. BOFFIN IN CONSULTATION.

BETAKING himself straight homeward, Mr. Boffin, without further let or hindrance, arrived at the Bower, and gave Mrs. Boffin (in a walking-dress of black velvet and feathers, like a mourning coach-horse) an account of all he had said and done since breakfast.

"This brings us round, my dear," he then pursued, "to the question we left unfinished: namely, whether there's to be any new go-in for Fashion."

"Now, I'll tell you what I want, Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin, smoothing her dress with an air of immense enjoyment, "I want Society."

"Fashionable Society, my dear?"

"Yes!" cried Mrs. Boffin, laughing with the glee of a child. "Yes! It's no good my being kept here like Wax-Work; is it now?"

"People have to pay to see Wax-Work, my dear," returned her husband, "whereas (though you'd be cheap at the same money) the neighbors is welcome to see *you* for nothing."

"But it don't answer," said the cheerful Mrs. Boffin. "When we worked like the neighbors, we suited one another. Now we have left work off, we have left off suiting one another."

"What, do you think of beginning work again?" Mr. Boffin hinted.

"Out of the question! We have come into a great fortune, and we must do what's right by our fortune; we must act up to it."

Mr. Boffin, who had a deep respect for his wife's intuitive wisdom, replied, though rather pensively: "I suppose we must."

"It's never been acted up to yet, and, consequently, no good has come of it," said Mrs. Boffin.

"True, to the present time," Mr. Boffin assented, with his former pensiveness, as he took his seat upon his settle. "I hope good may be coming of it in the future time. Toward which, what's your views, old lady?"

Mrs. Boffin, a smiling creature, broad of figure and simple of nature, with her hands folded in her lap, and with buxom creases in her throat, proceeded to expound her views.

"I say, a good house in a good neighborhood, good things about us, good living, and good society. I say, live like our means, without extravagance, and be happy."

"Yes. I say be happy, too," assented the still pensive Mr. Boffin.

"Lor-a-mussy!" exclaimed Mrs. Boffin, laughing and clapping her hands, and gayly rocking herself to and fro, "when I think of me in a light yellow chariot and pair, with silver boxes to the wheels—"

"Oh! you was thinking of that, was you, my dear?"

"Yes!" cried the delighted creature. "And with a footman up behind, with a bar across, to keep his legs from being poled! And with a coachman up in front, sinking down into a seat

big enough for three of him, all covered with upholstery in green and white! And with two bay horses tossing their heads and stepping higher than they trot long-ways! And with you and me leaning back inside, as grand as nine-pence! Oh-h-h-h My! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

Mrs. Boffin clapped her hands again, rocked herself again, beat her feet upon the floor, and wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"And what, my old lady," inquired Mr. Boffin, when he also had sympathetically laughed: "what's your views on the subject of the Bower?"

"Shut it up. Don't part with it, but put somebody in it, to keep it."

"Any other views?"

"Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin, coming from her fashionable sofa to his side on the plain settle, and hooking her comfortable arm through his, "Next I think—and I really have been thinking early and late—of the disappointed girl; her that was so cruelly disappointed, you know, both of her husband and his riches. Don't you think we might do something for her? Have her to live with us? Or something of that sort?"

"Ne-ver once thought of the way of doing it!" cried Mr. Boffin, smiting the table in his admiration. "What a thinking steam-ingen in this old lady is. And she don't know how she does it. Neither does the ingen!"

Mrs. Boffin pulled his nearest ear, in acknowledgment of this piece of philosophy, and then said, gradually toning down to a motherly strain: "Last, and not least, I have taken a fancy. You remember dear little John Harmon, before he went to school? Over yonder across the yard, at our fire? Now that he is past all benefit of the money, and it's come to us, I should like to find some orphan child, and take the boy and adopt him and give him John's name, and provide for him. Somehow, it would make me easier, I fancy. Say it's only a whim—"

"But I don't say so," interposed her husband.

"No, but deary, if you did—"

"I should be a Beast if I did," her husband interposed again.

"That's as much as to say you agree? Good and kind of you, and like you, deary! And don't you begin to find it pleasant now," said Mrs. Boffin, once more radiant in her comely way from head to foot, and once more smoothing her dress with immense enjoyment, "don't you begin to find it pleasant already, to think that a child will be made brighter, and better, and happier, because of that poor sad child that day? And isn't it pleasant to know that the good will be done with the poor sad child's own money?"

"Yes; and it's pleasant to know that you are Mrs. Boffin," said her husband, "and it's been a pleasant thing to know this many and many a year!" It was ruin to Mrs. Boffin's aspirations, but, having so spoken, they sat side by side, a hopelessly Unfashionable pair.

These two ignorant and unpolished people had guided themselves so far on in their journey of

life by a religious sense of duty and desire to do right. Ten thousand weaknesses and absurdities might have been detected in the breasts of both; ten thousand vanities additional, possibly, in the breast of the woman. But the hard wrathful and sordid nature that had wrung as much work out of them as could be got in their best days, for as little money as could be paid to hurry on their worst, had never been so warped but that it knew their moral straightness and respected it. In its own despite, in a constant conflict with itself and them, it had done so. And this is the eternal law. For, Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the doer of it; but Good, never.

Through his most inveterate purposes, the dead Jailer of Harmony Jail had known these two faithful servants to be honest and true. While he raged at them and reviled them for opposing him with the speech of the honest and true, it had scratched his stony heart, and he had perceived the powerlessness of all his wealth to buy them if he had addressed himself to the attempt. So, even while he was their gripping taskmaster and never gave them a good word, he had written their names down in his will. So, even while it was his daily declaration that he mistrusted all mankind—and sorely indeed he did mistrust all who bore any resemblance to himself—he was as certain that these two people, surviving him, would be trust-worthy in all things from the greatest to the least, as he was that he must surely die.

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, sitting side by side, with Fashion withdrawn to an immeasurable distance, fell to discussing how they could best find their orphan. Mrs. Boffin suggested advertisement in the newspapers, requesting orphans answering annexed description to apply at the Bower on a certain day; but Mr. Boffin wisely apprehending obstruction of the neighboring thoroughfares by orphan swarms, this course was negatived. Mrs. Boffin next suggested application to their clergyman for a likely orphan. Mr. Boffin thinking better of this scheme, they resolved to call upon the reverend gentleman at once, and to take the same opportunity of making acquaintance with Miss Bella Wilfer. In order that these visits might be visits of state, Mrs. Boffin's equipage was ordered out.

This consisted of a long hammer-headed old horse, formerly used in the business, attached to a four-wheeled chaise of the same period, which had long been exclusively used by the Harmony Jail poultry as the favorite laying-place of several discreet hens. An unwonted application of corn to the horse, and of paint and varnish to the carriage, when both fell in as a part of the Boffin legacy, had made what Mr. Boffin considered a neat turn-out of the whole; and a driver being added, in the person of a long hammer-headed young man who was a very good match for the horse, left nothing to be desired. He, too, had been formerly used in the business, but was now entombed by an honest jobbing

tailor of the district in a perfect Sepulchre of coat and gaiters, sealed with ponderous buttons.

Behind this domestic Mr. and Mrs. Boffin took their seats in the back compartment of the vehicle: which was sufficiently commodious, but had an undignified and alarming tendency, in getting over a rough crossing, to hiccup itself away from the front compartment. On their being descried emerging from the gates of the Bower, the neighborhood turned out at door and window to salute the Boffins. Among those who were ever and again left behind, staring after the equipage, were many youthful spirits, who hailed it in stentorian tones with such congratulations as "Nod-dy Bof-fin!" "Bof-fin's money!" "Down with the dust, Bof-fin!" and other similar compliments. These, the hammer-headed young man took in such ill part that he often impaired the majesty of the progress by pulling up short, and making as though he would alight to exterminate the offenders; a purpose from which he only allowed himself to be dissuaded after long and lively arguments with his employers.

At length the Bower district was left behind, and the peaceful dwelling of the Reverend Frank Milvey was gained. The Reverend Frank Milvey's abode was a very modest abode, because his income was a very modest income. He was officially accessible to every blundering old woman who had incoherence to bestow upon him, and readily received the Boffins. He was quite a young man, expensively educated and wretchedly paid, with quite a young wife and half a dozen quite young children. He was under the necessity of teaching and translating from the classics to eke out his scanty means, yet was generally expected to have more time to spare than the idlest person in the parish, and more money than the richest. He accepted the needless inequalities and inconsistencies of his life, with a kind of conventional submission that was almost slavish; and any daring layman who would have adjusted such burdens as his, more decently and graciously, would have had small help from him.

With a ready patient face and manner, and yet with a latent smile that showed a quick enough observation of Mrs. Boffin's dress, Mr. Milvey, in his little back room—charged with sounds and cries as though the six children above were coming down through the ceiling, and the roasting leg of mutton below were coming up through the floor—listened to Mrs. Boffin's statement of her want of an orphan.

"I think," said Mr. Milvey, "that you have never had a child of your own, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin?"

Never.

"But, like the Kings and Queens in the Fairy Tales, I suppose you have wished for one?"

In a general way, yes.

Mr. Milvey smiled again, as he remarked to himself, "Those kings and queens were always wishing for children." It occurring to him, per-

haps, that if they had been Curates, their wishes might have tended in the opposite direction.

"I think," he pursued, "we had better take Mrs. Milvey into our Council. She is indispensable to me. If you please, I'll call her."

So Mr. Milvey called, "Margaretta, my dear!" and Mrs. Milvey came down. A pretty, bright little woman, something worn by anxiety, who had repressed many pretty tastes and bright fancies, and substituted in their stead schools, soup, flannel, coals, and all the week-day cares and Sunday coughs of a large population, young and old. As gallantly had Mr. Milvey repressed much in himself that naturally belonged to his old studies and old fellow-students, and taken up among the poor and their children with the hard crumbs of life.

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, my dear, whose good fortune you have heard of."

Mrs. Milvey, with the most unaffected grace in the world, congratulated them, and was glad to see them. Yet her engaging face, being an open as well as a perceptive one, was not without her husband's latent smile.

"Mrs. Boffin wishes to adopt a little boy, my dear."

Mrs. Milvey, looking rather alarmed, her husband added:

"An orphan, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milvey, reassured for her own little boys.

"And I was thinking, Margaretta, that perhaps old Mrs. Goody's grandchild might answer the purpose."

"Oh my dear Frank! I don't think that would do!"

"No?"

"Oh no!"

The smiling Mrs. Boffin, feeling it incumbent on her to take part in the conversation, and being charmed with the emphatic little wife and her ready interest, here offered her acknowledgments and inquired what there was against him?

"I don't think," said Mrs. Milvey, glancing at the Reverend Frank—"and I believe my husband will agree with me when he considers it again—that you could possibly keep that orphan clean from snuff. Because his grandmother takes so many ounces, and drops it over him."

"But he would not be living with his grandmother then, Margaretta," said Mr. Milvey.

"No, Frank, but it would be impossible to keep her from Mrs. Boffin's house; and the more there was to eat and drink there, the oftener she would go. And she is an inconvenient woman. I hope it's not uncharitable to remember that last Christmas Eve she drank eleven cups of tea, and grumbled all the time. And she is not a grateful woman, Frank. You recollect her addressing a crowd outside this house, about her wrongs, when, one night after we had gone to bed, she brought back the petticoat of new flannel that had been given her, because it was too short."

"That's true," said Mr. Milvey. "I don't think that would do. Would little Harrison—"

"Oh, Frank!" remonstrated his emphatic wife.

"He has no grandmother, my dear."

"No, but I don't think Mrs. Boffin would like an orphan who squints so much."

"That's true again," said Mr. Milvey, becoming haggard with perplexity. "If a little girl would do—"

"But, my dear Frank, Mrs. Boffin wants a boy."

"That's true again," said Mr. Milvey. "Tom Bocker is a nice boy" (thoughtfully).

"But I doubt, Frank," Mrs. Milvey hinted, after a little hesitation, "if Mrs. Boffin wants an orphan quite nineteen, who drives a cart and waters the roads."

Mr. Milvey referred the point to Mrs. Boffin in a look; on that smiling lady's shaking her black velvet bonnet and bows, he remarked, in lower spirits, "That's true again."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Boffin, concerned at giving so much trouble, "that if I had known you would have taken so much pains, Sir—and you too, ma'am—I don't think I would have come."

"Pray don't say that!" urged Mrs. Milvey.

"No, don't say that," assented Mr. Milvey, "because we are so much obliged to you for giving us the preference." Which Mrs. Milvey confirmed; and really the kind, conscientious couple spoke as if they kept some profitable orphan warehouse and were personally patronized. "But it is a responsible trust," added Mr. Milvey, "and difficult to discharge. At the same time, we are naturally very unwilling to lose the chance you so kindly give us, and if you could afford us a day or two to look about us—you know, Margaretta, we might carefully examine the work-house, and the Infant School, and your District."

"To be sure!" said the emphatic little wife.

"We have orphans, I know," pursued Mr. Milvey, quite with the air as if he might have added, "in stock," and quite as anxiously as if there were great competition in the business and he were afraid of losing an order, "over at the clay-pits; but they are employed by relations or friends, and I am afraid it would come at last to a transaction in the way of barter. And even if you exchanged blankets for the child—or books and firing—it would be impossible to prevent their being turned into liquor."

Accordingly, it was resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Milvey should search for an orphan likely to suit, and as free as possible from the foregoing objections, and should communicate again with Mrs. Boffin. Then Mr. Boffin took the liberty of mentioning to Mr. Milvey that if Mr. Milvey would do him the kindness to be perpetually his banker to the extent of "a twenty-pound note or so," to be expended without any reference to him, he would be heartily obliged. At this, both Mr. Milvey and Mrs. Milvey were quite as much pleased as if they had no wants of their own, but

only knew what poverty was in the persons of other people; and so the interview terminated with satisfaction and good opinion on all sides.

"Now, old lady," said Mr. Boffin, as they resumed their seats behind the hammer-headed horse and man: "having made a very agreeable visit there, we'll try Wilfer's."

It appeared, on their drawing up at the family gate, that to try Wilfer's was a thing more easily projected than done, on account of the extreme difficulty of getting into that establishment; three pulls at the bell producing no external result, though each was attended by audible sounds of scampering and rushing within. At the fourth tug—vindictively administered by the hammer-headed young man—Miss Lavinia appeared, emerging from the house in an accidental manner, with a bonnet and parasol, as designing to take a contemplative walk. The young lady was astonished to find visitors at the gate, and expressed her feelings in appropriate action.

"Here's Mr. and Mrs. Boffin!" growled the hammer-headed young man through the bars of the gate, and at the same time shaking it, as if he were on view in a Menagerie; "they've been here half an hour."

"Who did you say?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"Mr. and Mrs. BOFFIN!" returned the young man, rising into a roar.

Miss Lavinia tripped up the steps to the house-door, tripped down the steps with the key, tripped across the little garden, and opened the gate. "Please to walk in," said Miss Lavinia, haughtily. "Our servant is out."

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin complying, and pausing in the little hall until Miss Lavinia came up to show them where to go next, perceived three pairs of listening legs upon the stairs above. Mrs. Wilfer's legs, Miss Bella's legs, Mr. George Sampson's legs.

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, I think?" said Lavinia, in a warning voice.

Strained attention on the part of Mrs. Wilfer's legs, of Miss Bella's legs, of Mr. George Sampson's legs.

"Yes, Miss."

"If you'll step this way—down these stairs—I'll let Ma know."

Excited flight of Mrs. Wilfer's legs, of Miss Bella's legs, of Mr. George Sampson's legs.

After waiting some quarter of an hour alone in the family sitting-room, which presented traces of having been so hastily arranged after a meal that one might have doubted whether it was made tidy for visitors, or cleared for blindman's-buff, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin became aware of the entrance of Mrs. Wilfer, majestically faint, and with a condescending stitch in her side: which was her company manner.

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Wilfer, after the first salutations, and as soon as she had adjusted the handkerchief under her chin, and waved her gloved hands, "to what am I indebted for this honor?"

"To make short of it, ma'am," returned Mr.

Boffin, "perhaps you may be acquainted with the names of me and Mrs. Boffin, as having come into a certain property."

"I have heard, Sir," returned Mrs. Wilfer, with a dignified bend of her head, "of such being the case."

"And I dare say, ma'am," pursued Mr. Boffin, while Mrs. Boffin added confirmatory nods and smiles, "you are not very much inclined to take kindly to us?"

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Wilfer. "'Twere unjust to visit upon Mr. and Mrs. Boffin a calamity which was doubtless a dispensation." These words were rendered the more effective by a serenely heroic expression of suffering.

"That's fairly meant, I am sure," remarked the honest Mr. Boffin; "Mrs. Boffin and me, ma'am, are plain people, and we don't want to pretend to any thing, nor yet to go round and round at any thing: because there's always a straight way to every thing. Consequently, we make this call to say, that we shall be glad to have the honor and pleasure of your daughter's acquaintance, and that we shall be rejiced if your daughter will come to consider our house in the light of her home equally with this. In short, we want to cheer your daughter, and to give her the opportunity of sharing such pleasures as we are a going to take ourselves. We want to brisk her up, and brisk her about, and give her a change."

"That's it!" said the open-hearted Mrs. Boffin. "Lor! Let's be comfortable."

Mrs. Wilfer bent her head in a distant manner to her lady visitor, and with majestic monotony replied to the gentleman:

"Pardon me. I have several daughters. Which of my daughters am I to understand is thus favored by the kind intentions of Mr. Boffin and his lady?"

"Don't you see?" the ever-smiling Mrs. Boffin put in. "Naturally, Miss Bella, you know."

"Oh-h!" said Mrs. Wilfer, with a severely unconvinced look. "My daughter Bella is accessible and shall speak for herself." Then opening the door a little way, simultaneously with a sound of scuttling outside it, the good lady made the proclamation, "Send Miss Bella to me!" Which proclamation, though grandly formal, and one might almost say heraldic, to hear, was in fact enunciated with her maternal eyes reproachfully glaring on that young lady in the flesh—and in so much of it that she was retiring with difficulty into the small closet under the stairs, apprehensive of the emergence of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.

"The avocations of R. W., my husband," Mrs. Wilfer explained, on resuming her seat, "keep him fully engaged in the City at this time of the day, or he would have had the honor of participating in your reception beneath our humble roof."

"Very pleasant premises!" said Mr. Boffin, cheerfully.

"Pardon me, Sir," returned Mrs. Wilfer, cor-

recting him, "it is the abode of conscious though independent Poverty."

Finding it rather difficult to pursue the conversation down this road, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin sat staring at mid-air, and Mrs. Wilfer sat silently, giving them to understand that every breath she drew required to be drawn with a self-denial rarely paralleled in history, until Miss Bella appeared: whom Mrs. Wilfer presented, and to whom she explained the purpose of the visitors.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," said Miss Bella, coldly shaking her curls, "but I doubt if I have the inclination to go out at all."

"Bella!" Mrs. Wilfer admonished her; "Bella, you must conquer this."

"Yes, do what your Ma says, and conquer it, my dear," urged Mrs. Boffin, "because we shall be so glad to have you, and because you are much too pretty to keep yourself shut up." With that the pleasant creature gave her a kiss, and patted her on her dimpled shoulders; Mrs. Wilfer sitting stiffly by, like a functionary presiding over an interview previous to an execution.

"We are going to move into a nice house," said Mrs. Boffin, who was woman enough to compromise Mr. Boffin on that point, when he couldn't very well contest it; "and we are going to set up a nice carriage, and we'll go every where and see every thing. And you mustn't," seating Bella beside her, and patting her hand, "you mustn't feel a dislike to us to begin with, because we couldn't help it, you know, my dear."

With the natural tendency of youth to yield to candor and sweet temper, Miss Bella was so touched by the simplicity of this address that she frankly returned Mrs. Boffin's kiss. Not at all to the satisfaction of that good woman of the world, her mother, who sought to hold the advantageous ground of obliging the Boffins instead of being obliged.

"My youngest daughter, Lavinia," said Mrs. Wilfer, glad to make a diversion, as that young lady reappeared. "Mr. George Sampson, a friend of the family."

The friend of the family was in that stage of the tender passion which bound him to regard every body else as the foe of the family. He put the round head of his cane in his mouth, like a stopper, when he sat down. As if he felt himself full to the throat with affronting sentiments. And he eyed the Boffins with implacable eyes.

"If you like to bring your sister with you when you come to stay with us," said Mrs. Boffin, "of course we shall be glad. The better you please yourself, Miss Bella, the better you'll please us."

"Oh, my consent is of no consequence at all, I suppose?" cried Miss Lavinia.

"Lavvy," said her sister, in a low voice, "have the goodness to be seen and not heard."

"No, I won't," replied the sharp Lavinia.

"I'm not a child, to be taken notice of by strangers."

"You *are* a child."

"I'm not a child, and I won't be taken notice of. 'Bring your sister,' indeed!"

"Lavinia!" said Mrs. Wilfer. "Hold! I will not allow you to utter in my presence the absurd suspicion that any strangers—I care not what their names—can patronize my child. Do you dare to suppose, you ridiculous girl, that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin would enter these doors upon a patronizing errand; or, if they did, would remain within them, only for one single instant, while your mother had the strength yet remaining in her vital frame to request them to depart? You little know your mother if you presume to think so."

"It's all very fine," Lavinia began to grumble, when Mrs. Wilfer repeated:

"Hold! I will not allow this. Do you not know what is due to guests? Do you not comprehend that in presuming to hint that this lady and gentleman could have any idea of patronizing any member of your family—I care not which—you accuse them of an impertinence little less than insane?"

"Never mind me and Mrs. Boffin, ma'am," said Mr. Boffin, smilingly: "we don't care."

"Pardon me, but *I* do," returned Mrs. Wilfer.

Miss Lavinia laughed a short laugh as she muttered, "Yes, to be sure."

"And I require my audacious child," proceeded Mrs. Wilfer, with a withering look at her youngest, on whom it had not the slightest effect, "to please to be just to her sister Bella; to remember that her sister Bella is much sought after; and that when her sister Bella accepts an attention, she considers herself to be conferring *qui-i-ite* as much honor"—this with an indignant shiver—"as she receives."

But here Miss Bella repudiated, and said quietly, "I can speak for myself, you know, ma. You needn't bring *me* in, please."

"And it's all very well aiming at others through convenient me," said the irrepressible Lavinia, spitefully; "but I should like to ask George Sampson what *he* says to it."

"Mr. Sampson," proclaimed Mrs. Wilfer, seeing that young gentleman take his stopper out, and so darkly fixing him with her eyes as that he put it in again: "Mr. Sampson, as a friend of this family and a frequenter of this house, is, I am persuaded, far too well-bred to interpose on such an invitation."

This exaltation of the young gentleman moved the conscientious Mrs. Boffin to repentance for having done him an injustice in her mind, and consequently to saying that she and Mr. Boffin would at any time be glad to see him; an attention which he handsomely acknowledged by replying, with his stopper unremoved, "Much obliged to you, but I'm always engaged, day and night."

However, Bella compensating for all drawbacks by responding to the advances of the Bof-

fins in an engaging way, that easy pair were on the whole well satisfied, and proposed to the said Bella that as soon as they should be in a condition to receive her in a manner suitable to their desires, Mrs. Boffin should return with notice of the fact. This arrangement Mrs. Wilfer sanctioned with a stately inclination of her head and wave of her gloves, as who should say, "Your demerits shall be overlooked, and you shall be mercifully gratified, poor people."

"By-the-by, ma'am," said Mr. Boffin, turning back as he was going, "you have a lodger?"

"A gentleman," Mrs. Wilfer answered, qualifying the low expression, "undoubtedly occupies our first floor."

"I may call him Our Mutual Friend," said Mr. Boffin. "What sort of a fellow is Our Mutual Friend, now? Do you like him?"

"Mr. Rokesmith is very punctual, very quiet, a very eligible inmate."

"Because," Mr. Boffin explained, "you must know that I'm not particularly well acquainted with Our Mutual Friend, for I have only seen him once. You give a good account of him. Is he at home?"

"Mr. Rokesmith is at home," said Mrs. Wilfer; "indeed," pointing through the window, "there he stands at the garden gate. Waiting for you, perhaps?"

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Boffin. "Saw me come in, maybe."

Bella had closely attended to this short dialogue. Accompanying Mrs. Boffin to the gate, she as closely watched what followed.

"How are you, Sir, how are you?" said Mr. Boffin. "This is Mrs. Boffin. Mr. Rokesmith, that I told you of, my dear."

She gave him good-day, and he bestirred himself and helped her to her seat, and the like, with a ready hand.

"Good-by for the present, Miss Bella," said Mrs. Boffin, calling out a hearty parting. "We shall meet again soon! And then I hope I shall have my little John Harmon to show you."

Mr. Rokesmith, who was at the wheel adjusting the skirts of her dress, suddenly looked behind him, and around him, and then looked up at her, with a face so pale that Mrs. Boffin cried:

"Gracious!" And after a moment, "What's the matter, Sir?"

"How can you show her the Dead?" returned Mr. Rokesmith.

"It's only an adopted child. One I have told her of. One I'm going to give the name to!"

"You took me by surprise," said Mr. Rokesmith, "and it sounded like an omen, that you should speak of showing the Dead to one so young and blooming."

Now Bella suspected by this time that Mr. Rokesmith admired her. Whether the knowledge (for it was rather that than suspicion) caused her to incline to him a little more, or a little less, than she had done at first; whether it rendered her eager to find out more about him,

because she sought to establish reason for her distrust, or because she sought to free him from it; was as yet dark to her own heart. But at most times he occupied a great amount of her attention, and she had set her attention closely on this incident.

That he knew it as well as she, she knew as well as he, when they were left together standing on the path by the garden gate.

"Those are worthy people, Miss Wilfer."

"Do you know them well?" asked Bella.

He smiled, reproaching her, and she colored, reproaching herself—both, with the knowledge that she had meant to entrap him into an answer not true—when he said "I know of them."

"Truly, he told us he had seen you but once."

"Truly, I supposed he did."

Bella was nervous now, and would have been glad to recall her question.

"You thought it strange that, feeling much interested in you, I should start at what sounded like a proposal to bring you into contact with the murdered man who lies in his grave. I might have known—of course in a moment should have known—that it could not have that meaning. But my interest remains."

Re-entering the family-room in a meditative state, Miss Bella was received by the irrepressible Lavinia with:

"There, Bella! At last I hope you have got your wishes realized—by your Boffins. You'll be rich enough now—with your Boffins. You can have as much flirting as you like—at your Boffins. But you won't take *me* to your Boffins, I can tell you—you and your Boffins too!"

"If," quoth Mr. George Sampson, moodily pulling his stopper out, "Miss Bella's Mr. Boffin comes any more of his nonsense to *me*, I only wish him to understand, as betwixt man and man, that he does it at his per—" and was going to say peril; but Miss Lavinia, having no confidence in his mental powers, and feeling his oration to have no definite application to any circumstances, jerked his stopper in again, with a sharpness that made his eyes water.

And now the worthy Mrs. Wilfer, having used her youngest daughter as a lay-figure for the edification of these Boffins, became bland to her, and proceeded to develop her last instance of force of character, which was still in reserve. This was, to illuminate the family with her remarkable powers as a physiognomist; powers that terrified R. W. whenever let loose, as being always fraught with gloom and evil which no inferior prescience was aware of. And this Mrs. Wilfer now did, be it observed, in jealousy of these Boffins, in the very same moments when she was already reflecting how she would flourish these very same Boffins and the state they kept, over the heads of her Boffinless friends.

"Of their manners," said Mrs. Wilfer, "I say nothing. Of their appearance, I say nothing. Of the disinterestedness of their intentions toward Bella, I say nothing. But the craft, the

secrecy, the dark, deep underhanded plotting, written in Mrs. Boffin's countenance, make me shudder."

As an incontrovertible proof that those baleful attributes were all there, Mrs. Wilfer shuddered on the spot.

CHAPTER X.

A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

THERE is excitement in the Veneering mansion. The mature young lady is going to be married (powder and all) to the mature young gentleman, and she is to be married from the Veneering house, and the Veneerings are to give the breakfast. The Analytical, who objects as a matter of principle to every thing that occurs on the premises, necessarily objects to the match; but his consent has been dispensed with, and a spring-van is delivering its load of greenhouse plants at the door, in order that to-morrow's feast may be crowned with flowers.

The mature young lady is a lady of property. The mature young gentleman is a gentleman of property. He invests his property. He goes, in a condescending amateurish way, into the City, attends meetings of Directors, and has to do with traffic in Shares. As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in Shares is the one thing to have to do with in this world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners; have Shares. Have Shares enough to be on Boards of Direction in capital letters, oscillate on mysterious business between London and Paris, and be great. Where does he come from? Shares. Where is he going to? Shares. What are his tastes? Shares. Has he any principles? Shares. What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never of himself achieved success in any thing, never originated any thing, never produced any thing? Sufficient answer to all; Shares. O mighty Shares! To set those blaring images so high, and to cause us smaller vermin, as under the influence of henbane or opium, to cry out, night and day, "Relieve us of our money, scatter it for us, buy us and sell us, ruin us, only we beseech ye take rank among the powers of the earth, and fatten on us!"

While the Loves and Graces have been preparing this torch for Hymen, which is to be kindled to-morrow, Mr. Twemlow has suffered much in his mind. It would seem that both the mature young lady and the mature young gentleman must indubitably be Veneering's oldest friends. Wards of his, perhaps? Yet that can scarcely be, for they are older than himself. Veneering has been in their confidence throughout, and has done much to lure them to the altar. He has mentioned to Twemlow how he said to Mrs. Veneering, "Anastatia, this must be a match." He has mentioned to Twemlow how he regards Sophronia Akershem (the ma-

ture young lady) in the light of a sister, and Alfred Lammle (the mature young gentleman) in the light of a brother. Twemlow has asked him whether he went to school as a junior with Alfred? He has answered, "Not exactly." Whether Sophronia was adopted by his mother? He has answered, "Not precisely so." Twemlow's hand has gone to his forehead with a lost air.

But, two or three weeks ago, Twemlow, sitting over his newspaper, and over his dry toast and weak tea, and over the stable-yard in Duke Street, St. James's, received a highly-perfumed cocked-hat and monogram from Mrs. Veneering, entreating her dearest Mr. T., if not particularly engaged that day, to come like a charming soul and make a fourth at dinner with dear Mr. Podsnap, for the discussion of an interesting family topic; the last three words doubly underlined and pointed with a note of admiration. And Twemlow, replying, "Not engaged, and more than delighted," goes, and this takes place:

"My dear Twemlow," says Veneering, "your ready response to Anastatia's unceremonious invitation is truly kind, and like an old, old friend. You know our dear friend Podsnap?"

Twemlow ought to know the dear friend Podsnap who covered him with so much confusion, and he says he does know him, and Podsnap reciprocates. Apparently, Podsnap has been so wrought upon in a short time, as to believe that he has been intimate in the house many, many, many years. In the friendliest manner he is making himself quite at home with his back to the fire, executing a statuette of the Colossus at Rhodes. Twemlow has before noticed in his feeble way how soon the Veneering guests become infected with the Veneering fiction. Not, however, that he has the least notion of its being his own case.

"Our friends, Alfred and Sophronia," pursues Veneering the veiled prophet: "our friends Alfred and Sophronia, you will be glad to hear, my dear fellows, are going to be married. As my wife and I make it a family affair the entire direction of which we take upon ourselves, of course our first step is to communicate the fact to our family friends.

("Oh!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes on Podsnap, "then there are only two of us, and he's the other.")

"I did hope," Veneering goes on, "to have had Lady Tippins to meet you; but she is always in request, and is unfortunately engaged."

("Oh!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes wandering, "then there are three of us, and *she's* the other.")

"Mortimer Lightwood," resumes Veneering, "whom you both know, is out of town; but he writes, in his whimsical manner, that as we ask him to be bridegroom's best man when the ceremony takes place, he will not refuse, though he doesn't see what he has to do with it."

("Oh!" thinks Twemlow, with his eyes roll-

ing, "then there are four of us, and *he's* the other.")

"Boots and Brewer," observes Veneering, "whom you also know, I have not asked to-day; but I reserve them for the occasion."

("Then," thinks Twemlow, with his eyes shut, "there are si—" But here collapses and does not completely recover until dinner is over and the Analytical has been requested to withdraw.)

"We now come," says Veneering, "to the point, the real point, of our little family consultation. Sophronia, having lost both father and mother, has no one to give her away."

"Give her away yourself," says Podsnap.

"My dear Podsnap, no. For three reasons. Firstly, because I couldn't take so much upon myself when I have respected family friends to remember. Secondly, because I am not so vain as to think that I look the part. Thirdly, because Anastatia is a little superstitious on the subject, and feels averse to my giving away any body until baby is old enough to be married."

"What would happen if he did?" Podsnap inquires of Mrs. Veneering.

"My dear Mr. Podsnap, it's very foolish I know, but I have an instinctive presentiment that if Hamilton gave away any body else first, he would never give away baby." Thus Mrs. Veneering; with her open hands pressed together, and each of her eight aquiline fingers looking so very like her one aquiline nose that the bran-new jewels on them seem necessary for distinction's sake.

"But, my dear Podsnap," quoth Veneering, "there *is* a tried friend of our family who, I think and hope you will agree with me, Podsnap, is the friend on whom this agreeable duty almost naturally devolves. That friend," saying the words as if the company were about a hundred and fifty in number, "is now among us. That friend is Twemlow."

"Certainly!" From Podsnap.

"That friend," Veneering repeats with greater firmness, "is our dear good Twemlow. And I can not sufficiently express to you, my dear Podsnap, the pleasure I feel in having this opinion of mine and Anastatia's so readily confirmed by you, that other equally familiar and tried friend who stands in the proud position—I mean who proudly stands in the position—or I ought rather to say, who places Anastatia and myself in the proud position of himself standing in the simple position—of baby's godfather." And, indeed, Veneering is much relieved in mind to find that Podsnap betrays no jealousy of Twemlow's elevation.

So it has come to pass that the spring-van is strewing flowers on the rosy hours and on the staircase, and that Twemlow is surveying the ground on which he is to play his distinguished part to-morrow. He has already been to the church, and taken note of the various impediments in the aisle, under the auspices of an extremely dreary widow who opens the pews, and whose left hand appears to be in a state of acute

rheumatism, but is in fact voluntarily doubled up to act as a money-box.

And now Veneering shoots out of the Study wherein he is accustomed, when contemplative, to give his mind to the carving and gilding of the Pilgrims going to Canterbury, in order to show Twemlow the little flourish he has prepared for the trumpets of fashion, describing how that on the seventeenth instant, at St. James's Church, the Reverend Blank Blank, assisted by the Reverend Dash Dash, united in the bonds of matrimony, Alfred Lammle, Esquire, of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, to Sophronia, only daughter of the late Horatio Akershem, Esquire, of Yorkshire. Also how the fair bride was married from the house of Hamilton Veneering, Esquire, of Stucconia, and was given away by Melvin Twemlow, Esquire, of Duke Street, St. James's, second cousin to Lord Snigsworth, of Snigsworthy Park. While perusing which composition, Twemlow makes some opaque approach to perceiving that if the Reverend Blank Blank and the Reverend Dash Dash fail, after this introduction, to become enrolled in the list of Veneering's dearest and oldest friends, they will have none but themselves to thank for it.

After which, appears Sophronia (whom Twemlow has seen twice in his lifetime), to thank Twemlow for counterfeiting the late Horatio Akershem Esquire, broadly of Yorkshire. And after her, appears Alfred (whom Twemlow has seen once in his lifetime), to do the same and to make a pasty sort of glitter, as if he were constructed for candle-light only, and had been let out into daylight by some grand mistake. And after that, comes Mrs. Veneering, in a pervadingly aquiline state of figure, and with transparent little knobs on her temper, like the little transparent knob on the bridge of her nose, "Worn out by worry and excitement," as she tells her dear Mr. Twemlow, and reluctantly revived with curaçoa by the Analytical. And after that, the bridesmaids begin to come by railroad from various parts of the country, and to come like adorable recruits enlisted by a sergeant not present; for, on arriving at the Veneering dépôt, they are in a barrack of strangers.

So Twemlow goes home to Duke Street, St. James's, to take a plate of mutton broth with a chop in it, and a look at the marriage-service, in order that he may cut in at the right place to-morrow; and he is low, and feels it dull over the livery stable-yard, and is distinctly aware of a dint in his heart, made by the most adorable of the adorable bridesmaids. For, the poor little harmless gentleman once had his fancy, like the rest of us, and she didn't answer (as she often does not), and he thinks the adorable bridesmaid is like the fancy as she was then (which she is not at all), and that if the fancy had not married some one else for money, but had married him for love, he and she would have been happy (which they wouldn't have been), and that she has a tenderness for him still (whereas her toughness is a proverb). Brooding over the fire, with

his dried little head in his dried little hands, and his dried little elbows on his dried little knees, Twemlow is melancholy. "No Adorable to bear me company here!" thinks he. "No Adorable at the club! A waste, a waste, a waste, my Twemlow!" And so drops asleep, and has galvanic starts all over him.

Betimes next morning, that horrible old Lady Tippins (relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted in mistake for somebody else by His Majesty King George the Third, who, while performing the ceremony, was graciously pleased to observe, "What, what, what? Who, who, who? Why, why, why?") begins to be dyed and varnished for the interesting occasion. She has a reputation for giving smart accounts of things, and she must be at these people's early, my dear, to lose nothing of the fun. Whereabout in the bonnet and drapery announced by her name, any fragment of the real woman may be concealed, is perhaps known to her maid; but you could easily buy all you see of her, in Bond Street; or you might scalp her, and peel her, and scrape her, and make two Lady Tippins out of her, and yet not penetrate to the genuine article. She has a large gold eye-glass, has Lady Tippins, to survey the proceedings with. If she had one in each eye, it might keep that other drooping lid up, and look more uniform. But perennial youth is in her artificial flowers, and her list of lovers is full.

"Mortimer, you wretch," says Lady Tippins, turning the eye-glass about and about, "where is your charge, the bridegroom?"

"Give you my honor," returns Mortimer, "I don't know, and I don't care."

"Miserable! Is that the way you do your duty?"

"Beyond an impression that he is to sit upon my knee and be seconded at some point of the solemnities, like a principal at a prize-fight, I assure you I have no notion what my duty is," returns Mortimer.

Eugene is also in attendance, with a pervading air upon him of having presupposed the ceremony to be a funeral, and of being disappointed. The scene is the Vestry-room of St. James's Church, with a number of leathery old registers on shelves, that might be bound in Lady Tippinses.

But, hark! A carriage at the gate, and Mortimer's man arrives, looking rather like a spurious Mephistopheles and an unacknowledged member of that gentleman's family. Whom Lady Tippins, surveying through her eye-glass, considers a fine man, and quite a catch; and of whom Mortimer remarks, in the lowest spirits, as he approaches, "I believe this is my fellow, confound him!" More carriages at the gate, and lo the rest of the characters. Whom Lady Tippins, standing on a cushion, surveying through the eye-glass, thus checks off: "Bride; five-and-forty if a day, thirty shillings a yard, veil fifteen pound, pocket-handkerchief a present. Bridemaids; kept down for fear of outshining

bride, consequently not girls, twelve and six pence a yard, Veneering's flowers, snub-nosed one rather pretty but too conscious of her stockings, bonnets three pound ten. Twemlow; blessed release for the dear man if she really was his daughter, nervous even under the pretense that she is; well he may be. Mrs. Veneering; never saw such velvet, say two thousand pounds as she stands, absolute jeweler's window, father must have been a pawnbroker, or how could these people do it? Attendant unknowns; pokey."

Ceremony performed, register signed, Lady Tippins escorted out of sacred edifice by Veneering, carriages rolling back to Stucconia, servants with favors and flowers, Veneering's house reached, drawing-rooms most magnificent. Here, the Podsnaps await the happy party; Mr. Podsnap, with his hair-brushes made the most of; that imperial rocking-horse, Mrs. Podsnap, majestically skittish. Here, too, are Boots and Brewer, and the two other Buffers; each Buffer with a flower in his button-hole, his hair curled, and his gloves buttoned on tight, apparently come prepared, if any thing had happened to the bridegroom, to be married instantly. Here, too, the bride's aunt and next relation; a widowed female of a Medusa sort, in a stony cap, glaring petrification at her fellow-creatures. Here, too, the bride's trustee; an oilcake-fed style of business-gentleman with moony spectacles, and an object of much interest. Veneering launching himself upon this trustee as his oldest friend (which makes seven, Twemlow thought), and confidentially retiring with him into the conservatory, it is understood that Veneering is his co-trustee, and that they are arranging about the fortune. Buffers are even overheard to whisper Thir-ty Thou-sand Pou-nds! with a smack and a relish suggestive of the very finest oysters. Pokey unknowns, amazed to find how intimately they know Veneering, pluck up spirit, fold their arms, and begin to contradict him before breakfast. What time Mrs. Veneering, carrying baby dressed as a bridesmaid, flits about among the company, emitting flashes of many-colored lightning from diamonds, emeralds, and rubies.

The Analytical, in course of time achieving what he feels to be due to himself in bringing to a dignified conclusion several quarrels he has on hand with the pastry-cook's men, announces breakfast. Dining-room no less magnificent than drawing-room; tables superb; all the camels out, and all laden. Splendid cake, covered with Cupids, silver, and true-lovers' knots. Splendid bracelet, produced by Veneering before going down, and clasped upon the arm of bride. Yet nobody seems to think much more of the Veneerings than if they were a tolerable landlord and landlady doing the thing in the way of business at so much a head. The bride and bridegroom talk and laugh apart, as has always been their manner; and the Buffers work their way through the dishes with system-

atic perseverance, as has always been *their* manner; and the pokey unknowns are exceedingly benevolent to one another in invitations to take glasses of Champagne; but Mrs. Podsnap, arching her mane and rocking her grandest, has a far more deferential audience than Mrs. Veneering; and Podsnap all but does the honors.

Another dismal circumstance is, that Veneering, having the captivating Tippins on one side of him and the bride's aunt on the other, finds it immensely difficult to keep the peace. For, Medusa, besides unmistakingly glaring petrification at the fascinating Tippins, follows every lively remark made by that dear creature with an audible snort: which may be referable to a chronic cold in the head, but may also be referable to indignation and contempt. And this snort being regular in its reproduction, at length comes to be expected by the company, who make embarrassing pauses when it is falling due, and by waiting for it, render it more emphatic when it comes. The stony aunt has likewise an injurious way of rejecting all dishes whereof Lady Tippins partakes: saying aloud when they are proffered to her, "No, no, no, not for me. Take it away!" As with a set purpose of implying a misgiving that if nourished upon similar meats she might come to be like that charmer, which would be a fatal consummation. Aware of her enemy, Lady Tippins tries a youthful sally or two, and tries the eye-glass; but, from the impenetrable cap and snorting armor of the stony aunt all weapons rebound powerless.

Another objectionable circumstance is, that the pokey unknowns support each other in being unimpressible. They persist in not being frightened by the gold and silver camels, and they are banded together to defy the elaborately chased ice-pails. They even seem to unite in some vague utterance of the sentiment that the landlord and landlady will make a pretty good profit out of this, and they almost carry themselves like customers. Nor is there compensating influence in the adorable bridesmaids; for, having very little interest in the bride, and none at all in one another, those lovely beings become, each one on her own account, depreciatingly contemplative of the millinery present; while the bridegroom's man, exhausted, in the back of his chair, appears to be improving the occasion by penitentially contemplating all the wrong he has ever done; the difference between him and his friend Eugene, being, that the latter, in the back of *his* chair, appears to be contemplating all the wrong he would like to do—particularly to the present company.

In which state of affairs, the usual ceremonies rather droop and flag, and the splendid cake when cut by the fair hand of the bride has but an indigestible appearance. However, all the things indispensable to be said are said, and all the things indispensable to be done are done (including Lady Tippins's yawning, falling asleep, and waking insensible), and there is hurried preparation for the nuptial journey to the Isle of

Wight, and the outer air teems with brass bands and spectators. In full sight of whom, the malignant star of the Analytical has pre-ordained that pain and ridicule shall befall him. For he, standing on the doorsteps to grace the departure, is suddenly caught a most prodigious thump on the side of his head with a heavy shoe, which a Buffer in the hall, Champagne-flushed and wild of aim, has borrowed on the spur of the moment from the pastry-cook's porter, to cast after the departing pair as an auspicious omen.

So they all go up again into the gorgeous drawing-rooms—all of them flushed with breakfast, as having taken scarlatina sociably—and there the combined unknowns do malignant things with their legs to ottomans, and take as much as possible out of the splendid furniture. And so, Lady Tippins, quite undetermined whether to-day is the day before yesterday, or the day after to-morrow, or the week after next, fades away; and Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene fade away, and Twemlow fades away, and the stony aunt goes away—she declines to fade, proving rock to the last—and even the unknowns are slowly strained off, and it is all over.

All over, that is to say, for the time being. But there is another time to come, and it comes in about a fortnight, and it comes to Mr. and Mrs. Lammle on the sands at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle have walked for some time on the Shanklin sands, and one may see by their footprints that they have not walked arm in arm, and that they have not walked in a straight track, and that they have walked in a moody humor; for the lady has prodded little spiriting holes in the damp sand before her with her parasol, and the gentleman has trailed his stick after him. As if he were of the Mephistopheles family indeed, and had walked with a drooping tail.

"Do you mean to tell me, then, Sophronia—"

Thus he begins after a long silence, when Sophronia flashes fiercely, and turns upon him.

"Don't put it upon *me*, Sir. I ask you, do *you* mean to tell me?"

Mr. Lammle falls silent again, and they walk as before. Mrs. Lammle opens her nostrils and bites her under-lip; Mr. Lammle takes his gingerous whiskers in his left hand, and, bringing them together, frowns furtively at his beloved, out of a thick gingerous bush.

"Do *I* mean to say!" Mrs. Lammle after a time repeats, with indignation. "Putting it on me! The unmanly disingenuousness!"

Mr. Lammle stops, releases his whiskers, and looks at her. "The what?"

Mrs. Lammle haughtily replies, without stopping, and without looking back. "The meaness."

He is at her side again in a pace or two, and he retorts, "That is not what you said. You said disingenuousness."

"What if I did?"

"There is no 'if' in the case. You did."

"I did, then. And what of it?"

"What of it?" says Mr. Lammle. "Have you the face to utter the word to me?"

"The face, too!" replied Mrs. Lammle, staring at him with cold scorn. "Pray, how dare you, Sir, utter the word to me?"

"I never did."

As this happens to be true, Mrs. Lammle is thrown on the feminine resource of saying, "I don't care what you uttered or did not utter."

After a little more walking and a little more silence, Mr. Lammle breaks the latter.

"You shall proceed in your own way. You claim a right to ask me do I mean to tell you. Do I mean to tell you what?"

"That you are a man of property?"

"No."

"Then you married me on false pretenses?"

"So be it. Next comes what you mean to say. Do you mean to say you are a woman of property?"

"No."

"Then you married me on false pretenses."

"If you were so dull a fortune-hunter that you deceived yourself, or if you were so greedy and grasping that you were over-willing to be deceived by appearances, is it my fault, you adventurer?" the lady demands, with great asperity.

"I asked Veneering, and he told me you were rich."

"Veneering!" with great contempt. "And what does Veneering know about me!"

"Was he not your trustee?"

"No. I have no trustee but the one you saw on the day when you fraudulently married me. And his trust is not a very difficult one, for it is only an annuity of a hundred and fifteen pounds. I think there are some odd shillings or pence, if you are very particular."

Mr. Lammle bestows a by no means loving look upon the partner of his joys and sorrows, and he mutters something; but checks himself.

"Question for question. It is my turn again, Mrs. Lammle. What made you suppose me a man of property?"

"You made me suppose you so. Perhaps you will deny that you always presented yourself to me in that character?"

"But you asked somebody, too. Come, Mrs. Lammle, admission for admission. You asked somebody?"

"I asked Veneering."

"And Veneering knew as much of me as he knew of you, or as any body knows of him."

After more silent walking, the bride stops short, to say in a passionate manner:

"I never will forgive the Veneerings for this!"

"Neither will I," returns the bridegroom.

With that they walk again; she, making those angry spirits in the sand; he, dragging that dejected tail. The tide is low, and seems to have thrown them together high on the bare shore. A gull comes sweeping by their heads, and flouts them. There was a golden surface

on the brown cliffs but now, and behold they are only damp earth. A taunting roar comes from the sea, and the far-out rollers mount upon one another, to look at the entrapped impostors, and to join in impish and exultant gambols.

"Do you pretend to believe," Mrs. Lammle resumes, sternly, "when you talk of my marrying you for worldly advantages, that it was within the bounds of reasonable probability that I would have married you for yourself?"

"Again there are two sides to the question, Mrs. Lammle. What do you pretend to believe?"

"So you first deceive me and then insult me!" cries the lady, with a heaving bosom.

"Not at all. I have originated nothing. The double-edged question was yours."

"Was mine!" the bride repeats, and her parasol breaks in her angry hand.

His color has turned to a livid white, and ominous marks have come to light about his nose, as if the finger of the very devil himself had, within the last few moments, touched it here and there. But he has repressive power, and she has none.

"Throw it away," he coolly recommends as to the parasol; "you have made it useless; you look ridiculous with it."

Whereupon she calls him in her rage, "A deliberate villain," and so casts the broken thing from her as that it strikes him in falling. The finger-marks are something whiter for the instant, but he walks on at her side.

She bursts into tears, declaring herself the wretchedest, the most deceived, the worst-used, of women. Then she says that if she had the courage to kill herself she would do it. Then she calls him vile impostor. Then she asks him, why, in the disappointment of his base speculation, he does not take her life with his own hand, under the present favorable circumstances. Then she cries again. Then she is enraged again, and makes some mention of swindlers. Finally, she sits down crying on a block of stone, and is in all the known and unknown humors of her sex at once. Pending her changes, those aforesaid marks in his face have come and gone, now here now there, like white stops of a pipe on which the diabolical performer has played a tune. Also his livid lips are parted at last, as if he were breathless with running. Yet he is not.

"Now, get up, Mrs. Lammle, and let us speak reasonably."

She sits upon her stone, and takes no heed of him.

"Get up, I tell you."

Raising her head, she looks contemptuously in his face, and repeats, "You tell me! Tell me, forsooth!"

She affects not to know that his eyes are fastened on her as she droops her head again; but her whole figure reveals that she knows it un- easily.

"Enough of this. Come! Do you hear? Get up."

Yielding to his hand, she rises, and they walk again; but this time with their faces turned toward their place of residence.

"Mrs. Lammle, we have both been deceiving, and we have both been deceived. We have both been biting, and we have both been bitten. In a nut-shell, there's the state of the case."

"You sought me out—"

"Tut! Let us have done with that. We know very well how it was. Why should you and I talk about it, when you and I can't disguise it? To proceed. I am disappointed, and cut a poor figure."

"Am I no one?"

"Some one—and I was coming to you, if you had waited a moment. You, too, are disappointed and cut a poor figure."

"An injured figure!"

"You are now cool enough, Sophronia, to see that you can't be injured without my being equally injured; and that therefore the mere word is not to the purpose. When I look back, I wonder how I can have been such a fool as to take you to so great an extent upon trust."

"And when I look back—" the bride cries, interrupting.

"And when you look back, you wonder how you can have been—you'll excuse the word?"

"Most certainly, with so much reason."

"—Such a fool as to take *me* to so great an extent upon trust. But the folly is committed on both sides. I can not get rid of you; you can not get rid of me. What follows?"

"Shame and misery," the bride bitterly replies.

"I don't know. A mutual understanding follows, and I think it may carry us through. Here I split my discourse (give me your arm, Sophronia) into three heads, to make it shorter and plainer. Firstly, it's enough to have been done, without the mortification of being known to have been done. So we agree to keep the fact to ourselves. You agree?"

"If it is possible, I do."

"Possible! We have pretended well enough to one another. Can't we, united, pretend to the world? Agreed. Secondly, we owe the Veneerings a grudge, and we owe all other people the grudge of wishing them to be taken in, as we ourselves have been taken in. Agreed?"

"Yes. Agreed."

"We come smoothly to thirdly. You have called me an adventurer, Sophronia. So I am. In plain uncomplimentary English, so I am. So are you, my dear. So are many people. We agree to keep our own secret, and to work together in furtherance of our own schemes."

"What schemes?"

"Any scheme that will bring us money. By our own schemes, I mean our joint interest. Agreed?"

She answers, after a little hesitation, "I suppose so. Agreed."

"Carried at once, you see! Now, Sophronia, only half a dozen words more. We know one

another perfectly. Don't be tempted into twitting me with the past knowledge that you have of me, because it is identical with the past knowledge that I have of you, and in twitting me you twit yourself, and I don't want to hear you do it. With this good understanding established between us, it is better never done. To wind up all:—You have shown temper to-day, Sophronia. Don't be betrayed into doing so again, because I have a Devil of a temper myself."

So the happy pair, with this hopeful marriage contract thus signed, sealed, and delivered, repair homeward. If, when those infernal finger-marks were on the white and breathless countenance of Alfred Lammle, Esquire, they denoted that he conceived the purpose of subduing his dear wife Mrs. Alfred Lammle, by at once divesting her of any lingering reality or pretense of self-respect, the purpose would seem to have been presently executed. The mature young lady has mighty little need of powder now, for her downcast face, as he escorts her in the light of the setting sun to their abode of bliss.

PRICES AND INVESTMENTS.

"**E**VERYTHING is so *high*!" laments everybody who has anything to buy.—"*Everything* is so *high*!" remarks, apologetically, everybody who has anything to sell.—"*Nothing* is *high*," explain certain theoretical financiers; "the trouble is that our Currency is *low*; with a gold dollar you can buy as much as you ever could."

The error of these theorists—so far as they are not disloyally bent upon crippling the Government by depreciating the funds—lies in this, that they look upon Gold as the one immovable thing in the universe: as the great fixed sun around which everything revolves. But the sun, so far from being fixed, is itself a moving body. The value of gold, like that of everything else, rises and falls in accordance with the inexorable law of supply and demand.

Everything is high, as everybody knows, and as everybody but theorists asserts, simply because we are at war and not in peace. War-prices are, always have been, and always will be, high prices; because war increases the demand for everything, while it diminishes the supply. War takes the farmer from his plow, and the price of corn goes up. War takes the shoemaker from his bench, and the price of shoes goes up. War takes a portion of every class of workmen from their usual work, and the price of labor goes up. At this moment fully one-third of the producers of the loyal States are directly or indirectly engaged in the war. A large portion are in the field or on the sea, as soldiers or sailors. Many are engaged in producing implements of war or military supplies—ships, guns, clothing, equipments, and the like. All these men have been withdrawn by the war from their avocations. The products of their former industry have been dimin-

ished, and so the price of these products has increased.

Again, war is wasteful. We do not here speak of fraudulent waste; for the amount wasted by fraud, great as it is, is nothing compared with the necessary waste of war. It must always cost much more to sustain a million of men in the field than it did to sustain the same men at home. A bushel of corn will feed no more men in Virginia than in Illinois; but its worth when transported to the James River is far greater than when it was harvested on the prairies.

War is costly, and its cost must be paid by those who wage it. The cost of our war may be fairly measured by the amount of our National Debt. This, on the 14th of June, amounted in round numbers to 1720 millions of dollars. Making a liberal allowance for the following weeks, our debt on the 1st of August may be stated at 2000 millions of dollars. Great as this sum is we assume that the people consider it fairly contracted, well spent, and to be paid. It is in fact a first mortgage upon every acre of land, upon every house or ship, upon every mile of railway, upon every man's savings and earnings, upon every thing, in short, which can be considered as property. The debt is to be paid, and must be paid from the accumulations of past years, and from the earnings of those that are to come.

Great as the burden must be it will not crush us. The people of the loyal States could pay it three times over from the accumulations of the ten years which preceded the war, and yet leave every man richer than he was in 1850. The census puts down the property of the loyal States at fully 6000 millions of dollars more in 1860 than it was in 1850. We are charged by others, and we charge ourselves, with extravagance; but in ten years we earned 6000 millions more than we spent. Apportioning this by head among the whole population, every man, woman, and child in the loyal States was worth 250 dollars more in 1860 than in 1850. Our debt, were it three times as great as it is, could be paid from the accumulations of the past ten years. But as it takes the shape of a loan to the people of the United States, represented by the Government, payable hereafter, most of the money-cost will be defrayed from

the earnings of another generation. This is right and just. We of this generation have not undertaken this great war merely for ourselves. We have undertaken it mainly for those who shall come after us. The blood which it costs we ourselves pay. Our sons, and our sons' sons, can well afford to pay their share of the money.

Fortunately every dollar of the debt as yet contracted is due to ourselves. How shall it be apportioned among us so that each man shall bear his fair portion? As we have said, this debt is really a mortgage upon every man's property and earnings. It is represented by Government bonds of various kinds. Every man who holds such a bond has virtually a mortgage upon my property for that amount. If I hold the same sum I have an equal mortgage upon his property. In any case I must be a mortgagee; I can become a mortgagor likewise by purchasing Government bonds. In the final adjustment these mortgages will cancel each other.

Leaving patriotism, for the moment, out of the question, it is for the advantage of every man to become, as far as he is able, a creditor of the Government, or rather, of the people. The interest offered is quite equal to that of any other safe investment; and the Government, in the name of the people, assumes the responsibility of collecting and paying that interest. The security offered is the most ample possible. It is a first lien upon the entire wealth of the country. No man can be half as sure of receiving his dividends from railway or bank stock, his rents from real estate, or his profits from business, as he is of receiving the interest upon his loan to the nation. Just now Government bonds can be bought lower than the stocks of any paying railway or bank, simply because the exigencies of the times demand that a large amount shall be offered for sale. We expect to see the time when the bonds of the United States shall command a premium in gold. It is not long since the United States paid more than twenty cents on the dollar for the privilege of buying up its obligations with but a few years to run. We trust that the same thing will occur with the debt now contracted and contracting; and so the men who have invested their surplus money in the Government loan have acted not only patriotically but wisely.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 20th of June. Both the eastern and western campaign have steadily progressed, though no decisive results have yet been obtained.

At the close of our last Record the Federal and Confederate armies were confronting each other at Spottsylvania Court House on the line of the Po. The battle had been renewed on the 18th of May, after the lull of a week, during which both armies had been rested and reinforced. In this engage-

ment Hancock, operating against the enemy's right flank, gained two lines of his intrenchments and captured several guns; Burnside drove the Confederate left some distance, but subsequently withdrew.

The next day Ewell's corps made a desperate attempt to turn Grant's right and capture his supply trains, which were loaded with ammunition and subsistence. The attack was repulsed, chiefly by the gallantry of Tyler's Division, consisting for the most part of raw recruits. The Federal loss was com-

paratively small—only 900 killed and wounded, while Ewell lost 1250, besides 500 taken prisoners.

On the evening of the 20th Grant began to manœuvre his left with the purpose of drawing Lee out of his intrenchments. The position had been attempted over and again, sometimes with partial success and frequently with failure. The greatest success gained was that of the 12th, when Johnston and his division were captured; and if the disposition of the Federal forces had been favorable the advantage gained on this occasion might have been pushed to more decisive results. Having determined to shift his position, Grant extended his left until Spottsylvania Court House stood over on his right. Lee at the same time extended his right, intrenching at every move. In order to compel a retreat Grant had to flank Lee outright by massing his force on the left. On Friday, the 20th, then, Hancock shifted over to Lee's extreme right, and in the evening advanced southward. He continued his march the next day, and on Saturday evening occupied Bowling Green. About an hour after Hancock started, Friday night, Longstreet also moved southward. On Saturday Hancock was followed by Warren, and Longstreet by Ewell; during Saturday night both armies were on the march.

Monday, Grant effected the crossing of the North Anna, in the vicinity of the Virginia Central Railroad. This was not accomplished, however, without an obstinate resistance on the part of the Confederates. The railroad bridge crossing the river at this point was burned by the Federal forces, and Wednesday night found the entire army between the North and South Anna, and within 25 miles of Richmond. On the north bank of the latter river was General Lee's new line of defense.

To all appearances Grant's purpose was to march up and attempt this new line by a series of assaults similar to those directed against the former line along the Po. But Thursday found him preparing to recross the North Anna, and on the last day of May he had his whole army south of the Pamunkey and within ten miles of Richmond, with a new base of supplies established at White House.

The new line ran nearly north and south from a point on the Pamunkey River near Hanover Court House, across Tolopatemoy Creek three miles south of Hanover town. Grant's head-quarters were on the spot on which McClellan's right had rested two years before. The Confederate line stretched from Atlee's Station, along the line of the Chickahominy and the Virginia Central, to Shady Grove Church, five miles north of Richmond. Our forces, ever since crossing the Pamunkey, had been pressing steadily up to this line; and on the 28th a cavalry engagement had been fought, the advance of Gregg's division having met and driven the enemy. On the 30th Warren had pressed close up to Shady Grove; and Crawford's division, getting detached from the main body, was attacked and pushed back. The same day Hancock gained ground on the right.

It was inevitable at this juncture that whichever of the two armies should first acquire a commanding position between the Federal left and Richmond would gain an important advantage. It was for this position that the contest of the next few days was carried on. If Lee should prove successful, then he would be able to cut Grant's line of communications with the White House; while if Grant should succeed, Lee would be compelled to leave the way open to Richmond. On the 31st there were cavalry engagements both on the right and

left flanks, in both of which the Federals were successful. The success on the left opened the way to Cold Harbor, on the road from White House to Richmond. On Wednesday, June 1, the Sixth Corps took a position near this place, where it was joined by the Eighteenth and part of the Tenth, sent around from the James; and here a battle was fought by this portion of the army, the result of which was the possession of Cold Harbor by the Federal Forces. Cold Harbor is the key to Richmond on this line of approach; and it only remained to cross the Chickahominy a short distance south to outflank the Confederate army.

It was for this purpose that Hancock was shifted to the left during Wednesday night, and an attack was ordered the next day. This was postponed on account of a severe storm, and the enemy thus gained time to complete his preparations for defense. Thus it happened that on Friday, June 3, the Confederates were as strongly posted on the Chickahominy as they had been on the South Anna. On that day a battle was fought early in the morning, the main interest of which centred on the left. Here the army was carried up in close proximity to the enemy's works. Some important positions were gained at great expense of life, but to no purpose. On the right a heavy cannonade went on, but without sensible effect on the main issue. The attempt to carry the Confederate position by direct assault was given up. In the evening an attack was made by the enemy on a portion of Hancock's corps, but was repulsed, with great loss to the assailants. Several assaults of this nature were subsequently made on Grant's left, with the view of cutting his communications with the White House; but these were uniformly unsuccessful. On the 7th an arrangement was concluded between the two armies for the humane purpose of attending to the killed and wounded on the battle-field; and with this the operations along the Chickahominy were substantially concluded.

The approach to Richmond from the North having been given up, Grant removed his entire army to the south side of the James River, and formed new combinations. The preparations for this movement were in contemplation before the battle of Friday had fairly ended. For more than a week they were going on; and on Sunday night, the 12th, the movement commenced, and was completed by Wednesday morning. The Eighteenth Corps went back to Bermuda Hundred by water; the rest of the army crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge and James Bridge, and proceeded thence to the James River, crossing at Powhatan Point. During the march there was no very serious interruption from Lee's army. Smith's corps arriving at its destination sooner than the others, marched forthwith to Petersburg, the other corps following in the same general direction soon after landing.

At the close of our last Record we left Butler in his intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, to which he had been driven as the result of the fierce assault made by the enemy on the 16th. In the battle which followed, Hickman's brigade suffered severely, and Hickman himself was taken prisoner. After Butler's withdrawal to Bermuda Hundred the Confederates closed about him with great vigor, and made several assaults on his lines, which were repulsed. On the 20th the Confederate General Walker was captured.

With the exception of important reinforcements sent to General Grant, there has since been no oc-

currence of special interest in Butler's department. Kautz on the 19th of May returned from his second great raid, having cut the Richmond and Petersburg and the Danville railroads at various points, destroying a large amount of stores.

Nearly at the same time important successes were achieved in Southwestern Virginia, by Generals Averill and Crook. Besides burning the railroad bridge at Newbern, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, several engagements occurred with the enemy, in which the latter, under Morgan and Jenkins, was severely punished. In one of these Jenkins was taken prisoner.

After Sigel's defeat in the Shenandoah, Hunter was appointed to supersede him. On the 5th of June a battle was fought near Staunton, between Hunter and the Confederate General W. E. Jones, resulting in a complete victory. General Jones was killed, Staunton was captured, 1500 prisoners and several guns were taken, and the rebel force was driven to Waynesboro. After the capture of Staunton a junction was effected on the 8th with Crook and Averill. In the mean time Sheridan's command having crossed the Pamunkey on the 7th, were marched to a point south of Gordonsville. This point—Trevilian Station—was reached on the 11th. Here an important victory was gained, and a large portion of the Gordonsville Railroad destroyed; four hundred prisoners were taken.

In the West Sherman, having occupied Kings-ton and the line of the Etowah, resumed his march on the 24th to Dallas, where he came up with the enemy; on the 28th M'Pherson was engaged, and the Confederates were driven back, with a loss to them of about 3000 men. On Thursday, June 2, Schofield and Hooker moved upon Marietta, a few miles to the left of Dallas; Stoneman's and Garrard's cavalry at the same time taking possession of Allatoona Pass. This advance brings our army out of the mountainous region of Georgia to the fertile plains in the central portion of the State. In regard to the value of Allatoona Pass, Sherman said, in his dispatch of June 7: "I have been to Allatoona Pass, and find it admirable for our purposes. It is the gate through the last, or most eastern spur of the Alleghanies. It now becomes as useful to us as it was to the enemy, being easily defended from either direction. The roads hence from Ackworth into Georgia are large and good, and the country more open."

On the 10th Wheeler, with a Confederate force of cavalry, interrupted the railroad communication between Sherman's army and Chattanooga. At about the same time Forrest, in conjunction with Roddy and Lee, gained a decisive victory over Sturgis at Guntown, Mississippi. General A. J. Smith, who had been operating successfully against Marmaduke, was, after this disaster, placed at the head of the forces against the rebel cavalry acting in Sherman's rear.

In the Southwest affairs have at least assumed a less critical aspect as compared with the situation a month ago. General Banks with his army have returned to New Orleans, having fought two battles on the way, in both of which the rebels were repulsed. Porter's gun-boat fleet was relieved on the 11th of May through the ingenious efforts of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, who brought it safely out of its perilous situation by the construction of a dam at Alexandria. General A. J. Smith's army has also been brought down the river, and dispatched against the forces under Marmaduke, in Arkan-

sas. General Canby was at the mouth of the Red River on the 14th of May, where he was collecting together forces to assist Banks. Banks's position remains the same as hitherto; the significance to be attached to Canby's appointment being simply that the Trans-Mississippi Department is now organized under a single command, and Banks reports to Canby just as Thomas reports to Sherman.

Early in the month John Morgan, with 2500 men, made another raid into Kentucky. Entering by Pound Gap, he, with great rapidity, got possession of Paris, Georgetown, Cynthiana, Williamstown, and Mount Sterling. He attacked the Louisville and other railroads, interrupting communications for several days. This force was met by Burbridge on the 9th, and severely beaten, but not so badly used as to prevent further destruction; for Lexington was afterward captured and plundered by Morgan's men, and two Ohio regiments were taken at Cynthiana. On the 12th, however, Burbridge again attacked, and this time with a decisive result, completely routing the enemy and capturing a large portion of his force, besides a thousand horses, which were probably the main object of the raid.

The navy has lost three gun-boats by capture during the month; the *Granite City* and the *Wave* at Sabine Pass; and the *Water Witch*, which was taken by eight rebel gun-boats under the guns of Fort M'Allister, Georgia.

The Cleveland Convention met on May 31. John Cochrane was elected its President. A platform was reported and adopted, made up of resolutions in favor of the Union, the suppression of the rebellion without compromise, of an expression of gratitude to the army and navy, of free speech, free press, the *habeas corpus*, the abolition of slavery, the right of asylum, the Monroe Doctrine, a one-term Presidency, the confiscation of rebel lands, and their division among the soldiers and sailors of the Union army. John C. Frémont was nominated for President, and John Cochrane for Vice-President. Mr. Frémont's letter of acceptance was every way remarkable. He said that the right to have candidates in the coming election was disputed. He said that the Administration had violated the liberties of American citizens; and that abroad its course had been marked by feebleness and want of principle. Mr. Frémont—the same that in 1861 had, without authority, carried out the widest system of confiscation against Missouri rebels—said, also, that he was opposed to that part of the platform in favor of the confiscation of rebel property. He said that the Administration had disgraced itself by denying the right of asylum, meaning, of course, in the Arguelles case, which is treated of in its legitimate place in this Record. And, finally, he wound up by saying that if the Baltimore Convention would nominate some other candidate than Mr. Lincoln he would support him; but Mr. Lincoln's election he thought it proper to oppose, and, if possible, to prevent, and in that contingency he accepted the nomination of the Cleveland Convention.

On the 7th of June the Baltimore Convention met. Ex-Governor Denison, of Ohio, was elected President. A platform of resolutions was reported and adopted. It was resolved that the rebellion be suppressed without compromise; that slavery be abolished by Constitutional amendment; that an expression of popular gratitude was due not only to the army and navy, but also to the President; that foreign immigration be encouraged; that the rail-

road to the Pacific ought speedily to be constructed; and that the Monroe doctrine should be maintained. The Convention then nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for President and Vice-President. The nomination was first carried by a call of the States, all except the Missouri delegation voting for Lincoln and Johnson. The nomination was then made unanimous; a National Committee was elected, and the Convention adjourned.

MEXICO.

Maximilian, the new Mexican Emperor, arrived in Mexico on the 28th of May, and received from the Municipal Council of Vera Cruz the keys of that city. The French authorities had made extraordinary preparations for this event, and especially for the entrance of the Emperor into the capital, which was announced for the 10th of June, that being the anniversary of the entrance of the French troops into that city last year. But there has been no grand popular reception of the Emperor, notwithstanding that he began his proclamation, issued on his arrival, informing the Mexicans that they had longed for his presence! Generals Santa Anna, Almonte, Miramon, and Marquez were appointed Grand Marshals of the new Empire.

CUBA.

On the 20th of last November Thomas Savage, United States Consul-General at Havana, informed Secretary Seward of the arrival in Cuba of over one thousand African negroes, notice of which was promptly given to Lord Lyons and transmitted by him to the British Government. On the 28th of the same month Secretary Seward informed Earl Russell through Lord Lyons that if a communication should be addressed by the British Government to the Spanish Cabinet, with a view to procure an amendment of the laws affecting the introduction of slaves into Cuba, the President of the United States would communicate with the Government of Spain in the same sense and spirit. On the 4th of February Seward received from Lord Lyons a letter inclosing a memorandum of the communication to be addressed by Her Majesty's Government to the British Minister at Madrid.

According to this memorandum the present Captain-General of Cuba has done all in his power to carry out the treaty obligations of Spain relative to the suppression of the slave-trade; so that for the year ending September 30, 1863, the number of slaves introduced into Cuba is estimated at from seven to eight thousand as compared with 11,254 of the previous year. This diminution would be satisfactory if it were not dependent upon the exertions of the present Captain-General, who is at any moment liable to be removed; and this officer complains of the want of sufficient power conferred upon him, and of the inadequate provisions of the Spanish penal code for the suppression of the Cuban slave-trade.

In the mean time General Dulce (Captain-General of Cuba) had seized the cargo of slaves. The negroes had been landed in Colon, a district on the south side of the island. Now, the Lieutenant-Governor of this district was Don Jose Augustin Arguelles. It was through this officer that the expedition was captured, for which service he received from the Spanish Government \$15,000. Immediately after the capture he obtained leave of absence for twenty days on pretense of a visit to New York to purchase the *La Cronica*, a Spanish journal pub-

lished in that city. He did not return from this visit, and it was subsequently discovered that he had retained one hundred and forty of the negroes belonging to the expedition and had sold them into slavery at a profit to himself of a hundred thousand dollars. The United States Consul at Havana forwarded to Secretary Seward a statement of these facts on the 27th of March.

There was no extradition treaty between Spain and the United States by which the former could claim the rendition of Arguelles; but in view of the infamous crime committed by the latter General Dulce was informed that if he would send to New York a suitable officer steps would be taken, if possible, to place Arguelles in his possession. This action on the part of the United States Government was the more urgently demanded by the fact that without the presence of this notorious criminal in Cuba it would be impossible to emancipate the slaves who had been consigned by him to slavery. Arguelles was arrested on the 11th of May, 1864.

EUROPE.

The London Conference having decided upon an armistice for a month, the Danish Government raised the blockade of the German ports. The conditions of the truce are, that a week's notice must be given before hostilities are again resumed; the allies to hold their position in Jutland and the Danes Alsen, but the former to impose no further contributions. When the Conference met on the 2d of June this armistice was prolonged for fifteen days.

A severe naval engagement took place off Heligoland on May 9 between the Danish fleet and that of the allies. The latter, consisting of three Austrian frigates and two Prussian gun-boats, returned to its moorings on the Elbe, bearing evident signs of having been severely handled.

The Liberal party in England have received great encouragement from a speech recently made in Parliament by Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Paine's Reform Bill, he having on this occasion declared in favor of an extension of the right of suffrage. The news of Grant's movements has created unusual interest in England. The contested case of the rebel rams has been finally disposed of by the British Government; not finding any law for the detention of these vessels, and yet fully aware of the consequences which must follow their release, Her Majesty's Government has freed itself from the perplexing dilemma by purchasing them. The ship-owners of Liverpool, fearing that some time the policy pursued by the British Government in relation to the *Alabama* might be turned against itself, have presented a petition to Parliament urging that, in case the existing law be insufficient for the preservation of a strict neutrality, such amendments should be introduced into the Foreign Enlistment Act as would secure the end desired. The matter was presented in a very effective manner in a speech made by Mr. Cobden on May 13. He said that the British Government had already done its worst against the American mercantile marine. The injury, considering merely the amount of property destroyed, amounted to fifteen millions of dollars; but this was not all, that which had not been destroyed had been rendered useless. In 1860 one-third of the American commerce was carried on in foreign bottoms, in 1863 three-fourths; and this was owing to privateers armed and equipped in English ports.

Literary Notices.

History of Frederick the Great, by THOMAS CARLYLE: Vol. IV. In this volume Mr. Carlyle carries us through a dozen years of the life of Frederick. The volume opens with an account of the Second Silesian War of 1744-5, in which occurred the fruitless capture of Prague by the Prussians; the battle of Fontenoy (May, 1745), where the French and their allies—Prussia being one—beat the Austrians and their allies—England being one; the battle of Hohenfriedberg (June, 1745), where the Prussians beat the Saxons, now the allies of Austria, and yet won no great advantage from a victory the like of which “had not been seen since Blenheim;” the battle of Sohr (September, 1745), where the Prussians got the better of the Austrians; the battle of Kesseldorf (December, 1745), where the Saxons, still allies of the Austrians, fought their last battle as a nation, and were utterly routed by the Prussians. This Second Silesian War was really, in the world’s history, but an episode in the general European war then raging. It was closed by the peace of Dresden (December, 1745). In describing the once famous battle of Fontenoy, Carlyle pricks a wind-bag which has long done duty as the last instance of modern chivalry. According to the story—finally polished up by Voltaire, after the manner of his famous but exploded “*Moriamur pro rege nostro*,” etc. Lord Charles Hay—so runs the story—Captain of the English Guards, and M. le Marquis d’Auteroche, of the French Grenadiers, found themselves with their commands fronting each other. Each stepped forward, bowing politely, hat in hand. “Gentlemen of the French Guards,” said the Englishman, waiving precedence, “Fire!”—“No,” replied the equally polite Frenchman, “we never fire first.” Chivalry satisfied, the English Guards did thereupon fire, to the terrible loss of the French Grenadiers. Mr. Carlyle has fished up the genuine account of this transaction, fearfully spelled, by Lord Charles Hay himself. What he did say, in effect was, “We are the English Guards, and hope you won’t run away before we can get at you, as you did a while ago at Dettingen.” The sublime courtesy of the affair thus resolves itself into a bit of “chaffing.” After this episodic war followed, as far as Frederick was concerned, ten years of peace. Half of this volume is occupied with a minute and picturesque account of the private life of Frederick. Then follows the opening campaign of the great Seven Years’ War—Prussia and England being now on one side, France and Austria on the other, with all Europe as allies on one side or the other—during which Frederick first manifested his great capacities as a Captain and Ruler. Those who have followed Mr. Carlyle thus far in his *History of Frederick* will need no other inducement to go on with him to the end. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Life of Napoleon, by Baron JOMINI, translated by Major-General H. W. HALLECK. Napoleon is hardly more indisputably the great master of the Science and Art of War than Jomini is the greatest military historian and commentator. He is acknowledged to be first, with no rival unless it be Sir William Napier, who can fairly claim to be second. His “*Critical and Military History of the Wars of the Revolution*” is the foundation upon which and the quarry out of which all the military histories of that period have been built. His *Life of Napoleon*

is an almost necessary complement to that work. As a biography of Napoleon, in his personal and political character, we can not accord to it a very high place. The very form in which it is cast—an autobiography recited in the Elysian Fields by the shade of Napoleon to Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick—would of itself preclude any high degree of merit as a memoir. This form, however, gives no slight advantage for presenting the military history of Napoleon. The Great Master might be supposed to present his career as a commander in the best form before such an audience. In this main aspect the work is of inestimable value, and the labor of presenting it in our language could have been undertaken by no one more capable than General Halleck. These five large volumes, with the accompanying convenient Atlas of Military Maps, should be in the hands of every one who wishes—and who now does not?—to gain some idea of what war in modern times implies. Every officer who hopes to command a regiment, much more a brigade or division, should study them as the lawyer studies his Blackstone or Kent, or as the divine studies his Turretin or Calvin. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.)

Pulpit Ministrations, by GARDINER SPRING. In these two volumes the venerable and venerated “Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York,” whose charge over a single church has extended over two full generations, dedicates a series of discourses on Christian Doctrine and Duty to the great multitude who have been, who are, and who may hereafter be connected with his pastoral charge. To a circle even larger than this large one these sermons, the ripest fruits of a long and earnest life, will be more than welcome. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Expository Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism, by GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D. This work, a fragment of the author’s design, must be accepted as the best literary monument of one of the ripest scholars and most eloquent divines who have adorned the American pulpit. The denomination to which Dr. Bethune belonged formerly required its pastors to deliver a series of expository lectures, on the successive Sabbaths of every year, setting forth and explaining the doctrines of the Church in the order in which they are presented in the venerable Heidelberg Catechism, each Sabbath of the year having its assigned topic. Afterward four years instead of one were assigned to this course, one lecture being delivered every month. These lectures of Dr. Bethune embrace about two-thirds of such a course. To their preparation in a permanent form he had consecrated the study of years. Although only a portion of the design, these lectures will be regarded as a permanent addition to the theological literature of the day. (Published by Sheldon and Company.)

Barbara’s History, by AMELIA B. EDWARDS, which forms the 240th volume of “Harper’s Library of Select Novels,” is by all odds the best of the scores of tales which have grown out of Charlotte Brontë’s three or four novels. The plot is essentially that of “*Jane Eyre*,” there are scenes and characters which might have formed parts of “*The Professor*” or “*Villette*.” Although Miss Edwards has borrowed so largely from Miss Brontë, she has brought enough original matter into her novel to take it out of the category of mere imitations. She

has made one of the best of the second-class novels of the day.—*Cousin Phillis* (Harper's Library of Select Novels, No. 242) is an exceedingly graceful little story. It is brought to an abrupt close just at the point where one would expect that the real story was to begin. Unless we greatly mistake the capacities and purposes of the author, we shall have some day a novel in which the character of Cousin Phillis will be more largely developed.

The Potomac and the Rapidan, by ALONZO H. QUINT. (Crosby and Nichols.) The Chaplain of the noble Massachusetts Second republishes with additions a series of letters describing his experiences with that regiment from the time when it was with Patterson in the Valley of the Shenandoah down to the time when it was sent to reinforce Rosecrans in Tennessee. The record embraces Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorville. The author promises a record of the doings of his regiment. We refer to this work mainly for the purpose of suggesting that some one connected with every regiment in our service should take upon himself the office of its historiographer. For many reasons the chaplain of the regiment will be, in ordinary cases, the proper man for the work. If at all fit for his post, he knows every man in the regiment and every event in its history; the nature of his duties gives him leisure to record them. He should consider it a part of his official duty to write, and deposit in the national archives, such a history. Probably hereafter all of these accounts would be published. But even if they existed only in manuscript, a thousand or two of such documents would be of inestimable advantage to the man who will at some time write an adequate history of the Great Rebellion.

Savage Africa, by WINGWOOD READE. In another part of this Magazine we have given an extended account of this somewhat noticeable book on Africa and the Africans. It forms an indispensable adjunct to the library of works on Africa which has been issued by the publishers. Most of these works tell how that country and its people appear in the eyes of explorers, missionaries, and men of science. It is worth while to show how they appear to a rather clever but superficial "club-man," who chose to make a trip to the Equator rather than to the Arctic regions. The book, though far enough from being profound, is lively and readable. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin, by JAMES PARTON. Mr. Parton possesses in a high degree the prime requisites for a biographer. He is unwearied in his search for facts; he has the faculty of grasping the significance of his materials, so as to gain a clear idea of the man who is to be presented to his readers; he is unswervingly honest, presenting the man as he believes him to have really been, not merely as he should or might have been. Thus, he does not attempt to make Burr a patriot, or even grand old Jackson a saint. The honest purpose of knowing and telling the truth, and the power of telling it graphically, are as conspicuously shown in depicting the quiet life of Franklin as in narrating the more turbulent careers of Burr and Jackson. To say that this *Life* of Franklin is the best yet written would be a very slight recommendation; for, apart from Franklin's

own autobiography, we have had nothing even approaching mediocrity. But we can go much further, and say that Mr. Parton's *Life* is in every way very good. (Published by Mason Brothers.)

Nineteen Beautiful Years. In this touching little volume a sister undertakes to tell of a sister whose circle of life was completed within nineteen years. Yet so completely rounded was it that it could hardly have been more perfect in threescore and ten years. It is the simple story of the development of a girl endowed with exquisite sensibilities, and fine, though not extraordinary, faculties. She loved Literature, Art, and Music; yet there is nothing to indicate that she would ever have become a great writer, artist, or musician. In the very fact that her life presented nothing very extraordinary lies the charm of this loving record of it. The nineteen beautiful years of the life of Mary Willard lie within the reach of thousands and tens of thousands. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

First Principles of a New System of Philosophy, by HERBERT SPENCER. This volume is an installment of what is intended to be a series of works unfolding the principles of a "New Philosophy," embracing an explanation of all the phenomena manifested in the universe of Matter, Force, and Mind, so far as they are cognizable by the human faculties. It is impossible, within the space at our disposal, to give even the baldest outline of the philosophy whose inauguration is here attempted; and no one who has not devoted months to its examination can be qualified to pass absolute judgment upon its validity; or, if it be partly valid and partly invalid, to draw the line between the true and the false. All that we dare say is that it is a work of great ability, which deserves and should receive the careful consideration of those who have leisure and capacity to pursue the investigations through which the author proposes to conduct them. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

Guide-Book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This railroad, with its connections, passes through one of the most picturesque portions of the United States. It traverses the great coal region of Pennsylvania, touches the Delaware Water Gap and the Wyoming Valley, passing every where through scenes of romantic and historic interest. This modest little volume is in the best sense of the word a guide through this picturesque region, with which no tourist who proposes to visit it can afford to dispense. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic, by DONALD G. MITCHELL. This volume, as is indicated by its punning title, consists of seven Stories—mainly reminiscences of foreign travel and residence—a considerable part of which were originally contributed to this Magazine. They are marked by the delicate fancy and graceful style which characterizes all the writings of the author. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. The third annual revision of this admirable Guide-Book is now ready. The editor has again gone over most of the ground described by him, for the purpose of making all necessary changes and additions. Much entirely new matter has been introduced, and the information as to routes and charges has been brought down to the present month.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE death of Nathaniel Hawthorne is a national event. In original creative genius no name in our literature is superior to his; and while every body was asking whether it were impossible to write an American novel, he wrote romances that were hardly possible elsewhere, because they were so purely American. There was never, certainly, an author more utterly independent than Hawthorne of the circumstances that surrounded him. In his style, even, which, for a rich, idiomatic raciness, is unsurpassed, there was no touch of any of the schools of his time. It was as clear and simple as Thackeray's, and as felicitous; but there was a flush of color in it, sometimes, of which Thackeray has no trace. But of the literary influences of his time, and even of his personal association, there is no sign in his writings. The form in which his world was revealed, like that world itself, was entirely his own.

Nor was there any foreign flavor whatever in his genius. It was not a growth of the English, or the German, or the French; nor was it eclectic. It was American. It was almost New England, except for that universality which belongs to such genius, and which made the "Marble Faun" no less a characteristic work of Hawthorne's than the "Scarlet Letter." Yet in both there is the same general quality, although one is a story of old Puritan days in Boston, and the other of modern life in Rome.

It is remarkable that Hawthorne was an author, and a copious one, long before he was generally recognized. His delight, in former days, was to insist that no writer was so obscure as he; and it is one evidence of the vitality of his power that he still wrote on. He piped, and the world would not sing; he played, and it would not dance. But he was sent to be a piper, and so he piped until the world paused, charmed by the rare melody, and acknowledged the master. His place in our literature he took at once when the "Scarlet Letter" was published, and in that place he was never disturbed, and will always remain.

Personally, Mr. Hawthorne was doubtless the least known of all American authors. He was insuperably shy; and although the most fascinating of companions to those with whom he could converse, he was "silent as a stone" in society, and was seldom seen except by the interior circle of his friends. His youth and early manhood were passed in Maine and about Salem in Massachusetts. He was then called to the Custom-house in Boston by the historian Bancroft, the Collector. Thence he removed to Concord, in Middlesex, Massachusetts, where he lived in the "Old Manse." Again entering official life, he was made Surveyor of the Port at Salem. With the change of Administration he retired to a cottage at Lenox, in Berkshire, Massachusetts; presently returned to Concord, and upon the election to the Presidency of his friend Franklin Pierce, Mr. Hawthorne was appointed Consul at Liverpool. At the expiration of his term he traveled upon the Continent, and passed a winter in Rome, a visit which supplied him with material for his wonderful work, "The Marble Faun." Two or three years since he returned to this country, and settled himself quietly at "The Wayside," as he called his pleasant little house in Concord, on the edge of the town, upon the Boston road. There he devoted himself to literature, until the war dis-

turbed him. The peculiarity of his temperament, and his old political affinities and friendships, prevented him from sympathizing fully with the national movement. But, however his friends regretted his feeling, his position was unassailed by the least suspicion. For several months his health had failed. A general weariness oppressed his powers. His desire of work, and even of life, seemed to be relaxed. He made little journeys, one especially to Philadelphia, with his friend and publisher, Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, who died suddenly at the hotel in that city. It was a painful and probably injurious shock to Hawthorne, who returned to his home, only to leave it soon afterward with his life-long friend Franklin Pierce, for a trip through parts of New England. The journey was scarcely begun when, at Plymouth, in New Hampshire, quietly in the night, without a sigh, apparently without a pang, Nathaniel Hawthorne died. He would have been sixty years old had he lived until the 4th of July.

The charm of his writings is imperishable. The fresh glow of genius which pervades them, apart from the essential interest of the stories, is indescribable. They have an individual pungency which does not always mark the works of our authors of an equal fame. The sparkle of humor which glitters every where upon his page, often weird but never dull, and a certain steadiness and self-possession of tone, equally free from rhetoric or baldness, certify a manly vigor and character which does not necessarily distinguish so subtle and poetic a nature. Hawthorne was brought to his home, and buried from the church amidst throngs of famous and honoring friends upon the softest of May days. One of that honoring multitude, in words which reveal the quality and depth of his feeling, says: "The interior of the church was perfectly white and fragrant with flowers, and upon the coffin lay a wreath of apple blossoms from the old Manse and Mr. Hawthorne's last unfinished manuscript.... Few and fittingly chosen were the inspired passages read, and the calm, comforting, and unaffected words of his friend the preacher (Rev. James Freeman Clark) who stood by his coffin, and gave the only audible utterance to thoughts which were pervading every breast.... Up to the highest eminence of their beautiful cemetery, under groups of pine, overlooking the streets Hawthorne had walked and the river consecrated in his story, they bore him, their noblest dead, and buried him in sunshine and flowers; and the pilgrim who saw for the first and last time, then, the mortal face and form of one so greatly loved, though slightly known, will own a new and life-long association whenever 'waves the pine-tree through his thought,' and he resumes the immortal company who encircled that spot, which is evermore hallowed ground."

THE discussion which was opened by our correspondent, "A Disappointed Man," is of so interesting and friendly a character that the Easy Chair, while not inviting debate, nor promising to give a public hearing to every correspondent, is very glad to welcome "A Hopeful Man," whose communication follows:

"I have read with delight and, I trust, much profit the plaintive outpourings of your correspondent who signs himself 'A Disappointed Man,' and your frank but generous replies, and I have been puzzled to come to any definite conclusion as to whether the correspondence is

bona fide or merely fictitious. In either case it matters but little. The real question is, which of the two positions is right? Doubtless there is much truth in both. That an editor should, and, as a general rule, does seek to supply his readers with what in his judgment is the very best in the market, no sane man will for a moment call in question. But that does not solve the problem that perplexes not only your 'Disappointed Man,' but the whole family to which he belongs.

"Now I will be frank. I own that the gentleman alluded to is in a certain sense a relative of mine, and I feel interested in his welfare, for upon his, in some degree, depends my own. I am *not* an editor—never was, and do not know that I ever will be; but—do not laugh—I have had fifteen years' experience in writing for the press—for newspapers of all grades, and magazines not graded at all—and surely I ought to know something by this time about popular literature. I sent you a poem once—'hardly available' was the answer. That was the most crushing declination an editor ever hurled at me. 'Hardly' implies almost but not quite. Think of Tantalus. It was my highest octave, and yet I had to fall, and such a fall! To have reached the very rim of the vessel containing the sacred waters; to have felt their cool moisture sprinkled on my thirsty lips as they bubbled and sparkled in my face, and then to see them suddenly recede. Oh, Sir! that was agony double-refined. But no matter—it was an offspring of the soul, that little idyl, and I love it all the same.

"But I digress from the subject I set out to discuss—gratification of the popular appetite in literature. Ah, that is it! But it is a strange appetite. It is at this moment gulping down its voracious and capacious maw such a variety of provender that it is impossible to tell which it likes best; and, to say the truth, I do not believe it really knows. Look, if you please, at the huge piles of trash that are daily dished up in New York city alone, and sent out smoking hot to every village and hamlet in the land. Is an editor's judgment of the intrinsic merits of a given literary article governed by what he believes will be the judgment of his readers? Has he nothing to do with *creating* and regulating as well as *supplying* the popular appetite? Does he keep nothing but cakes and ale because cakes and ale are in the greatest demand? Is he fixed in his purpose to have nothing to do with any article that is not called for?

"A wise Easy Chair, elevated at a great height, and commanding a view of the whole world of literature, can see where reform is needed, and its word will be law. I do not complain at my ill-success. Doubtless the judgment that condemned me was honest, and may have been correct. It must be an exceedingly difficult matter always to discriminate between that which is barely, and what is 'hardly available,' and even a wise Easy Chair is entitled to forgiveness if it sometimes mistakes the one for the other. That it does sometimes make such mistakes itself can hardly doubt. Or does it presume upon the manifest and undoubted superiority of every article it publishes over every other article it rejects? If it does I should like to appeal from the decision of the chair to its readers upon the relative merits of certain articles published and others rejected.

"But what does it mean when it expresses 'its conviction that the gems of purest ray serene do not languish in the depths of ocean,' etc.? Nobody has asserted that they do. Gray does not say so. He did say 'full many a gem,' etc. Does an Easy Chair doubt that? Or does it mean to insinuate that all the genius deserving reward is always rewarded? Does it doubt that there have lived and died Bacons and Platons in intellect and genius, but lacking in ambition and energy, without having made any noise in the world? I do not. Do not think I have a personal reason for thinking so, for I have not. I have in my mind a man whose resplendent genius as an orator has been testified to by all who have ever heard him speak, and yet the probabilities are that he will never make himself known to the one-hundredth part of the people of his own State, and to none of any other. One day he mounts a stump or enters a pulpit or a lecture-room and electrifies his whole audience with the brilliant scintillations of his burning eloquence, and the next day he dignifies himself and assumes the rôle of 'The Gipsy Doctor,' and roves about from place to place treating old sores and chronic

complaints generally, and telling fortunes by the aid of astrology. Crazy!—No, Sir, not a bit of it. He is as unstable as the wind though, and 'that's what's the matter,' and nothing else. He has for a short time filled the first charge of a certain church in Cincinnati, and could have kept it at his own price, but he didn't do it. Why? I don't know, neither does he. I have heard a few of the first orators of the United States both North and South, and I would as soon listened to the 'Gipsy Doctor' as to any of them. It is my opinion he will never win a name among the nation's orators, and yet I have no doubt he might, if he would, surpass many who have been ranked as such. I might introduce many other examples illustrative of the truth of Gray's sentiment, but I will not pursue the subject any further now.

A HOPEFUL MAN.

"P.S. I wish to say to your 'Disappointed Man' that I approve of his idea in regard to the establishment of a 'Mutual Admiration Magazine,' and that in case he should get rich and start one, I have several 'good rejected articles,' and quite a number which I am sure would be rejected if I were to send them to a certain magazine which shall be nameless—all of which I will dispose of on reasonable terms."—*Ibid.*

Does it occur to the hopeful and to the disappointed men that an editor must often choose among very good material, and decline much that he would gladly print, from mere want of room? The experience of every editor shows him that the accumulation of manuscript is overwhelming, and he often has more really valuable material than exactly fills the limited number of pages in a single issue.

—The Easy Chair hopes that the caustic reader will not look back over this number, and say, "Where is it, then?—why not print it?" because that is so easy a fling, and unworthy the enlightened readers of these pages.

Certainly no Easy Chair, and no wise Editor—for the Hopeful Man will remember that these personages are not synonymous—suppose that every article they publish is superior to all that are not published. They merely believe that, upon the whole, in view of the objects of the Magazine, the one published is superior *for the purpose* to those that are not. There may be a question whether, even for that purpose, it be superior; but there can be none that the editor thinks so. There may be an appeal to the judgment of readers against that of the editor, but such an appeal decides nothing, except that judgments differ; and there is no need of appealing to readers to ascertain that fact. Often the publication of most important and valuable articles is a question upon which the half dozen people in and around any editorial office may naturally and properly differ. But the power of final decision must rest somewhere, and it is vested, in the case of periodicals of every kind, in the editor. If experience shows that he can not, with due regard to the interests of the proprietors, be vested with that power, he is removed, and another depository of the power is found. But the power itself remains; for it is as much an essential attribute of an editor as that of arbitrary force is of a government in mortal peril.

Now the Hopeful Man asks one really vital and important question, "Has an editor nothing to do with creating and regulating as well as supplying a popular appetite?" This is the question of the moral responsibility of the press; and, as a matter of fact, the reply to it, under the actual circumstances, must be negative rather than positive. An editor is bound by every honorable consideration to print nothing which in his estimation can injure public morals. So much is clear. Is the converse equally clear, that he is bound to print every thing

which in his estimation will purify public morals? Clearly not; because he can not.

But there is another view. It is better to do some good than none at all. It is better that people, for instance, should read James's novels than Paul de Kock's. Now if a publisher can make money by printing James's novels to take the place of De Kock's, ought he to refrain from doing so because he can not afford to print Paley's Theology or Butler's Analogy for the same purpose? Let us take the Hopeful man's own illustration: "Shall the editor keep nothing but cakes and ale, because cakes and ale are in the greatest demand?" That is not the way to put the question. The point is here: Will he give cakes and ale to customers who want them; or, by replacing them with the purest, heaven-descended water, which they do not want, will he turn them back to stone-wall and rot-gut? That is the practical question.

For what is a newspaper or a magazine? Name which you will, it is of one of two kinds. It either belongs to a scientific or religious class, which are published by the benevolence and at the expense of those who wish the truths it discusses circulated, or else it is an individual enterprise for the advantage of the enterprisers. If it be of the first kind, it pursues its course, without regard to circumstances, so long as the money holds out. It says what it was established to say, and if nobody will buy it, it is stopped or gratuitously circulated. If it depends partly upon the proceeds of the sales, then its tone is regulated by that of the buyers. In other words, it is merchandise, subject to all the laws of trade. But if it be the property of an association of two, three, or more proprietors—as are most of the newspapers in New York, for instance—it is a business established for the pecuniary advantage of the owners, precisely like any other business. Thus a journal is designed for those who sympathize with its views, and who therefore buy it. If they are many, the circulation is large, and it thus becomes a desirable method of advertising, and the advertising is the source of profit. Now the editor of the journal conducts it so that it shall maintain its buyers by maintaining the principles which they favor. He is morally bound to admit nothing immoral into it. He is bound to make it as elevating and purifying an influence as he can, subject to the cardinal condition that it shall be profitable. If he destroys that, he destroys the paper; and disappearing, it ceases to be an influence of any kind whatever.

In a word, if his customers want cakes and ale, he will try that those refreshments shall be of the best quality. If he finds that, without dispersing his customers, he can cultivate a taste in their potations for that heaven-descended water, he will do it, believing water to be better for every body than ale, but ale infinitely better than hardscrabble. He will use his common-sense. He will do what he can. If he wishes to convert Choctaws to the inductive philosophy, he will not begin by reading Homer to them in the original Greek. He will not starve because he can not have the whole loaf. An editor is bound, in the sense meant by a Hopeful Man, to create and regulate as well as feed the popular appetite. But he must begin with the appetite he finds. From that he is to "create" the higher one. All that we can ask of him is that he do his work soberly, honestly, and unfalteringly; and the Easy Chair is sure that he hears "A Disappointed Man" and "A Hopeful Man" saying Amen!

Just as the great Sanitary Fair in New York ended the campaign opened, and soon afterward the Fair in Philadelphia. It was not less successful than that which we rather proudly called "The Metropolitan." Nor is that surprising, for no city has been more patriotically devoted since the war began than Philadelphia. Men, money, and sympathy she has lavished upon the cause; and we can easily imagine with what kind feelings the wounded or suffering soldier, or the brave men flushed with the glory of the magnificent campaign, have read of the noble outpouring of the national heart of which the Fairs all over the land are an imperfect proof. Indeed, the tie between the citizens at home and those in the field is much closer than some of the latter sometimes imagine. When they reflect that for every man in the army there are scores of hearts interested, and some at least painfully watching, they will see that millions of human beings have the directest interest in the campaign.

In this great system of Sanitary Fairs also, we can see how wisely the vast sympathy and benevolence of the country are now directed. The war has educated us in every way to make every effort and all emotion tell. The ardor which three years ago was concentrated upon havelocks, not to be remembered without a mingled smile and tear, is now organized into the most substantial and systematic relief. In all this we see the old national quality—a quality which certifies success. And if our opponents partake of the same, while the circumstances and conditions of the contest make the result undoubted, that very fact shows also how final the result must be.

The history of the Sanitary Fairs will be one of the most significant and characteristic chapters in the annals of the war.

WE hope that no reader omits the new novel of Dickens, "Our Mutual Friend," in the vain expectation of reading it when it is finished and published collectively. If he does, he loses a great deal of pleasure every month, and declines to prolong his delight. The sale of the first number, separately, in London, was forty thousand copies within the first few days. Nor is that surprising, for the work is as gushing and exuberant as any of his long list. The humor is more rollicking than in any tale he has written for many a year, while its curious and various revelations of the lower strata of London life are as much contributions to history as the extraordinary pictures of Paris in "A Tale of Two Cities."

The fertility of Dickens's power is amazing. There is a general resemblance of manner in his stories, but there is very little repetition of character. His profusion is Shakespearian. But that which Shakespeare could do perfectly, and beyond comparison in literature, Dickens can not do at all. He can not draw a gentleman. Noble men and transcendently heroic women he delineates with love and skill. Common and uncommon people he pictures as few have ever done. But a figure like Hamlet, like Mercutio, like Sir Philip Sidney, like the Master of Ravenswood, does not move across his page. Of course the absence is noted only because the company is so rich and various. Upon the Rialto we look to see representatives of all the world.

Never forget that every number of the tale has a certain completeness, and that serial reading in these days is a most desirable and economical habit.

IN this number of the Magazine ends the fourth part of "Denis Duval," the last part of the last story that we shall ever have from Thackeray. In this bright summer the roses bloom and the birds sing upon his grave. Yet at the very height of the opulent year the loss of that immense vitality seems only the more incredible. We cling to these last pages because, when they have been read, and other numbers of the Magazine succeed, and other months and years, and the inexorable lapse of time, he must be spoken of no longer with a tender personality, as of one dead but not yet buried, but rather as we speak of Scott, and Béranger, and Irving, and of the longer dead and immortal.

Well, the moral is, the greatness of childlike simplicity. Keep that if you can, whatever you lose. He knew the world, as the technical phrase is, as few men knew it. The weakness of men and the complex motives of human action he comprehended more profoundly than most modern authors. But he was himself a child through it all. His greeting, his talk, his faults, his face, they were those of a generous child. That, also, is the impression of this last story. What unaffected hate of meanness and admiration of manliness and truth there are in every line! How every parent would wish his son to have the same emotions in regard to the various people and events of the tale that the author evidently has! Surely none of us who have always loved and admired Thackeray would wish to have had the last words from his pen other than those which he has written in "Denis Duval."

THE verses which follow have a tender ballad pathos which in spirit is not unlike some of the most beautiful strains of Wordsworth. There is something almost too painful in the incident, but the poet has touched it with an art which justifies his choice.

THE LOST LAMB.

The marsh and meadow lay in fog,
The night was chill with drizzly rains,
The gude-wife turned the smould'ring log,
And spread the snowy counterpanes.

The child within its downy bed
She tucked with more than wonted care,
Then laid her own thrift-weary head,
And into dreams slipped half her prayer.

Past midnight, and the dame awoke,
A cry of anguish filled the room!
She listened: not a murmur broke
The silence of the household gloom.

Again and yet again she stirred
In startled slumber through the night,
As oft her fevered fancy heard
Some wild, strange summons of affright.

Toward dawn it sounded yet again,
Plaintive and lone, and faint and far;
'Twas like a childish cry of pain,
Or utterance, as, "Mamma, mamma!"

She sprang from bed, and sought her child:
Soft nested in its crib it lay,
And on each sleeping feature smiled
The first faint promise of the day.

Back to her bed the gude-wife crept,
Her eyes half blind with tender tears:
"In God's own hand my darling's kept—
How foolish are a woman's fears!"

"Some lamb, most like, has strayed the fold,
The poor lone thing was bleating 'ba,'
Which, borne upon the fog and cold,
Seemed to my mother ears, 'Ma, ma.'"

Next day a piteous tale went round,
The village street was all agog;
A child's dead body had been found
Stiff standing in the meadow bog!

The little feet had strayed away;
The clinging mire had held them fast
Till death, slow dawning with the day,
Brought her its blest release at last.

And there, throughout that livelong night,
A helpless child of tender years,
Fainter and fainter with affright,
Had called "Ma, ma" to sleeping ears!

I knew her not—I only found
In printed page this tale of fear;
But when I cease to hear that sound,
I shall have ceased all sounds to hear.

DORINDA" wishes to have the last word, and says that it is a pity we should let John Bull and Jean Crapaud know what ill-mannered people we are. Does Dorinda also think it a pity that the clergyman should reprove the shortcomings of the saints lest the sinners should discover that even saints are not perfect? Mrs. Grundy is a formidable being. But there is something worse than Mrs. Grundy, and that is, caring what she will say.

The one thing which the times will establish, whatever they may disturb, is our independence of foreign criticism. Not that the judgment of the wise and intelligent can ever become indifferent to a sensible man or nation; but the overpowering and morbid deference to foreign judgments, as such, is passed forever. We have learned by a somewhat sad experience how much that judgment owes to the poorest prejudice. We have seen in the persistent falsehood aimed at the happiness of a nation, the utterly unworthy and contemptible spirit which may dictate apparently the gravest verdicts. We have seen that nothing is precious to so many of our judges but their own passion. And we have seen in their own proper persons the individuals who have been especially delegated to communicate the information upon which judgment has been rendered.

After that last fact it is impossible that any self-respecting American should longer value a foreign opinion upon any subject whatsoever in this country, merely as a foreign opinion. Neither in manners nor morals do we know of any European who can claim a superiority for his nation over ours; while the political problem, whatever the result of the war, will have been settled quite as satisfactorily as it has ever been in any other land. When American citizens suffer themselves to be hired to go to England, for instance, in the agony of a great revolution involving the highest interests of the race and civilization to which both America and England belong, for the purpose of caricaturing the truth and ridiculing the cause which has made England what it is, we may properly own a sense of degradation of which we have hitherto had no experience. Until then, whether John Bull, whose name was generated from a consciousness of its propriety, or Jean Crapaud, who will see a standing woman drop rather than yield his seat, like or dislike our manners, is a matter of profound indifference, Miss Dorinda!

"If you could read my verses," writes a young poet who sings "at night," "on a breezy, moonlit, mid-summer midnight, in the presence of an invalid who is sleeping the first quiet slumber that has been his for many weeks, I think you would accept them. But you will probably read them in your office when you are weary, impatient, annoyed, and perhaps hungry in a double sense, and you will, I greatly fear, throw them in the waste paper basket."

Listen, then, poet, and know that the Easy Chair read your verses on a day in June—

"And then, if ever, come perfect days," as Lowell sings. It was in the afternoon, and the air was exquisite. From the open window your judge's eyes looked along ranges of rounded trees toward the delicate west. The soft air was sweet with the scent of clover and roses, and thrushes sang in the thicket by the stream. A vague occasional hum of distant voices, the cry of boys, a call to cattle, the tap of a hammer, the lowing of cows, the crowing of cocks, the gusty bark of dogs mingling with the rustle of leaves in the gentle, pleasant breeze and the incessant sound of birds—these were the only annoyances he knew. Sitting at the window, and listening and looking was his only weariness—entire rest his utmost impatience; and for a double hunger—O poet! it was after dinner.

These were not the circumstances you had fancied for favorable reading; neither were they those which you had deprecated as most probable and most unfavorable. Yet they were those under which the Easy Chair read your verses, owned their sweet feeling, wished they were better, and—doing as he would be done by—dropped them in the basket.

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan says: I have this from the physician in whose practice it occurred. Doctors are often annoyed by patients who will not follow directions. None could complain of this one:

Mike was taken "bad," and Pat was dispatched for the doctor, who, after due inquiries into the case, sent some effervescing powders, with directions to have Mike swallow the draught while effervescing. Fearing that the word "effervescing" might not occur in Pat's dictionary, the doctor substituted the word "boiling." "When it boils and foams up," said he, "let Mike drink it." The next morning the doctor called round with the inquiry,

"How are you this morning, Mike?"

"Most well intirely; but it gave me an awful sore mout."

Sure enough, upon examination, the poor fellow's mouth and throat were found to be literally skinned.

"What made your mouth this way, Mike?"

"The medicine you sint, to be sure."

"Did you take it as directed?"

"To be shure I did! I put the two in won, and put thim on the coals till they boilt, and thin I dthrank them. Holy Mother! but it did me a power of good."

MRS. PARTINGTON writes a letter to the Drawer from which we make an extract:

"I declare! I wish I could find out about these politics, for to tell you the truth I have got so mixed up I don't know now whether I am a foreigner or an alien. When Partington was alive he was a real Andrew Jackson Wig, a real Nullifier; and if we had only nullified

those South Carolina folks we shouldn't have had so much fuss with those rams and things.

"I can tell you one thing, though: I am in for Union; and I always was ever since I got big enough to get married; and I expect I always shall be, if I live to be a hundred; for I think 'tis a blessed institution, and inoculated by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Edom; and I think we ought to follow their suspicious example, even if Eve did have a fall; for, considering the circumstances, there ain't none of us as could throw the first stone; and if we was all shook up in a bag there wouldn't any body come out first.

"I hear a good deal about Copperheads; but specia is so scarce I don't believe there is any solid copper agoing: I expect the heads must be Wood, with a little Bell metal over them; but I don't profess to be a politician, so I hope you won't put my remarks in the Drawer, as I am only a furlong widow, a relic of Partington's, a good house-keeper, own my homestead—forty acres of woodland—and have got counterpins and linen enough to last twenty years, all made up, besides two boxes of yellow soap up in the garret, all cut up into squares, and so hard you can't stick a knife into it."

THE following circumstance is true, and the subject of it has long since "ate his last goose:"

There used to live in Stony Lane, Washington County, Rhode Island, a man by the name of David Lawton, who was proverbial for a huge stomach and an insatiable appetite. Once upon a time he visited the neighboring town of Newport on business, and, in order to help pay his expenses, he took a fat, nicely-dressed goose along with him. This he sold at a bargain, for seventy-five cents, to a poor widow who kept a boarding-house, agreeing to take dinner with her in part payment, for which she was to charge him twenty-five cents. Learning that her dinner-hour was usually at one o'clock, he requested her to serve up his at twelve, on account of his business engagements, which she consented to do. Accordingly, at the time fixed David presented himself at the widow's board, where, upon a huge platter, the self-same goose that he had reared and fattened lay smoking from the spit, flanked by the usual varieties of vegetables and sauce which serve to make a roast goose doubly palatable. Down our gourmand sat, alone (for of course none of the regular boarders had arrived), and soon devoured goose and "fixins," and nearly cleared the table; he then arose, and, without apology or comment, deliberately received a silver half-dollar (the balance of their account) from the widow's hand and departed. What the boarders did for a dinner that day tradition does not inform us.

THERE used to reside in our State a man of rather miserly propensities, who was very negligent in providing for his household. His children were never more than half fed or half clothed. At one time his wife was taken sick, and he was obliged to hire an Irish servant to do the housework, over whom he kept a vigilant eye. Whether she was thievish or not she was certainly witty, and indulged in frequent remarks upon the leanness of the larder. One morning Skinflint brought in a pound of butter, expecting that it would last for a week in a family of five children; but at supper-time it was considerably reduced in quantity, and as he could not account for such a rapid disappearance he accused Bridget of purloining it. Straightening up to her full height, and with eyes flashing with rage, the excited woman exclaimed, "Steal!—I steal from you! If I was going to turn thafe I'd steal something to bring here!"

ONE of our clerical correspondents says :

I was preaching in the town of A——, on the Susquehannah River. Down the river two or three miles is a little hamlet, where I had established an appointment. A company of young men, with Bill S—— at their head, occasioned me some trouble by whispering, laughing, etc., during service.

Bill was a returned Californian, who pretended to have made his pile in the land of gold. He talked big, drove a fast horse, and, like Mrs. Tony Weller's shepherd, had a "wonderful power of suction" for that "particular kind of vanity" called bad whisky. Having tried milder measures with the boys I administered to them a pretty sharp rebuke, which Bill appropriating all to himself breathed out terrible threats of revenge.

The next time I went down to preach he drove his horse up to Brother Jones's, where I had left mine, and asked the privilege of hitching it in the barn till after meeting. When the services were over Brother J., myself, and Bill, who, by-the-way, had been very gracious all the evening, went to the barn in company. While we were busy hitching on my horse Bill was looking after his own. All at once he broke loose. You may have heard some very powerful swearing, but I think you have never heard any thing that would go ahead of that. Brother J. came around with his lantern to see what it was all about. A single glance at Bill's \$250 horse explained it all. Mane and tail were gone as close as sheep-shears could cut them. Just then the boys, who were lying in wait to see the fun, exploded, and the shout which accompanied their yells of laughter—"Old Mose has sheared the wrong hoss!"—was a sufficient explanation of the matter. Bill had hired Old Mose, a regular old bummer, to shear the parson's horse; and being both in the same barn, and both harnessed, he very naturally made a mistake, of which Bill has not heard the last to this day.

FROM one of the United States ships now in service a friend writes :

There is in our mess a young and self-confident officer, who is always ready with remark or opinion on any subject. One day, while at sea, we were looking over the engravings in one of Harper's publications, when this young gentleman burst forth with,

"I get very tired of Harper's engravings; there is a deal of sameness about them."

Some one answered that they could not be all alike, for of course there must be many different artists and engravers employed upon them.

"Oh no," says Omnosco, "I *know* that they are all made in Delaware, and they must be by one person."

"Ah!" says one, "how do you know that?"

"Why," replied he, "all the pictures in Harper's books are marked *D-c-l* in one corner."

The laugh which followed this announcement woke up the Captain from his nap, and presently his bell rang, and we heard that he wished to know what the noise meant.

The young gentleman remains unconvinced to this day that *Del* in the corner of a picture does not stand for Delaware.

THIS is very good: it comes to the Drawer from Annapolis:

During the battle of Hanover Court House, on the Peninsula, the Sixth United States Cavalry sup-

ported a battery with drawn sabres in an exposed position. Now it is well known that supporting a battery is any thing but a pleasant job, especially when the enemy's shot occasionally goes crashing through the column; and in this case the men, having to remain mounted, sat on their horses with tightly drawn lips, every one apparently expecting his turn to come next. The enemy's guns were posted at the distance of 600 yards, and hidden by a tall growth of wheat. The fight had progressed about half an hour, and the cannonading very brisk, when a soldier in Company F, rising in his saddle, turned to a comrade and remarked, "Why don't some one go over there and read the riot act to them fellers?" It is needless to say that the expression, with its earnestness of tone, brought a hearty laugh from the company, and with it a sense of relief from the suspense of a moment before.

ELDER B——, of R——, in Michigan, was discoursing from the text of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and gave the following version: "Christ came with his disciples, mounted on an ass, and the men, women, and children came out of the city, throwing their hats, shawls, and clothes, and even pulling bushes from the trees to throw in his way; but, *spite of all obstructions*, he rode into Jerusalem in triumph!"

WE have a "scion," not yet advanced to the dignity of jacket and trousers, who, as the genial "Country Parson" would say, seems to understand the art of "putting things." It became necessary the other day to inflict upon him a dose of castor-oil, and the little fellow took the sickening stuff as bravely as any veteran could face a bayonet charge. A wry face or two, and his opinion of the medicament found expression as follows: "Mother, I don't think I quite like castor-oil; it's a little too rich!"

A LADY in Colorado Territory sends the three following:

When Sammie, the minister's little son, was happy in the possession of a new lot of toys, a young lady friend came in, to whom he wished to exhibit his treasures and explain their uses; and wishing to have his friend all to himself, his wits devised a way of keeping his brother quiet, so he made this proposition: "Tommy, you play *dead* while I show Miss B—— these playthings!"

THE venerable and venerated Bishop M—— having noticed that many of his congregation were in the habit of sitting during the singing of the *Te Deum*, and that others would sit down from time to time during its progress, he requested them to rise while the *Te Deum* was sung, and to "*continue rising* until its close!"

THE Rev. Dr. B——, who was always very precise in his speech, once gave the following notice: "Next Wednesday being Ash Wednesday, or the first *Sunday* in Lent, Divine service may be expected here!"

Apropos of such a mistake, how many of your readers can without hesitation or study read correctly, on the first trial, the 15th and 16th verses of the 15th chapter of Judges?

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer in the famous city of Vicksburg writes:

Clements Rolfs, a burly, double-fisted German—

honest, faithful, simple-minded, and possessing a high sense of his duties as a newly-made citizen of the great State of Ohio—was the hero of the following: The Irish laborers from a neighboring public work visited town one "St. Patrick's day in the morning," and after imbibing liberally in honor of their patron saint got up, as usual, "a bit of a scrimmage," attracting quite a crowd, of whom honest "Clem" was one.

Our magistrate undertook to quell the riot by "commanding the peace." All obeyed except two, who were too busily engaged to hear or heed. The magistrate ordered the by-standers to separate the belligerents. No one obeying, he called out, "*In the name of the State of Ohio* I command you to separate those men!"

Thus invoked, "Clem" considered himself bound to obey, and seizing one of the b'hoys round the body, over the arms, dragged him out of the *melée*. Pat, highly incensed, wriggled and squirmed about in "Clem's" arms, exclaiming, "Who's got houl't of me? Who's houlding me?"

"*Der State von Ohio!*" was "Clem's" half-apologetic answer.

The laugh which followed broke up that fight; and "Clem" was duly christened "*Der State von Ohio*" thenceforward.

A CALIFORNIA lady writes to the Drawer from Benicia:

Master Will is three years old, and has been very much interested lately in an old set of bedroom furniture his mother has been having repainted and varnished. He has heard all of us say that the things looked just as nice as new. Will has one aunty quite old, who told him the other day to pick up some things he had thrown about the floor—for, said she, I am getting old, and can't stoop as well as you. Will looked at her very earnestly, drew a long sigh, and said, "I have been thinking why you don't get painted and varnished; then you'd be just as good as new!"

ONE morning, not long since, Captain H— was going down town, and met three little boys of from seven to nine years of age. As they came up one raised his cap, bowed very politely, and said,

"Good-morning, Captain!"

"What did you bow to that man for, Hal?—what's up?" said one of the other boys as soon as they were by.

"Why," said the young swell, looking very important, "don't you know he's got two of the prettiest girls in town; and of course a fellow wants to keep in with the old man, you know!"

Who ever heard of "Sailor Diggings, Oregon?" but from that far-away place a friend writes to the universal Drawer. He says:

I think every man who knows of a good joke ought to communicate it to your laughter-provoking Drawer.

Our village has but one physician, and he has but few calls; but when he is called he hastens to see his patient, fearing recovery ere he can secure his fee.

Not long since he had a call to see a patient living a few miles out of town, and as his mule was nearly as far away as his patient, he concluded to go on foot, and started about eight o'clock in the evening. When about half-way he heard some animal stealthily creeping toward him, and knowing there were grizzly bears in the country, he at once surmised

he was about to be attacked by one. He made up his mind that discretion was the better part of valor, and made hurried tracks for the nearest tree. After ascending about twenty feet he found a convenient limb on which he could hang, and watch and listen to his enemy. He soon heard him approaching, and could see his great eyes glistening like balls of fire. The grizzly approached to near the tree and seated himself, keeping his great fiery eyes steadily fixed upon his victim, as if confident he was yet to furnish him his supper. Thus beleaguered the poor doctor was compelled to hang and watch the huge shaggy monster through the long weary night; and he says his prayers for daylight and relief were deep and heart-felt. At last daylight appeared; and as objects began to appear more distinct the size of the monster began to diminish and appear less frightful, and after wiping the mist from his eyes he found he was treed by his own big dog!

WHILE reading in the May number of your Magazine the sketch of Captain Hall's "Life among the Esquimaux," my memory ran back some years at the mention in it of a well-known name.

I was at Rockaway for a short time one summer, trying to get better health from sea-bathing, when one morning, just as day was dawning, I started for the beach, expecting to have a long and solitary walk before any one else was stirring. There was a man ahead of me, who had a basket with him, and was digging something out of the sand. As I passed by I noticed that he was an old fisherman, with a coarse white shirt, coarse duck trousers, rolled up to his knees, an old straw-hat upon his head, and bare-foot. I discovered that he was digging a small species of crab out of the sand, the like of which I had never seen before. I asked him what use he made of those crabs. He said he was catching them for bait, and he told me how to find them. "The sand of the beach is all white to you; but by looking closer you will see small circles, or rings, of darker sands, which the crabs work to the surface from beneath; approach the ring carefully, shove your hand in it quickly, turn the sand over, and you are apt to throw out the crab." I thanked him for his information and proceeded on my walk. About an hour later I found myself in the barber's shop of the Pavilion Hotel waiting to get shaved. There was only one gentleman in it on the same errand. He sat in the chair, and was nearly through. I noticed his face—knew it was one I had seen before, but I couldn't remember where. After he had put on his hat and gone out, I asked the barber if he knew who that gentleman was. He did. He told me his name—said he had just come from the beach, where he had been gathering bait, as he was going a-fishing that day, and had only finished dressing for breakfast.

And who was the old fisherman? Just about that time, if I mistake not, owing to his princely munificence and generosity in aid of science, Dr. Kane and his companions, amidst the ice and snow of the farther polar sea, was writing his name upon hitherto undiscovered lands and making it immortal. It was Henry Grinnell.

ONE in the Queen City of the West writes:

Two years ago I came to Cincinnati to engage in business, and soon obtained the assistance of a German porter, by name Barney. Finding in a short time that the muddy water of the Ohio was not as palatable or healthy as it might be, I bought a po-

rous stone filter and sent to the store. I told Barney to take it down in the cellar and keep it filled with water until wanted. A few days after I asked Barney to "bring up that stone jar from the cellar." Said he: "I can not." "Why not?" "I gave the ashman sixpence this morning to carry it away; for I had poured four pails of water in it, and it leaked so that I knew you would be glad to get rid of it."

A "CONSTANT READER" writes again to the Drawer:

Many New England readers of the Drawer recollect old Elder T——, of meeting-house building notoriety, and those who were accustomed to hear him preach will remember with what peculiar unction he used to hold forth from the text, "Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there?" More than once has the writer hereof found "the saut tear trickling down his cheek" while listening to the delivery of this sermon by the good old elder on various occasions. Meeting the old man at the sewing-circle one night, in the course of our conversation I spoke of the impression produced on my mind on hearing him preach it a few Sabbaths previous. "Well," said he, "I have preached that sermon a good many times, and, with one exception, I have faith to believe the effort was blessed; but on that occasion I could only hope for the best. Once," said he, "on a begging tour to raise money to build a church, I stopped to preach one Sunday in the town of Gilead, and wishing particularly on that occasion to produce a favorable impression, I chose my old favorite text. Now it happened that among my hearers was an old negro who had lived for a great many years in the family of the village doctor, and nothing would rile the fellow so quick as the mere suggestion that the doctor didn't know every thing. Every time I repeated the text I noticed the old darkey manifested much emotion, which I attributed to the peculiar fervency of the African temperament; but, warming with the subject, I repeated the text with unusual pathos—"Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there?" Old Pomp could stand it no longer, and, springing to his feet, said, 'Don no nuffen 'bout de balm, massa, but dere's jes' as good *doctor* here as dere is in de world.'

BROTHER NATTY, a good honest old bachelor, who does "chores" round town, but has not had time to digest Webster's Unabridged, was speaking the other day of having lived formerly in Virginia.

"Then your people came from that State," I remarked.

"Yes, my *progeny* all came from old Virginny."

ONE snowy winter night I found a drunken Irishman half covered up in a snow-drift, and utterly helpless. I picked him up and restored him to the bosom of his family. I supposed him perfectly unconscious until I opened the door to go, when he broke out with, "Mr. T——, I am vary much obleeged to ye, indade; and if I iver find ye in a similar condition I'll be sure and return the favor."

A LADY who knows whereof she writes tells the experience of a Yankee Miss in Dixie, years ago:

In other days, when the Southern States were regarded as a Land of Promise by New England teachers, one of the sisterhood obtained a situation in a

thriving seminary in Virginia, and at once bade adieu to the land of barberry bushes and cranberry vines, for a home which was reasonably supposed to combine the advantages of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Smithsonian Institute.

"Dis am your room," said the Topsey of the occasion, who had been deputed to attend the Yankee teacher to her apartment; "and laws, missus, I'll have a fire for you in no time; the stage done got in sooner than I 'spected to-night, that's the truth."

Miss —— wearily proceeded to make such toilet as she might with the aid of a pint of tepid water and six by nine looking-glass, until, suddenly being made sensible of a heavy smoke, she turned, and saw that it proceeded in thick volume from the fragment of stove-pipe, which stood like a broken column, wanting nearly two yards in measurement from the hole in the wall intended for its egress.

"I can't endure it," said Miss ——.

"I should think not," returned Topsey, showing her white teeth. "I wonders at you! It ain't the style at all."

"What did you do it for, then?"

"I didn't. I wouldn't do my hair in a three strand braid on no account; it is too poor-white-folksy for me. We doesn't plait our hair in this establishment in less than fifteen or twenty strands; and it's lucky you had me to tell you, for if our young ladies had seen you to-night at the table your character would be gone forever!"

"Oh-h!" said the teacher, doubly suffocated. "Please put out the fire, and send a man to put up the rest of the pipe."

"Stove's done finished as it is," said Topsey, severely. And, alas, it was.

In Madame C——'s school pails of water stood about in convenient situations, with cocoa-nut dippers, for the convenience of thirsty pupils; but dippers will not bear too rough handling, and the mortality thereof had been irritatingly great.

Madame was upon her knees on the platform, one morning, devoutly conducting the devotions of her hundred pupils, when in the distance was heard the crash of the devoted vessel. There was a pause in the prayer, and these words audibly interluded by the oblivious speaker, "Good gracious! if there isn't another of my cocoa-nut dippers gone!" and the prayer went on.

FROM a friend in Baltimore we have the following:

Some years ago there was a very clever but illiterate man named Tate elected to the Georgia Legislature, from Pickens County. When he arrived in Milledgeville he inquired of the first one he met—who, unfortunately for him, was addicted to practical jokes—the way to the Capitol. The gentleman directed him to the Market-house, where, with all the dignity imaginable, he seated himself behind one of the stalls. After a while the vendors of meats commenced assembling and hanging their merchandise in a very tempting manner. Tate seeing, as he thought, the members of the Legislature, gazed in awe-struck wonder until he thought he had solved the mystery, and then he said: "You members from the lower counties, I see, know a little more than we Cherokee people. You don't intend to be swindled by these rascally hotel-keepers, so you bring your provisions along with you!" There was some excitement until the matter was explained, when some kind-hearted "*member*" pointed out the Capitol to him.

WHEN canvassing not long ago for an office, I had to address an evening meeting in a small country village. The meeting was called, and the school-house, where it was held, was crowded. A German friend, keeper of a small lager-beer saloon, who reminded me that he once chopped wood for me, and had now risen to be a leader of the party, called the meeting to order. He mounted a bench, with a great flourish with his hand nominated a chairman, and said, on taking the vote, "All dem dat sez I, sez I." There was no answer. With great anger he repeated, "I sez, all dem dat sez I, sez I!" Seeing that there was a difficulty of comprehension, or simple misunderstanding, I alone responded with a loud *Aye!* My Dutch friend got down from his perch with a victorious look, saying, "It is harmoniously agreed!"

FROM the head-quarters of the One Hundred and Eighth Illinois Infantry Volunteers, Corinth, Mississippi, we have the following:

While the regiment was stationed at La Grange, Tennessee, we received orders to prepare five days' rations and be prepared to march, with the expectation of a fight. Our meat-rations had been rather small for several days previous to this, because of the low stage of water, which made transportation difficult. A few barrels of hard bread were found to be wormy, and to save cursing the Quarter-master divided them equally among the companies, thereby giving none a greater right to complain.

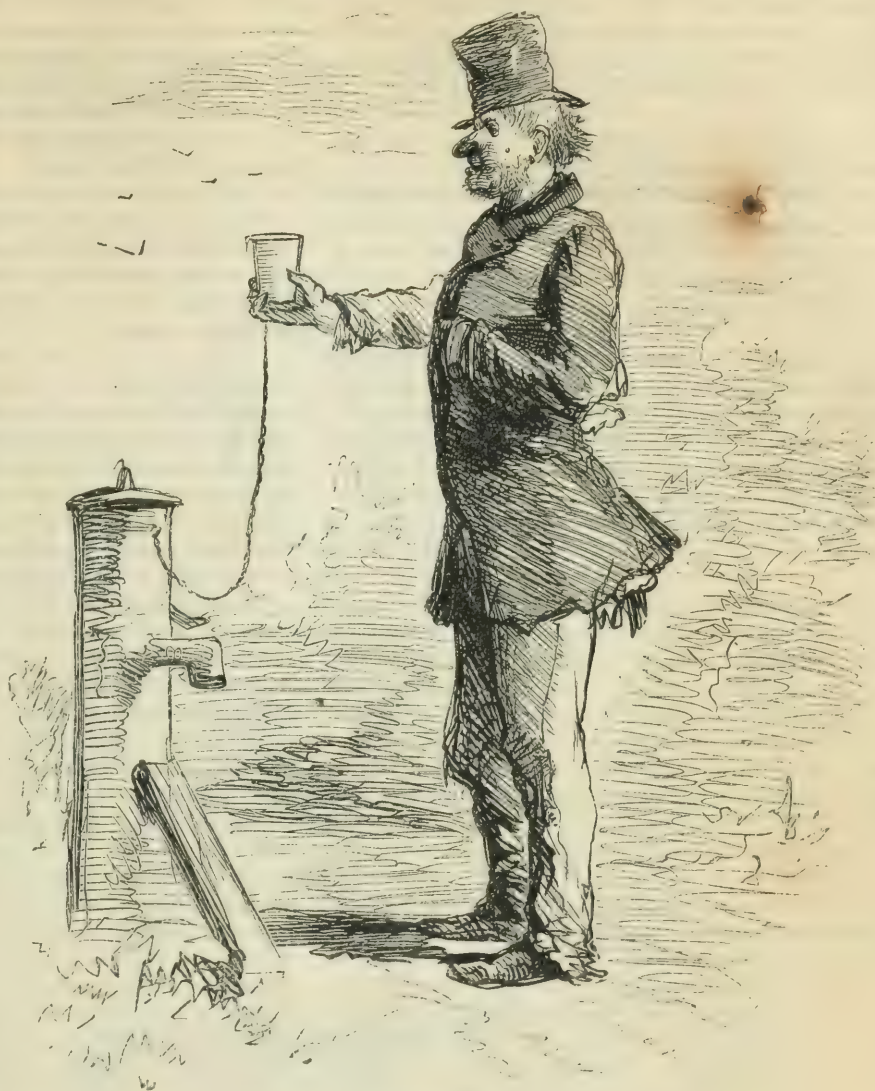
The rations were issued, conveyed to company-quarters, and divided. Shortly after a group of men could be seen around the old quarters of Company I, all busy cursing the Quarter-master, when old Jack Smith (called, for short, "The General") stepped up to where they were talking, and in a half-whisper remarked:

"Why, you 'tarnal fools! don't you see a God-send in this? Here you have been cursing the Quarter-master for the last week because your rations of meat was small; and now the Lord has taken pity on us poor d—ls, and is sending us 'fresh meat' in a *mysterious* way, so that the Quarter-master won't know it and stint us in the supply!"

This caused a general laugh, and the grumblers went away well pleased.

BERKSHIRE, Massachusetts, contributes several anecdotes to the Drawer:

VOL. XXIX.—No. 171.—D D*



"HERE'S RICHNESS!"

Gus B——, long well known in Massachusetts as the prince of *bon vivants*, on his return from his first visit to the West was glowingly describing the beauty of the situation and the fertility of the soil of a town where he had spent about two months. "How about the water, Gus?" asked an inquisitive friend. "I forgot to try it!" responded he, and the crowd believed him.

THE proprietor of our store, a very dignified man, returning from dinner one day, found on the middle of the floor a pail turned wrong side up. He inquired, with some asperity in his tone, "What's that pail there for?" A waggish clerk responded, "There is a wood-cock under it." Supposing it of course to be alive, with considerable difficulty he got down on the floor and lifted the pail carefully, and discovered a *wood faucet!*

EVERY body who knows Charley H——, and every body does, will rejoice in the following specimens of his ever-genial and abounding humor:

The Rev. Dr. T——, of Berkshire, is as well known for his temperance principles as his eminent piety; but having suffered from a severe attack of diphtheria, during his convalescence he was advised by his physician to use a little good brandy. Of course his parishioners, most of whom are not loyal disciples of John B. Gough, responded to the suggestion by

liberal donations of the "critter." Charley being asked, "How is the Doctor this morning?" promptly replied, "If he don't die of the delirium tremens I guess he will get well!"

CHARLEY—a manufacturer, by-the-by, of the most villainous quality of "army shoddy"—attired, as is his wont, in a suit of the best French broadcloth, was one day expatiating upon the excellence of his goods. "Why don't you wear them yourself then?" interposed a malicious by-stander. "Can't afford it!" was the ready reply.

A RETIRED merchant, who was somewhat proud of his own success in business, asked Charley one day, who is an inveterate smoker, and often in the street, "How is it that you can do business successfully and be around the street smoking as much as you are?" "Give me twenty-five dollars and I will tell you," responded he; "it cost me more than that to learn."

CHARLEY having a note against a Corporation not noted for paying its debts promptly, and getting anxious about it, consulted the president of one of our banks. He thought it was good, and offered ninety cents on a dollar for it. Charley hurried off and obtained the note for the purpose of completing the bargain. The president, repenting of his offer, said, "I do not want to take advantage of you, and I will help you collect it." "No," said Charley; "you buy it, and I will help you."

In the bar-room of one of our principal hotels, about the time the *Great Eastern* was launched,

quite an excited discussion arose among the wise ones as to her safety, on account of her great length. Charley, acting as self-appointed referee, called the house to order, and gravely said, "After hearing all the arguments, I think she ought to be cut off about three feet, and I think some of you ought to write the owners to that effect."

"You have been sorely tried," said a sympathizing neighbor to old Joe Crawdon, weeping over the coffin of his third wife. "Yes," responded the bereaved one, "I have always had the dreadfulest luck with women!"

THE saying that "misery loves company" was fully realized by me on the following occasion. Last July, while traveling from New York to Washington, and when within a few miles of the latter place, the train was brought to a full stop within a few rods of a bridge. The conductor came along and informed the passengers that the recent heavy rains had rendered the bridge unsafe for the train to cross, and that we would have to get out and walk. Most of the passengers having taken his advice, I concluded to do the same, and was walking leisurely along when I noticed, just ahead, several peddlers with their wares (in fact, I brought up the rear). As the last one was passing a baggage-car a brakeman looked out and said to one of his companions,

"Just look at that pack of Jewish army swindlers!"

The last of those thus addressed looked around to me and said,

"Vat vas dat he says to us?"



THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.

THE PRESIDENT (Æt. 14).—"Gentlemen will please come to order. The question for the evening is, 'Shall this Club endorse the Political, Financial, and Military Policy of the Administration?'"

Fashions for August.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.

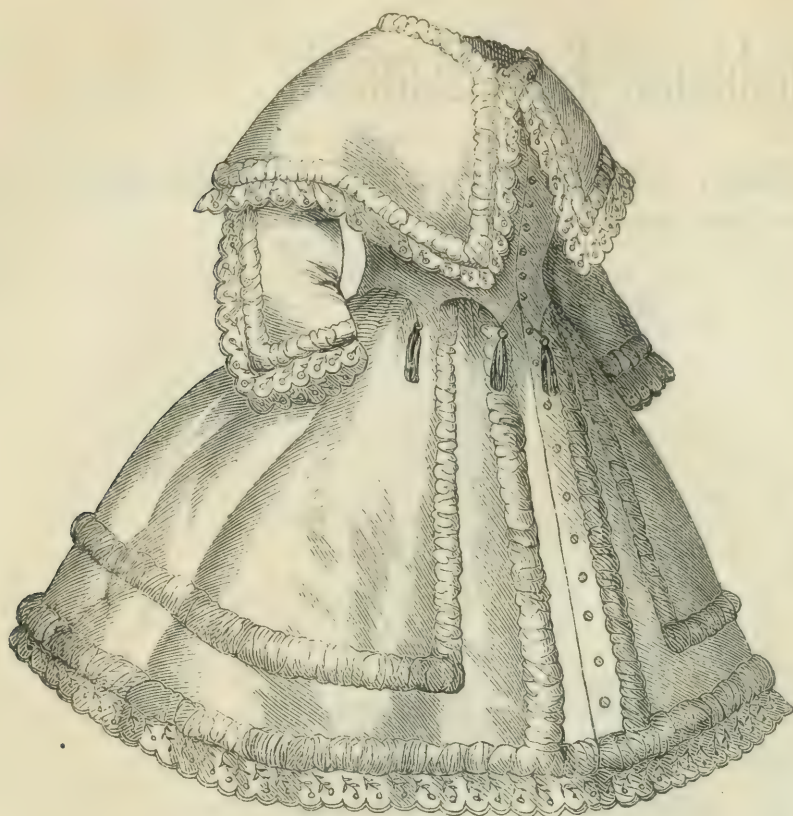


FIG. 2.—CHILD'S PELISSE.

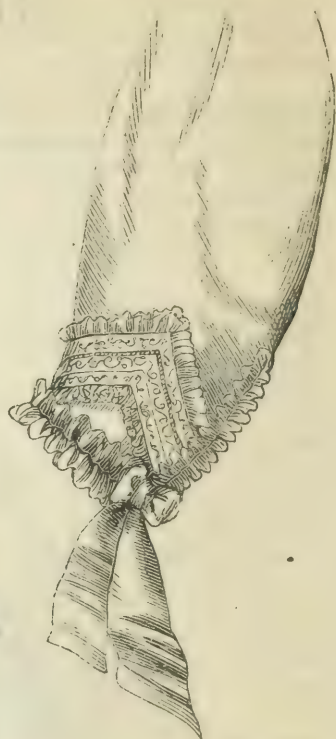


FIG. 3.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

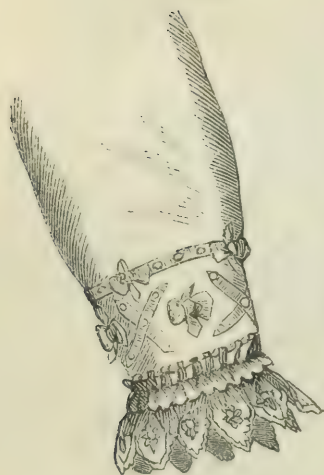


FIG. 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

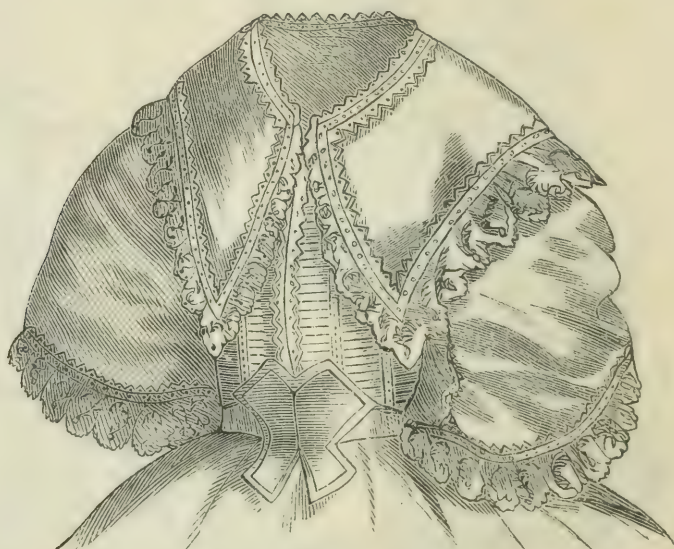


FIG. 5.—MUSLIN WAIST.

THE BRIDAL TOILET consists of a robe of tarlatan, with high and close bodice and slightly-pointed waist, with round pearl buttons in front; close sleeves, with upper flowing ones, confined by two buttons at shoulders and elbows. The skirt has two flounces. The veil is *à la Juive*; wreath of myrtle and orange-buds, forming clusters at the ears, with a large one at the back. A small bouquet is placed at the waist.

In the above page of *Lingerie* the CHILD'S PELISSE is of muslin, with embroidered frills, headed by *bouillonnées*. The buttons and ceinture are of silk.—In the MUSLIN BODY the under portion is in tucks, crossed with narrow velvet from the neck to the waist. The jacket is of plain muslin, trimmed with embroidery.—The UNDER-SLEEVES are ornamented with blue taffeta ribbons and small buttons.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXII.—SEPTEMBER, 1864.—VOL. XXIX.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA.



THE STORM.

SOME thirty or forty miles east of the coast of Australia there lay, during the night of the 26th of July, 1853 (which is the depth of winter in that part of the world), a very small vessel, cutter rigged, and of only 16 tons register. Her condition was deplorable. Her bulwarks were all washed away, and every thing, including the only boat she carried, swept off the decks. In addition to this she was leaking considerably. Her crew consisted of the writer of this, who was captain, a mate, four sailors, and a young man who acted as steward and cook. Besides these the captain had his wife on board. This little vessel was called the *Thomas*.

About three weeks previously she had left Sydney; but from the moment of departure a succession of heavy gales had so disabled her that she was now little better than a complete wreck upon the water. All the crew were thoroughly worn out; and no hot food could be well obtained, except some coffee at the small cabin stove. On deck the hatches and the entrances to below (except a small opening large enough

merely to admit a man crawling to the cabin) were securely fastened and covered with tarpaulins. Ropes ran along where the bulwarks had been; and the man at the pump (relieved every quarter hour) had to be lashed there to prevent him from being washed away by the sea, which broke furiously over the apparently doomed craft. Yet, despite this disastrous state of things, the crew, sailor-like, were not a whit dismayed. They cracked their jokes, ate their cold food, drank their grog, and smoked their pipes as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Nevertheless, not a man on board but fully expected the coming night would be his last if the gale continued; for, without a boat to aid in escaping, or any material to make a raft, all hands must perish should the vessel no longer be able to withstand the storm.

At this time the cutter was hove to under a balance-reefed mainsail, and about two yards of the throat of a storm-jib. It was blowing a perfect hurricane from the southwest, and in the small cabin, where the whole crew (except

the man at the pump) had assembled for shelter, every lurch of the vessel covered the lee-side of the floor to full eighteen inches of water. To face the wind on deck was impossible, and the sea burst so incessantly over the little craft that half the time she was as much under the water as floating upon it. But her very diminutiveness saved her from being broken to pieces or wholly swamped. She succeeded in living through this unusually heavy storm, while three or four large ships of more than twenty times her tonnage were wrecked and totally destroyed close by. My all was embarked in the venture. The little craft and her contents were my own. The object of the enterprise and its ultimate result may be learned from the following extracts from the Australian newspapers of the day:

"Yesterday Captain Snow got to sea in his own cutter, bought, stored, and provisioned at his own cost, for Behring's Straits. The little vessel is ballasted with goods for trading at the various islands on the way, and nothing can be more interesting than his undertaking the voyage in so small a craft."—*Sydney Herald*, July 1, 1853.

"We now have to record with regret the failure of Captain Snow's Expedition. He met with a succession of heavy gales after leaving Port Jackson, and was obliged to make for Shoal Bay."—*The Same*, August 5, 1853.

It will be unnecessary here to give more details of how we did eventually weather this storm, and what occurred during that night. The events of those three weeks, ending with the day following the dark hours I have just referred to, were not few nor tame; but they belong to a narrative of sea life, and must be passed over for the present. They are alluded to only by way of explanation as to the cause of our getting among the wild natives of Australia in the manner about to be narrated.

The night passed on, and still we lived! The half-wrecked cutter floated upon the waves, and incessantly came the sound in our ears of the clang, clang of the pump trying to keep the leak from increasing, while the howl of the gale could be heard even in our closed up, stifled cabin below. But though every sea that went over us seemed to be our doom, and though amidst all we found ourselves close to the shore, and had to pass through other dangers from that proximity, we were still almost miraculously preserved.

Morning saw me on deck, where I had been for some hours; and now, with an eager eye, I scanned the rocky shores as the dawn of day broke upon them. Fortunately the wind had lessened, and was veering to the eastward. A high sea, however, rolled heavily in, and it was utterly out of the question for us to think of remaining thus another night. It was decided, therefore, to run for the first place that would give us shelter. The Clarence River, not far northward, seemed to offer this; but neither myself nor any one on board knew the locality. The mouth of this river was marked on the chart as *Shoal Bay*, having an ugly bar at the entrance, and a dangerous reef of rocks connecting that bar with the main land. Still, it was our only chance, and try it we must. Accordingly, after making sail, and a few hours' ma-

nœuvring, we succeeded in getting the cutter in a good position to enter. But what was our vexation when, on nearing the place, we saw such a tremendous sea breaking on the bar that to attempt a passage there was sure to be instant destruction. We should be inevitably swamped. Yet not to get shelter somewhere would also be as bad. What was to be done? A moment's consideration determined me. I had gone aloft to examine, and noticed among the rocks forming the reef what appeared to be a narrow tortuous opening. This, as the last alternative, I thought we might try; but inasmuch as every man's life was as dear to him as mine to me, I descended and consulted my crew. One and all saw the necessity of immediately attempting to get through that apparent opening, trusting to good management and likewise to the sea heaving our small craft over such rocks as might be in the way. This agreed to, every man was stationed at a certain post. The mate went to the helm; one hand took the lead, though of not much use, to try the soundings; another went forward; and the others attended to the sails.

A few words of direction as to what each should do in trying to reach the shore if we struck, and a moment to the care of her who was sharing my fate—and who, with life-belt and a cask near by to help save herself, was securely placed on deck—and I then went aloft to con the ship, which had been headed for the opening. The lives of all on board depended on my nerve and calmness. I dared not yield for an instant to one thought other than what was necessary to try and guide the little vessel through or *over* that reef of rugged, jagged, and frowning rocks before us, now not a half mile off. I could perceive that the sea was beating upon them furiously, though at intervals leaving a faint blue line of smoother water in the opening I had noticed. As we approached I also beheld the south headland swarming with naked savages, gesticulating in what seemed a most threatening manner. But though alarming at other times, it had no effect upon me now. I steadied myself by the mast-head, and thence sang out my orders to below. "Port! Port your helm! Steady! *Starboard!* Mind your helm! So-o! Watch her well!" and such like came rapidly from my lips as required. And now we were near!

On to the fierce breakers the little vessel rushed! A towering sea lifted her on high—the next moment, trembling in her whole frame, she was in the vortex of the surging foam! Here, there, every where, rocks around, and showing their black and craggy heads menacingly amidst the angry waters. Life and death were at the poise of a balance. For an instant every one on board held his breath. I could feel myself bedding my teeth into the flesh beneath with the intense excitement of the moment. But no thought was there for any thing but the crooked space of water, some thirty or forty yards in length, in which we must keep.

"Water! What water have you?" I shouted, as the cutter again bounded forward.

"Touch something—rock—at half four," was the prompt reply, void of the usual sailor's drawl.

"Starboard! Starboard again!" I shouted, as we now moved in the dangerous channel, lifted by another wave; and quick was the answering response from below. But even as the words came from my mouth, and while the cutter was on the crest of that sea, I beheld right before us, almost under the bow, one of the rocks now uncovered by the recoiling wave.

"Look to yourselves below! Hold hard all of you! Port! Port the helm if you can!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

The next moment down came the cutter amidst a chaos of boiling surges, and with a blow that seemed enough to shake the hull to pieces, while the mast quivered beside me: her after-keel came against the rock.

"Struck! struck!" the mate and crew screamed aloud; but hardly had the words escaped their lips, when up again, and onward, the tiny craft sped her way. I breathed anew. A few yards more and we were safe. The channel turned somewhat now to the south. In it, if possible, we must go. But the look was appalling. I almost felt my head swim as I gazed upon the whirlpool below. Still I could think; I could speak.

"In with the main-sheet! Starboard your helm! So-o! Steady now, steady!" And thus, with another bound, another struggle, as if the entire hull was being torn to pieces, a leap on one more lessening wave, a rush forward, and the little cutter had cleared the rocks, and was in smooth water inside the reef.

"Well done! Well done! Well done!" was ejaculated by one and all, loud enough for me to hear, and with an unmistakable sigh of relief, as we found ourselves once more free from immediate danger. And so said I as, still at my post aloft, the vessel was directed along the south shore to the inner part of the bay.

But we were not yet free from danger. I knew nothing of the place, nor had I any chart of it to guide me. Therefore I deemed it best to anchor as soon as we were sufficiently far in. Meanwhile I could hear the talk of my crew as we sailed on, not far from the beach, where scores of natives, with their wild and nude appearance, followed our movements.

"Safe at last," said one of the men. "She got over well, though her keel had an ugly knock. But," added he, "glancing back and looking at the roaring waters astern, 'what a devil of a place to get through!'"

"Yes," chimed in another. "Once that way is quite enough. However, here we are, and I suppose down anchor will be the next thing."

"Why, that's out of the frying-pan into the fire," here rejoined another. "I don't see that we've much mended our condition. Look at those naked devils running about like mad on each side of us!"

"Ay, there they are, sure enough. 'Guess they're reckoning up a good feast, now we're here. Bad for the Missus, won't it be?"

"Well, she's a trump, that she is. Devil a cry or word did she utter all the time, but was as cool as any of us. 'Twill be bad if these niggers gets foul of us now. What'll the captain do, I wonder?"

"Why, he must put up with it. We're here now, and can't help ourselves. If we can humor the blacks there'll be no harm done. If they get sulky, then we must fight it out—cut and run—or let 'em make a meal of us."

"Pretty consolation for half-wrecked men, truly," here observed Richardson, the mate. "But maybe 'tisn't so bad. We've got through some of the worst, and must try to master this also."

At this moment I descended, having got the cutter to a part that seemed safe to anchor in. One word I gave to her who had so bravely stood the trying scene—ever like woman in time of danger—and then I went forward to the men.

"Mr. Richardson," I said, "we will anchor here for the present. Make all snug. Keep one man to the pump and to watch. Then let the rest go below if they like."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" was the mate's quick response. "I will see all right. You yourself need some rest. I'll keep watch, and if there's any danger let you know directly."

"But what about these darkeys, Sir?" asked Morgan, with evident alarm. "There seems more than a hundred of them, and I never see such a lot of wild dancing devils before."

Poor Morgan! I saw that he, and not he alone, was evidently frightened, and, truth to say, with some reason. For it is a fact well attested that the native Australians, on that part of the coast especially, are, or were then, cannibals when necessity, or even a good opportunity, placed white men in their power. But it was not the first, nor second, nor third time I had been among these wild tribes, and many a strange scene I had passed through with them, alone and absolutely in their power. I felt, therefore, that though caution was necessary, over-fear need not be felt. Consequently, with a laugh, I replied:

"Well, we must take our chance, Morgan. I don't think they will molest us here, even if they do at all. We have got clear of the greater danger at sea. And now only keep a good look-out, allowing no canoes alongside, and we shall be safe."

I went below, and the moment I reached a dry part of the cabin I fell like a log upon a couch, and was soon asleep. But I was not allowed to remain long so. Directly I left the deck the anchor had been dropped and the sails loosely rolled up. No sooner was this done than the blacks were observed manning their canoes to come off. Instantly the men came to the mate with a request that I should be called up, and upon my reappearance there was a



AT THE MOUTH OF CLARENCE RIVER.

simultaneous demand for the cutter to be moved away from the supposed new danger. A look through my glass told me that undoubtedly some movement was going on among the natives, and it behooved us to be on our guard.

I need hardly observe that, at such times, it is always best for a vessel to be under sail. Accordingly I gave the necessary order, and soon the cutter had canvas upon her, and was moving about the bay. But here it will be necessary to say a word concerning the place.

Though now well known, a few years ago the Clarence River—one of the finest in Australia—was rarely visited except by a few coasting craft for cedar, which grows abundantly on its banks, and for the wool of the New England farmers, generally sent to the settlement of Grafton, some forty miles up. Previous to my arrival this river had not been surveyed, and the few persons who knew aught about it kept their knowledge to themselves. The general communication between the settlement of Grafton and Sydney was overland, and the native tribes roamed about the banks of this river in all their primitive, wild, and independent condition. Knowing of this settlement at Grafton, though ignorant of the navigation to that place, I determined to try and get so far, trusting to care and management for avoiding any rocks or shoals in the way. Thus, then, I gave the order to go on. But no sooner was it found that I intended such than Morgan and two of the other men openly expressed their fears that we were making matters worse, and that we

should be captured and made food of. Johnson laughingly took sides with the others, more to see, as he afterward said, whether I would not think it best to remain under sail in the bay than go farther up the river in uncertainty. But I knew what I was about, and determined to proceed.

By this time the natives had got in their canoes, and were about paddling off, when suddenly they ceased, and returned on shore, many of them running about in various directions, as if mad. Nude, shaggy, and repulsive-looking, their lank forms and matted hair presented the idea of so many fiends dancing about, intent upon the white man's destruction. Those on a sandy spit at our right were very conspicuous, being perfectly exposed, and, if I had so desired, might have been quickly lessened in number by the discharge of some shot and ball. But I had never yet adopted such a course, nor ever intended to do so, except in the last extremity.

The bay was a singular one. It was formed by the mouth of the Clarence River being diverted from its natural straight course to the sea, and turned aside by a long and moderately-high sand-spit running from the coast of the north shore inside of the outer entrance and the south headland reef toward a deep bend on the right bank of the diverged stream. On this south side thick trees run up to a goodly height, leaving a pleasant little beach, and opening out near the headland so as to form a grassy knoll, on which were a few shrubs. Beyond this out-

er bay and inside the sandy spit were several shoals and banks, at that time unknown to me or any of the crew. It was on the south shore, among the trees, that a great number of natives were seen, as well as on the sandy spit, but only the latter appeared inclined at first to come off.

Directly the cutter was again under way, and standing more up the river, some of the blacks were noticed watching her very carefully, while others had run on toward a thick clump of trees that now appeared on the north shore as the little vessel turned round the sand-spit and opened out new places. But the attention of all on board was more directed to the ship than to the natives. The soundings were for a short time regular, and then became very uneven, from five fathoms to three, and changing rapidly. Presently a "quarter less three" was hastily shouted from the leadsmen, and before an order I promptly gave to turn the ship's head seaward could be executed the cutter went heavily on a hidden shoal, and was immovably fixed. Here was a dilemma! The tide had taken the ebb, and as we had no boat it was impossible to do any thing in the way of extricating ourselves. The only chance was to make a raft, get out an anchor astern, and so try to heave off; and this all hands immediately set to work doing.

My vexation, and the dismay of those of the crew who were alarmed at the natives, may be imagined. It seemed as if we were really doomed, and Morgan again openly bemoaned his fate in thus having to run the risk of becoming food for Australian blacks. But as it was no use repining, every one went vigorously to work, and in a short time an extempore raft was made, an anchor planted in a direction where, after sounding, it was hoped the vessel could be hove off, and then a strain put on. It was, however, too late. The tide had fallen so much that the cutter already began to lean over, and therefore it was necessary to wait until near high-water. Nothing then remained but to have patience; and this, with a very ill grace on the part of Neil and Morgan, was resorted to. Orders were given for a good watch to be kept on deck, and after seeing every thing as safe as could be, I once more went below for a few moments. But hardly had I left the deck when a small boat, with two figures in it, was seen rapidly approaching from the clump of trees on the north shore. As it neared the cutter one of the figures was observed to be a middle-aged *white* man, and the other a native black. On reaching the ship's side the former asked, in English, what was the matter.

"Matter!" said Richardson, in reply. "Why, you can see we've had bad weather outside, and, having lost nearly every thing, came here, it appears, to be deprived of the remainder."

"What's the name of your craft, and where are you bound?" again queried the stranger.

"The *Thomas* is our name, and we were bound on a cruise 'mong the islands," was the mate's response. "But who are you?"

"Oh, I'm cedar-cutter just now," he replied. "What's your captain's name?"

The answer was given, and then the mate added, "But here he is, if you want to see him."

I again appeared on deck, and was informed of what had passed.

"I see you have a boat, my friend," I said, addressing the stranger; "and if you can let us have its use, or would wish to dispose of it, I shall be glad to make terms."

"As for disposing of it, perhaps I can," was the stranger's response, "seeing that my partner, who is ashore, and I, have another. But we can talk of that by-and-by. You can make use of it now, if you like, and I'll come aboard to lend a hand."

"Thank you heartily," I replied, as the stranger leaped on to the deck, followed by his sable companion, void of the slightest attire, and who immediately passed the boat astern. "What name shall we call you by?"

"My name is William C——, and the black there is Billy," replied the cedar-cutter, at the same time pointing to the native. "He is a good pilot for this river, and so are all of them about here. If you'd had one on board he would have kept you clear of this."

"What! Are they civilized blacks here, then?" I asked.

"No, by no manner of means: not as Government folks call them," he answered. "But they will not harm people when there's no cause first given. I know them pretty well, and it was they that told me of your coming in here."

"Then," said I, "they were not bent on mischief a while ago, when we saw them running about so, and some taking to their canoes?"

"Not a bit of it!" said he. "They saw you making for this place when out at sea, and wanted to warn you that the reef couldn't be passed. And here again they tried to show you where the best water was, but when they found you didn't understand them they came away to me."

"You see, men," said I, now addressing the crew, "these poor natives turn out much better than you expected. It's lucky after all that we came here."

"Ay, Sir," said Neil; "it's well enough just at present. But we can't tell how they may be by-and-by. I've known them afore, and they're treacherous enough when they please."

"Well, perhaps they may be sometimes," the stranger remarked. "But it's most when some of the whites behave bad to them, as was done down there that time on the Darling."

In a few moments I had arranged with William C—— for himself with his boat, and what assistance could be obtained from the natives, to aid in getting the little vessel clear and taking her to where he and his brother lived with their wives, and one more white man, some fifteen miles up the river. Strangely enough I soon found that, though calling himself only a

"cedar-cutter," he and his brother were *shipwrights*, located on the Clarence by themselves among hundreds of the natives. He was building a schooner to order for some one at Sydney; and, on the present occasion, had come to the "Heads"—as this entrance bay was called—for the purpose of selecting suitable timber, good pine for masting, in addition to cedar, being plentiful.

In course of conversation he stated that the blacks were all friendly just now, and never did harm unless driven to it. "You see," said he, pointing to a canoe—one of several now approaching—"you see that man there with a red shirt on him and a brass plate hanging on his breast? Well, some months ago there was a vessel wrecked off this bar and all hands perished. One of the bodies was washed on shore by the sand-spit. Peter, as we call him, discovered that body, and instead of treating it badly, he dug a hole and decently buried it. When the Government people heard of this they gave him that brass plate with an inscription upon it to hang round his neck, and the red shirt to wear. He is very proud of his shirt and decoration whenever strangers come here, and his tribe do every thing they can for white men, provided they are kindly treated. There are a few ugly ones among them, it is true; but me and my brother, with our wives, have lived here some few years and never had harm yet."

"Are these blacks," said I, "all of one tribe on the river?"

"Oh no," he replied. "The ones about here belong to the *Igloodik* tribe; and those where I live are what we call the *Rocky Mouth* natives; a little further on there is another lot under their chief, "King Billy," an old man with an aged wife and numerous family. Those lower down on the Narraganset and Billingen rivers, as also the tribes on the Richmond river farther north, are distinct and separate from all the rest, never infringing upon each other's territorial rights unless by permission, or when they fight, which they often do. Indeed, at the present time there is going to be a battle among them, and perhaps you may have a chance to see it."

"It will not be the first I have witnessed," was my reply. "Some years ago I was a great deal among the blacks about Gipps's Land, and, though they treated me well, yet I found them to be ferocious and devilish enough to strangers in general."

"Yes, that I know," said Mr. C——, "and these have been the same some time back. Indeed, all along the coast they are so now when enraged. You have heard of Mrs. Frazer's case when her husband, captain of a ship, and herself with all the crew were wrecked north of this place several years ago?"

"I know something of it," was my reply. "I happened to be in Sydney at the time when she was rescued and brought there. It was a terrible affair!"

"It was," he continued; "and perhaps worse

than can ever be made public. You know that when they left the wreck in two boats it was several days before they landed, having meant to go along the coast to Sydney. During that time the poor woman gave birth to a child which soon afterward died. Her sufferings were great, for the boat was nearly half full of water, and their food exhausted. This made Captain Frazer run the chance of going on shore. But, upon landing, they were seized by the blacks and stripped entirely naked. One after the other the men—except two that escaped—were killed and eaten. Mrs. Frazer and her husband were kept for a while and made do all the drudgery of the camp, such as carrying wood for firing, and whatever else the devils of women—for they are such whenever it pleases them—delighted in making a torment to the two captives. Soon they were covered with filth and sores, and then the natives would apply burning wood to add to their agony. At last the husband sank under his sufferings, and was unable to do his task-work. They beat him, and when he attempted to run away a spear was sent through his body in presence of the wretched wife. She tried, but had no power to save him, for they immediately dragged her away, leaving her ignorant of what was done with her husband's corpse. Weeks was the poor woman a captive in their hands, until at length an escaped convict, roaming about with some blacks, heard of her position, and generously went to the nearest Government authorities with the information. Artifice, however, had to be resorted to for her release. A boat with an officer accompanied him to the place. He then stripped himself, and, disguised as a black, entered the camp—found means of communicating with her, and so contrived to effect her escape. On entering the boat (which had to be done quickly and at great risk) her condition was most deplorable. Some garments were thrown over her naked form, and she was taken to Moreton Bay. There she was properly attended to, and afterward removed to Sydney."

"And do any of the blacks about here belong to the tribe that was guilty of that horrible barbarity?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. "But I obtained all the particulars through some of them who had been taken prisoners during a fight with that tribe. The convict who effected her escape, was, as you perhaps know, pardoned and rewarded. As for the blacks they were hunted down as far as could be done, and this made them worse. So it went on, and, to the present day, similar outrages still occur. I could name two or three that have happened at stations between here and Grafton, and in the districts each side of the river; but they were all perpetrated by strangers and not by the natives I have most known. When any thing of the kind does occur Government generally sends the "Black Police" among them to secure or punish the offenders, and they do it so well that very seldom is there one of the guilty tribe that escapes."

"Yes, strangely enough," I remarked, "these native police are more deadly toward their own people than the white men are. I have heard that when sent against a party of blacks guilty of such crimes they strip off the civilized dress allowed them by Government, and with a sword or dirk go naked into the work of death. Have you known any instances of this?"

"Yes, it is the case," he replied. "And they never cease until their work of slaughter is ended. They are a bad lot, and much worse than either black or white in the lowest scale. But if you think well to go up the river and have the cutter repaired at my place, you will have good opportunity for getting better acquainted with some of these people. Occasionally we have near three hundred around us, and always a score or two of them may be found."

More conversation passed between us; but as I soon afterward personally learned for myself all he told me, I need not dwell upon it here.

Mr. C—— remained on board, and ultimately we succeeded in getting the cutter over the shoals and proceeding up the river under the skillful pilotage of the native black, "Billy." When we neared the known place of a hidden rock he would cry out "*Gibba, gibba*;" and sometimes he took us so close to the banks on either side that the yard-arm of our square-sail struck in among some branches of trees. But no further mishap occurred, and after about fourteen miles tortuous but pleasant sailing we arrived at our destination. Dropping the anchor, and fastening hawsers to some trees, we moored alongside the bank where it shelved down to the water's edge, opposite two neat-looking cottages belonging to Mr. William C—— and his brother. It was now just upon dark; but I could see a number of the natives quietly seated upon the shore watching our arrival; and among them were two white women, one the wife of Mr. William, and the other of his brother. Neither of them had any children of their own; but the younger dark-skins were all of them like adopted ones.

Directly the vessel was secured and directions given for a careful watch myself and wife went on shore with M. C—— to his house. It had been built by himself, and was a neat, and even a pretty abode, consisting of parlor, bedroom, kitchen, and spare loft above, with a garden under good cultivation around.

Mrs. William C—— received us with more than ordinary gratification. She was a woman of education and refinement, and as she rarely saw any one but themselves, it was, as she said, an unusual pleasure to have visitors so lately from the civilized world, and especially not a year since from her native home of England. To us it was strange to see her thus—her brother-in-law and his wife her only companions in this isolated place and amidst so many wild blacks. But she had got so accustomed to it that no fear was entertained, and her days passed on—monotonous, it is true, but without care or more than ordinary trouble. Alas!

poor lady, a change was soon about to take place; and the friendly footing maintained with the natives eventually was broken.

In passing to the cottage I had noticed a schooner of about 75 tons building, and Mr. C—— told me it was entirely of cedar. He and his brother, with one white man assistant, and several of the natives, had been the shipwrights. As we looked at it he naturally expressed some pride at his labors, this being the third and, as he said, the best he had made. Little did he then imagine that it was to be his tomb; and that the native blacks who were aiding him would afterward drive his widowed wife and his brother, with his partner, away from the place with danger to their lives! Yet so it was, as the sequel will show.

After an hour spent in the cottage, and a visit to the brother's, we returned on board.

Daylight next morning presented to my view a wild yet picturesque scene. On the bank of the river before me were a score or two of the natives squatted on the ground and intently watching us: a little behind, on the right, in a clear space amidst the trees, was the newly-built schooner, not quite completed, and the white men with some blacks busy at work upon her. Near the schooner on one side was Mr. William C——'s cottage, the mistress attending to her poultry and household duties, while on the left of the scene was a similar cottage belonging to the brother. In the background I could see one or two bark-huts in front of a perfect forest of trees and shrubs; and thousands of birds in beautiful plumage, with hundreds of white cockatoos flying about among them. On either hand of us the river wound its way through a dense grove of verdure, broken by an island at our right, and flanked by hills covered with cedars, the eucalyptus, and brushwood.

For a moment I contemplated the scene, and then with a will we set to work. A stage to the shore was soon made, and as it was necessary to discharge the vessel of every thing on board, preparatory to heaving her down for repairs, we began the task. Here, at first, I thought there would be some difficulty. I was afraid the temptation to steal might be too great for the natives, seeing that there was a large quantity of valuable things to be landed, and especially scrap iron, which ballasted the vessel. But I am bound to record the fact, that, though instruments, books, apparel, and much that the black man would naturally covet, were taken on shore, and remained there for weeks, not one article did I miss. True, every precaution was taken to guard them; but when I now reflect upon the numbers of wild men that occasionally visited and surrounded us I can not help feeling surprised, and thus bear cheerful testimony to the honesty of these uncivilized Australians.

Independent of there not being much accommodation in the cottages, I preferred living for the time among my effects. Accordingly boxes and cases were packed with the most valuable



HOME OF THE CEDAR-CUTTER.

things, and these so arranged that my bed and bedding lay over them. Other things were then placed in due order, and over all came the sails supported by the small yards and spars, so as to form a good sized and comfortable tent. Outside were the heavier stores and such material as could not be injured by rain, and in front was the cooking-stove. Inside, and close to my bed, were some fire-arms, my rifle and revolver, well loaded; my wife also having a beautiful steel dirk always secretly carried about her to use if danger menaced, and other precautions were adopted as were deemed necessary. The mate

and crew were quartered in the bark huts, and a ready means of communication established between us all, in case, as Mr. C—— said, any of the tribes of blacks, friendly or strangers, should be tempted to attack us. A beautiful canary-bird that my wife had brought four years before from New York, and that afterward accompanied us on a cruise among the natives of Fuegia, was fixed in or outside our tent as weather permitted, and by its sweet singing invariably charmed the blacks surrounding us. The mention of this may seem unnecessary, but most travelers in wild places well know that it is by

these little acts of management in times of possible peril that security is effected; and a singing bird among the Australians is rare, none of their own birds being songsters.

As soon as my tent was fixed and well secured so that no one could enter except at the canvas door, a space in front was marked out and a rope passed round to indicate, as was done by a pretended ceremony, that none of the blacks were to come within it. This they understood, and the whole time faithfully adhered to. Never once did they attempt to infringe, and it was considered by them as a privilege when any were permitted inside the inclosure. The children were often allowed to do so, and the parents evidently appreciated the kindness we invariably showed them. Now and then I allowed to approach the tent a few sick adults or those of both sexes who did work for us; the females as washer-women, and good ones too they were, the men as laborers on the vessel, but it was rare, for if one came others would fancy themselves entitled also.

The work done by the males really deserved praise. In discharging the vessel a gang of them cheerfully aided in the task, taking every care not to lose or injure an article. Once something was accidentally dropped in the river, and instantly two of them dived and recovered it. Indeed, it was most gratifying as well as interesting to behold them thus employed. Yet tame, quiet, peaceable, and friendly as they then were, I have, at other times, seen the same people, men and women, in one moment roused to the aspect and the acts of demons! An instance or two I will presently mention.

My tent fixed, and all the material on shore, the vessel was hove down and the repairs commenced. While these were being done I took the opportunity to mix freely with the natives and enjoy myself as well as I could for the time. I soon found that kindness, tact, and management, combined with firmness, did all that was necessary. I could leave my tent with perfect confidence during the day, and often have I gone shooting for a few miles in the bush, with half a dozen or more blacks for my only companions.

On one of the first occasions I was out early in the morning, and for the following purpose had taken my revolver and rifle in addition to a double-barreled fowling-piece; a native that we called "Sam" carrying the latter unloaded. When at about a mile in the woods, I charged the piece, and making sure of my aim, brought down a couple of birds. Sam and his comrades



OUR TENT.

were very anxious to try and do the same, and I thought it well to let them make the attempt. But first of all I bared the bark of a tree, and then at a fair distance sent in a rifle ball so that they well perceived the effect. I next took out the revolver (at that time revolvers were little known even by white settlers on that coast), and successively discharged four of the barrels, directing the blacks to mark the result. It greatly astonished them, especially when, still holding the weapon in my hand, a fifth barrel was discharged; and they evidently seemed to think there could be no end to its deadly power. But still more were they surprised and alarmed when I loosely charged the rifle again and, giving it to Sam, intimated that he was to fire. Seeing what I had done, he raised the gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. It was enough. The concussion he instantly received so frightened him that he dropped the gun and fell upon his back on the ground as if in convulsions. I offered the rifle to another one, but neither Sam nor any of the rest would again handle it, and ever afterward the whole of them were in wholesome dread of the white man's guns. It is true that Mr. C—— had before used such in their presence, but, as he said, he had never given the blacks such a practical trial as that. My object in this was to maintain the white man's prestige. However much we of civilization may despise the savages of wild lands, it is a fact that rarely do they not deem themselves equal to, if not superior to us, and verily in much with some show of reason. Few pale-faces can hunt, fish, track the animals of the bush, scent their game, or see the bird on a tree, so well as they. Then, too, the lazy, unfettered life of an Australian savage makes him positively look with contempt upon a civilized man, toiling and often slaving as we do, braced in garments that seem to the wild man much like what we should consider plated armor to be. Hence, when a voyager or traveler can, it is well for him to show as much superiority of tact, ingenuity, and physical power as possible.

One day I got them to ascend a high tree in that singular mode the Australians are so apt in. Directly the men had come down there was a grunt signifying that such was more than I or my men could do. Whereupon I fastened a piece of iron to a string, threw it over a low branch so that it should come down the other side, and then hauled over a line. By this I ascended, sailor-fashion, hand over hand, and by the same process got up to a higher branch, and thence to such smaller part of the tree that I could better climb. On descending again, the head man among the blacks came forward, and condescendingly said, in a mixture of two or three English words with their native tongue, "*Budgerie you. By-by you tumble down, white fellow, and come up black fellow;*" meaning, "Well done you. By-and-by you will die as the white man, and then have the honor to reappear as a black man!"

A few days after our arrival a coasting-vessel came into the river, and all my crew not liking to remain where they still felt themselves unsafe, left me, except the mate and steward. This was awkward, especially as no others could be obtained, and to prosecute the voyage or return to Sydney without men would be almost impossible. However, I made the best of it, and patiently awaited the cutter being repaired.

One day I found that Mrs. C—— and my wife had taken under their care a new-comer, a young woman belonging to another tribe. On inquiry, I ascertained that she was the captured bride of a rather handsome black called "Harry," who had been working upon the schooner. This Harry was a remarkably intelligent man, and really a good carpenter. He had been suddenly missed, and as we knew there was a fight to take place with the Richmond blacks, it was supposed he had gone thither. In this we were mistaken. Harry had wanted a wife, and, according to the custom of his people, went away to a different tribe for the purpose of finding one.

Now, in the civilized world when a man seeks

a partner for life from the softer sex, gentle and persuasive means, with often a long courtship, are adopted to try and win the fair one's hand. But in Australia the aborigines have quite a different mode. They watch an opportunity when some damsel suited to their taste, and not belonging to their own tribe, is near, and then with the blow of a "waddie" (wooden club) very coolly knock her down, and carry her off as a prize. If he gets her thus away the affair is looked upon as perfectly correct, and all that has then to be done is for the two tribes—the husband's and that of his abducted bride—to fight it out. Of course it often happens that neither of the tribes have had a desire to fight, for it takes a long time to screw up their courage to a pitched battle, and, therefore, the ardent swain and his selected damsel frequently meet with ill-grace from their respective people. Harry's case was precisely this. He went away to a place where probably he had seen the damsel before, and there hiding himself in a thicket, waited for her approach. She came, poor, unsuspecting maiden! He knew she was not a wife, for the lapet or apron worn by females before marriage with a man, and thrown away afterward, was to be seen, therefore he determined to have her as his own. Watching an opportunity he suddenly sprang out of his lair, and, dear loving swain, with a heavy blow of his club upon her head felled her to the ground. He then bore her away, and, as we must suppose, by some other more tender means, persuaded her to be his wife. Certain it was that a day or two afterward Master Harry reappeared at our quarters, bringing with him the buxom young stranger. Immediately a fierce hubbub ensued. The whole of the female portion of Harry's tribe repudiated the poor girl, whether because she was really good-looking, or from fear of their own husbands having to go and fight about it afterward, I can not say. But "Kitty," as we white people soon christened her, was instantly refused admission into the family circle of the dusky dames around us.

Hence it was that protection was given to her in the way I have named.

A few days later I observed a great commotion among the blacks, and heard that two or three old men from Kitty's tribe had come to demand her restitution to them, or else to arrange about the necessary fight. Harry, of course, would not consent to relinquish her, especially as (strange though it may seem) the girl had got to really love him, and



HARRY'S WCOING.

he her. Give her up, therefore, he would not, and the males of his tribe admitted his right to have a wife in such manner. Therefore there was no alternative but to fight. The messengers were hospitably entertained by Harry's people. They had a few presents from me; and away they went to prepare for the grand encounter, which was to take place in a fortnight's time on a clear space of ground some few miles from where we were. The result of this encounter I will presently state.

Meanwhile the affair caused an immense commotion among our friendly blacks. They can never do any thing important without great preparation; and now the furbishing up of the helmet or shield, the gathering together of waddies, boomerangs, and spears; the painting themselves over in the most hideous forms; and the grand coorobboree, that must always take place on such occasions, kept the neighborhood in one din of confusion during the whole time. Friends and connections were apparently called in from wherever they might be, for numerous strange faces daily presented themselves before me—some of them far from being so mild and peaceable to us as those we had longest known. Indeed one man, who seemed to have authority among the new-comers, was so ferocious and evil-disposed that the C—s and myself had to be carefully on our guard. Once he wanted to enter my tent with some of his roughest looking followers, and would have done so had I not very quickly intimated what I would do if he persisted, by igniting a train of powder quickly laid, and blowing up an empty cask within the inclosure, at the same time firing my revolver once or twice, and showing there was more powder within the tent. Yet I did not feel we were quite safe at that time, nor did the C—s. An incident that occurred then will show it.

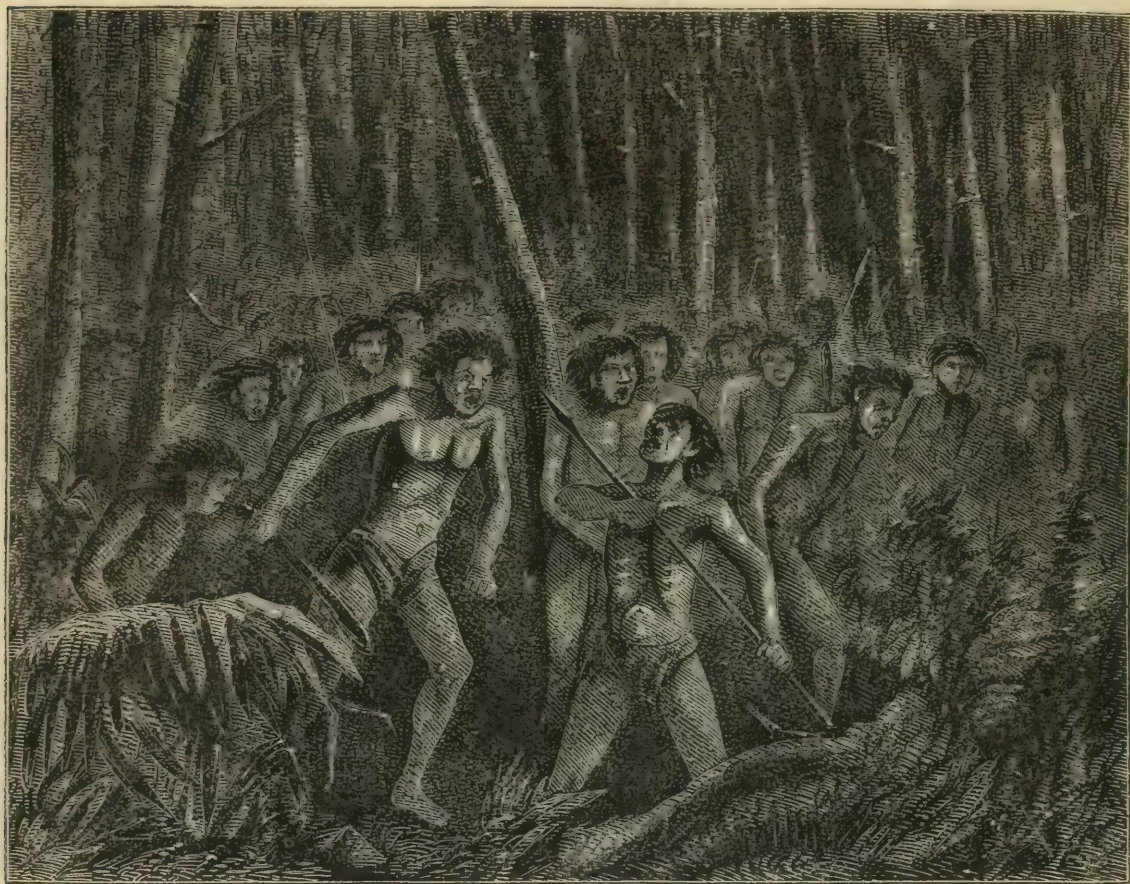
One night, after I had been in bed an hour or two, I was awoken by a fearful noise. Taking up my fire-arms and rushing to the outside of our tent, I heard the most unearthly yells that could ever be uttered by mortal beings. For a moment I was all but paralyzed—for the night being dark, and the gloom of the forest making it still more sombre, I could not directly get to see what might be the danger. I had nothing but my shirt and trowsers on, and thus barefooted, with rifle in hand and revolvers stuck in the waist, I watched, for the moment, positively alarmed. Nothing, however, could I see to indicate where danger was. All around me was as black as Erebus, and thus while I stood I had that strange feeling of horror come upon me which will occasionally attack a man no matter how nerved he may generally be. This was, for a second or two, increased by suddenly hearing a stealthy footstep near me. I turned to the spot whence the sound came, and pointing the rifle, put my finger on the trigger ready to fire. One second more and I believe that I should have done so, but a voice in English came upon my ear as a figure approached.

"Hush! 'Tis I! William C—. My brother and his wife, with the mate and steward, are at my cottage. I have come to call you there. The blacks have a coorobboree to-night. There are about three hundred of them; for many strangers came here last evening, and some of them are fierce. Be on your guard." And while thus speaking he came to my side. "This is foolish of you," he continued, as I lowered my gun. "What a good mark for a spear you are in a white shirt. You should be more cautious at such times as these. Somehow or other they are not all friendly disposed. It may end in a fight among themselves, and then we shall stand poor chance. Latterly the blacks have been grieved about some of their number being taken to Sydney and imprisoned for offenses against one or two settlers farther up the river, and these strangers may break loose among us."

"What is best to be done, then?" said I. "Our wives! where shall we place them for safety?"

"I know not," he replied. "All the years I have been here nothing like this before has occurred. That fellow who tried to get in your tent is at the head of any mischief occurring. He had a brother hung at Maitland for murder, and he does not forget it. Another one called 'Sydney Bill,' a fine handsome chap, was sent, I believe unjustly, to prison for a year, and every settler within forty or fifty miles of this is aware that he means revenge. But the blacks also know that the authorities are awake, and that a body of native police are on the look-out. Therefore I think it will be all right yet for us. Only we must be on our guard, while showing no distrust, or seeming to know what they are about."

We went inside the tent. My wife was dressed, and, having been through not a few wild scenes before with me, was cool and collected. She had armed herself, and now calmly gave me such portion of my apparel as I had not put on. Ascertaining what was the matter, she showed no timidity, but readily accompanied us to the cottage. All this time the yells, the shrieks, the unearthly noises increased. They came from a clump of trees encircling a slightly cleared eminence at the right of us, about a quarter of a mile off. Presently, and directly after we had arrived, a sight met our view as we gazed from the window that was truly startling. Over a hundred of the natives, more resembling spectres than human forms, owing to their naked bodies being streaked in a peculiar way with white ochre, were seen in the dark night emerging from the wood toward the open space around the cottage. I held my breath. I looked around me. I saw the features of my companions pale with natural dread. I beheld my wife still calm but likewise colorless; and I could perceive the other two women absolutely overcome. Perhaps never before had I felt so strangely as I did then. We had been saved from the gaping ocean: we were now apparent-



THE NIGHT ALARM.

ly doomed to be the victims of these ferocious cannibals. One mode of escape alone presented itself. "The boat! The boat!" I exclaimed. "Let us all to the river, and take that chance, if it is really going to be an attack upon us! But even as I spoke we could see the band of natives suddenly halt not above a stone's-throw off. A more hideous and uncouth lot of beings it was perhaps impossible to behold. There were now, at least, three hundred of them; and by the glare of a fire which had been lit we perceived they were engaged in fierce and angry altercation. Presently the sound of contention ceased. A low humdrum sort of noise then followed. A large portion of the number sat down; others, evidently females, took another position, and in a moment more we heard the singularly low and plaintive notes of their wild songs as they kept time to a sort of drum, which I was informed was made from an opossum rug.

We breathed again! We now felt safe from instant death and destruction such as we had feared might come upon us, and this was more confirmed when a soft tapping at the door was heard, and, on guardedly opening it, Kitty with two other females and a man whom we used to call Charley made their appearance. A few words from these faithful creatures convinced us of our safety. Our friendly blacks, though less in number than the strangers, were true, and, as far as we could understand, had influenced the rest not to molest us, even if such, as was probable, had been their intention. Wheth-

er so or not, I am unable to say. They were a wild looking lot; and events transpired, after I had left that part of the world, which showed them, and indeed many of our own blacks, to be bad in the extreme when once yielding to their evil passions. For ourselves on this occasion, it is enough to say that the night passed on without more fear of danger, and the morning saw the whole neighborhood free of the natives, who had all gone to Harry's fight, as I shall call it, except a portion of the women, the children, with the aged and sick.

Unfortunately I was not able to witness this particular fight for a dusky bride. So much on deck during our three weeks at sea had made me unfit to be long away from the medicine chest. My hands and legs were covered with sores, and though I could walk a few miles, yet I was not sufficiently recovered to be absent for days. The best medicine, however, was that obtained from the vegetable productions around us. The marshmallow proved very effective; and about a week after this time I was quite healed.

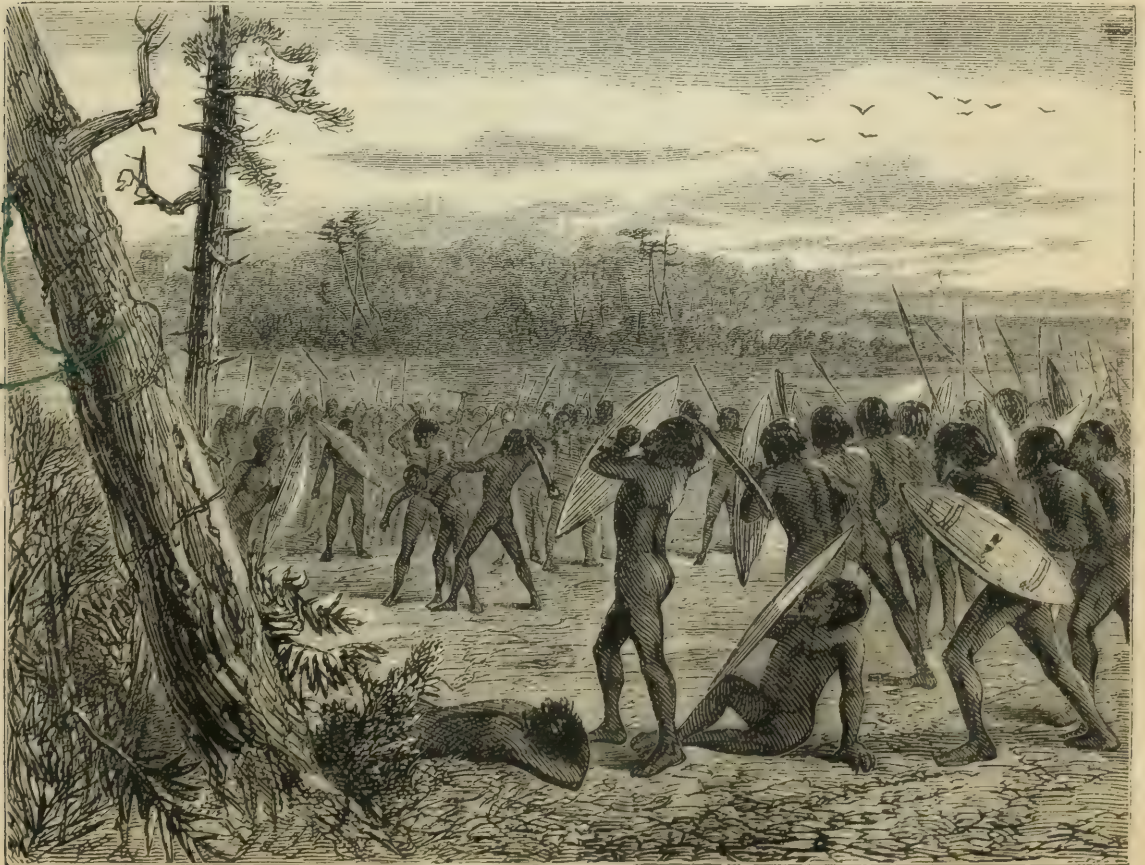
Meanwhile the battle took place. It was described to me afterward by one who had witnessed it. The contending parties were arranged in long lines facing each other. The girl, Kitty, was placed between them. The fight commenced. Spears, boomerangs, and nulla-nullas, were thrown backward and forward, more in wild confusion than with any regular system of warfare. Now Harry's tribe would gain the advantage, and then Kitty would be seized by

them as their prize; presently her family's tribe had success, and again took her away; and thus, between the one side and the other, she was so roughly handled that it was almost death to her. Eventually, after an hour's fighting, the day went against the two lovers. Harry's party was defeated, and his new bride was seized and taken back to the family *miams* (dwelling-places). The result of this battle was known to us by several of our old friends coming back severely, and two of them mortally, wounded. One poor fellow, Charley, was fearfully cut by a boomerang. The leaders of his leg were severed under the bend of the knee, and a more wretched looking object, in his deplorable state, I had scarcely ever beheld.

The natives of Australia do not like white men doctors. They prefer their own simple cures, generally applying warm, soft black earth to their wounds. One man who had received a spear in his chest, left the shelter and food given him by a settler up the river rather than submit to medical treatment, and when I again saw him he presented such a sickly sight, with the still imperfectly healed place upon his body, that I was fain to turn away. He had applied the native remedy and was well in health, but, though the wound was closed, it was of a gangrenous appearance, and seemed to bode mortification.

In the case of Charley other causes combined to bring him near death's door. He had long been in a state of consumption—a complaint very common among the Australians, as also some other diseases said to be brought solely by

white men—and now this wound so prostrated him that he could not move. We placed him within the inclosure; made him as comfortable as possible; and gave him such nutritious food as I thought would be of service. His wife was evidently much attached to the poor fellow, and prevailed upon him to allow poultices to be applied. This was done and other attention given by my wife, and never shall I forget the homage and devotion shown then, and, indeed, at all times by every one of those wild savages, toward her, and I may add to myself for the few kindly acts we ever tried to render. I think of it even now with something of a wish that once more we could see and hear the unmistakable tokens of affection and gratitude every one of those Clarence River natives evinced toward us. The numerous specimens we collected, birds, choice dainties (as they deemed them) of food in the shape of grubs (large maggots), snakes, sea-worms, roots of trees, wild figs, and cherries, oysters of the most luscious kind, etc., were brought to us by men, women, and children, without stint, and at our slightest wish. As for the children, hardly a step we took but a troop of them would follow, with pleased look and playful gambols, to see if they could do aught for us, and many a time have I had two or three in my lap swinging in a rope I rigged for the purpose. Thus our attentions to poor Charley and some other wounded ones, met a far greater return than the common humanity of the act sought for. If before then we had doubted our safety among the blacks, after that time it was evident all fear might be removed.



THE FIGHT FOR THE BRIDE.



THE WOMEN'S CAUCUS.

Even my wife could go alone any where she pleased and have no dread. The men were deferential to her; and the women would attend upon and gladly obeyed her slightest sign. Truly I can not forget that time, nor the dark-featured, grateful, and affectionate creatures, *savages* though they were, among whom we lived for weeks.

After the return of our defeated friends, I supposed that there was an end of poor Kitty's affair; but not so. One morning to my surprise I found her again located at Mrs. C——'s, having, with a love like that which often burns in our own fair ones' breasts at home, made her escape and traveled on foot several miles to reunite herself to Harry. Poor thing! she had been obliged to hide for the first day, and actually went without food rather than abandon the determination of rejoining her husband. Unfortunately he was away on some hunting or fishing expedition when she arrived, and the matrons of his tribe still refused to acknowledge her. It therefore devolved upon the white women to do what they could for her protection.

The return of Kitty again caused a fierce commotion, this time solely among the females of the tribe. I had now got my vessel repaired and every thing stowed on board again, when, one evening as I leaned over the bulwarks meditating how I should get to sea without a crew, my attention was attracted to where the natives surrounded a large fire on shore in a hollow between two hillocks near the forest at the back. The noise made there seeming more than usual

I landed to examine. The scene I beheld was indeed strange. There, closely seated round the fire, were about a score of women talking and wrangling loudly; behind them were the men lounging about in various attitudes and seemingly indifferent to the quarrel of their wives. Presently the women on a sudden rose, and, with flashing eyes, disheveled hair, and long arms, attacked each other like demons. Some of them, as I found afterward, were for Kitty remaining; others were against it; and the contention at last became so great that a perfect fight between them speedily ensued. It was absolutely terrific. There were those women, without a rag of covering, standing over and about the fire, with the glare of fiends in their eyes, struggling with and tearing each other's hair out by handfuls, while the men all the time calmly looked on. Talk of the passion and anger of men, why it would be as nothing compared to the diabolical fury that seemed to animate these women.

I determined to try and end it, as a thought struck me of the way perhaps to do so. I knew the Australians were very superstitious, and much frightened at any thing that had an appearance of the supernatural. I therefore returned to the vessel, got out two sky-rockets, and a blue-light, fixing the latter on a stick suited to the purpose. Then re-approaching the party of mad women, I secretly got behind them, and standing upon the nearest mound, suddenly dipped the blue-light in their fire, and immediately waved it over their heads. The effect was

almost electrical! In the dark night, and coming thus unperceived, the ghastly glare that was thrown around by the blue-light so startled them as to cause an immediate cessation of their fight. In an instant they were silent, and looking with awe upon what was to them a strange phenomenon. Their wonder and fear was still more increased when I quickly sent up one rocket after the other; and, though they all recognized me, men and women alike recoiled backward and gazed with astonishment and alarm on their countenance. I then went up to them, and, in the best way I could, reconciled the parties by intimating that such conduct among themselves was bad. The result may be told in a few words. Peace was established: and I presume it was then decided what should be done with Kitty; for in a day or two afterward the poor damsel was taken away by the black women most in her favor, and located with another friendly tribe until Harry's return, which, however, did not occur till after my departure. Thus ended this little episode of Australian married life.

A day or two previous to my sailing, and in the middle of the night, I was aroused from my bed by the smell of something burning, and a great outcry on shore. Proceeding on deck I beheld one of those magnificent sights often witnessed in Australia. The forest was on fire. And there, before me, gigantic flames were encircling every tree and bush in the vicinity. Fortunately the wind was blowing inland, and away from the cottages, else both the buildings and the schooner would have been consumed. How the fire originated I never learned; but to see it, as I then did from the deck, was something worth beholding. It was awfully grand. And the whole picture was almost indescribable except by the pencil of an artist. But it did not last long. Before it had obtained much hold a heavy rain aided to extinguish it, and the next day charred remains alone marked the spot where it had been.

Soon afterward I bade adieu to our sable friends and the family of the C——s. I had arranged with the mate and steward for us to try and get back to Sydney, as no more men could be procured. Accordingly we went down the river, again piloted by Billy, and, after waiting in the bay for a favorable opportunity, passed the bar with no small difficulty and stood out to sea.

How we managed to sail that little vessel, with only Mate Richardson and myself capable of working and steering her, seems now almost beyond calculation. But it was done. We took alternate watch on deck, both of us, aided by the steward always coming up when necessity required. When the weather permitted my wife would take the helm and steer for a short time to relieve either of us, the steward being utterly ignorant how to do so. When, as was once the case, a gale came on, we have the vessel to and made all snug. Thus, after eight days anxiety and fatigue, we safely arrived at

Sydney, and so ended my Australian trip for that occasion.

Some months afterward, when in another part of the world, I met the captain of a ship who had visited the Clarence River after my departure, and from him I learned the melancholy fate of William C——.

It appeared that when the schooner was completed C—— went in her to Sydney for the purpose of receiving payment. Unfortunately he persuaded one of the native blacks, a fine young man we had called Michaelow, to accompany him. They arrived in safety at Sydney, and were coming back in the same vessel, with her new captain and crew, when she was lost sight of by another ship in company during a gale of wind, and was never again heard of. It was supposed that she had capsized, and all hands perished; thus making it so that C—— had literally built his own coffin.

Time passed on, and the natives about the cottages began to make troublesome inquiries as to what had become of Michaelow. Mrs. C—— herself was alarmed, and soon displayed her grief; nor could the brother and his wife hide their feelings. Consequently the blacks speedily came to a conclusion that something was wrong, and again and again demanded their missing comrade. Of course no satisfactory reply could be given, and the result was matters became so serious and threatening that the C——s had to hastily vacate their residence, and seek safety at the settlement of Grafton. The blacks became enraged, and, as I was informed, determined, according to their custom, to avenge the death of their companion by the murder of some white man. What followed I know not; but the lesson taught by this brief history is not without a useful warning to all who would take the wild natives of any land from their own home. Fortunately for me I had always adopted a different policy, and thus the various adventures I have met with in strange parts of the world have never resulted in loss of life, or even of harm to myself and those with me.

“HIGH PRIVATE.”

CAN I be stem, and another be wheat?
Can I be shell, and another be meat?
Another be head, while I am the feet?
If God will—God wot.

Dross may be up, and gold may be down;
The hero may prosper, or, haply, the clown:
The wise forge ahead, or the dunce take the town
There's no telling what.

One man will rise, while many must fall;
One speeds the birth, while ten bear the pall:
Fame speaks for one, but death takes them all;
The worm careth not.

Let me be stem, then—another be ear;
Another tend birth, while I bear the bier,
Or do the more work, and get the less gear;
I'll stand to my lot.



THE GHOST OF THE "RESCUE."

AT HOME WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

IN this Magazine for May was given a general resumé of the remarkable expedition to the Arctic regions accomplished by Mr. C. F. Hall. We recur to the subject again mainly for the purpose of presenting some pictures, with pen and pencil, of Life among the Esquimaux, which no previous traveler has described so closely, and with as many facilities for observation. It will be borne in mind that Mr. Hall, while in his Western home, became convinced that there was reason to hope that some members of Sir John Franklin's expedition might be still living; or that, at all events, authentic information as to their fate could be gathered among the natives of the region where they disappeared from all human eyes except those of the Esquimaux. Although the expedition was fruitless as far as the main object was concerned, it has produced rich results in other respects. Foremost among these is the absolute proof which it furnishes that white men can live year after year in the Arctic regions. Mr. Hall passed two successive winters there, and instead of returning, as did the lamented Kane, only to die, he brought back with him the same robust frame with which he set out. This exemption from the fearful agonies endured by Kane and his party was owing to the fact, that, instead of attempting to carry the habits of the temperate zone into Arctic latitudes, he had the good sense to conform to the modes of life adopted by the natives. Still there is enough of peril and privation recorded in his narrative to give it a place among the most interesting books of our day, so rich in records

of adventure. Much of the peril, and almost all of the privation, might have been avoided had he gone out with any thing like an adequate outfit. As we write these pages Mr. Hall has set out upon a second expedition, more amply provided, and with undiminished faith in the convictions which first led him from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Frobisher's Bay. By the time these pages meet the reader's eye, we trust that he will have reached the region which he proposes to explore. We know that the God-speeds of thousands will go with him.

It will be borne in mind that Mr. Hall in his former expedition sailed from New London, Connecticut, on the 29th of May, 1860, on board the whaling bark *George Henry*; that the bark was accompanied, as tender, by a schooner now called the *Amaret*, but which had once borne the name of the *Rescue*. She had been of the "United States Grinnell Expedition," in search of Franklin. Returning from that voyage she had been employed as a whaler, and made seven perilous voyages, this being her last, for she was driven ashore, a total wreck, in a fearful storm, on the 27th of September, 1860. Her carcass lay on the rocks for almost a year; at last it was swept off from its rocky bed, and for days after was seen drifting ghost-like among the ice-floes, borne hither and thither by the changing tides and currents. The sailors on the *George Henry* had a superstitious dread of her; they fancied that she brought bad luck to every body who had any thing to do with her. The last ever seen of her by mortal eyes was when Mr.



THE "GEORGE HENRY" IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

Hall found her fast aground, with a part of her bows above water. By dint of much labor he succeeded in fishing up from her hold a couple of baskets of coal, which proved a valuable acquisition.

Mr. Hall sailed from New London on the 29th of May, 1860. He returned to the same port on the 13th of September, 1862; this expedition thus occupied in all nearly two and a half years, of which fully two years were spent in the Arctic regions. The crews of the two vessels numbered, officers and men, twenty-nine souls. The exploring expedition, at starting, consisted of Mr. Hall and an Esquimaux, named Kudlago, who had come to the United States on board a whaler, and was now about to return. Mr. Hall hoped to find him of service as an interpreter; but the poor fellow died on the voyage, without coming in sight of his native ice. Thus this Arctic Exploring Expedition consisted only of Mr. Hall himself.

The outfit was hardly on a more imposing scale than the personale. Here is the list: A boat 28 feet long, 7 feet beam, 29½ inches deep, and drawing 8 inches when loaded with a crew of six persons and their stores; 1 sledge; ½ ton of pemmican; 200 pounds Borden's meat biscuit; 20 pounds "Cincinnati cracklings"—*pork scraps*; 1 pound preserved quince; 1 pound preserved peaches; 250 pounds of powder; a quantity of ball, shot, and percussion caps; 1 rifle; 6 double-barreled guns, covers, and extra fittings; one Colt's revolver complete; glass beads, a quantity of needles, etc., for presents to the natives; 2 dozen pocket knives and choppers; some tin-ware, 1 axe, 2 picks, files, etc.;

a good supply of tobacco and pipes; wearing apparel for self, and red shirts for presents; a supply of stationery and journal books, etc.; 1 common watch; 1 opera-glass; 1 spy-glass; 1 common sextant and 1 pocket sextant; 1 artificial horizon, with extra glass and mercury; 1 azimuth compass; 1 common compass; 2 pocket compasses; 3 ordinary thermometers and 2 self-registering ones. Some navigation books and several Arctic works, with a Bible and a few other volumes, formed the library.

The boat was destroyed in the storm which wrecked the *Rescue*, and for his explorations by water, which embraced a thousand miles of coast line, Mr. Hall had to depend wholly upon a rickety whale-boat, the only one which could be spared to him by his good friend, Captain Budington of the *George Henry*. Overland excursions were performed by the aid of sledges drawn by dogs.

In due time, toward the end of November, the whaler was fairly "beset" in the ice, and was shortly after laid up in winter-quarters, and Mr. Hall had abundant leisure to cultivate the friendly acquaintance, which had been before commenced, with his Esquimaux neighbors. His visits to them were paid when the thermometer indicated a temperature of which we can hardly conceive. "The month of December," he writes, "came in with a great calm of four days, and though the ice was then very much broken up, making a transit to the shore difficult, I continued to frequently land for exercise and to see more of Innuït life. On the 8th, at noon, the thermometer was at zero, and on the 9th at 15° below zero, 47° below the freezing-point. Yet



WRECK OF THE "RESCUE."

strangely to me, the cold was not felt so much as I should have supposed. Visits from the Esquimaux were made daily, and often we had several sleeping on the cabin floor and on the sea-chests in impromptu beds made of sails, thick wearing apparel, etc.; and a curious picture it was thus to see them. Frequently, accompanied by some of these visitors, I went to their village, and to the islands around us, always being received by the natives in the most friendly manner."

The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened in more than one case into cordial friendship. For two years Mr. Hall lived more like the Esquimaux than a native of a warmer climate; and during a considerable part of each winter he adopted their habits almost entirely. This came rather hard at first; but in due time



EXPLORATION BY WATER.

he reached the conclusion that in all essential points their mode of life is the true, and in fact the only one, for their climate. In minor details we can teach them something; but the man who expects to live through three Arctic winters must in all essential respects live as the natives do. Whoever does so may fairly hope for as long a life within the polar circle as in a temperate zone.

The Esquimaux—or, as we shall hereafter call

them, the *Innuits*, using the only term by which they designate themselves, equivalent to “Our Folks”—are among the most interesting of the uncivilized races of the globe. It is indeed hardly proper to class them among the uncivilized races. They show such a wonderful power of adapting themselves to the exigencies of their lot; procure so much substantial comfort from what appear to be the scantiest materials; seize so eagerly and apply so dextrously every means

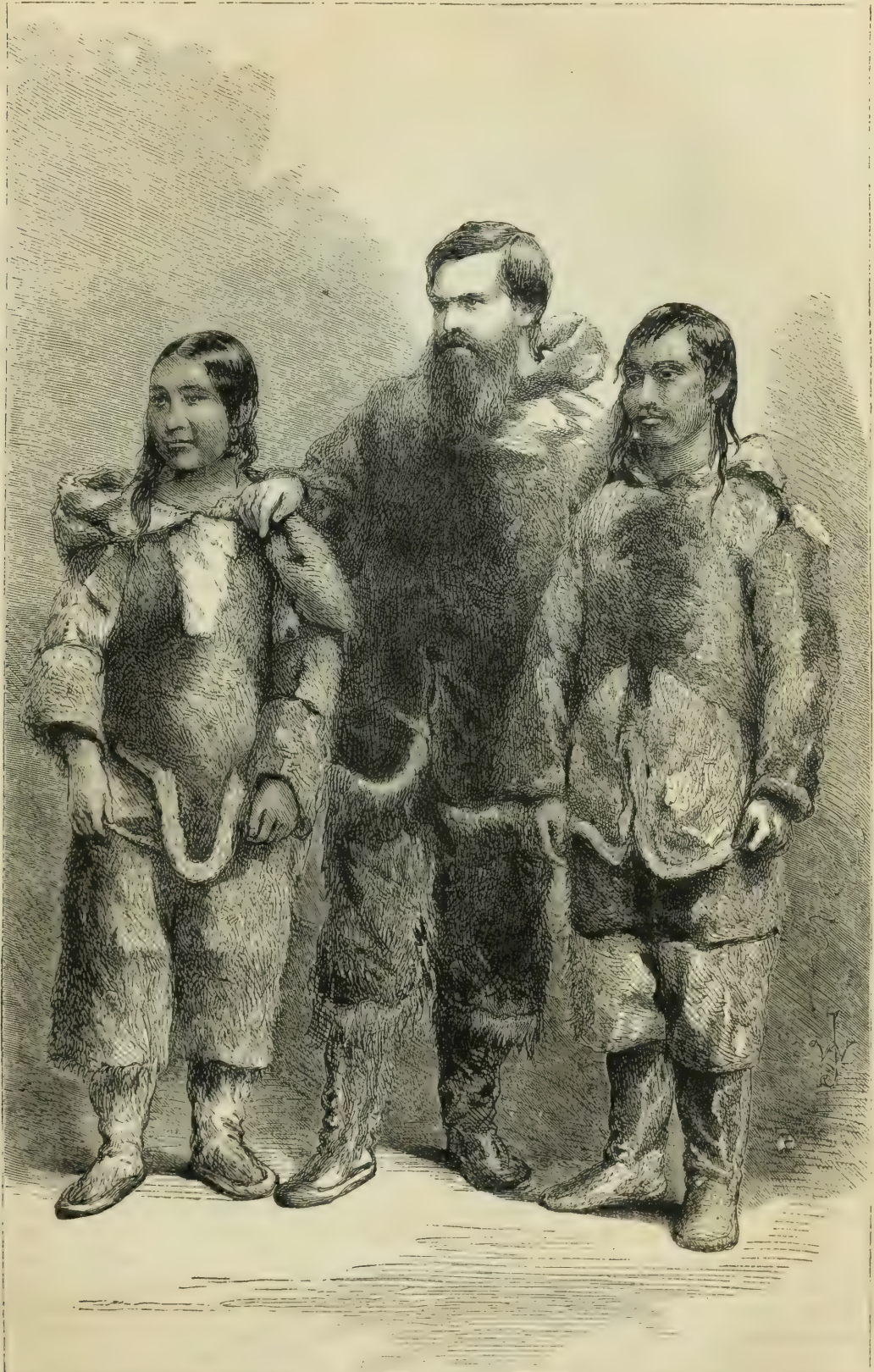


INNUIT SEAL HUNTER.

of amelioration which fortune throws in their way; and, above all, develop so many of the higher moral traits of humanity, that we may fairly hesitate to rank them with the uncivilized races. But as high authority has affirmed that the civilization of any people is to be measured by the quantity of soap which they consume,

and as the Innuits scarcely know the use of this lavatory compound, we are forced, under protest, to class them among the uncivilized races.

"As a general thing," writes Mr. Hall, "the Innuits are strictly honest among themselves; and also, with some modifications, with strangers. No people can excel them in kindness of heart.



TOOKOOLITO, CHARLES F. HALL, AND EBIERING.

Take, for instance, times of great scarcity of food. If one family happens to have any provisions on hand these are shared with all their neighbors. If one man captures a seal, though his family may need it all to save them from the pangs of hunger, yet the whole of the people about, including the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, are invited to a seal-feast. On the whole, their

word is entitled to great credit. They despise any one who will *shay-la-voo*—tell a lie.—In a word, they are, according to Mr. Hall, kind, honest, and truthful.

The two model Innuits, Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, will appear to most readers like pure inventions—Arctic “Uncle Toms.” Quite undesignedly, however, Mr. Hall brought with



INNUIT SUMMER VILLAGE.

him means of verifying his pictures; he brought the originals. Thousands of Americans have within the last two years seen "Joe" and "Hannah." They have accompanied Mr. Hall on his visits to various parts of the country, and sat at good men's tables. Few who have met them even casually can have failed to observe the quiet self-respecting aspect of the man, and the modest ways, pleasant smile, and marvelously sweet voice of the woman. "Joe" is Ebierbing, and "Hannah" is Tookoolito. They were true friends to Mr. Hall during the two years which he spent with their people; they came with him on his return, remained with him while he has been preparing his narrative; and have now gone back with him to their northern home, and are to accompany him during his proposed three years' explorations. This visit to the United States was not their first experience of civilized life. They had been taken to England seven years before, where they remained two years, were presented to the Queen, and met with great favor in English society. Ebierbing is an excellent pilot, a noted seal-hunter; and a remarkably ingenious mechanic. With no other implements than his sharply-pointed seal-spear and his long snow-knife he will mend a broken sledge or put up a snow hut in half the time that a European would require for considering how it should be done.

He is a sturdy, square built man of some five feet two; his wife is quite as tall and much stouter. To see her in her neatly fitting calico dress, smooth hair as black as coal, one would

suppose that she was a German "Bauerin"—a class which for the want of a better we designate as "peasants," but which corresponds in effect to our farmers.

Poor Tookoolito has sad cause to remember her visit to America. A few months after her arrival her child, Tukeliketa, "Butterfly," aged a year and a half, died. "I never saw," says Mr. Hall, "a more animated, sweet-tempered, bright-looking child." For days the mother was unconscious or delirious. Then she longed to die, so that she might be with her lost "Butterfly." The corpse of the little Inuit was placed in the beautiful burial-ground at Groton, Connecticut. Upon the grave were laid, according to the custom of his people, all his childish playthings. They were sacred to the dead. The mother went to the spot a while after, and found that one article—a gayly-painted tin pail—had been taken away. She was almost inconsolable at the discovery. How poor little "Butterfly" would miss his beautiful pail! The love of parents for their children is a notable trait in Inuit character. If we may judge from casual notices scattered through Mr. Hall's narrative, no more tender mothers or loving fathers are to be found in the world than among the Innuits.

Mr. Hall's first interviews with Tookoolito form a pleasant episode, which shall be related in his own words, with slight abridgments:

"November 2, 1860.—While intently occupied in my cabin writing, I heard a soft sweet voice say, 'Good-morning, Sir.' The tone in which it was spoken—musical, lively, and va-

ried—instantly told me that a lady of refinement was there, greeting me. I was astonished. Could I be dreaming? No, I was wide awake, and writing. But had a thunder-clap sounded in my ear, though it was snowing, I could not have been more surprised than I was at the sound of that voice. I raised my head. A lady was indeed before me, extending an ungloved hand. The doorway in which she stood led from the cabin into my private room. Directly over this entrance was the sky-light, admitting a flood of light, and revealing to me crinoline, heavy flounces, an attenuated toga, and an immensely expanded 'kiss-me-quick' bonnet; but the features I could not at first make out. On turning my face, who should it be but a lady Esquimaux! Whence, thought I, came this civilization and refinement? In a moment I was made acquainted with my visitor. She was the Tookoolito I had so much desired to see. She spoke my own language fluently, and I had a long and interesting conversation with her. Ebierbing, her husband, was also introduced to me, and though not speaking English so well as his wife, yet I could talk with him tolerably well. I gleaned many interesting particulars of their visit to England, and learned that they had dined with Prince Albert, who had treated them with much consideration. Ebierbing thought the Queen was 'very pretty,' and that Prince Albert was 'a very kind, good man.' Tookoolito, speaking of the Queen, said: 'I visited her, and liked the appearance of her Majesty and every thing about the palace. Fine place, I assure you, Sir.' As Tookoolito spoke I could not help admiring the exceeding gracefulness and modesty of her demeanor. Simple and gentle in her way, there was a degree of calm intellectual power about her that more and more astonished me. I felt delighted beyond measure because of the opportunity for becoming better acquainted with these people through her means, and I hoped to improve it toward the furtherance of the great object I had in view."

When paying this visit Tookoolito had got herself up in a very tolerable imitation of "civilized" costume. She wore a dress—of what material Mr. Hall omits to tell us—"with heavy flounces; an elegant toga made of young reindeer fur, deeply fringed, and a bonnet of the style invented on the principle of 'cover the head by a rosette on the back.'" Not long after Mr. Hall returned the call. He found the lady at home in her tent, dressed in native costume, which her visitor thought more becoming than the one in which she had called upon him. She was engaged in the domestic occupation of knitting socks for her husband—a most un-Esquimaux accomplishment which she had acquired in England. It may be added, by way of parenthesis, that she has a remarkable facility in mastering the details of feminine domestic occupations. While in America ladies often showed her intricate specimens of the arts of crocheting and netting. She seemed to catch, as

if by instinct, the marvelous mystery of the "stitch."

"Before I was aware of it," continues Mr. Hall, "Tookoolito had the tea-kettle over the friendly fire-lamp, and the water boiling. She asked me if I drank tea. Imagine my surprise at this question, coming from an Esquimaux, in an Esquimaux hut. I replied, 'I do; but you have not tea here, have you?' Drawing her hand from a little tin box, she displayed it full of fine-flavored black tea, saying, 'Do you like your tea strong?' Thinking to spare her the use of much of this precious article away up here, far from the land of civilization, I replied, 'I'll take it weak, if you please.' A cup of capital tea was soon before me—capital tea, and capitally made. Taking from my pocket a sea-biscuit which I had brought from the vessel for my dinner, I shared it with my hostess. Seeing she had but one cup, I induced her to share with me its contents. Tookoolito says she and her husband drink tea nearly every night and morning. They acquired a taste for it in England, and have since obtained their annual supply from English and American whalers visiting Northumberland Inlet."

We must not suppose, however, that this is a specimen of Innuït life. The food, clothing, and dwellings of the people are peculiar to themselves, and adapted to the necessities of their condition. Their food is almost entirely animal; the flesh, fat, blood, and viscera all coming into use. Contrary to the received opinion, there is no region which so abounds in animal life as the waters and shores of the Arctic zone. *Ookgook*, the big seal, and *Nutchook*, the common seal, are the Innuït staples. To them these are what corn and coal are to the European, or rice to the Asiatic. *Ninoo*, the bear, *Tuktoo*, the reindeer, the walrus, and the whale, are important auxiliaries in the way of supplying food and clothing. *Kimmick*, the dog, their only domesticated animal, is to them what the camel is to the Bedouin, and the horse and the ox to other peoples.

During a part of the year seals and other game are so plentiful that an abundant supply of food can be obtained almost without labor; but during another part of the year the animals are scarce and shy. If the Innuïts would only



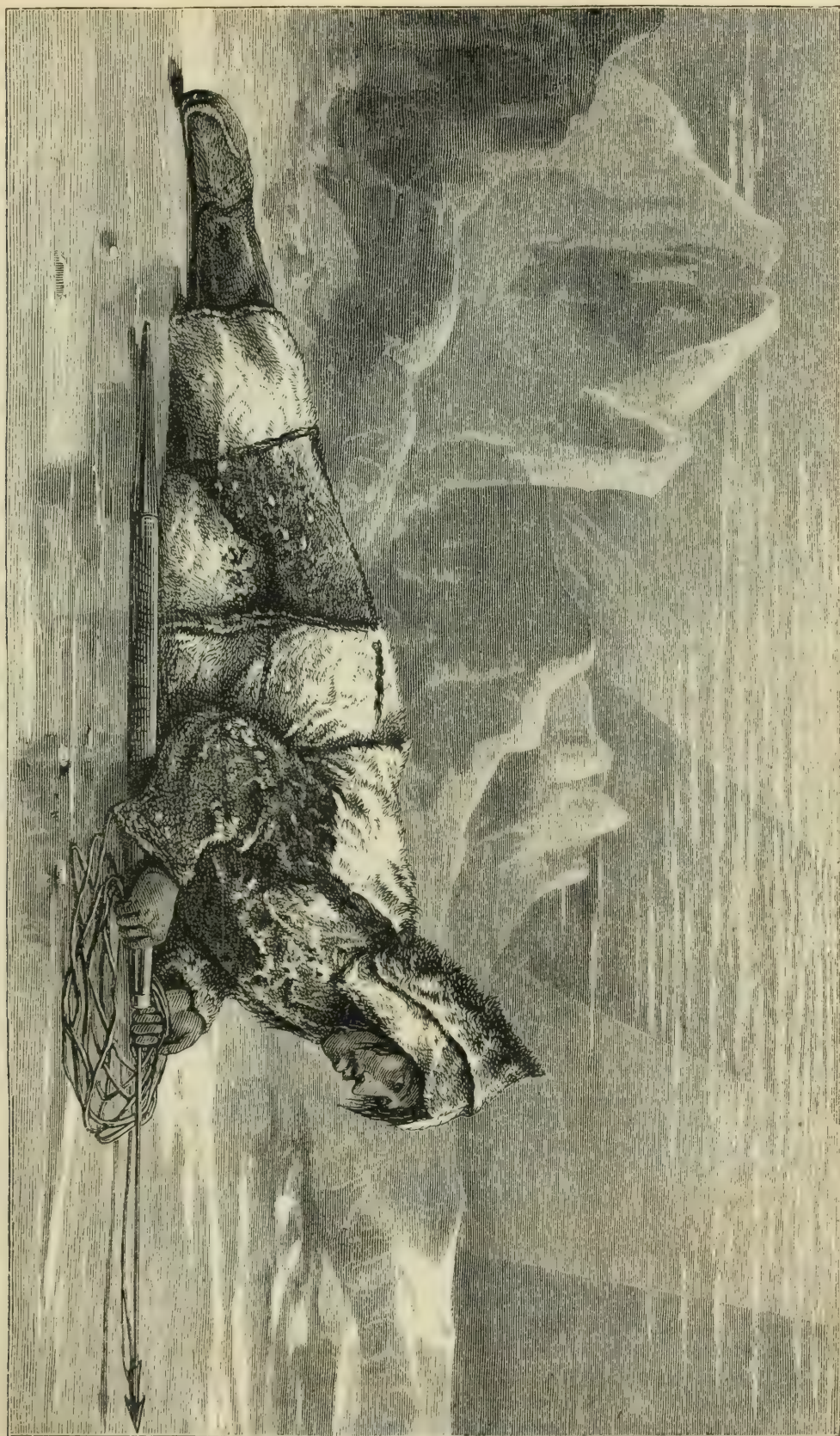
INNUIT HOSPITALITY.



HARPOONING A WALRUS.

during their harvest season lay up stores for the winter, they would always be well supplied. Taking the whole year together, a family wastes and consumes twice the necessary amount of food. But they are improvident, rarely laying up supplies in advance; and the consequence is that they are often reduced to the sorest straits of hunger. By way of showing what may be accomplished in sustaining life in the Arctic regions at the proper season we give the results of a single hunting expedition. Mr. Hall started with two Innuits. By way of provision they took five pounds of bread and as many of salt junk. They had a rifle, a gun, a pound of powder, thirty balls, and two seal-spears. They were absent ten days, and killed one bear weigh-

A PUPIL OF THE BEAR.



ing 1000 pounds; a large seal, 1500 pounds; and nine small seals of 200 pounds each: in all, something more than two tons of fresh meat, besides skins for clothing, and oil for fuel and light. With the exercise of ordinary forethought, there can be no doubt that all the wants of life can be fully met in the Arctic regions.

Nutchook, the seal, and his big cousin, *Ook-gook*, are among the wariest and most cunning

of animals. They may well be so; for they have to be on the constant watch against their great enemy *Ninoo*, the bear, who has a special weakness for seal-blubber. It is play to stalk a deer or track a chamois compared with catching a seal. Mr. Hall, who is no contemptible sportsman, acknowledges that he was never able to get within rifle-shot of a seal when basking on the ice. Yet the Innuits get within a spear's



BEAR AND WALRUS.

cast of him. They own that all which they know of seal-hunting has been taught them by the bear. The way *Ninoo* proceeds is this: he sees far off on the ice a black spot which he knows to be a seal, resting at the edge of his hole, taking a succession of "cat-naps" hardly ten seconds long, lifting up his head between times, and narrowly surveying the whole horizon. *Ninoo* flings himself on his side, and hitches along when the seal's head is down. The moment the head is raised the bear stops short, and commences "talking" to the seal. The sound which he utters is wholly distinct from his ordinary voice. The seal is charmed, suspects no harm, and down goes his head for another nap; forward hitches *Ninoo*; and so on for a long time until he gets within leaping distance; then one spring, and it is all over with *Nutchook*. The Innuits say that if they could only talk to *Nutchook* as cleverly as *Ninoo* does they would catch many more seals. *Ninoo*, it is said, sometimes catches a young seal at the mouth of the hole, and holding him by a flipper, lets him play around in the water, the dam comes up, and the bear slyly draws the young one toward him; the mother follows until she comes within reach of the bear's paw; he gives a grab, and secures a dainty meal. Mr. Hall also tells us that the bear sometimes discovers a walrus basking at the foot of a cliff, and flings down a big rock upon him with wonderful accuracy; then, if the walrus is only stunned, the bear rushes down, seizes the stone, and hammers away at the head of the walrus until the skull is crushed in. Then *Ninoo* has a feast of fat things; for unless he is very hungry he will touch only the blubber.

In the winter, when the seal lives under the ice, his capture requires great skill and patience. He has a breathing-hole through the ice, to which he must come at intervals for air. This will be hidden by a thick covering of snow. The Innuvit, aided by his seal-dog, discovers the place of this hole, pierces through the snow with his spear, and seats himself by the opening until he hears the animal puff; then darts his spear, and, if he has good luck, secures his prize, which means not merely food, but light and warmth in his lonely snow hut miles away. It is often weary waiting by a seal-hole. Thus Mr. Hall mentions almost incidentally that poor Kudlago contracted the disease of which he ultimately died by watching at a seal-hole continuously for two days and nights in the coldest weather. Again it is noted in his journal: "Ugarng has just returned from sealing, having been out two days and one night over a seal-hole. All the reward he had for his patient exertions was the seal coming up and giving a puff; then away it went. Ugarng bore his disappointment very philosophically. He merely said, 'Away I go to-morrow morning again.'" This expedition was likewise unsuccessful, and Mr. Hall going to his hut found the family without food or light. An infant was wailing with hunger: "Me got no milk," said the mother; "meat all gone—blubber too—nothing to eat—no more light—no heat—must wait till get seal."

Not long after Ebierbing, who had been sent to the ship for supplies, came back, bringing with him a seal. The manner of its capture is worth mention. In going to the ship his dog had scented a seal-hole covered by two feet of snow; he marked the spot by leaving upon it a



WAITING FOR A SEAL.

mouthful of tobacco-juice and hurried on. Coming back he found his mark, and determined to try for the seal. Thrusting his spear through the snow, down to the hole in the ice, he wrapped himself up and took his station by its side. The night was dark; but there he waited patiently until early morning when the welcome puff of the seal was heard, and by one

lucky thrust the prize was secured. His nose got touched by frost while watching, but a good smoke cured that; the seal was brought home in triumph. A seal-feast to the whole encampment followed. "I supped," says Mr. Hall, "on seal-soup, with about two yards of frozen seal's entrails (very good eating) as a finish to the affair."

A "seal-feast" is conducted thus, or at least this was the manner of this one: "The first thing done," writes Mr. Hall, "was to consecrate the seal, the ceremony being to sprinkle water over it, when the host and his assistant proceeded to separate the 'blanket' (that is, the blubber with skin) from the solid meat and skeleton of the seal. The body was then opened and the blood scooped out. This blood is considered very precious, and forms an important item of the food largely consumed by the Esquimaux. Next came the liver, which was cut into pieces and distributed all around, myself getting and eating a share. Of course it was eaten raw—for this was a raw-meat feast—its eating being accompanied by taking into the mouth a small portion of delicate white blubber which answered the same purpose as butter with bread. Then followed distributing the ribs of the seal for social picking. I joined in all this, doing as they did, and becoming quite an Innuite save in the quantity eaten. This I might challenge any white man to do. No human stomach but an Innuite's could possibly hold what I saw these men and women devour. Directly the feast was over the company dispersed. Tookoolito then sent round bountiful gifts of seal-blubber for fire-lamps, also some seal-meat and blood. This is the usual custom among the Innuits. They share each other's successes, and bear each other's wants. Generally if it is found that one is short of provisions it may be known that all are. When one has a supply all have. After the feast and the gifts were over we had leisure to attend to ourselves, and in what great good-humor we were soon to be found. Our lamps were all aglow, and our hunger sated."

As a pendant to this description of a seal-feast we give Mr. Hall's account of a reindeer feast. The date is December, the season of scarcity. Four months before Mr. Hall's journal is filled with notices of the abundance and fatness of the game around him. Deer especially were so abundant that they were killed only for the sake of the skins and tallow. The skins at this season are in the condition to be most useful for clothing and bedding. A reindeer skin seems to be the best non-conductor of heat known. The Innuits never use more than one for bedding in the coldest weather—thermometer 70 degrees or more below freezing-point. Mr. Hall says he has slept under a dozen of the best woolen blankets and been almost frozen, while a single reindeer skin kept him abundantly warm. Of the *condition* of the game this season let the following paragraph speak. The scene is at the head of Frobisher Bay:

"I never saw in the States, unless the exception be of the prairies of the West, more luxuriant grasses on uncultivated lands than are here around me. There is no mistake in this statement that pasture land here for stock can not be excelled, unless it be cultivated or found in the great West. The land animals

here are fat—'as fat as butter.' The paunches of the reindeer are filled to the utmost capacity with grasses, mosses, and leaves of the various plants that abound here. The animal just killed was very fat, his rump lined with *toodnoo* (tallow), which goes much further with me than butter: superior it is, indeed, as sweet golden butter is to lard. The venison is very tender, almost falling to pieces as you attempt to lift a steak by its edge. So it is with all the reindeer that have as yet been killed here. Rabbits also are in fine condition. Not only are they so now, but they must be nearly in as good order here in the winter; for God has given them the means to make their way through the garb of white with which he clothes the earth here for their subsistence."

But in December hard times had come on. One day an Innuite came back to the snow village with a portion of the bodies of two deer frozen as hard as rocks. A general invitation to a *tuktoo* feast was given out. The guests, thirty in number—the whole population of the village—rushed in. The giver of the feast acted as master of ceremonies: "He first made the ladies on the bed give way so as to clear a space whereon he might do the carving; then he placed on this spot the table-cloth, a huge seal-skin, and upon that put the carcass of a large deer; he then took a boat hatchet and began to carve the deer. Slabs of its side were chopped and peeled off; chips of ice flew here and there into the very faces of the guests at each stroke of the axe. As fast as Sampson rolled off the venison other men took the pieces, and by means of a saw and seal-knives reduced them to a size



WATCHING AT A SEAL-HOLE.



A YOUNG POLAR BEAR COMING TO THE POINT.

adapted for handling; then Sampson distributed these bits, one to each, till every mill had grist to grind. Thus for half an hour Sampson carved; then his hatchet handle broke off close up to the head. Another axe was sent for, and meanwhile, with the half of a saw, the two saddles were divided into the proper number of pieces, ready for distribution; the carcass was then once more attacked, and the shell was broken, split, and sawed into pieces. In it was the 'kernel,' to which all looked with anxious eyes; this was at last divided into as many pieces as there were pieces of saddle, and then one of each was given to every guest. I received my share with gratitude, and with a piece in each hand began eating. I bit off a mouthful of the saddle-piece; it was good. I took a morsel of the other; it was *delightful*; its flavor was a kind of sorrel acid; it had an *ambrosial* taste! it fairly melted in my mouth! When nearly through, I had the curiosity to crowd my way to a light to see what this delicious frozen food was, for where I sat I was shaded by large forms between me and the fire-light. I looked at it, rolled it over, and looked again. Behold, it was the contents of a reindeer's paunch! On this discovery I stopped feasting for that night."

Had Mr. Hall been accustomed to the precious delicacy of woodcock's "trail" he might have been less squeamish in the matter of rein-

deer paunch *glacée, au naturel*. He did indeed get over many of his prejudices in the way of food. Seal's blood "smoking hot" he declares to be "excellent," although drank from a dish which went the round of the whole company, each one in succession taking a long "s-o-o-o-p" at it, and then passing it to the next. The skin of the whale "three-quarters of an inch thick, looking like India rubber, is in its raw state," he says, "good eating even for a white man, as I know from experience; but when boiled and soured in vinegar it is most excellent." The "gum" of the whale, that is the substance in which the so-called "whalebone" is set, is a special Innuït delicacy. It looks like coconut meat, and tastes like unripe chestnuts. Mr. Hall could not fully appreciate this; yet, he says, savingly, "If the struggle was for life, and its preservation depended upon the act, I would undoubtedly eat whale's gum until I got something better to my liking." Once a substance which looked like a choice bit from a turkey's breast was handed to him. He thought he had stumbled upon a delicacy. He vainly tried to masticate it, but after half an hour's vigorous chewing he found it more solid than when he began. The substance was the ligament lying between the vertebrae of the whale, and he had made a mistake in the way of disposing of it. The Innuït mode is to take a huge piece into the mouth, lubricate it thoroughly

with the secretions of the salivary glands, and then swallow it whole, as a boa-constrictor swallows a deer. Again, Mr. Hall remarks, "My opinion is, that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one, at least for the better preservation of their health. To one educated as we whites are, their custom of feasting on uncooked meats is highly repulsive; but as the twig is bent the tree's inclined; and this is as applicable to food as to any thing else. When I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale, I thought to myself, 'Why can not I do the same?' The answer was, 'Because of my education.'" To our apprehension the man who has "swallowed the camel" of raw oysters, need not "strain out the gnat" of an uncooked steak, whether beef, bear, whale, or seal. Mr. Hall, later in his Arctic experiences, speaks more favorably of raw

meat; but we believe he never quite comes up to Mansfield Parkyns, of Abyssinian fame, who assures us that no one can have fathomed the gustatory possibilities of a beef-steak, until he has eaten one raw before it has had time to get cold.

So much for Innuit feasting. Of their times of fasting, when any thing that can by any possibility be edible, assumes the place of a delicacy, we have not space to speak. Mr. Hall, during his two Arctic winters, had occasion frequently to mention these hard times.

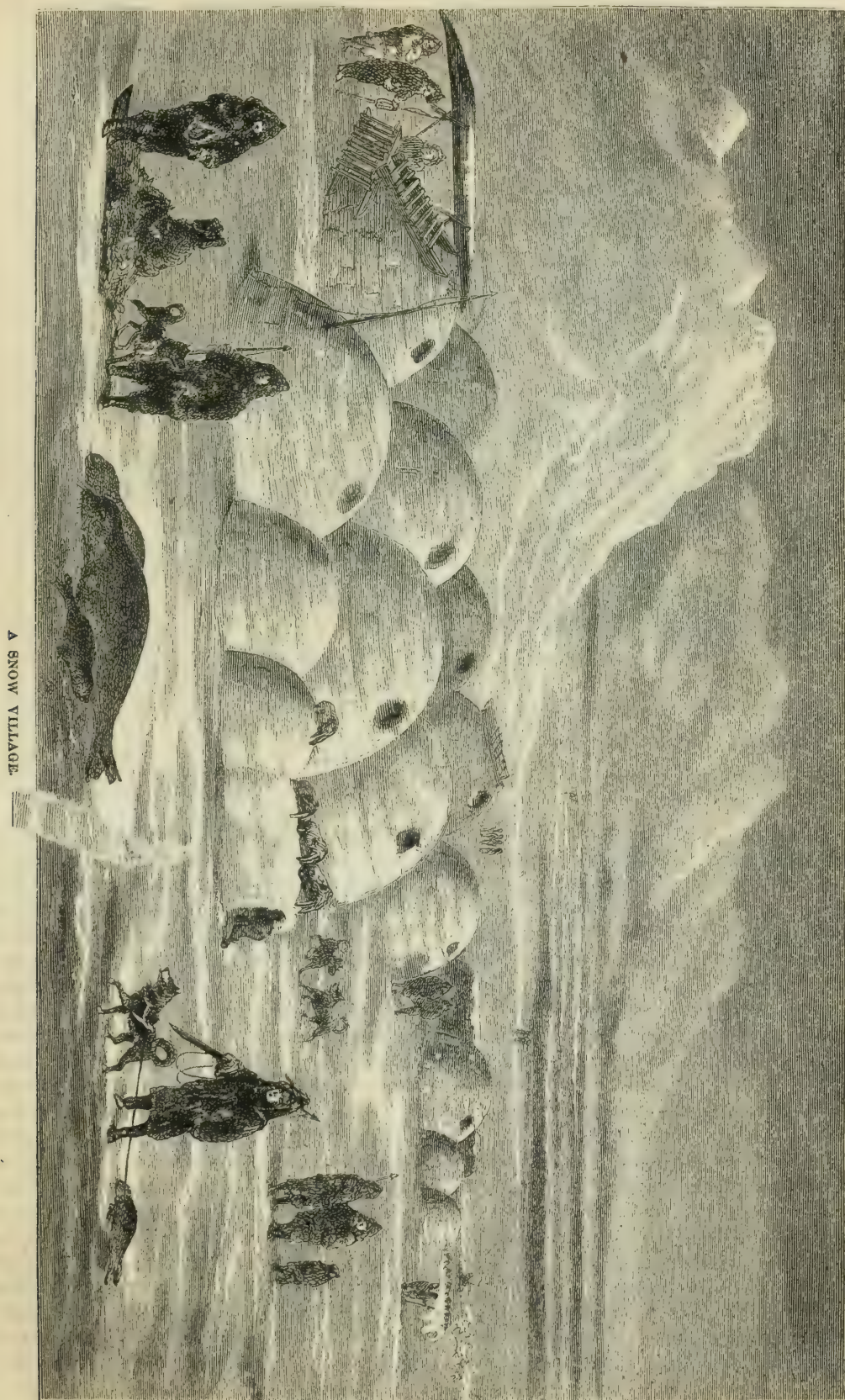
In the far north clothing and shelter are as indispensable to life as is food. The winter dress of the Innuits, commencing with the feet, is thus composed: Long stockings of reindeer-skin, with the hair next the person; socks of eider-duck skin, with feathers on both sides; socks of seal-skin, with the hair outside; boots, the legs of reindeer-skin, fur outside, the soles of seal-skin. The jacket is of reindeer-skin, fitting to the form, but not tightly; those of the women have long tails, reaching almost to the ground. The ornamentation of the female dress depends on the taste and means of the wearer. One "very pretty style," noted by Mr. Hall, had a fringe of colored beads across the neck; bowls of Britannia-metal tea-spoons down the



AN INNUIT MUSICIAN.

front flap, and a double row of copper cents, surmounted by a bell from an old-fashioned clock, down the tail, which was bordered by a beading of elongated lead shot. This jacket has no opening before or behind, but is slipped on over the head. These women's jackets are provided with a hood, which serves a variety of purposes, especially that of carrying the children. The breeches reach below the knee, and are fastened by a string drawn tightly around the waist. Mittens are used; the females usually wearing but one, on the right hand, the left being drawn under the sleeve. "The costume of the females is completed," to borrow the phrases of our respected Fashion Editor, "by the addition of finger-rings and head-bands of polished brass." Among their "accomplishments" is playing upon the *Keeloun*, a kind of tambourine, made by stretching a thin deer skin or the skin of a whale's liver upon a hoop. This is held by a handle, and the player strikes not the skin, but the hoop; and generally accompanies the music by a rude dance.

The Innuits of the present day are a nomadic people. Their wanderings, however, appear to be confined to the region of the coast, never extending far into the interior. Their dwellings



A SNOW VILLAGE.

are, therefore, for mere temporary occupation. Indications, in the form of trenches and excavations, are not wanting to show that they formerly led a much more settled life. Ever since they have been brought into even casual contact with the whites, their numbers seem to have been gradually diminishing. How this has been brought about is at present a mystery. The Red Men of America have been destroyed by

“fire-water” and the occupation of their hunting-grounds. The natives of the South Sea Islands have been eaten up by nameless diseases contracted from their licentious white visitors. We find scarcely a trace of either of these destroyers among the Innuits. Consumption appears to be the destroyer among them; but we can see no reason why this should be more prevalent now than it was generations ago. But be



INNUIT AND SEAL DOG.

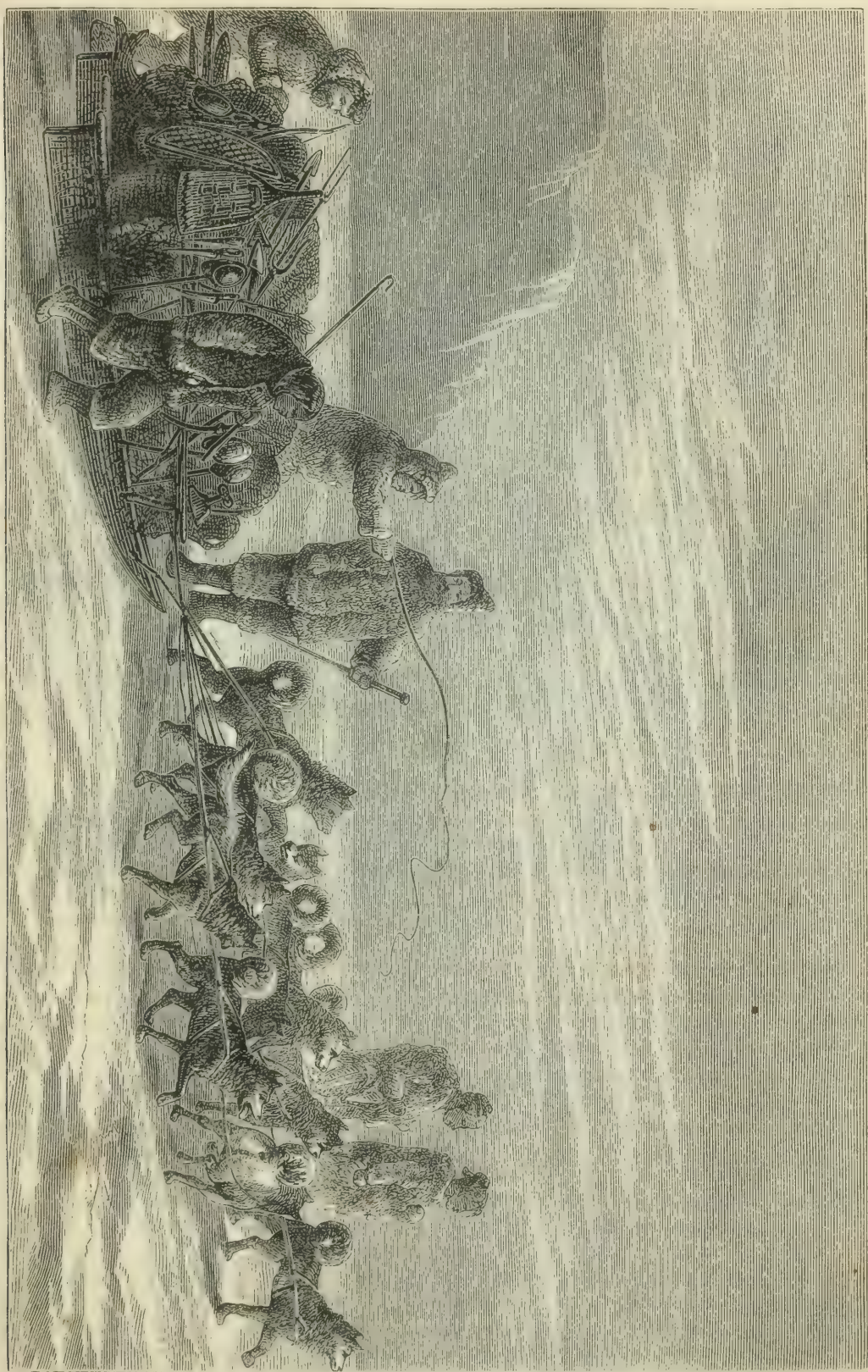
the explanation what it may, the fact is certain, that they are a race fast passing from the earth.

Their summer dwellings, or *tupics*, are tents covered with skins. Their winter dwellings are *igloos* or snow huts. These are admirably adapted to the requirements of their situation, and in the construction of these they show great dexterity. They are indeed vastly like the dwellings of the seal, which are called by the same name. It may almost be considered a moot question whether the Innuits taught the seals, or the seals the Innuits. About the middle of November, when the snow has become thick and compact, the Innuits begin the construction of their *igloos*. The manner in which this is done may be fairly shown by the following abridged description of the building of one by a small party in one of Mr. Hall's journeys:

Sharkey and Koojesse proceeded to build an *igloo* in the regular manner. They first sounded the snow with their seal spears, to find that which was suitable for the purpose. Then one commenced cutting out snow-blocks, using a hand-saw. When they are not provided with this implement their snow-knives of bone or iron answer the purpose. The blocks were about three feet long, eighteen inches broad, and six inches thick. They look very much like the blocks of white marble with which our New York houses are faced. In building, these blocks are set up edgewise, so that the walls of an *igloo* are six inches thick. In this case

seventeen of these blocks, laid in a circular form, composed the foundation, making the diameter of the structure about seventeen feet. Upon these blocks others were placed, not in tiers, but laid spiraling, and also inclined toward the centre, where they almost met. The key-stone, or rather snow, was then dropped in, and there was a regular dome, about seven feet high at the apex. The two builders were on the inside, those without handing them the blocks. When the whole was done, they were completely walled in. A hole was then cut in the side, through which snow cut fine was passed in. This was built up into a bench or platform running clear around the interior. Over this bench, which answers the purpose of bed, chairs, and table, herbs were spread, and over them were laid the reindeer-skins. A covered passage three feet high and some yards long was then built leading from the door, and the *igloo* was complete. Three or four Innuits, working moderately, will build such a hut in two hours, or, if need be, will do it in half the time.

Dogs play a very important part in the economy of Inuit life. They not only draw the sledges, but aid their masters in hunting. Without them even the keen-sighted Innuits would find it impossible to discover a seal-hole beneath two feet of snow. A good seal-dog is an acquisition. When a puppy is found to possess more than usual intelligence and sharpness of scent, he is trained as sedulously as we train a likely colt for the race-course. The instinct of



A DOG TEAM.

an Esquimaux dog for the seal is as keen as that of one of our terriers for a rat. When harnessed to a sledge, if they scent a seal there is no restraining or guiding them. The whole team dashes madly away regardless of ice-chasms or rifts. When the driver wishes to hurry them on he finds that the cry of *Ookgook!*—"Seal!" is more efficacious than his walrus-skin whip. A single dog will not unfrequently capture a seal of twice his weight. Two or three of them will assault a bear, and worry him into standing

until their master comes up and settles the matter with his spear. Mr. Hall had a famous dog named Barbekark, of whose courage and cunning he tells many curious anecdotes. On one occasion he set out hunting on his own account, and actually succeeded in killing a large reindeer, biting his jugular through as cleanly as though it had been cut with a knife, and then guided his master to the spot where his victim lay. Barbekark, after passing two winters with his white master, accompanied him to the States.



A FIGHT FOR A MEAL.

Here he died, and his skin stuffed to the life, after standing for a while on guard by our editorial table, much to the alarm of nervous visitors, has now found a resting-place in the "Arctic Room" of Henry Grinnell, the fast friend and liberal supporter of Mr. Hall in his two expeditions.

A sledge-team of dogs numbers about twenty—and a most troublesome team it is to manage. According to Mr. Hall's observations the Innuits treat their dogs kindly—quite as well as we treat our horses. They have some peculiar notions about feeding them. They are thought to work better if not fed during a journey, even if it lasts several days. Their standing food consists of the tough India-rubber-like skin of the whale and walrus. This instead of being cut up into "chunks" is given them in strips a yard or two long. These are swallowed whole. The dog swallows his whale-skin much as a Neapolitan lazaroni does his long strings of maccaroni. The Innuits say that the food taken in this form "stays in until the goodness is all got out of it." Of course in times of scarcity the dogs suffer with their masters, and when a sledge-load of food comes in there is like to be a pitched battle between bipeds and quadrupeds—the latter, in spite of clubs and spears, generally managing to secure their share. It is a doubtful question whether an Inuit or his dog can, after a long fast, bolt a larger quantity of food in a given time. We think, however, that no biped could equal the following exploit in this way which we find noted in Mr. Hall's Journal: "The dogs are very hungry. Last

night they ate up the whip lash, which was thirty feet long. I witnessed a sight some days since of a hungry dog swallowing down a piece of *kow* (walrus hide and blubber) one inch and a half square and six feet long in seven seconds. The act I timed by the chronometer."

The treatment of the sick and dying, as we have before said, forms a marked exception to the general kindness of the Innuits toward each other. In our previous article was related at some length the case of Nukertou, a woman who was left at the point of death in a solitary *igloo*. This was by no means a solitary case within Mr. Hall's own observation. One other, to which brief reference was there made, must here be told somewhat more in detail.

Mr. Hall learned that a company of Innuits had been driven by starvation to abandon their camping place, and had left a woman, the wife of one of them, behind in an *igloo*. She was sick, they said, and unable to help herself. Mr. Hall was at the time "at home" on board the *George Henry*. He proposed to raise a party at once to go to the rescue of the woman. The mate, Reuben Lamb, and four of the crew, volunteered for this work. They set off through the deep snow, walking in Indian file, each alternately breaking track for the others to follow. No one but Lamb and Hall could hold out for more than five minutes at a time in this fearful labor. One man after another gave up, and returned. Hall and Lamb determined to persevere till the last moment. But it was of no avail. The very dogs, of whom they had four—the noble Barbekark being one—at last could



OPENING THE IGLOO.

not get on; and, writes Mr. Hall, "I was reluctantly obliged to turn my face toward the ship, having decided that it was my duty to return to save the living rather than to strive to reach one who might be already dead. Never had I experienced harder work than in traveling back. The condition of Lamb was such that I feared for his life if we did not soon get on board. Every few steps the snow had to be broken down to make a passage. It was of God's mercy that I had strength enough to hold up, else both of us must have perished. Occasionally I threw myself down on the ice or snow thoroughly exhausted; then I would start up, arouse Lamb, who seemed to be verging toward that sleep which in cold regions becomes the sleep of death, and once more battle onward. During this hard passage back to the vessel my noble dog Barbekark, was like a cheering friend. As now and then I lay almost exhausted upon the snow for a moment's rest, he danced around me, kissing my face, placing himself by my side, where I could pillow my head upon his warm body. No one who knew his characteristics could fail to perceive that he realized the critical situation of Lamb and myself. He would

bound toward me, raise himself on his hinder legs, place his paws upon my breast, and glance from me toward the vessel, from the vessel to Lamb, then leap away, leading the sledge-team on a distance ahead, there to wait till we again came near, the few dogs and the soft state of the snow preventing us from riding. I was indeed a happy man as I walked into the gangway of the *George Henry*, and learned that all my company were safely back to its shelter."

This attempt failed. Four days after it was renewed by Mr. Hall, accompanied only by Ebierbing and a dog team. The cold had meanwhile grown intense, and thus the traveling was improved. They worked desperately to keep their hands and feet from freezing. The wind was blowing a smart breeze directly ahead, the temperature being 62° below the freezing-point. In a calm air 100° below freezing-point would have been more endurable. At length they reached the site of the deserted village; but not a hut was to be seen. They were all covered by an expanse of smooth snow, without a visible mark. Ebierbing's practiced eye at length fixed upon a spot beneath which he was sure there was an igloo. But the Innuits have a superstitious



THE OLD WOMAN RELATING TRADITIONS.

dread of touching even a hut within which is a corpse. Hall, with his snow-knife, dug down through the snow and the roof, and found the *igloo* vacant. Another was discovered, opened in like manner, and found empty also. The village had consisted of three huts. One more was to be discovered and opened. There was nothing to show its place. The Innuited pierced through the snow with his spear time after time in vain. At last he struck a roof, and then withdrew to a distance, leaving the work of exploration to Hall. He dug down through the snow, and came to the roof. But the heat of the fire which had once burned within had partly melted the snow-blocks, and the cold had transformed them into masses of solid ice almost as hard as stone. In trying to cut through this the knife was broken. Hall took the spear, and at last succeeded in piercing the roof. He shouted through the opening; but there was no answer. The inmate might be either dead or sleeping. He descended, and found the woman lying on the snow bench. He placed his hand on her forehead. The icy walls of her tomb were not colder. She was dead. There were indications that she had lived for some time after she was abandoned. Reverently closing up the opening which he had made, Hall and his Innuited friend retraced their toilsome way to the ship.

Mr. Hall is confident that he discovered many actual relics of the expedition of Martin Frobisher made almost three centuries ago. We have not space to do more than indicate a few

of the leading arguments which led him to this conclusion. He found a tradition current that many years ago white men had visited a place which still bore the name of *Kodlunarn*, or "White Man's" Island. He traced these traditions diligently, comparing and collating them. One of his principal sources was an old woman named Ookijoxo Ninoo, the grandmother of Ebierbing, noted as the oldest Innuited living. Mr. Hall believes her to be a hundred years old. She had heard the story told by her grandmother. Seated at the entrance of her *tupic*, Tookoolito acting as interpreter, he questioned and cross-questioned her. Her story was wonderfully like the printed accounts—three hundred years old—of Frobisher's expedition. It was confirmed by a score of others, all of whom professed to have heard it from their forefathers. Mr. Hall at length visited the spot which was designated as the place of the white men's encampment, and found many things which had evidently been left there by white men. Among other things was a heap of coal, amounting to several tons. Every thing was covered over with moss, which showed that they must have been there for ages. The relics are of little importance in themselves; and we believe that there is much question among Arctic authorities whether they belonged to Frobisher's expedition. We think the evidence, so far as it goes, is greatly in favor of Mr. Hall's hypothesis in respect to these relics.

Assuming that Mr. Hall is correct in referring these traditions to that expedition, the bear-



DISCOVERY OF FROBISHER RELICS.

ing upon researches into the fate of Sir John Franklin is evident and important. If the Innuits have preserved from generation to generation, for nearly three centuries, a tolerably accurate account of this expedition, it is almost certain that they have in their possession, and can be induced to communicate, the details of the fate of Franklin's expedition, which occurred within the present generation. If any of these men are still living there must be Innuits who know it, and can tell where they are to be found. If all have perished—since it is almost certain that they were not lost at sea, but met their doom on shore—there must be Innuits who can tell how and when they died. To solve these questions is one of the motives which have led Mr. Hall to undertake his second expedition to the Arctic regions.



TRAVELING IN THE SNOW.

MY LOST SISTER: A CONFES- SION.

MY father was what is called a small planter.

The idea generally prevails among Northern people that planter is a synonym for grandee and satrap; that there are but two classes of whites among the agriculturists of the South—the wealthy lordlings and the poor “white trash.” The fact is, there exists every grade of planter, from the owner of one slave to the master of thousands. The planters of the South present nothing like the equality in wealth and social influence that is to be found among Northern farmers.

My father was a poor planter, as I was made to feel one day at school, when a little girl, the daughter of a neighboring planter, put the question, so common among children at the South, “How many negroes has your father got, Poky?”—My name is Pocahontas.

“He’s got two men and a big boy, five women, and one little baby; that’s nine,” I said, counting them on my fingers.

“Only nine? Why, Poky, I’d be ‘shamed to tell it. Why, my father’s got, oh! so many—I can’t count them.”

I heard of those nine negroes many times after that to my shame and confusion: “Poky’s father hasn’t got but nine negroes.”—“We’ve more than that about the house.”—“Wonder who waits on them.”—“The white people have to work, I reckon.” Such were some of the comments which reached me.

I dreaded after that being questioned concerning the number of my father’s slaves; and when quizzed by those people, to be found every where, who take advantage of a child’s years to make all manner of impertinent inquiries concerning family matters, I was seriously tempted to exaggerate the number. Indeed I did once tell Mrs. Dr. Henling, in answer to her inquiries, that my father had sixteen working hands, but did not inform her that these hands were equally distributed among eight slaves. I was ashamed to have people see them in the field at work, they looked such a little handful, while some neighboring fields were black with the coveted animals. I used to feel my cheek tingle whenever a visitor rode up the lane; I knew he would notice the number of negro cabins—only three: he couldn’t very well help counting them. I importuned my father as often as I dared to move them to a grove back of the house, so that every body who came on the plantation needn’t know how few there were, and to allow each of the women a house to herself, so as to increase the number of cabins.

But though my father was among the least wealthy, there were no very large planters in the neighborhood. True, there was Mr. Lashure, recently from South Carolina, who had rented two farms of a half section each until he could have time for the selection of a plantation to his liking. He owned a fabulous number of

slaves of unadulterated African descent—not a mulatto among them. He was master to over a hundred negroes; but then he was father to fourteen children—seven tall, brawny, black-eyed, Indian-haired maiden daughters, with one sallow little hunchback, and six sons, short, heavy, dark, who were so alike that I could never distinguish them. His slaves numbered over a hundred, as I have said; but when they should come to be distributed among the fourteen children, it would have to be by long division, my father used to say. So it was that though the Lashure ladies were the only people in the neighborhood who came to church in their carriage, with their ebony coachman perched on the high seat in front, and their ebony maid-servant seated behind, there were others among us anticipating larger legacies than could fall to them.

Though there were in our neighborhood—which was called Beechwood—no lands of more than average fertility; no commercial advantages; no fine building sites; no picturesqueness of scenery, the country being tame and monotonous; no superior water facilities; nothing to redeem it from the commonplace—yet locations there were much sought; the lands were valued at a higher figure than better soil ten miles removed; and I remember hearing that the Methodist circuit-rider—the only preacher we saw—had made the invidious remark that Beechwood was the Athens of his circuit. The explanation of the pre-eminence with which our community was honored was to be found in the existence of a Young Ladies’ Seminary, and, on the next hill, a white framed Methodist church.

That was an odd kind of a school on Beechwood Hill, whose like, I am sure, I shall never again see. A hewn-log building—a block-house, a Northerner would say—some eighteen feet square, constituted the school-room, while the boarding department was comprised in what was denominated a double log-house. This consisted of two square rooms with an open passage-way between. Above each of these apartments was a garret room, with naught overhead save the roof of rough oaken boards, which presented but a slight barrier to the almost tropical heat of the sun. Add to this house a single shed-room, and you have the entire building where, year after year, with the family of the school-teacher, Mr. Cunningham, were congregated a number of boarders, varying from ten to twenty-five, collected from the most wealthy and influential families for sixty miles around. These, with the daughters of the neighboring planters, constituted the school—that sun whose genial warmth and light permeated and invigorated the whole community. Think of that log-cabin Institution conferring honors, granting gold medals and diplomas, and every year sending forth its alumni! However, none need sneer at this: for though the course of study was not extensive, and the text-books were old-fashioned—Murray’s Grammar, Olney’s Geography, Pike’s Arithmetic, the English Reader, etc.—yet diplomas were never conferred unworthily. There

was no shallowness or make-believe about the school, though there was much that was homely and severe.

To this school, two miles distant, for three and a half years I walked along a lonely road, which led through woods and skirted thickets of hazel, into which, during the nutting seasons, I was constantly tempted by the clustering nuts, and from which I was as constantly deterred by fear of runaway negroes.

At the end of that time a desolation came upon the neighborhood, occasioned by the closing of the famous school. The teacher turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and in the course of time erected a two-story framed dwelling-house in a woodland adjoining his former residence. Then, with the old school buildings as a nucleus, those famous academic grounds were converted into a negro quarter, and those classic shades became peopled by the children of an illiterate race.

On the extinguishment of this literary sun the benighted people began to rub their eyes and to look around for a candle or rush-light, or something to take the place of the great luminary. All, by common consent, seemed to feel that their literary heavens could never again be illumined by such an orb of light and glory. "What shall we do for a school?" "Where shall we find a teacher?" were now the all-absorbing questions. Some public-spirited men, apprehensive with prophetic ken of the catastrophe which had now left us in darkness, had by subscription secured an amount sufficient for a school building, which was soon in process of erection. And then every man in the neighborhood seemed to consider himself a special committee for the procurement of a teacher. After much consultation and disputation—many suggestions, and a vast deal of advice—a teacher was engaged, a young man from the village. He refused to take the school until a given amount was guaranteed. Thus it came that my father was required to subscribe three pupils, though he had but two children—myself and a sister three years younger—who had hitherto been under my mother's tuition.

The teacher boarded with us, and on the evening preceding the opening of the school he and my father talked over the subject of Fanny's studying Latin.

"She has a head for it," said the teacher, running his fingers through her thin white hair, always brushed so carefully. "Are you any thing of a phrenologist, Sir?"

"No, I am not," answered my father, in a loud, emphatic tone. "I don't believe any man can tell what kind of a mind or disposition I've got by feeling of the bumps and knots on my head. No, Sir; I don't believe in bumpology!"

"Well, we won't discuss the matter, though there is no doubt in my mind that this little girl would learn languages with wonderful facility. She has language unusually large. This is indicated by a prominence of the eye and by a depression toward the lower part of the orbit,

caused by a development of the cerebrum in the posterior upper part of the orbit of the eye. The possession of this faculty of language will enable the possessor to invent, learn, remember, and apply with facility the arbitrary signs that stand as the representatives of ideas. Suppose we test the theory. I say this little girl has language large. Allow her to study Latin, and let us see if she doesn't acquire it with unusual facility."

"Well, now, Sir, I don't propose to send my child to school, and pay out my money, and to have her waste her time studying some tomfoolery, for the sake of finding out whether some other tomfoolery is right or wrong. No, Sir, I'm not such an ignoramus as you take me for."

"But, Sir, you surely will not call the noble Latin tomfoolery."

"It would be tomfoolery for her. What use will it ever be to her? What good will it do her? It will do for male teachers and preachers to study Latin, but what good will it ever do that girl?"

"It *will* be of use to her," said my mother, decidedly. "It will give her a better position in society. Any thing is useful which will increase people's respect for you; and you know that the world thinks well of a good scholar. What made our neighborhood the finest in all this portion of the State? and what makes Mr. Cunningham so respected wherever he's known? You may scold as much as you please, but it won't alter the fact that education and learning increase people's respectability. Fanny can study Latin without any additional expense too. You've subscribed three scholars, and you've got to pay for them. Fanny might as well take Latin and save the money."

My father made some farther show of fight, as was his wont, but I knew it was a settled thing that Fanny was to study Latin, for my mother seldom failed to carry her point.

I had never before given a second thought to Fanny's talents or scholarship. She was so much younger, was such a wee thing, we had never been brought into competition. True, my mother had not unfrequently said to me that, considering our ages, she was the better scholar. But on such occasions I eased my heart by the mental reply, "Oh! that's because you're her teacher." Then, too, Fanny often spelled words, in her shy, modest way, on which I had failed; or she occasionally parsed some word which had puzzled me; but this momentary superiority had occasioned me but a momentary uneasiness. What did she know about geography, in which I was so perfectly at home? History—what did she know about that? and hadn't I been half through the "Child's First Book of History?" And wasn't my "ciphering" a profound mystery to her? I knew so much of which she was ignorant that I had never thought of her in the light of a rival. I had never cherished any feeling of envy toward the little thing. But from the time when the decision was made that she was to study Latin I became envious of my sister. That night I was awake a long

time for a little girl. Fanny was about to enter a strange, mysterious land, which to me was blockaded. They were going to make a great scholar of my sister; they considered her more capable than I; they thought more of her; or why did they not put me to Latin?—I was the older.

The following morning, as I was turning the grindstone for my father as he held an axe pressed to the wet, revolving stone, I broached the subject prominent in my thoughts.

"Pa, is Fanny going to study Latin?"

"I suppose so," he replied, with a snarl. "Your mother will have it. It 'll be just so much time thrown away, I suppose; but I'll have to pay the money anyhow, and she might as well try and get some good of it."

"I wish I could study it."

"Why?" he asked, with peevish impatience. "What good would it do you if you knew all the *Latin* in the world?"

"It will do me as much good as it will Fanny, and I am older than her." (A three-years' attendance at Mr. Cunningham's famous school had not insured me against grammatical errors.) "May I study it, father?"

"No. I want you to hurry and get through your schooling. I can't be paying out money always for you. You must get through in two years at the farthest, and then you can teach school yourself, and Fanny can go to school to you, or you can marry a man with a long row of negro cabins."

The suggestion of being a school-teacher wore any thing but a pleasing aspect, for it was a familiar thing to witness among my school-mates the resentment occasioned by the slightest insinuation that they would ever engage in teaching. And "being educated for a teacher" was a stinging taunt, employed when deep mortification was intended.

As we walked to school that morning—my little sister and I—I watched her narrowly to ascertain whether she gave herself airs; but the little thing, in her green gingham sun-bonnet and blue-checked apron, high in the neck and long-sleeved, walked modestly and demurely by my side, turning in her toes—walking pigeon-toed I used to tell her—and now and then stumping them against some grub in the newly-cut road. On such occasions she would look up timidly and apologetically in my face, and then her eyes would seek the ground as though she meant to to look out for the grubs thereafter.

It was with considerable interest that I entered the new school-room. My life had been so narrow—I had never been five miles from my father's plantation—I had seen so little that trifles had their interest, and the commonplace its romance. The new white-framed school-house seemed palatial. It was an oblong building with a door on each side and a chimney at each end, though there was but one fire-place finished, rough planks being placed over the opening in the floor at the other end.

The classes were soon arranged, for the new

teacher was a worker, and I was engaged on an example in "Tare and Tret," having for the time forgotten Fanny. But this obliviousness was not to endure. The class in Latin was called. I looked up, and, amidst a number of girls and boys twice her size, I saw my little sister with a timid, half-frightened manner moving to the recitation-bench.

When I think of that nervous, frightened child for the first time in a school-room, with her thin, white, baby-like hair parted and brushed so carefully, and with that pitifully timid look in her large, honest blue eyes, there surges through my heart such a wild regret, such a restless, impatient, unsubmissive grief—such remorse. Oh could I but relieve that period! How would I shelter and cherish and foster that little sensitive plant! It would be my happiness to lay the poor, timid child in my bosom, and soothe her as I would my own baby. But what a different heart I carried then! I was envious of my little sister. I cared nothing that others in the school studied Latin—the advancement, the superiority of no other pupil gave me any concern. My little sister, whose improvement should have been dear as my own, of her I was envious.

All my attention was directed toward that recitation-bench. There she sat, the pale, earnest child of nine years among those great boys and girls, looking straight at the teacher with her large, solemn blue eyes. She was the first called upon to recite. How cruel my envy made me! I more than half wished to have her fail. Every eye was turned upon her—the whole school was breathless, for Latin was a strange, mysterious something to those unscholarly children; it had never before been taught in the neighborhood. Soon her infantile voice, slightly tremulous, broke the silence: "*Musa, musæ, musam*," etc.

"Very well! very well!" cried the teacher, cordially. "Now decline *litera* backward, beginning at the ablative plural."

I expected her to fail on this requisition, as I knew she had been studying *musa* only, and I was not then aware that that word represented a class. To my surprise she went through with it without hesitating. Then the teacher cross-questioned her, passing from the singular to the plural number, skipping cases, back and forth, in quick succession. No balking, no hesitating; she had it all clear as light. Murmurs of admiration ran around the room. I alone was sullenly silent. All generously conceded her triumph except her own sister. Now I tell of her success with pride, I would publish it to the world; then I would have wiped it out forever.

When the recitation was ended she came to her seat beside me, and with a quiet happiness in her eyes said, as she looked up shyly into my face,

"We take the second declension next time, Poky."

"Stop calling me Poky," I cried, snapping out the words, and turning my back upon her.

Oh that I could again hear those words from that little child! What care I should take to assure her of my sympathy, my pleasure, my pride!

I do not know how she received those cruel words. I was ashamed to look in the child's earnest eyes.

About an hour later, with a wearied look in her pale face, my little sister brought her head close up to mine and whispered,

"Poky, I've learned my Latin lesson; will you please lend me your slate and pencil, and," she continued, brightening, "I'll draw your picture, and you shall be a lady with a long dress and a parasol. Will you, Poky?"

"No, I won't; my slate's got my sums on it."

"Is algebra nice, Poky?"

"Mind your business."

There was no relenting in my ill-humor during that morning. In vain the boys threw over their *billets-doux* in the shape of paper bullets; in vain the girls across the room spelled their fun on their fingers; in vain the teacher commended my aptness in mathematics. All availed me nothing so long as I saw Mordecai sitting in the king's gate.

At noon as Fanny and I was with the dinner-basket between us on the trunk of a fallen tree in the shade of an ancient oak, she, speaking with unusual animation, said,

"Poky, I wish you could study Latin; it's funny, and I like it." My impulse on hearing this speech was to take the little thing by the shoulder and shake her until she was dizzy. "But learning Latin makes any body hungry," she added, with a ludicrously devouring look at the dinner-basket which I was then uncovering.

This last remark was a suggestion. I'd make the little hungry, tired child wait while I took my dinner. I'd punish her for throwing her Latin in my face constantly.

"I am older than you," I said; "so you sit there and wait until I have eaten my dinner, then you can have yours."

Her great, solemn blue eyes grew larger as they were fastened on my face with a half-wondering, half-grieved expression. She had all her life been used to yielding her will to mine; so she uttered no remonstrance, but sat in silence, watching me as with the utmost deliberation I proceeded to take my dinner. I remember now just what was in the basket: two slices of boiled ham; four beaten biscuits baked brown and permeated with butter, to which they had been treated while smoking hot from the oven; two hard-boiled eggs, with a little paper of salt; a small vial of sugar-house molasses, and a bottle of rather blue milk. In making my dinner I chose the best of every thing—not that I was a selfish glutton, but that I meant to punish my sister for studying Latin. I knew, though I did not look at her while taking my dinner, that she kept her large eyes fastened on my face, and I wondered what she was thinking about, and

what her thoughts of me were like. Having finished my dinner, I set the basket on the log, and ran off to play, regardless of the look of entreaty from the poor child who had never before been from her mother's side.

At the close of the school session we started on our walk of two miles home. The teacher, after inquiring if we knew the way, walked on and soon left us behind.

"There!" I cried in a harsh, upbraiding tone, when he was out of hearing, "if it wasn't for you I might go along with Mr. Woodbridge. I'm sure I'd rather talk with him than with such a simpleton as you. Do come along! What a great poky you are!"

"You're Poky," she replied, with a little laugh, in allusion to my name.

This clever rejoinder from the little thing I punished by angrily crying out, "None of your impertinence, or I'll go off and leave you!"

This threat silenced her at once, and occasioned her to send nervous, timid glances into the shadowy, darkening woods through which the new road wound, and which she believed to be haunted by fugitive slaves. Then I hurried on as rapidly as I could walk, forcing the child to a run. After a while I remarked the weary thump, thump of her little feet, and her quick, short breathing with, every now and then, a fall as her foot struck a grub or other impediment in the rough road: still there was no complaint, no remonstrance from the patient child.

"Why don't you come along?" I screamed every few minutes. "You needn't think to keep me traveling at this snail's pace much longer. 'It'll be dark before we get home. I don't mean to wait for you any longer,'" I said, at length, and started off at a brisk run.

"Oh, wait for me, Poky!" I heard my little sister cry out in pitiful accents; but my merciless feet only moved the swifter.

However, I dared not go home without her, so at a turn in the road I hid in a clump of undergrowth by the way. Ere long I caught the sound of her frightened sobbing, and soon she came in sight, running, but oh, so heavily, as though each step must be her last! My first thought was to spring from the thicket with some frightful noise, but I allowed her to pass. She kept on running as rapidly as her little tired limbs would permit, while I followed leisurely, enjoying her suffering.

A little child, frightened, foot-sore, and weary, alone on a lonely road with darkening woods around, and sobbing piteously, oh! there is terror and torture in that memory.

After a time, from sheer weariness, she ceased running; then I ran softly until within a few yards, when I uttered an unearthly noise. With a cry of terror she sank to the ground, but not until she had turned her head to ascertain the horror which was upon her. Seeing me, the poor little thing tried to smile. For the remainder of our walk I endeavored to banish unpleasant things from her mind, for I had become apprehensive that she might report my treatment. In

such an event I knew that severe punishment awaited me, for my father was a hard man.

"Well, how do you like school, Fanny?" asked our mother, as the child came in her long night-dress to kiss her good-night.

"Some of it I like; I love to study Latin, and I love at noon to see the girls play, and I like the dinner. Mother, it tastes better than warm dinners at home."

My eyes fell, for I expected to hear the whole story of my playing mistress at dinner. But not a word was there concerning my cruel treatment. Emboldened by her generous silence, on the following day I renewed my persecutions. These were followed by a series of petty annoyances, studied slights, and grievous, cruel wrongs through weeks of patient long-suffering. Still the child did not seem to lose her confidence in me. She deferred to my judgment, yielding her will to mine, and when my persecution relented there was something like a return of her former sober, undemonstrative kind of affection. But in general her great thoughtful eyes studied my face with a frightened, inquiring look, as though endeavoring to ascertain what new torture awaited her. In the mean while she went steadily forward in her Latin to the delight of her teacher, and was the wonder and talk of the neighborhood, and the pride of her mother. Had she faltered, had she occasionally failed in a recitation, I might have oftener forgotten to be unkind; but that perpetual perfection—for her recitations were nothing less than perfection—was unpardonable.

It was not long before she came home with a quiet exultation in her eyes.

"Father," she said, as he sat on the rude piazza in his shirt-sleeves, "I must have a Latin Reader. We are going to translating."

"A *Latun* Reader!" he cried, peevishly. "And what good, I should like to know, is all this *Latun* to do you? It won't help you to earn your bread; it won't buy you a frock. No man will marry you any sooner for having your head filled with *Latun*. I don't intend to work myself to death to fill the house with *Latun* books. Here, I've been picking cotton all day—working just like a negro—and I don't mean to spend all I make buying books that are of no earthly use to any body!"

Fanny looked with a solemn kind of wonderment at her father during this rain of words, while I secretly rejoiced at the mortification which I well knew she must feel. My poor mother—I don't know what we might have suffered, but that she stood between her children and their father's harshness.

"The child can't study Latin without books," she very quietly remarked on this occasion.

"Well, and who cares to have her study *Latun*? What good will it ever do her?"

"Educated people are more thought of than ignorant people, as *you* should know." [My mother hadn't learned the arguments in defense of classical education. Her mind saw but one advantage.] "Isn't it any thing to be talked

about and praised by the whole neighborhood, as Fanny is? There's Oliver Lashure, he's always talking about her. He remarked, in a company of gentlemen in the village the other day, that she was a prodigy. And just see how every body notices her at church. I care something for what people think of me. I've got some pride! Your father never did have any pride," she continued, turning to me. "The family would have gone to the dogs long before this but for me. I've kept your heads above water."

I longed to side with my father in reference to the Reader; and I could have done so with some propriety, as my toes were out, and my mother had that morning answered my petition for a new pair of shoes by the information, impatiently given, that she had no money to spend for shoes. But there was nothing I so much dreaded as that my envious feeling toward my sister should be suspected. My father yielded, as he generally did after a certain show of combativeness, and the Reader was purchased. On the day that the book was placed in her hands I was almost wild with rage and indignation. There were my toes staring into my face through my yawning shoes, yet there was money for Fanny's Latin book: I could have torn it into inch pieces! I was hungry for my sister's happiness, her comfort, her pleasure. That morning in school I could not study; my mind was seeking some new misery for her. It was not until I saw the girls at noon assembling for play that I made my decision. No one enjoyed the games at noon more than did Fanny in her quiet way. On this particular day, being pleased with her Reader and with the fables she had been translating, she came to her play with the right mind for its full enjoyment. I was the leading spirit on the play-ground, and I determined to exclude my sister from the game. So I stood up there, and called one name after another until every girl in the school was embraced except Fanny. And there the poor child stood slighted, mortified, disappointed, grieved. She stood for a moment, and then turned and walked into the deserted school-room companionless.

But my unkindness could not defraud Fanny of the deep pleasure she found in her Latin Reader. What wonderful stories I used to hear from her about beasts and fishes and birds that talked and quarreled, plotted and waged battles. What a marvel the child seemed; so clearly and accurately and invariably, with mathematical precision, getting the author's meaning! How strange those things sounded conveyed in her babyish voice—so hated then, so sweet to memory now!

In the mean time there was on my part a ceaseless crossing of her wishes, a systematic wounding of her tender nature. I studiously excluded her from my pastimes; but for this she found comfort in her dolls. On Saturdays, and when the weather kept us from school, she would sit playing with these puppets, holding grave, motherly converse with them; assuming the char-

acter of teacher, her pupils would recite Latin by the hour. I felt that through these dolls I could give her a blow, and the opportunity was soon offered.

One morning during the summer vacation my old teacher, Mr. Cunningham, called. My mother was very proud of Fanny's scholarship—poor woman! she had little else upon which to pride herself—and on this morning, as was her wont when we had visitors, she summoned my sister to read and translate some Latin. This she did in such a manner as to excite the enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Cunningham. He perched her on his knee, patted her pale cheek, stroked her fair hair, and kissed her noble brow again and again. He took her by the shoulders, and shook her with affectionate playfulness, saying that he meant some night to come and steal her, and have her for his little girl, and asking her if she would marry him if he should put a spider in Mrs. Cunningham's dumpling. He didn't notice me, except to remark that I ran up like a bad weed.

In the afternoon of the same day my mother went to make a call on a neighbor. There was such bitterness in my heart toward my sister that I would not allow her to speak to me. She went to the garret, and brought down all her dolls and dolls' clothes. There were some wonderful specimens of dress-making and millinery among them. She had never had a doll or toy bought for her—our father didn't believe in throwing money away on such fooling—and it had cost her a vast deal of work, and a vast deal of trading and bargaining to get her dolls, and to clothe them. She loved them as her life. There was quite an array of rag-dolls without legs—which deformity was concealed by their long dresses—and without shoulders, being the same size all the way down, which were, however, fortunate in the possession of eyes, nose, and mouth, in the shape of little daubs of ink. These were dear to her, because the work of her own hands; but her heart's idol was a little store-doll, as she called it, which she had named Florine. This young lady had a wonderful quantity of hair, dressed very high, with a tall comb and with great puffs against her small old-womanish face. Her chief charm, however, consisted in the fact that she was jointed, and could be made to sit down and to move her arms. Fanny had purchased it from one of her school-mates at the price of one hundred peaches and eleven bouquets, which patiently, morning after morning, she was for weeks engaged in delivering.

It was a cruelty more cruel than the grave to consign to the flames, as I did that afternoon, those little doll dresses and bonnets which she had been at such pains in making; those precious bits of lace and ribbon and finery, those dear rag-dolls, and, above all, Florine, the beautiful, the beloved. One by one I dropped them on the glowing coals, and saw them as they browned, shriveled, flashed into flame, and then died to ashes. Fanny stood by crying, wringing her hands, and beseeching me to desist. When

I held up Florine, swaying and dancing her over the coals, the child's pleadings were as those of a mother for the life of her babe. When she saw the loved form stretched on the cruel coals, she snatched it half-consumed to her heart, and, with the lamentation of Rachel for her slain children, threw herself on her face. I went out of the room for some moments, and when I returned she had gone up to the garret. That night, for the first time in her life, Fanny entered a complaint against her persecutor. My mother on her return found the child with eyes swollen and head throbbing. After repeated inquiries and much urging her great sorrow burst from her amidst sobs and tears:

"Oh! mother, Poky burned all my dolls and their little dresses, and Florine—she looked so pitiful—oh! oh!"

It may gratify the reader to learn that for the following week I was kept on bread and water. But poor Fanny was inconsolable. She resolutely declined my mother's offer to purchase her a new doll with joints. Florine's place in her heart should never be yielded to another dolly. Such seemed to be her feeling.

Time rolled on, and my sister advanced with a sure, firm tread through Cæsar and Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Sallust and Horace, and all the way with my envious eyes following her, for time did not cure my mind of its shameful disease. I was not proud that all the neighbors remarked the steady, unfaltering pace with which that little girl kept shoulder to shoulder with great boys, with the young Lashures, and the physician's sons, and with my old teacher's boys. My family-pride was not gratified. I did not care to rise on her shoulders. I only felt that I was overshadowed by my younger sister. Had she been my senior I might have taken pride in her success, but to be eclipsed by a child so many years my junior, in that was the humiliation. Even to this day I can never see great superiority in a younger brother or sister without a feeling of regret.

I have said that time failed to cure my heart of its envy. I assumed a superiority which I did not always feel, in all matters where my sister was concerned. She possessed a quiet humor, a dry kind of wit, which I should have enjoyed in another; but in her they failed to call out any appreciative smile or remark. When she was speaking I made it a matter of habit to appear indifferent or absorbed, and as she warmed and glowed I became cold and listless. I never noticed a remark of hers unless it gave me the opportunity to censure or criticise. Now I could almost feel amused at the ridiculously stiffened countenance I would assume whenever my sister spoke. Particularly at her quaint wit and droll humor would my features grow rigid as steel.

Fanny was just turned fourteen when our father died. My mother, with her purse released from his penurious grasp, was led by her pride into extravagances unwarranted by her limited means. Fanny and I were placed in an expensive boarding-school where a large outlay in

dressings was demanded. There we were put to the study of music, in accordance with her long-cherished wish. Then a carriage and a span of handsome iron-gray horses were purchased, and, shortly afterward, a piano and new parlor furniture, preparatory to my *début* as a young lady. Some thirteen months after my father's death the last payment on the plantation, amounting to some four hundred dollars, fell due. My mother, already paying heavy interest on borrowed money, sold one of the slave women to meet the payment. Her husband becoming dissatisfied, with his son, a lad of sixteen years, made good his escape to Canada, from which quarter he sent us a letter of adieus, not, however, until my mother had spent three hundred dollars in efforts to recover the fugitives. Well, all these things together brought a large debt upon the estate, and one day, some three years after my father's death, the farm and negroes were sold at auction. My mother took a small house in the village and advertised a spare room for gentlemen boarders that never came. About this time Fanny, who had always been a tiny, delicate thing, gave indications of having inherited the seeds of consumption from our father's family. She began to decline rapidly, and my mother, with whom she was always the favorite, became absorbed in the care of the sick girl.

"Pocahontas," said my mother, as she perceived that her advertisement for gentlemen boarders remained unanswered, "I suppose you'll have to go to teaching; I don't see any other way. Somebody must do something. Fanny can't, and I don't see what I can do."

Had I been sentenced to the gallows I could scarcely have felt worse than on hearing this from my mother, convinced, as I was, that she spoke the truth. But I passed weeks after this in irresolution and inactivity. I had a feeling that to sit there in that poor house, in my shabby dress, with my sister sick and with want staring us in the face—to sit there doing nothing was less disgraceful than to go to work. Such is the unhealthy sentiment which slavery engenders.

However, after a time, feeling that starvation was at the door, I summoned sufficient courage to answer an advertisement for a visiting governess to take charge of the instruction of a little boy and girl in an adjoining village. In a few days I received a letter from the mother, containing information in reference to the situation, and stating that, provided I could teach Latin, the position was at my acceptance. I wondered what my father would say to this! Here was what promised to be a pleasant situation, with light labors and good pay, from which I was shut off by my ignorance of Latin, which he had always pronounced a useless study for me.

On the day that I received the letter my sister was lying on a lounge, her usually pale face lighted by a beautiful flush. I did not appreciate her condition. I saw her every day up and dressed, uncomplaining and looking well. I

had no thought that she was near the Dark River. Her sickness had wrought no material change in my manner. There was no open persecution; but I was cold, and endeavored to make the poor girl feel my indifference to her health and comfort. I have not the memory of a single kind or sisterly act performed for her to comfort me now.

My mother, I suppose, had acquainted Fanny with my disqualification for the governess's place; for in my plans, and arrangements, and confidences I completely ignored her existence.

"Poky," she said, shyly and timidly.

I merely lifted my eyes to her face in token that I heard her; I would not condescend to speak.

"You know, if you could get that place, mother would give up this house and go to N——, so that you could board at home; and I've been thinking that you might study Latin at home. You are very clever; you could learn so much faster than the boy, you know. In two or three weeks you could acquire all that a child of his age could learn in a year. Your perceptions are so quick, you'd not be likely to find any difficulty, and if you should, I— Well, you know I've studied it a great many years, and perhaps I might be able to help you, you know, Poky," she said, deprecatingly, and with a pitiful, beseeching tone.

As I remember it now, I hear in that tone the pleading of a slighted, heart-crushed sister. Then I believe I could have walked up to her and taken her life—the little chit of a girl proposing to teach me Latin!

"Fanny," I said, trembling in every muscle with rage, "if you ever mention your Latin to me again I am afraid I shall kill you. You have been the bane of my existence. You have caused me all the unhappiness I ever knew. I hate you, and I'd see you starve before I'd learn any thing from you."

I was too excited to mark narrowly the effect of my words. I observed, however, that when I had finished speaking she covered her face with her hand, closed her eyes, and lay very quiet, while I swept from the room.

Those cruel words were the last I spoke to my sister. I found in a distant State a situation as resident governess at a poor salary in no very pleasant family. I did not begrudge the remittances which went to the support of my mother and sister. Indeed, I enjoyed the thought that my sister was in a degree dependent upon me. Occasional letters passed between my mother and myself, but they contained no messages for or from Fanny. I don't know whether or not my mother observed this. Perhaps she excused their absence, on the one hand, from the general character which I gave my letters, and on the other from my sister's sickness. As I have before said, I did not appreciate my sister's condition. "Fanny is a little better this morning"—"Your sister does not seem quite so well to-day"—I would read from my mother's letters; but had I believed her to be near eter-

nity I know I should have been afraid to hate her. Indeed, being removed from her, there was considerable abatement in the bitterness of my feeling. I had a position in Southern Illinois, where teachers are honored, and the thought that the great scholar of the family was lying at home a useless burden, dependent upon me, contributed much to the softening of my heart toward her. Besides, I had been diligently engaged since my residence there in the study of Latin, accepting occasional aid from the Episcopal minister of the place. I was apt to learn; my mind was disciplined. I advanced rapidly, and in a few months was reading and translating Virgil with fluency. Then, as my sister's superiority in this direction gradually lessened, my envy diminished. I regretted that I had not at an earlier date undertaken the Latin. Fanny and I might have held pleasant companionship together; we might have loved each other. I felt that it would be pleasant to have the love of a noble nature. Fanny's quaint fun, her droll humor, her originality and freshness of mind, her meekness and long-suffering, began to be remembered. There were some faint yearnings toward my misused sister, some desires for a pleasanter relation with her. "The next time I write to mother I'll send Fanny a message," I said one day. That night I had a telegram requesting me to hasten home, as my sister was dying. The first thought which came to me on reading this almost paralyzed me with horror. My sister will take those cruel words of mine into Eternity with her; she will never know of my penitence; she will never pronounce my forgiveness.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry!" was about all they could draw from me as they made the necessary arrangements for my departure. The boat, almost as soon as we started, entered upon a race with another steamer; and while the other lady passengers cowered and trembled at the fearful speed at which we moved, I exulted. Often, as I stood on the guards watching the mad dash of the turbid waters as we sped down the mighty river, and thinking of my sister as dead, I was tempted to throw myself under the wheel, where death was certain, and in the land of spirits seek her whom I had so injured, and win her forgiveness.

At last I was set down at home. With a fearful dread I remarked that there was not a sound or look of life about the house. The doors and blinds were all closed, though it was a beautiful day in May, and the soft, sweet air would have been grateful to an invalid's cheek. As I turned the door-knob I perceived a knot of crape. Then I crept softly into the little parlor where I knew she must be lying. An open rose-wood coffin rested on the chairs. I opened the shutters, and drew back the curtains; then I stood beside the coffin and looked for the last time upon the face of my little sister. Those solemn, blue eyes with a heartache look in them, were closed forever; the droll, wistful mouth was rigid; over the meek, patient heart the faithful hands were

folded. On the brow, which had a look of almost painful intellectuality, rested a wreath of white rose-buds.

This much I remarked, and turned to go, when a blindness, a darkness—the darkness of despair and the horrible pit—enveloped me, and I plunged headlong.

"'Tell Poky that I forgive her.'" This, uttered by my mother in a tone of insistence, was the first thing I remember after my fall by my sister's coffin. The words had just arrested my attention, though my poor mother had been repeating them to me a hundred times a day for more than a week.

"What is that you say?" I cried, starting up in bed. "Who said that?"

"Your sister said it, dear, your sister Fanny; and she left her love, and some messages for you. Would you like to hear them?"

"Yes, tell me," I said, eagerly; "tell me all about it. Make haste!"

"A little while before she went," responded my mother, "Fanny called me to her, and said, 'Mother, I sha'n't last until Poky gets here, and when she finds me dead and gone forever she'll feel very sorry for some things; but tell her, mother, that I forgive her, and that I have loved her all along, for she was my own, own sister. She'll want to do something for me—I know she will—and tell her to plant a rose-bush over my grave; tell her I meant to ask her to do so with my arms around her neck, but they'll be stiff when she comes. So, mother, kneel down here, and kiss me for poor dear Poky.' And that was all she said."

I heard and understood and devoured every word my mother had spoken, and I wept—the despair was gone.

PRESIDENT MONROE AND HIS ADMINISTRATION.

THE period of Mr. Monroe's administration, from the 4th of March, 1817, to the 4th of March, 1825, is justly regarded as the golden age of our political history. It will be well for the present generation to make themselves familiar with its incidents and their lessons. It was the transition-period between the patriotic devotion of the Revolution and the dominant selfishness of the present day. The native sagacity with which our early statesmen baffled the diplomatic skill and intrigue of Europe had ripened by the practical experience of thirty years in the administration of affairs. Private interests had not swelled to such enormous magnitude as to keep the ablest of our men from engaging in the public service. Party-spirit had not eaten out a just concern for the honor of the country. Slavery had not extinguished patriotism in half of the States of the Union. John Adams, Jefferson, Marshall, and others, who had been the pilots of the nation through the stormy sea of the Revolution, and the fathers of the Constitution, were still alive. Madison, Monroe, Rufus King, William Pinckney,

and many others, had participated in the organization of the Government, and shared the anxieties of the "Second War of Independence;" by which, whatever else it did or failed to do, the public contempt of Europe, that had been our shield from aggression, was exchanged for the profound conviction that we were best to be "let alone." During this administration occurred that extraordinary lull in party strife among us which is still known as the "era of good feelings." So completely had party-spirit died out that Mr. Monroe was elected to his second term by every vote of the electoral colleges but one solitary dissident. The truth is, that after the experiences of the war of 1812, and the triumphant election of Mr. Monroe in 1816 as the Republican candidate, the leaders of the old Federal party gave up the contest, and desired now to be known as all Jeffersonian Republicans. In the spring of 1817, a few weeks after his inauguration, President Monroe made a journey, partly of business, through all the Northern States, to Portland in the East and Detroit in the Northwest, and was every where greeted with the utmost cordiality by the whole body of the people. He appeared in public clothed in the proper uniform—three-cornered hat and scarlet-bordered blue coat—of a colonel in the army of the Revolution, which was his military rank, received from General Washington after he was wounded at Trenton. His appropriate costume, combined with his simple dignity of manner, and evident sincerity of purpose, served to win the general respect and confidence of the people. Boston well remembers the splendid and costly entertainments and other displays made for the President by Harrison Gray Otis and other wealthy and distinguished Federalists, as a token of their acquiescence in his administration. This had not been purchased by any trimming or truckling on his part; for when General Jackson recommended to him to appoint some Federalists to his Cabinet or other leading stations, he defended his course by saying that "decided friends who stand firm in the day of trial are to be principally relied on;" and he considered it necessary that "the administration should rest strongly with the Republican party." It was the unity, strength, and self-reliance of the dominant party, controlled by liberal patriotism and guided by far-seeing wisdom, that secured public confidence and prepared the way for "the era of good feelings." It is a lesson of wisdom for other Presidents and other generations of statesmen.

Mr. Monroe has not been estimated at his full worth in the public opinion of this generation. He was in truth one of the great men of our history. He left college in his eighteenth year to join the army as a cadet, and rose rapidly to the rank of colonel, and was elected a member of the Old Congress before he was twenty-five years old. There he distinguished himself by the breadth of his views, the soundness of his judgment, the extent of his knowledge, and the sincerity of his patriotism. He was the Chair-

man of the Committee of Congress on whose recommendation the Convention was called that framed our glorious Constitution. Mr. John Quincy Adams, in the eulogy which he delivered at the request of the city of Boston, August 26, 1831, relates in detail a transaction of the Old Congress which illustrates the great speciality of Mr. Monroe's mind—his clear perception and unyielding maintenance of all that belongs to the honor and independence of the nation in its relation to other powers. In the year 1785 the King of Spain showed the estimation in which he held the infant republic by sending us, not a Minister Plenipotentiary, but an "*Encargado de Negocios*," a diplomatic agent of the lowest rank, to negotiate in regard to our claims to the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Mr. Adams says that at that time "Spain denied the right of the people of the United States to navigate the Mississippi as pertinaciously, and in as lofty a tone, as Great Britain denies to us, *on the same pretense*, to this day the right of navigating the St. Lawrence." Mr. Jay, then our Secretary for Foreign Affairs, recommended to Congress to make a compromise, and agree that, in return for certain commercial advantages conceded to us, we would forego the exercise of the right we claimed on the Mississippi for a limited term of twenty-five or thirty years. Mr. Monroe instinctively saw what a fatal concession this would be for an infant republic to make to the dictation and arrogance of a European power, and he opposed the scheme with great earnestness and ability. Mr. Rufus King, then a representative from Massachusetts, supported the proposal with equal vigor, and carried the votes of all the Northern States in its favor, while the whole South was equally united against it. The dispute was very bitter, and was the first purely sectional struggle between the North and the South, in the series of which the great Rebellion is the last. The vote, taken by States, stood seven for to five against the proposal, Delaware not being represented at the time. The figures show the falsity of the pretext alleged so confidently in our day, that the Northern and Southern States were equal in number when the Constitution was adopted. But as nine States were required to make a treaty, the measure was defeated. It was a most fortunate deliverance for us. In seven years from that time the right of navigating the Mississippi to the sea was conceded by Spain in solemn treaty; and in less than twenty years Mr. Monroe had the satisfaction of giving to the United States the undivided dominion of the Mississippi and all its branches from source to mouth. Such are the fruits of intelligent and determined firmness in maintaining the honor of the nation in our intercourse with foreign powers, instead of the bargaining and compromising propensities of the commercial interests. It was by no means the last of the occasions in which the country has been indebted to Southern statesmen for the ready perception and firm support of our true honor and independence. It remains to be seen whether the

statesmen of the North can ever free themselves so far from what Napoleon called the genius of the shop as to comprehend and stand by the demands of national honor, although that is always in the long-run the wisest policy for commerce as it is for every other national interest.

Mr. Monroe took an active part in the discussions connected with the adoption of the Constitution, and was very strenuous in urging Virginia to a conditional adoption—an absurdity now sufficiently palpable, but it puzzled many honest minds at that time. Although he finally voted against the adopting act in Virginia, and was always ranked with the anti-Federal party, he was undoubtedly much more national in his feelings than many of the Southern leaders. He was chosen a Senator of the United States in the first session of the new Congress, and lent his aid in the organization of the Government for about four years. President Washington, who knew him thoroughly, not only as a soldier and a statesman but as a near neighbor and friend, selected him in 1794 to represent the United States at the Court of France. It was at the most trying period of Washington's administration, when our country fairly reeled with the excitement growing out of the Proclamation of Neutrality, and France was drunk with the excesses of the Revolution, during the administration of the Committee of Public Safety and the Executive Directory. It was a most distinguished mark of confidence toward Monroe, as it was a most momentous responsibility that he assumed. Looking back at his conduct from this distance of time, although his mission accomplished but little of specific results, it ought to be admitted the appointment was a fortunate one for the country, as it helped to carry us over a most perilous situation. Mr. Monroe's course was not only honorable and faithful, but in several cases singularly sagacious and discreet. Soon after his recall he was chosen Governor of Virginia for three years. In the mean time Bonaparte had been made First Consul, and had conceived a magnificent project for establishing a grand military colony in Louisiana, the territory which he had just extorted from the imbecility of Spain, having first procured the exclusion of our people from the privilege of deposit at New Orleans. His veteran legions, released from active service by the transient peace of Amiens, were to be planted on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and of the Mississippi, to overawe and curb, and eventually to dominate this republic. It was the precursor of the more gigantic and grasping project of his successor, now in process of execution a little further to the South. These things acted like an electric shock upon the whole country. The West especially clamored for war. Fortunately Mr. Jefferson had conceived the idea of effecting a purchase of New Orleans and the adjacent territory, and Mr. Robert R. Livingston, our Minister at Paris, had already prepared and presented to the French Government a very able memorial in favor of the transfer, showing that it would ad-

vance the interests of France no less than those of the United States. At that moment Napoleon was not in a humor to listen to the proposal. President Jefferson then threw upon Mr. Monroe the perilous and almost hopeless responsibility of the case on which the whole future of the country so much depended, by sending him to France as Envoy Extraordinary, to preserve and secure to us the use of the Mississippi River. He reached Havre on the 10th of April, and Paris on the 12th, to find that every thing was most unexpectedly changed. The flames of war had broken out again in Europe, the twenty thousand veterans encamped at Helvoetsluys for the military colony in Louisiana were wanted elsewhere, "France wanted money, and must have it," the First Consul had already, on the 8th, announced to his Council his determination to sell the whole territory to the United States. In fact, Talleyrand had gone so far, on the 10th, as to ask Mr. Livingston how much the United States would give for the whole. Of course nothing remained for Mr. Monroe but to agree in the price, and "the negotiation was concluded in a fortnight."

Thus the whole valley of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the Great Plains, and the Pacific Coast, down to the forty-second degree of latitude, became the territory of the United States; in fact, doubling the extent of our national domain. His special mission to Spain, to settle the question of boundaries and purchase the territory of Florida, failed at that time. Mr. Adams says of the papers which he prepared and presented in this case, "that among the creditable State papers of this nation they will rank in the highest order; that they deserve the close and scrutinizing attention of every American statesman, and will remain solid, however unornamented, monuments of intellectual power applied to national claims of right." And in 1819, during his first Presidential term, he had the satisfaction of acquiring Florida by peaceful purchase, and thus of rounding out our national boundary in a manner that, to human view, would leave us no more trouble with our "outside row" for a century at least. Mr. Adams exclaims:

"Look at the map of United North America, as it was at the definitive peace of 1783. Compare it with the map of that same Empire as it is now (1826) limited by the Sabine and the Pacific Ocean; and say, the change, more than of any other man, living or dead, was the work of JAMES MONROE.".....He adds, "The acquisition of the Floridas completed that series of negotiations (perhaps it were no exaggeration to say of revolutions) which had commenced under the Confederation with the Encargado de Negocios of Spain. Viewed as a whole, throughout its extent, can there be a doubt in considering it as the most magnificent supplement to our national Independence presented by our history? And can there arise a historian of this Republican Empire, who shall fail to perceive, or hesitate to acknowledge, that throughout the long

series of these transactions, which more than doubled the territories of the North American Confederation, the leading mind of that great movement in the annals of the world, and thus far in the march of human improvement upon earth, was the mind of JAMES MONROE?"

Time fails for describing his service, as Minister to England, in the grand struggle between neutral rights and belligerent pretensions. From 1805, as Mr. Adams says, "to the peace of Ghent, the biography of James Monroe is the history of that struggle, and in a great degree the history of this nation." These negotiations, Mr. Adams thinks, would have been successful had Mr. Fox lived, and "might have restored peace and harmony so far as it can subsist between emulous and rival nations." The death of Fox changed it all. In 1811 Mr. Monroe became Secretary of State under President Madison; and in 1814, after the trial and failure of two others in the conduct of the war with England, he was appointed Secretary of War also. There are a few yet living who remember with admiration the success of the third occupant of the War Office in diffusing vigor, confidence, and unity through the military affairs of the country. One difficulty he had to meet, from which the present Government has been wonderfully preserved, by the blessing of Heaven upon the transcendent financier whose genius has saved the nation. At that day, as Mr. Adams says, "so degraded was the credit of the nation, that Mr. Monroe, to raise the funds indispensable for the defense of New Orleans, could obtain them only by pledging his private individual credit as subsidiary to that of the nation. This he did without an instant of hesitation. Nor was he less ready to sacrifice the prospects of laudable ambition to the suffering cause of his country." Finding that the draft was the only means of filling up the army, he boldly recommended it, with all its risks of unpopularity, on the eve of the pending Presidential election, in which he was the leading candidate of his party. If it was necessary to carry his measure, and if the war continued, he resolved to withdraw his name from the canvass. Our history records no instance of equal self-denial among candidates for the Presidency. The news of peace in the beginning of the year 1815 removed all these embarrassments.

With such abilities, after such experiences, and through such public services, on the 4th of March, 1817, he became President of the United States. For his cabinet he chose John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; and Smith Thompson, Secretary of the Navy. No President has had an abler council. It may be doubted whether the executive administration of the Government has not been weakened rather than strengthened by the usage which now makes the cabinet consist of seven members. Washington had only three. But then he took the Vice-President into his confidence.

Mr. Adams was the greatest master of diplomacy in this nation. With the highest natural gifts appropriate to a negotiator, improved by a most finished education both in this country and in Europe, he had grown up in diplomacy from the eleventh year of his age, when he went with his father on the mission to France in 1778. Washington appointed him Minister to the Hague in 1794, when he was still so young as to be called the "General Washington's Boy Minister," and afterward to Portugal. President John Adams sent him to Prussia, where he negotiated a treaty of commerce. In 1803 he was chosen Senator to Congress, where he served six years. On the nomination of Jefferson he became our first accredited Minister to Russia. There he laid the broad foundation for that good understanding which for half a century has never once been broken, and whose effects in controlling the policy of Europe for our advantage during our present struggle can not be overestimated. It was during a friendly conversation with the Emperor Alexander, as they walked arm in arm in the garden of the palace, that the proposal was originated of Russian mediation in the war with Great Britain which led to the treaty of Ghent, in which Mr. Adams was the leading negotiator by appointment of Madison. He then remained Minister to London until he became Secretary of State under Monroe. He had thus enjoyed the confidence of every President, and gained success in the most important negotiations of his time. With a genius that fitted him for every attainment, with habits of the most absolute self-control and the most untiring industry, with a memory that retained all knowledge, however large or however minute, and held it always ready for use when wanted, with an experience in diplomacy larger and more varied than that of any other American, with an integrity that was never tarnished, and a patriotism that had been burned into his boyhood in '76, he was selected by Mr. Monroe, of Virginia, for the first place in his cabinet. Nor was the choice ever regretted.

William H. Crawford was a native of Virginia, and a citizen of Georgia, a man of commanding appearance and commanding talents, educated at Dr. Waddell's famous academy in Georgia, admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-six, and elected to the Senate of the United States in 1807, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He took a leading part in Congress during that momentous period, and was chosen President of the Senate on the death of Vice-President George Clinton; thus introducing a usage which was maintained almost unbroken down to Mr. Lincoln's time, of placing a Southern man in the chair of the Senate, to stand second in the succession in case of a vacancy in the Presidency. In 1813 he went as Minister to France. In 1815 he returned, and was appointed by Mr. Madison Secretary of War in place of Mr. Monroe, and in 1816 Secretary of the Treasury in place of A. J. Dallas; which place he filled through the whole of Monroe's administration.

He always adhered strictly to the Jeffersonian ideas and policy; and being a native of the Old Dominion he was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican caucus in 1824, as their proper exponent and the last representative of what was called the Virginia dynasty. The country failed to indorse the nomination, and he obtained but forty-one electoral votes. A paralytic stroke destroyed his further prospects, although the strength of his mind enabled him for seven years to discharge the duties of a judge of the highest court in Georgia until his death in 1834. He was undoubtedly the greatest man and the most accomplished statesman we have ever had south of South Carolina.

John C. Calhoun, when in his nineteenth year, commenced getting an education for the practice of law. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, studied law under Judges Reeve and Gould at Litchfield, and returned to his native State with the advantages of a New England education added to his Carolina fire, his Scotch-Irish grit, and his uncommon natural abilities. In two years he was elected to the Legislature, and in two years more he took his seat in Congress, and became one of the master spirits in the republic. The War Congress—the twelfth—which met on a special call of the President, November 4, 1811, was remarkable for the great number of young men in it, who were determined not to be controlled by the old leaders of the Jeffersonian party, but to push for a more energetic policy. They elected Henry Clay for Speaker, and Mr. Calhoun became the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and in that capacity took the lead in the system of decisive measures which culminated in the Declaration of War on the 18th of June, 1812. During all his six years' service in Congress he was the strenuous and uncompromising supporter of all measures for strengthening the Government, and increasing the resources of the country, and making them available for national purposes. The increase of the navy, the draft for the army, the protective tariff, internal revenue, manufactures, national bank, and internal improvements by the national Government for national objects, were all favorite measures of his. When called to Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, in 1817, he found the Department of War in the greatest confusion, with unsettled accounts to the amount of fifty millions of dollars, and a general want of system and responsibility, growing out of the extraordinary pressure of business and the great number of unaccustomed hands necessarily employed in the service during the war. His success in restoring order, in reorganizing the staff of the army, and in establishing a system of rigid accountability reaching to every individual attached to the service, and his energy in carrying his schemes into actual execution evinced an administrative capacity unequalled in our history. He became the pride of the nation. The breadth of his views, the ardor of his patriotism, the brilliancy of his eloquence, the wisdom of his policy, the vigor of his administration, his

chivalric devotion to the advancement and honor of the Union made him, at forty years old, the most popular man of his age in the country. He was the champion of those who wished to break away from what was considered the narrow and anti-commercial policy of the Virginia dynasty, without going back to the lax construction and centralizing tendencies ascribed to the old Federal party. He was the favorite of Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Presidency. A gentleman who was an active advocate of Mr. Calhoun in Connecticut affirms that he was the first choice of an overwhelming majority of the Republican party in that State. It is believed that he would have been easily elected as the continuator of the Monroe administration, of which he was one of the most conspicuous members, had it not been for the general respect among the same classes to the paramount claims of Mr. Adams, whose long and useful services, eminent abilities, and present position as Secretary of State, and so right "in the line of safe precedents," could not easily be set aside. And, above all, Calhoun was young enough to wait for his turn after Adams. The country had never voted for a man of two-and-forty for President. Had he and his friends only yielded gracefully and cordially to these considerations, it is quite possible that he might have taken his place regularly "in the line of safe precedents" by becoming Mr. Adams's secretary and successor. It is idle to speculate on what a change that would have made in the destinies of the country. Other causes came in to divide the canvass; and eventually Mr. Monroe saw three of his four secretaries, his Speaker of the House, and the most popular of his generals, all belonging to the same party, pressed forward as candidates for the immediate succession, and each sustained by influential bodies of friends. It was a struggle perilous to our institutions in the eyes of many patriots, and not creditable to the public spirit of our leading statesmen. That Mr. Calhoun was the only one who consented to the withdrawal of his name from the canvass strengthens the belief, long entertained, that up to this time he had been a sincere patriot, honestly devoted to the Union and the Constitution, and desirous of promoting the interest and honor of his country as one whole.

At the instance of his friends in Pennsylvania he accepted a nomination to the Vice-Presidency, and was chosen by a large majority of the electors, showing the general esteem in which he was held. But the politics of the country had taken a new turn, the Missouri controversy had intervened, and the chair of the Senate was found not to be a stepping-stone to the Presidency. His ambition was his master-passion, and this had been intensified by the excessive admiration of his friends, who always predicted that he was sure to be the foremost man of his generation. When first he took his seat in Congress, and was seen to rise up at once to the place of a leader, while whole ranks

of veteran statesmen received the law from his lips, it occasioned no surprise in Yale College, where he had been educated; it was just what the traditions of the College—traditions seven years old—had anticipated. President Dwight himself, impressed by the display of his talents and courage in the seniors' recitation-room, had confidently predicted that Calhoun would one day be President of the United States. And when the coveted prize, after being almost within his reach, was seen to recede into the distance, it is not so strange as it is lamentable that disappointment turned his mind into the channel of sectional ambition; and having once gone astray from patriotism he finally resolved to divide the Union which he could not rule. If we look at the height from which he fell, and then at our present experience of the evils which his master-mind has brought upon his country, we weep as we shudder at the spectacle, and can not but pronounce him the greatest political apostate in the records of history. To confirm the correctness of this general view of Calhoun we quote in evidence a letter written quite recently by the Rev. Aaron Foster, of East Charle-mont, Massachusetts, who was for several years pastor of a Presbyterian Church in South Carolina, in the neighborhood of Mr. Calhoun's residence. He is a man of good principles and sound judgment, and a very profound thinker, with uncommon insight into character; and as such a man he enjoyed an intimacy with Mr. Calhoun during those seasons when he was at home which makes his conclusions highly trustworthy:

"As to J. C. Calhoun, the originator of the State-right doctrine (which has grown into this rebellion, and in the shape of secession was in his mind and heart, and on his tongue the winter before his death)—history will call him the GREAT APOSTATE. No doubt Mr. Calhoun was a true friend of the Union up to the Missouri Compromise. At the nomination and election of Jackson he told me that he was put on that ticket for Vice-President not from choice, but because he could not help it. I think he did not feel the grip upon his ambition till about this time, the autumn of 1828.

"About his open break with Jackson two years after, and his publishing his pamphlet, he told me that his friends advised against it, and said, 'Jackson will crush you.' The month I spent in Washington in 1844 his nearest friends in Congress, some of whom I knew well in South Carolina, said to me that Mr. Calhoun was a disappointed man. And every one knew that his mind was soured.

"I will suggest—and I think my peculiar opportunities for judging must guide me right in the opinion—that the mind of Mr. Calhoun, during these years, between 1824 and 1835, was laboring on the certainty that Freedom must outvote slavery, and that in the progress of the race Freedom must be united against it politically. He either honestly believed in slavery, or saw that his lot and political hopes were cast out of freedom into slavery. For many years he labored with the problem, how minorities could be made to govern majorities. This was the burden of his conversation with me, between 1828 and the end of 1831—including State Rights and Nullification, and the insufficiency of the United States Constitution to protect minorities. My opinion is, that, finding no relief in these theories so long as a majority of the State votes controlled the policy of the nation, he turned with hope for the institution of slavery to secession, thinking to live long enough to work it out and be its head and its glory. Disappointed ambition is the father of Mr. Calhoun's apostasy; for,

if he had succeeded Mr. Adams, we should have had none of it."

Calhoun was certainly a crown of glory and a tower of strength to the Union while he was a member of Mr. Monroe's administration, and his greatness was so much added to the galaxy of talent which then controlled our affairs. The only remaining member of the Cabinet, Smith Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, can be disposed of in fewer words, not from his inferiority of character, but because his transparent purity of life and straightforward integrity of administration furnish few materials for history. He was an honored judge of the Supreme Court of New York in the days when our bench was graced with such names as Kent, and Spencer, and Van Ness; and would soon have been promoted to the chief-justiceship, in the order both of merit and of seniority, when he was called to a place in the Cabinet, and before the close of Mr. Monroe's second term was appointed by him to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Justice Brockholst Livingston. He was profoundly learned in the law, and a sound and discriminating judge. He was also an acute politician and a far-seeing statesman, a wise and faithful administrator and a sincere patriot, a shrewd counselor and a sincere Christian. In a word, he was, without pretension and without guile, worthy to be the equal associate of his colleagues, whoever they might be, and whatever were their responsibilities.

In addition to his Cabinet proper, President Monroe had for his ever-faithful and confidential friend the Vice-President, Daniel D. Tompkins, the true "favorite son of New York," than whom, when the enemy was kept out of his mouth who stole away his brains, our country knew no patriot more disinterested, and no counselor of greater resources or more heroic courage. For his legal adviser he had the clear-minded and sound-hearted William Wirt, Attorney-General. John Marshall, his friend and near neighbor, was Chief-Justice. Henry Clay, Speaker of the House (with an interval growing out of the Missouri controversy), was then the brilliant champion of liberty, whose eloquent pleas for Greek and South American independence electrified not only America but Europe. In the Senate were such men as C. P. Van Ness, Rufus King, Martin Van Buren, William Pinckney, Littleton Waller Tazewell, Nathaniel Macon, Andrew Jackson, Hugh L. White, and others of our most eminent statesmen. Our leading foreign ministers were Albert Gallatin in France, Richard Rush in Great Britain, John Forsyth in Spain, Alexander H. Everett in the Netherlands, etc. In the history of an administration thus constituted and circumstanced, the most marked feature is the general quietness and prosperity which the country enjoyed under it, and the small number of striking events which it offers for record. No new policy was brought forward by the President, whose aim was to make his administration the regular con-

tinuation of that which had just closed. Only two remarkable events require our present attention. The first was the rise and settlement of the Missouri controversy, on the question of the extension of slavery in the country. Only a very brief notice of this is admissible here.

In the classification of the States of the Union the original Thirteen were commonly divided into three sections—Northern or Eastern, Middle, and Southern. Of these the South numbered only five States—Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Delaware was then always reckoned among the Middle States, with which it had all its connections, social, political, and commercial. Before the Revolution it had commonly been an appendage of Pennsylvania, and was no more distinctively a slave State than New Jersey, which lay alongside of it. The admission of Vermont and Ohio, of Kentucky and Tennessee, made no change in the proportions, the two sections standing seven to ten. The admission of Louisiana as a slaveholding State reduced the difference to two, and then the political perversion of Delaware in 1819 (which was generally believed at the time to have been effected in part by intimidation and bribery), produced the famous equilibrium in the Senate, which was so strenuously maintained for thirty years, and which multitudes were made to believe was one of the original and most sacred “Compromises of the Constitution.” There had been a great and criminal neglect on the part of Congress, that in all the legislation concerning the territory purchased from France, the Ordinance of Freedom, which saved the Northwest, was never extended over Louisiana. Now it was too late.

The petition of Missouri for leave to form a State Constitution was presented on the 16th of March, 1818, in the first session of the Eighteenth Congress; but the bill was not taken up for action until the short session. On the 13th of February, 1819, Mr. Tallmadge, of New York, moved an amendment prohibiting the further introduction of slavery into the new State, which was adopted on the 16th by a vote of 87 to 76, after a fierce debate of three days. On the 27th the Senate struck out the amendment by the overwhelming vote of 22 to 16, Messrs. Otis of Boston, Palmer of Vermont, Lacock of Pennsylvania, Edwards and Thomas of Illinois voting with the majority, in addition to the Delaware Senators, and several Northern members evading the vote. But the House of Representatives voted, on the last day of the session, to adhere to their amendment, and consequently the bill was lost.

Of course the question came up at the next session. It was a new Congress, but whose members, so far at least as the North was concerned, had been chosen before the agitation of the country had become intense. In the meantime the Legislature of Massachusetts had consented to the separation of the province of Maine, hitherto a part of the State, for the purpose of

forming a new State, and the people had formed a constitution and applied for admission into the Union. A bill in its favor was introduced into the House on the 30th of December, 1819, debated and passed the next day. In the Senate, on the 3d of January, 1820, by an adroit movement of parliamentary skill, an amendment was tacked to the Maine bill, giving authority to the people of Missouri to form a constitution. The two subjects were totally distinct in their nature, one being the direct admission of Maine with its constitution already formed, the other the preliminary authorization of a territory to form a constitution. But they were held together and debated till the 3d of March when they were separated, Maine was admitted, and Missouri authorized with the restriction left out. This last point was only carried, by a vote of 90 to 87, through the machinery of a Committee of Conference between the two Houses. As a compromise, as it was called, a section was added prohibiting slavery in all territories lying north of the latitude of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and this compromise was invested with an air of sacredness in the eyes of all Northern politicians, which served as a blind to danger until the exigencies of slavery demanded its repeal in order to enable Kansas to become a slave State. Thence the Kansas troubles, followed by the great rebellion.

Still there was one more opportunity. The people of Missouri had their constitution to form, and it was possible for them to terminate the strife by excluding from their territory the great evil of slavery. There were but few slaves then among them, and these in the hands of a small number of families, while the mass of the people had no interest except in doing the best for the future welfare of the State, and there was already abundant evidence in the experience of the different sections to convince every honest man which way the true interest of the State would lead. Indeed, so far as the history of the times can be traced, it was never pretended that the interest of the State of Missouri required that it should be made a slave State; but all the arguments used were either political and sectional, or made up of base insinuations and irritating misstatements. Unhappily for the country as well as for Missouri there were in St. Louis a couple of smart young lawyers, adventurers from the older States, ambitious of winning political distinction, and not over-scrupulous as to the means, and without experience or deep foresight as to the results of measures beyond the present object. These took the lead in electioneering and planning as well as in drafting the constitution, and succeeded in not only sanctioning slavery, but in making it perpetual, as they thought, by forbidding the Legislature from ever taking any measure for its extinction. I do not really suppose those young men acted from any settled philosophical preference for slavery itself, or from any real indifference to the honor of the country and the just wishes of the majority of their fellow-citizens. They wanted to see what they could do, and

probably acted with as little thought of consequences as a company of unthinking boys would do in rolling a huge rock down the side of a mountain to see how big a noise they could make. They both shrunk with horror from disunion and civil war, just as the aforesaid boys would be horror-struck if they saw their loosened rock glance and strike a peaceful cottage in the valley, crushing its inmates to death in the ruins. But God holds men responsible for the mischief which they do recklessly. Grievously has the State of Missouri suffered now for having sanctioned a great wrong, in 1820, under the lead of Thomas H. Benton and Edward Bates.

The history of the Missouri Compromise is now about ready to be written. The materials for the closing chapter are passing before our eyes and burning in our hearts. It was a national transaction, and its consequences are national. Nor have the people of any section or of any class just reason to complain of their share in the terrible consequences. There was a show of earnest resistance for the moment. Speeches of orators, essays of writers, sermons of divines, resolutions of legislatures protested against the allowance of slavery in Missouri. But the shrewd politicians dared the deed; and when it was once done the whole country tamely acquiesced, and ever after heaped honors on the heads of the great compromiser and his associates. In less than half the time of a generation the whole body of Northern people, lay and clerical, were ready to be inflamed to madness with indignation against a handful of "fanatics," as they were deemed, who thought it worth while to express their condemnation of slavery as a mighty wrong, and their desire to see our country freed from its guilt and danger. The nation is now learning that the Compromise, from beginning to end, was a great political blunder. Had the people been properly trained and led, and had their representatives been true to their convictions, they would have seen that the first concession to the threat of disunion could not but put a weapon into the hands of Southern politicians which would become more and more formidable with time. Mothers know that when a stubborn child attempts to frighten his mother to give him his will, by holding his breath till he is black in the face, the best way to put it out of his head forever is to settle the question once for all the very first time he tries it. Had the Senate been true at the first, or had the House stood to its original vote of restriction, there could not have been any disunion at that time: the whole nation was too patriotic, the slavery party were in no preparation to rebel, and the mass of Southern people were then loyal to enthusiasm. Missouri would have been now as free and as rich and prosperous as Illinois; and Arkansas would have been the same; and the Indian tribes would have been the same. And the American Board and other great religious bodies would not have been seduced, by the tricks of politicians, under the

specious pretext of patriotism, to equivocate as to the wrong of slavery, and at length to elevate the law of slavery to a paramount authority over the "higher law" of God. Pandora's fabled box is but a poor emblem of the mischiefs which were let loose upon this land by the defeat of the Missouri restriction.

Although the Missouri Compromise, which consigned that State to the evils of slavery for forty years, was truly a measure of Mr. Monroe's administration, there is nothing on record that he himself used any unseemly or exorbitant measures to secure its adoption. It was probably approved both by the President and by every member of his Cabinet, as far as is known; and it was virtually acquiesced in by the great body of the people as a political necessity, expedient for the present exigency, with the hope that something would turn up to avert its possible consequences. Nothing turned up, and the nation has been allowed to reap what it had sown.

The second principal feature in the history of Mr. Monroe's administration was the settlement of our national policy in regard to the relations which we should maintain with the other independent nations of the American continent, and the light in which we should regard the course of the great European powers toward these new republics. This system of policy is essentially represented by what has been called the "Monroe Doctrine," which has been the theme of so much discussion here and in Europe. The "Monroe Doctrine," properly considered, is not a mere solitary axiom of diplomacy, of disputable meaning, of uncertain application, or of no valid authority. On the contrary it represents a comprehensive system of policy, both consistent and of profound wisdom, including the whole conduct of our Government toward the new republics of Spanish America, from their first efforts at independence until their full nationality obtained the recognition of Europe. Theoretically it is a great "System of Doctrine," arising out of the nature of our institutions, regulating our relations both with Europe and America, and essential to the permanency of our national character and independence. Of this systematized foreign policy Mr. Monroe was undoubtedly the father. It was settled during his administration, and it is certain that he was the actual President of the United States, and himself administered the executive government, employing his secretaries as responsible advisers and executive agents. The theory had not then been invented which allows each member of the cabinet to govern his own department according to his own ideas, independently of his brother secretaries and almost of the President. Mr. Monroe would naturally keep the control of our foreign intercourse in his own hand, because he understood that subject better than any one else. From the time when, a young man in the old Congress, he had baffled the Spanish *Encargado* and vindicated the free navigation of the Mississippi, foreign relations had been his specialty, and he

had been looked to as a chief counselor and manager in these affairs by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. The suggestion so often put forth, that Mr. Adams was the author of the Monroe Doctrine, is without the slightest warrant, and is unjust to both Adams and Monroe. Mr. Adams was the more accomplished scholar in diplomacy; but in profoundness of insight and soundness of judgment as to what concerned the national honor and independence, Mr. Monroe was the greater statesman, and impartial history must give him the credit of the masterly policy which steered the Government through the difficulties growing out of the Spanish-American revolution, and made the United States a dictator to Europe in regard to the Western Continent.

The Monroe Doctrine, considered thus as the symbol or exponent of the system of policy adopted by Mr. Monroe in relation to the Spanish-American States, may be characterized as a system of duty, which is morally right, politically wise, and logically consistent. Thus viewed, it may be taken as a testimony—that this nation will do right; that the political system of Europe is incompatible with that of America; that we will do what we can to lead Europe to a better system, and to bring diplomacy under the “Higher Law;” that we consider the whole of this continent appropriated; and that we will hold any attempted intervention of European Powers for the sake of controlling affairs in America an injury to ourselves, which we shall resent or resist as we think proper. This “System of Doctrine” is substantially identical with the immortal policy of Washington, as exhibited in his Proclamation of Neutrality—the sublimest act of his Government—and laid down so explicitly in his Farewell Address, in words of almost superhuman wisdom:

“Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; *when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.* Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?”

It comprises in substance also the principle of Non-intervention, which the Liberals of Continental Europe long for, and which Kossuth argued for so effectively in this country. It is not, however, a namby-pamby sentimentalism of Non-intervention, which idly weeps for the sufferings of the oppressed, but lifts neither hand

nor voice for their deliverance. It is not the cold selfishness of Cain, when he whined out—“Am I my brother’s keeper?” It is not the cowardice of imbecility which shrinks from speaking the truth, or doing what is right, through base and servile fear of loss. It is Intervention withstood manfully, and prevented energetically. In proper circumstances it bids the oppressor “Hold!” and if that is ineffectual, boldly takes him by the throat and hurls him back from his victims. It means that we will not submit to wrong toward ourselves, and when duty calls we will censure and even resent a wrong done to others. It includes what Kossuth termed “Intervention for Non-intervention.” The closing Declaration by President Monroe produced an effect upon Europe which it is impossible for the present generation to realize. That whole continent was then firmly united in one political system, devised by the highest human sagacity, fortified by the most solemn compacts, and sustained by veteran armies, and all actuated by a common conviction that the one grand political danger of the civilized world was in the spread of liberal principles, of which the United States were the source and seed-bed. And while they were actually negotiating among themselves for the commencement of operations that it was expected would cripple and ultimately crush us, behold! they are suddenly confronted by the young republic looking all Europe boldly in the face, and crying, Hands off, ruffians! And they very prudently kept “hands off” for forty years. Perhaps by this time some of them wish they had kept “hands off” still longer.

Mr. Monroe’s administration may be deemed to have culminated in the utterance of the Great Declaration. Its boldness fairly stunned the Holy Alliance, and by taking from that huge conspiracy its prestige of irresistibility, took it down from the height of its arrogance, and was the first blow toward its dissolution. The last year of his term was rendered unhappy by personal divisions among the members of his Cabinet, three out of the four being eager candidates for the next succession, in addition to his favorite Speaker of the House, and the most distinguished General whom he had promoted. It was a sad scramble, and sadly has the country suffered in consequence. At the close of his term, March 4, 1825, he retired to his farm in Virginia, but harassed by his insolvent circumstances, which finally swept away all his property and turned him adrift in want. He found a comfortable home in 1830 with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, wife of the postmaster of New York, and on the 4th of July, 1831, he ended a useful and honorable life. Mr. Adams speaks “as a faithful witness” of his character and history, and eulogizes his whole career, as characteristic “of a mind anxious and unwearied in the pursuit of truth and right; patient of inquiry; patient of contradiction; courteous, even in the collision of sentiment; sound in its ultimate judgments, and firm in its final conclusions.” And with regard to his course in the

chief magistracy of the Union he gives this summary:

"There behold him for a term of eight years, strengthening his country for defense by a system of combined fortifications, military and naval; sustaining her rights, her dignity, and honor abroad; soothing her dissensions and conciliating her acerbities at home; controlling by a firm though peaceful policy the hostile spirit of the European Alliance against republican Southern America; extorting by the mild compulsion of reason the shores of the Pacific from the stipulated acknowledgment of Spain, and leading back the imperial Autocrat of the North to his lawful boundaries from his hastily asserted dominion over the Southern ocean: thus strengthening and consolidating the federative edifice of his country's Union till he was entitled to say, like Augustus Cæsar of his imperial city, that he had found her built of brick, and left her constructed of marble."

In the great declension of political principle and of the spirit of liberty in the generation which followed the fatal concessions of the Missouri Compromise, amounting almost to an absolute apostasy, it has been nearly impossible to convince the politicians of this age that there is any thing sacred or even important in the Monroe Doctrine as a permanent rule of national policy. It appeared to most of them very much like "the Pope's Bull against the Comet;" a piece of childish display pertaining to a by-gone age, but of not the least consequence at the present time. But that delusion is passing away. The people are opening their eyes to the ulterior aims of the European Alliance, and are looking to the Monroe Doctrine as the pole-star of our future greatness among the nations of the earth.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

IT was a mild, patient face—a face which told the story of long and weary years. The lines on it were the slow chiseling of time—a monumental inscription of all the woman had done and suffered. And not many sadder epitaphs are ever written than that which was traced on the quiet yet rugged features within the framing of that silver hair.

The woman had been young and hopeful forty years ago; so loving, and, she had thought, so loved. Perhaps she *had* been loved, then. Sometimes, out of natures as hard and cruel as the granite rock, blossoms a summer longsome little flower—the one sweetness of a hard lifetime. Such, it may be, was Adam Gibson's love in the brief wooing-time before Rachel Gray, with her bright young beauty, her voice clear and merry as a wild bird's note, and her loving, earnest woman's heart, stood beside him at the altar of the little village church, and then went home with him, his wife.

For the blossoming of that flower of love, for the fond caresses and tender words of that wooing, she would forgive him much, and love him long—love him, indeed, until her tried and pa-

tient heart should be done with throbbing to earth's pain and passion.

At the first she had such faith in him. When their short honey-moon was over, and his true character began to develop itself—when she was forced to see that to his hard, worldly nature nothing save his own worldly success was truly dear—when fond lover changed to stern taskmaster, and her burden was laid, almost too heavily to be borne, on her slender shoulders, she fought resolutely against the truth; at least she would not believe him harder or sterner than other men. She said to herself that it was his New England rearing which was in fault—it was because he had been educated to suppress emotion, and to believe in work as the sole business of life. She blamed herself for oversensitiveness; and when, a while before her first baby came, she broke down utterly, and had to steal away to her chamber and give up her tasks to the strong hands of a hired substitute, she sat there through the days of waiting, and meekly pitied her husband because he had married a wife so little suited to his needs, so different from the hardy, long-enduring women around her. She did not blame him for leaving her to her solitude—he had, so much to do, she knew, and of course that still room must be wearisome to him. Yet bitter tears fell now and then on the soft muslin fabric of her wedding dress, which she was fashioning into dainty baby robes, her gift to the unborn darling for whose coming she waited in tremulous expectation.

Oh what hopes fluttered at her heart, sweetening the bitterness of her tears! How she forgot all present sorrow in fond dreams of the soft hands that would by-and-by touch her cheek, the little head that would lie on her bosom, the young, innocent lips that should sometime bless her ear with all the words of love for which she hungered!

And when at last the hour came, and through the closed lips fluttered no breath; when she knew that the little dark-lashed eyes could never open, or the little breast stir from its marble slumber, she could not help it if moonless and starless night settled down upon her heart. If Adam Gibson had but loved her and comforted her then—been pitying, and gentle, and tender—he might have won her, body and soul, for his bonds slave forever. But when he stood aloof, looked coldly on her bitter woe, and blamed her excessive indulgence in her sorrow, he roused that meekest of natures to revolt. She could forgive him that he had been too busy with the cares of life to be tender of her, but she could not forgive him that he did not mourn for his dead baby; and so a bitter seed sprang up in her heart. She did not cease to love him—she was too loyal a soul to admit the possibility of that, but she ceased to excuse him or to worship him; before his altar she burnt no more incense.

And yet she did not quite, in that one matter, do him justice. Under the hard crust of his nature there was a fountain of tenderness of

whose hidden gleam she never knew. Perhaps there lives no man so hard that the sight of his own dead child would not move him; and even Adam Gibson looked upon his with a throb of unconfessed anguish. But he hid his feelings under an iron mask. It was only when no human eye saw him that he stole, just once, into the darkened parlor where they had laid the dead darling, and touched its tiny morsels of hands, and kissed its little, white, piteous face with a dumb sense of loss keener than any thing he had ever felt before.

But he said no word of sorrow, or sympathy, or consolation to the poor young wife, wrestling alone with the bitterness of her heart-break. He only told her that it was sinful to rebel against God's will; and if she "took on" so when she was sick, she would not be likely to get well very soon. And she thought, with something more like scorn than her gentle nature had ever felt before, that he was in a hurry to have her get well because he was unwilling to pay for hired service any longer. From excusing him for every thing, she had gone to the other extreme, and did him less than justice; for, apart from all economical considerations, he really had a strong desire to see her well; to have her face—that young, pretty face—opposite him again at his meals, and when he sat down at nightfall. Alas! it would never again be the bright face it had been when he brought it there a year ago.

She got well in time—the lonely, disappointed little thing—went again about her household tasks, sadder and less trustful than before, but still gentle. It was then, so long ago, that meek endurance began to write its lines upon her face. She did not grow feeble or helpless, however. Her cares and burdens served to develop in her new powers of endurance. She grew efficient; fell into the ordinary routine of the hard-working New England farmer's wife of forty years ago; less angular, perhaps; less self-asserting than most; less roughened by the rough details of her life; soft-spoken and meek-spirited, as stronger neighbors used to call her.

Other children came to her after that; but for nearly twenty years none of them lived much beyond babyhood. Somehow she never expected they would. That first loss she had accepted as a prophecy of her destiny. If that first child—so loved, so waited for—had not found its love and welcome strong enough to hold it back from the land of the angels, how was any other to be wiled into staying with her? I do not think she ever tasted again quite the bitterness of that first grief, though over five more little graves, side by side with the first one, white snows of winter fell and summer wild-flowers blossomed.

At last, when she was nearly forty years old, and had been more than twenty years a wife, her seventh child came. By some singular presentiment she felt, when she looked at it, that this child would live. She did not read in its eyes the shadow of coming doom, as she had in those

of the others. She felt her heart quicken into a sudden tumult of rapture as she held the little one to her bosom, and thanked God for this comfort for her old age!

Superstitious crones talked of the luck of odd numbers, and the peculiar luck attending always a seventh child; and it truly seemed as if all the fairies had brought good gifts to the little one's christening. Her mother named her Winifred, after her own mother, dead and gone. Adam Gibson did not interfere. He had grown used, so it seemed, to births and burials, and he let his timid wife have quite her own way with the blossoms that slept such brief while upon her bosom.

Contrary to his expectations, but in accordance with the belief the mother had all along cherished, the little Winifred grew up toward her girlhood as bright and winsome a child as ever gladdened any household.

There was something in the sight of the wee little figure toddling round, under every body's feet, yet never in the way—something in the sound of the clear-piping little voice calling him father, that stirred Adam Gibson's heart as it had never been stirred before, unless it were in that long-past and half-forgotten summer when his love for the child's mother had blossomed, and spent its lavish sweetness on the summer air, and with the autumn died, as it seemed, like all its summer sisters. Yet, despite his love for his child—a love stronger and more deeply inwoven in his nature than he knew—there was, almost from the first, a sort of antagonism between him and the little one. She was a bright, resolute, willful sprite, with a temper as dominant as his own looking out of her large, wide-opened eyes. To her mother's gentle sway she always yielded instant obedience: indeed, there was something curiously soothing and protecting in her manner toward her almost from babyhood. No one must sit in mother's chair, no one must gather mother's flowers, or interfere with any of mother's comforts; and her very manner of obedience seemed to say:

"Surely I'll do it if you wish. You shall have it all your own way, poor dear. I wouldn't cross you for the world."

But she never seemed to recognize her father's right to command her. He tried to punish her once or twice, but was met, for the first time in his life, by remonstrance from his wife, so passionate that he was startled into abandoning his purpose, and for the most part giving up all efforts to interfere with her gentle government.

The child loved him dearly too, but not at all in the way she loved her mother. She took such liberties with him as no one would have thought he would have endured for a moment, and he found that he rather liked her merry teasing. Still there was an uneasy consciousness in his heart that he was not her master—that her will had never bent itself to his—which deepened as she grew toward womanhood, and kept alive, despite of tender love, that subtle antagonism which would break out by-and-by,

perhaps, into tyranny on one side, and revolt on the other.

It was a better sight than most pictures to see Winnie Gibson when she was eighteen. She was taller and more fully developed than her mother had ever been, yet with all her mother's flower-like delicacy. Her large, fearless, innocent eyes had a power in them which never had looked out of Rachel's. It would not be easy to quell that spirit, or break down that resolute will. Her mother had thought often how strong the girl's will was, with restless anxiety, and a secret self-blame, because she had not striven, when she was younger, to break it; as if there had ever been a time since the bairn was old enough to say Mother when she had not been queen and Rachel helplessly subject.

She heard a gush of song outside one summer afternoon, as she sat thinking, as usual, about Winnie, and lamenting her own easy rule. She could not help a smile of pride as she listened to the full, rich voice—a smile which deepened as the girl came in, brightening the room with her glad, young beauty. She walked about for a few moments, putting things to rights a little, with a curious fidgeting air quite unusual to her. Then suddenly she came and knelt down at her mother's side.

"Do you love me much?" she asked, coaxingly.

"You know that as well as I do, darling."

"Will you miss me, then, when I am gone?"

"Gone!" A sudden dismay struck to Rachel Gibson's heart, and made her cheek pale. She remembered six graves: were the angels going to call for this child also?

"Yes, gone, mother darling! I have promised this afternoon to leave you some time—to go away with James Ransom."

"Go away with James Ransom!" the mother repeated after her, slowly, aghast with dismay. "Child, are you mad? Your father will never let you—never. Don't you know that he hates old John Ransom with a life-long hatred? Don't you know that Adam Gibson never changes, never forgives?"

"I don't know that James Ransom is any worse because he is John Ransom's son. As for father, if you think he won't let me marry James, why, I think I won't ask him."

The worst side of the girl's nature was uppermost then. A fierce fire blazed in her eyes, which made you think of some wild creature at bay. Her mother was completely overpowered; her feeble resistance, her weak power of self-assertion, all swept away, as when some impetuous stream overflows its banks and scatters ruin and wreck over peaceful homes. It was just as well, perhaps, that she sat in such dumb silence, for any words would but have kindled Winifred's passion to fiercer heat.

After a while the girl was frightened. She thought her mother seemed as if she were turning to stone. She began to chafe her hands and kiss her, in an agony of remorseful love and sorrow.

"Don't, mother," she cried; "don't look so. Only speak to me. I will not go against my father any more than I can help: only, if there is nothing to be said against James, it would not be right for me to give him up just because my father and his don't like each other."

"You must let me tell him to-night, Winnie, and see what he says. Until after that don't let us talk about it. It frightens me. Sit down here beside me, and let me forget the bad news a while, and think you are my own little Winnie, that used to love me so."

"That *does* love you so, mother," whispered the girl, with soothing fondness; "that would die before any one should harm one hair of your head."

The next morning Winnie's eyes sought her mother's face anxiously. She could gather from it little hope. Rachel was pale and silent. Adam Gibson, too, ate his breakfast without an unnecessary word; and Winnie did not run after him, as he went out to his farm, with any kisses, or merry, teasing ways, as her wont was. The spell of silence seemed to have fallen on her also. She helped her mother quietly to clear away the breakfast things and do up the morning's work, and not till the two had sat down together in the still house did she ask a question. Then it came, anxiously, pleadingly:

"What did father say? Are you *never* going to tell me, mother?"

"It is no use, Winnie. You must give it up. He will never consent—never."

"Give it up!" A smile, just touched with scornful pity, flickered across Winnie's lips. "You don't understand what you say. I could no sooner give up James Ransom than you could give me up, mother. I love him."

Blank terror whitened for a moment Rachel's face, and looked out of her sad eyes. Then all grew dark, and her head fell back against the cushions of her chair, in a dead faint. Winnie sprang to her side, and tried half a dozen simple means of restoration, trembling herself with fear for the consequences of what she had done.

The swoon did not last long. Very soon the mother opened her eyes, and said, faintly,

"It was nothing. I shall be better in a moment."

When she was sitting up again, and Winnie was kneeling beside her, begging her forgiveness with the quick, impulsive penitence of her passionate nature, she brushed back the girl's brown hair with a tender touch, as she said,

"I never yet had any thing to forgive in you, Winnie. Ever since I have had you you have been good to me. I do not blame you for this. You could not help loving him, I suppose; and there seems no justice in asking you to give him up because your father and his can't agree. Still, it's a dreadful thing to go right against your father's will. It will separate you from me; for I don't think he would ever let you come into the house again."

"Nothing can truly separate us, mother, for we shall always love each other."

"Ay! but what should I do without you all the long days? For eighteen years you have never been one day away from me. How could I live in this still house and never hear you laugh or speak, or see your face, or have kiss or smile from your lips? Oh, child, child!"

Winnie's dark eyes swam in tears. She drew her mother's head to her bosom with the old air of protection which had been so ludicrous when she was a little toddling thing.

"There! don't grieve," she said, soothingly; "I will stay with you, at least for a while. I am only eighteen now. When I am twenty-one I shall have a legal right to take my own course. Till then I will obey my father. So cheer up, darling! you are sure of me for three years. This afternoon I will see James and tell him so."

"But I shall be keeping you from happiness, and your heart won't be here even if you are."

"Yes, it will, mother; you shall find no change in me. It is best to do it. Since father opposes me, I ought not to resist him till I am older. We are young, James and I, and we can afford a little waiting."

That night, just at twilight, Winifred came in, a strange look upon her face—a light in her eyes proud but sad. She did not speak, for her father sat at the table. She waited until something called her mother into the next room. Then she followed her.

"I have told James, mother, and he is going to enlist for the next three years. So we will be happy together as we used to be, you and I. The poor boy will be out of the way."

"But if you lose him! If he should be killed!"

"He will *not* be, mother! I am not bad enough to need such discipline. The great Father pities his children, and he will let me have James back again in safety. I shall not allow myself to fear. I am glad he is going. I shall love him better, and be prouder of him all my life, for doing this work for his country."

"Did you tell the girl what I said?" Adam Gibson asked, gruffly, in his own room with his wife that night.

"Not all. I told her that you would never consent, and she has told him. He is going to enlist for three years. He will be out of your way; but I warn you if he dies it will kill Winnie."

"Girls don't die so easy—or didn't when I was young. Don't worry. Before the three years are out we shall have her married off to somebody better worth having."

Rachel did not contradict him, but she wondered that he did not understand better the steadfast, persistent nature inherited from his own. The very same element of character which made it impossible for him to forgive John Ransom would make it impossible for his daughter to cease from loving John Ransom's son.

That was the fall of '61. Men had begun to find the Great Rebellion a very real and earnest thing, and were rising up to crush it; making preparations on a very different scale from what

they had at first imagined would be necessary. The regiment which James Ransom joined belonged to the Army of the Potomac, and was destined to see some of the fiercest fighting of the war.

Winnie had promised that her mother should find no change in her. But she could not quite make good her words. There was no diminution of affection, indeed; no lack of the tender thoughtfulness with which—seeming even from childhood to understand all the untold sorrow of her mother's lot—she had always striven to lighten her burdens. But the merry girl, full of song and frolic and the exuberant life of youth, was gone; and, in her stead, an anxious woman moved silently around the house, making no complaints, saying nothing of her hopes and fears, but studying newspapers, shivering at rumors of battles, and gentle with a sad, pitiful gentleness more pathetic than words.

Adam Gibson never once mentioned to his child the name of James Ransom, but he tried hard to be kind to her in his own way. He bought her handsome clothes, which she never wore; gave her money, which went all of it to buy comforts for soldiers far away, or their bereaved wives and children at home; sometimes tried to provoke her to her old manner of teasing playfulness, but never succeeded. She was perfectly respectful to him, more obedient than she had ever been before; but, beyond the formal kiss at night and morning, when her cold lips just touched his cheek, never affectionate. I think that hard, unyielding heart of his grew hungry, sometimes, to see her as she used to be. Perhaps he repented himself of what he had done; but, if so, he made no sign.

So the years went on. James Ransom never came home, and no one ever talked about him in the house of Adam Gibson. Once or twice Rachel had tried to speak some comforting word about him to her child; but the pale pain of Winnie's face, the stillness of her unresponsive lips, had silenced her. Whether the girl ever heard of him no one knew; if she did, she kept her own secrets.

In the early spring of '64 nearly all his regiment re-enlisted, and were home on furlough; but James Ransom was not among them. Rachel guessed by this that he expected to claim his bride in the fall, and was not ready to postpone it any longer. So far Winnie's belief in his safety had been justified. He had had, they heard through village rumor, a few slight wounds, never any thing serious—and he had been in all the battles.

With the commencement of the campaign of '64 would come a new trial, the last and fiercest. Even Winifred, knowing what lay before the gallant army marching on in the way thrice soaked in vain already with the most precious blood of the country, even she lost something of her faith, and grew so weak with fear that the sudden rustle of a paper, or the swift flight of a bird across a window, would unnerve her.

She was standing by the table one day in

May, doing some of her customary household tasks, when her father came in. Whether he had taken her silence with regard to James Ransom for the silence of forgetfulness, or whether he was urged on by some fierce impulse to let her know at once that all her hopes were over, I know not. At any rate, addressing his wife, but looking straight at Winifred, he said,

"Mother, James Ransom is dead. He was killed in the battle of the 12th of May."

As silently and helplessly as if she had been shot through the heart Winnie fell to the floor. Her mother sprang to her side, but paused an instant, even before she lifted up the dear head, to utter her cry of indignation:

"How dare you, Adam Gibson, to say the Lord's Prayer night and morning, and ask God to forgive you as you forgive those who trespass against you? Do you want to be forgiven as you have forgiven John Ransom? You are a hard man; you have been hard to me for forty years, and I have borne it in silence; but if you have killed my child, may God forgive you, for I can not!"

He was stricken to silence—partly, perhaps, by his own terror at what he had done, and still more by the fierce wrath of the meek-spirited woman, who had been to him for forty years the embodiment of silent submission and long-suffering. He stood by without a word while she loosened the girl's dress, and bathed her forehead, and chafed her hands. Then he lifted her up tenderly as if she had been an infant, and carried her in his arms to her own room.

She was not dead, for her pulses stirred languidly, and her breath feebly came and went; but she took no nourishment, spoke no word, made no answer, even when her mother called her name.

So she lay for three weary days and nights, with her mother's mild, patient face bending, full of anguish, over her pillow. In those days years seemed to have done their work on Adam Gibson. He grew gray and old, and his wiry figure seemed to bend like a tree before some sudden blast.

The fourth day he came in from some errand which had taken him to the village, with a look of strange excitement replacing the blank despair of his face. He beckoned his wife from the room where she kept vigil beside Winifred.

"Mother," he said, hoarsely, "he is not dead after all. That first report was false. He was wounded and taken prisoner, and now he has been exchanged with a number more of the wounded. They say he won't die, and John Ransom is going on to bring him home. They are giving furloughs to those of the wounded who can bear to be moved, because the hospitals are so full that they'll get better care at home. Will his coming save Winnie's life?"

"What is the use of his coming home, or of saving Winnie's life, when you've set your will up that she sha'n't have him? Better let them both die. Maybe they'll come together in heav-

en; for it's my belief that the Heavenly Father is kinder than earthly ones are."

"But I am *not* set against them, mother—not now. Your words went home, Rachel—went home. I am a humbled man, and I am willing to give in. I will ask John Ransom to forgive me, and let me go with him to bring his boy back. Only tell me, will it be in time to save our girl's life?"

"God grant it may be! Yes, it *will* be—it *must* be!" she answered, growing strangely pitiful toward him, now that she saw what a work his grief was doing in breaking down old prejudices, and softening the heart which so many unforgiving years had hardened. She went in then to Winnie, he following. She scarcely hoped to rouse her, but she would make the effort. She bent over the pillow.

"Winnie, Winnie darling, it was not true. It was a mistake. James is not dead, and father is going for him to bring him home to you."

As if fraught with some strange power of penetrating the dulled senses, the life-giving words went home. A smile, wan and faint, but oh! so full of sweetness, flickered across the pale lips, and then they moved, and formed rather than articulated the word "father."

Adam Gibson bent over her, shaken by such a tempest of emotion as he had never known before—a passion of love, and remorse, and hope. He felt her lips touch his face, the first voluntary caress she had given him since he refused to sanction her love: felt it, and then went away to weep, where no human eyes saw him, such tears as he had never wept before; a rain that would soften his heart and make it meet soil for the seeds of hope, and love, and faith.

When he had regained at last his self-control he went up the road that led to John Ransom's house. He found his old enemy in the yard, making some arrangements for his journey. There, under the May sky, with God's peace in the world around them, he went up to John Ransom and put out his hand.

"Forgive me, neighbor. I have been your enemy more than forty years, and called myself your fellow-Christian all the time. Is it too late now for us to begin to be friends?"

His outstretched hand was grasped, and kindness begat kindness, and penitence was the father of penitence. All past faults on both sides were confessed and forgiven; and then Adam Gibson told the story of his child's love and suffering, and asked the question, to him so momentous:

"May I go with you, neighbor, to bring James back? I think I could help you, and I should feel easier if I was doing something for Winnie to make up for the past."

His offer was not rejected, and that very afternoon the two men started to bring Winifred's hero home.

As for her, hope had seemed to penetrate all her veins like an elixir of life. She grew better rapidly, and before the week of their absence

was over some pale roses began to bloom on her thin cheeks.

At last they came. The soldier's wound was less severe than they had feared; but, as he was not fit for duty, they had not found it difficult to get for him leave of absence. He came at once to Adam Gibson's house. Even his father was ready to admit that she who had so nearly died for him had the first claim. Triumphant-ly her father led him in—led him to the easy-chair where Winifred sat, too weak to rise even yet. He put their hands together, and said, fervently:

"I give him to you, and you to him, and I pray God to bless you both."

He heard, as he turned away, her low cry of content—"Oh, James! James!"—and perhaps it was the happiest moment he had ever known.

He went out into the other room. John Ransom had gone away to prepare his wife for their boy's home-coming, and Rachel sat there alone. For a moment he looked at her searchingly. With his sight sharpened by self-knowledge, he could read the sad lines which the years had graven on her face. He remembered the bright fresh beauty he had wooed and won; and the old love—not dead all this time, but sleeping—stirred again to the life of youth in his heart. He went to her side and took her hand, making her look at him as he spoke:

"You said I was a hard man, Rachel; that I had been hard to you for forty years; and you said the truth. But our child will live: I have not killed her, and so I may ask you to forgive me. I have not been worthy of your love; but oh! tell me, if you can, that I have not lost it; for never, not even that summer when I won you, did I love you so well as now, my wife, my Rachel!"

She could not speak, but what need of words? Her worn face blushed and brightened with a beauty tenderer than her youth's; her arms—those tired arms, so long empty—fell round his neck; and the lonely heart hushed the throbs of its life-long aching in the rest, won so late, but won at last.

THE FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

WE had lain for ten days within hearing of the bombardment of Fort Jackson, within sight of the bursting shells and of the smoke of that great torment, but still we had not as a regiment been under fire. We were the first troops to reach conquered New Orleans; but we had never yet heard the whistling of balls, excepting in a trifling skirmish on Pearl River, where five of our companies received a harmless volley from forty or fifty invisible guerrillas. About all that we knew of war was the routine of drill and guard duty, and the false night alarms with which our brigadier used to try us and season us. No; I am mistaken: we did know what it was to suffer; to wilt under a Southern sun, and be daubed with Louisiana mud; to be sick by hundreds and die by scores.

But now we were to quit garrison duty behind the great earth-works of Camp Parapet, and go into offensive operations. Lieutenant Godfrey Weitzel of the Engineers, the chief military adviser of General Butler, had lately been created Brigadier-General, and the extenuated forces of the department were exhausted to furnish him with a brigade suitable to the execution of the plans which he proposed.

Weitzel did not want the Twelfth Connecticut. It was generally believed that the regiments which garrisoned Camp Parapet were not only sickly but broken in spirit and undisciplined. Sickly I have admitted that we were; but not broken in spirit, except so far as that life, from constant misery, had come to seem hardly desirable, and death, by constant presence, had lost his terrors; while, as to the third charge, I can neither broadly admit nor squarely deny it.

But the word had gone abroad that we were undisciplined, and so General Weitzel did not want the Twelfth Connecticut. Shortly after we joined his brigade he came upon us in one of our battalion drills, and, taking command, hurried us on the double-quick through movement after movement, with the intention, as I verily believe, of puzzling us, and so finding occasion to report us unfit for immediate field service. It was, "Double column at half distance; battalion, inward face; double-quick, march!" And then—"Form square; right and left into line wheel; double-quick, march!" And then—"Reduce square; double-quick, march!" And then—"Column forward, guide right; double-quick, march!" And then—"Deploy column; right companies, right into line wheel; left companies, on the right into line; battalion, guide right, double-quick, ma-r-ch!" And so on for half an hour, as fast as the men could trot and the officers dress the ranks. But there was not an instant's tangle in reeling and unreeling the difficult skein. If there was any thing that our Lieutenant-Colonel commanding loved, if there was any thing that our old General excelled in, it was tactical evolution. We had been drilled in battalion and drilled in brigade till we went like a watch. Weitzel rode off satisfied with the Twelfth Connecticut; and the regiment was equally pleased with its smart young General.

The brigade consisted of the Seventy-fifth New York, Eighth New Hampshire, First Louisiana, and Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut, infantry; the Sixth Massachusetts and First Maine batteries; Perkins's company of Massachusetts cavalry, and Barrett's, Godfrey's, and Williamson's companies of Louisiana cavalry, numbering altogether nearly four thousand effective men.

On the 24th of October, 1862, it embarked on some small river steamers, and, convoyed by three gun-boats, sailed one hundred miles up the Mississippi, landing the following day near the once flourishing little town of Donelsonville. Donelsonville is on the right or western bank, astride of the Bayou Lafourche, which is one

of the numerous outlets of the Mississippi, and carries off a considerable body of water through the rich district of Lafourche Interieur. The place was in ruins, shattered by shells and half burned—a punishment which had fallen upon it for firing on Farragut's gun-boats. Our regiment slept on the floor of a church, and I ate my supper off a tombstone in the cemetery. At six in the morning, leaving the First Louisiana to hold Donelsonville, we commenced our march, following the bayou in a westerly and then in a southerly direction, one regiment of infantry and one company of cavalry on the right bank, the remainder of the brigade on the left bank. Communication was secured by two gigantic Mississippi flat-boats, easily convertible into a pontoon-bridge, which were towed down the current by mules and contrabands.

This was the first night that our regiment passed out of doors. I thought I never should get to sleep. I had a bed of cornstalks, but I believed I was roughing it. It was the dreadful exposure to the night air which worried me, and not the proximity of hostile balls and bayonets. And when I was roused at five in the morning to continue the march, I actually felt more fearful of being broken down by want of proper rest than of being shot in the approaching engagement. How mistaken our mothers were when they warned us against exposure to night air, and sleeping in damp clothing, and going with wet feet! Judging from a two-years' experience of almost constant field-service, I aver that these things are wholesome and restorative. It does not require a strong constitution to stand them; it is sleeping inside of walls which ought properly to be called exposure, and which demands a vigorous vitality; and it is the crowning triumph of civilization that it enables humanity to do this without extermination. I have a screed to deliver some day on this subject to a misguided and house-poisoned public.

Meantime our General was unable to sleep, in his anxiety about the struggle which he knew would come on the morrow. It would be his first battle, and not one of his regiments had ever been under fire. About four o'clock in the morning he recollected that he had no corps of engineers to cut down the levee, in case it should be necessary to pass cavalry and artillery across the bayou. He ordered a body of soldiers and contrabands to be detailed for that purpose, and had them furnished with spades, picks, and axes. Was that all? He ran over his preparations, and found them complete; so, lying down in his trooper's over-coat, he slept till the column started.

This day (Monday, October 27, 1862) the Eighth New Hampshire and Perkins's Massachusetts cavalry were on the right bank of the bayou, parallel with the head of the main column. It was prudent to keep our principal force on the left bank, because that afforded the broadest and directest line of retreat in case of a repulse. The troops marched as loosely as

usual, in the road, on the levee, and all over the lots, taking advantage of every possible cut-off, and presenting an extraordinary contrast to the rank-and-file regularity of movement which the same regiments were brought to after six or eight months more of field duties. We passed pretty, flourishing plantations, and endless flats of waving green sugar-cane. The roads were vacant of vehicles; not an individual of the dominant white race showed his face; but crowds of negroes rushed out with tumultuous simple acclamations of joy. It was "God bless you, massas!—Oh, de Lord's name be praised!—We knowed you'd come!—I'se a gwine 'long with you." And go with us they did by hundreds, ready to do any thing for us, and submitting uncomplainingly to the trickeries and robberies which were practiced upon them by the jokers and scape-graces of the brigade. Looking ahead down the longer stretches of the winding bayou, we could occasionally see the parti-colored flags of the signal corps waving from some conspicuous angle of the levee, as they sent back in silent messages the discoveries of the advanced scouts. As on the day previous, we came across a freshly-deserted bivouac of the rebels, and we learned from the negroes that they numbered about five hundred, chiefly cavalry or mounted infantry. I, for one, expected no engagement, not knowing that these troopers were hastening to join a force of about two thousand infantry and artillery which General Mouton had collected at Thibodeaux, the capital of the Lafourche district. Moreover our regiment formed the rear of the column, and I, as officer of the day, marched with the rear-guard of the regiment, so that I seemed to be far away from all chances of battle.

Then came a story that the fighting had been going on in front for more than an hour, and that the Thirteenth Connecticut had already lost seventy men; which, by-the-way, was only one of the numerous false rumors that fly broadcast like grape-shot through every combat; the losses being trifling up to this time, and the Thirteenth not having yet been engaged.

I learned afterward that the affair commenced in this manner: A sergeant and four or five men of Perkins's cavalry, scouting ahead of the Eighth New Hampshire, passed an open field a quarter of a mile in length, and came next to a wood filled with underbrush, the road running between this and the levee of the bayou. Here one of the troopers whispered, "Sergeant, there they are—to the right—lying down." The sergeant turned his eyes without turning his head, and saw ranks of men in dirty gray and butter-nut uniforms stretched on their faces in the wood, nearly concealed by the leafy undergrowth. Rising in his stirrups, he looked ostentatiously in every other direction, and called out, "I don't see any thing; let's go back and report." Turning with assumed carelessness, they went away at a walk until they reached a distance of ten or fifteen rods, when they broke at full gallop for the head of the column. One of the rebels,

whom we took in the subsequent battle, remarked: "If that sergeant hadn't been so steady he would have caught his death-cold. I had a bead drawn on him; but the officers wouldn't let us fire. They thought the coons didn't see us, and they allowed they was going to bag the whole column."

Perkins immediately deployed his men as skirmishers, and opened fire on the ambush. The rebels returned it vigorously, throwing out a heavy force of sharpshooters, and bringing up four pieces of artillery to the angle of the wood, where they took position behind a cover of greenery. The horses of this artillery were mistaken for cavalry, and the Eighth New Hampshire formed square, after sending out two companies as skirmishers to support Perkins. On the other side of the bayou Weitzel promptly formed the Seventy-fifth New York and Thirteenth Connecticut in columns by battalion, and pushed them forward to find the force which he supposed must be in front of his main body. But this force, the rebel right wing, was not large, and was held back out of action, waiting for eventualities. The Seventy-fifth and Thirteenth wearied themselves in vain with struggling through interminable green cane-fields, which broke up the formations of the columns, and even of the companies, compelling them to halt and reorganize.

"This is a false scent," said Weitzel. "The fighting will be on the other side."

The two regiments received orders to hurry back, the Thirteenth to go to the support of the Eighth, and the Seventy-fifth to hold the approaches to the crossing. The engineer corps organized in the morning was set to work cutting a road through the levee; the unwieldy pontoon-bridge was swung into position, and two 12-pound howitzers placed to command it. At the same time an aid was sent to the Twelfth Connecticut with instructions to throw off knapsacks, leave two companies to protect the baggage train, and hasten up to join in the attack.

Here let me pause to remark that the little battle of Labadieville was the most scientific combat, or at least the very luckiest one in regard to combinations effecting their logical results, that I ever witnessed. It is as an illustration of two great military principles, the value of time and the value of concentration, that it is chiefly interesting. To exhibit this I must state the enemy's position, forces, and intentions. I have already observed that his right wing, posted on the left bank of the bayou, and consisting of a regiment of infantry and a battery of six field-pieces, was held well back, or, in military parlance, refused, being probably meant to merely amuse our main column. His centre, on the right bank, was composed of four field-pieces, a regiment of Lafourche militia, and two regiments of veterans from Bragg's army, lately sent home to recruit. His left wing, five hundred cavalry and two field-pieces, was at this moment making a large circuit by a country road, with the idea of coming upon the

rear of the Eighth New Hampshire. The whole force amounted to twenty-three, or possibly twenty-five hundred men, while ours numbered a trifle over three thousand, a part of which was necessarily kept out of action to guard our long train of baggage. Mouton's plan was an excellent one. He did not mean that his weak right wing should fight seriously, unless it should be necessary to keep his centre from being flanked or turned. His veterans were to repulse the Eighth New Hampshire, and his cavalry was to cut off its escape. There was only one flaw; he knew nothing of the pontoon-bridge. The whole question was whether Weitzel could concentrate his main force against Mouton's centre and break it before the cavalry of the latter could get into action on our rear.

And now, while the rebel skirmishers are slowly driving back the skirmishers of the Eighth, I will return to my own regiment. When we received orders to move forward I obtained permission of the colonel to quit the rear-guard and take command of my company. With drums beating, fifes screaming, and banners floating, we hurried on, listening to the slow dropping of artillery two miles distant. I was anxious, but so far only for my men, not knowing how they would behave in this their first battle. I commenced a rough and ready joking with them, not because I was gay, but because I wanted them to be gay. I have forgotten what I said; it was poor, coarse fun enough probably; but it answered the purpose.

Well, the light-hearted, reckless, yet steady countenance of the company, and of the whole regiment, was all that one could desire. We found the pontoon-bridge in position, and the two howitzers which protected it firing slowly, while an unseen rebel battery answered it with equal deliberation. Here we first came under fire, and here I first saw a wounded man. In a country carriage, upheld by two negroes, was some sufferer, his knee crushed by a shot, his torn trowsers soaked with a dirty crimson, his face a ghastly yellow, and his eyes looking the agony of death. I did not want my men to see the dismaying spectacle, and called their attention to something, I have forgotten what, which was passing on the other side of the bayou. As we rushed down the inner slope of the levee an amazingly loud, harsh scream passed over us, followed by a sharp explosion and a splashing in the water. I was not alarmed, but rather relieved and gratified. If they can't aim better than that, I simply thought, they are welcome to fire all day. Then came another shell, striking close to the crowded bridge and splashing the men, but without deterring the thirsty ones from stopping to fill their canteens. It was wonderfully fine practice, considering that they were aiming at us from behind the levee, half a mile down the stream, where the fellows who worked the guns could not see us. I remember that my chief anxiety while crossing was lest I should wet my feet in the sloppy bottom of the flat-boat. The terror of battle is not, I think,

an abiding impression, but one that comes and goes like throbs of pain; and this is especially the case with veteran soldiers, who have learned to know when there is danger and when there is not; the moment an instantaneous peril has passed they are as cool as if it had never approached. But on the present occasion, I repeat, I was not oppressed by any feeling which could be called even alarm. I was buoyed up by the physical excitement of rapid movement, by my anxiety that my company should do well, and by my ignorance of the profounder, the really tremendous horrors into which battle may develop. A regiment of well-drilled greenhorns, if neatly brought into action, can charge as brilliantly as veterans.

The moment we were up the opposite bank the battery ceased firing at us, having lost sight of us on account of an intervening wood, although we were now on the same side of the bayou. We saw the Eighth New Hampshire coming toward us, retreating in double column, ready to form square at a moment's warning. As we pushed straight on into the fields, marching by the flank, an aid rode up with orders.

"Colonel, the General says the Eighth will be on your left. Move more to the right, and give it room to deploy. Throw out skirmishers to the front, and follow them through the woods in line of battle. Beyond the wood is an open field. You will cross that and drive the enemy from his position."

Two companies immediately moved out as skirmishers, which, as most people now know, is a scattered formation, the men marching in one rank and five paces apart. The remaining six companies continued their course until nearly a quarter of a mile from the bayou, when they fronted into line of battle. Concealed by the wood the line advanced deliberately, while the two hostile batteries passed the time in pounding away at each other, although neither could see the other's position. Emerging from a field of dry, rustling reeds we came to a strong post-and-rail fence made of cypress, such as one meets all over Southern Louisiana.

"Down with the fence!" shouted our commander. "Throw it over, men!"

Some rushed against it and pushed it flat in places, while others climbed over it. Now came a scattered underbrush of thorn thickets which embarrassed and confused us prodigiously. The best-disciplined troops will not come up to the scratch in good order when it is a case of charging brambles and briars. Great gaps opened and closed again. The Lieutenant-Colonel was continually yelling, "Centre dress! Close up that gap! Centre dress, men!" And the company officers were howling the same orders. In our inexperience we believed that all was lost if the regiment did not march shoulder to shoulder as if it were on review; and from here onward, all the way through the battle, we labored for a straight line with an anxiety of pre-occupation which greatly supported our courage.

"By the right of companies to the front!" the

Lieutenant-Colonel presently commanded, and the regiment filed into six little parallel columns, each moving by the flank—a most convenient formation for threading the thorny labyrinth. When we reached clearer ground it was, "Halt; front; right into line wheel; forward, guide centre!" And once more we advanced in line of battle.

Just as we reached the wood which covered our advance the skirmishing companies dropped back upon us and fell into line, the senior officer reporting his discoveries. "Colonel, the enemy are something more than a quarter of a mile ahead of us. They are on the other side of a long open lot, behind a fence which lines a cross-road, and protected by a ditch in which they are lying."

"Oh!" roared an Irish soldier of mine, "they've got all the advantage of us."

"Hold your tongue, you blockhead!" said I, fearing he would discourage his comrades. "Do you want all the advantages yourself?"

"No, Captain, I don't; but I want some kind of fair play; an' I don't see the harrum of sayin' so."

As we approached the edge of the wood nearest the enemy they caught sight of us, and a shell screamed over our heads, passing through the lower branches, and sending down a shower of leaves. Nearly the whole regiment bowed low and gracefully, but without halting or breaking. Stepping to the front, I turned round and laughed at my men, saying, "I beg your pardon for not bowing when you did; the truth is, I did not think of it till it was too late." This was pure bravado, not characteristic of me, I hope, but suggested by the fear that my new soldiers were getting frightened, and intended to restore their spirits. Poor as the joke was it actually made them laugh; so slight was their anxiety, if any.

The shells came fast now, a majority of them screeching over the colors, at which they were evidently aimed. Not only were the four guns directly in front of us booming rapidly, but Sims's battery, half a mile down the bayou, and on the other side, was pitching his iron about us at a venture. Meantime our own two howitzers, the only ones as yet brought into action by Weitzel, had ceased firing, so as not to interfere with our advance. I remember that this damped my spirits at the time, although it was of course absolutely necessary. Each shot came lower than the last, and I thought calmly, They will hit something soon. I did not attempt to dodge. I reflected that a missile would hit me about the same time that I should hear it. I believed that the eyes of all my soldiers were upon me (whereas they were probably looking only for the enemy); and so, for reason's sake and example's sake, I kept my head steadfast. It cost me no great effort. I had no nervous inclination to duck, no involuntary twitching or trembling; I was not aware of any painful quickening of the pulse; in short, I was not frightened. I thought to myself, It is very

possible that they will hit me, but I hope not, and I think not. It seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that others should be killed, and that I should not. I have suffered more in every engagement since than I did in this first trial. It is a frequent, it is the usual experience.

And here came a severe test of discipline and courage; another stout post-and-rail fence to overthrow. "Now then, Twelfth," shouted the Lieutenant-Colonel, "I told you to break that last fence down, and you climbed over it. Down with this one! Go at it and flatten it. Forward, battalion, double-quick!"

With a shout and a rush we flung our breasts against the fence, laying it prostrate throughout nearly our whole front—excepting that the extreme right company, floundering ankle-deep in a swamp, was obliged to climb it, while the two left companies were also balked in their charge by a long thicket of thorn-bushes. "By the right flank!" shouted the Captains, and they filed around the obstacle; then, "By company into line!" and they came up into position on the run. But these circumstances caused a disorganizing crush toward the centre; and to the anxious eyes of the Lieutenant-Colonel the regiment looked as if it were going to pieces. "Halt!" he commanded; "guides on the line; centre dress!" The company guides threw themselves forward, faced toward the centre, brought their pieces to a present and aligned themselves, as is usual in correcting the front of a regiment. But time and circumstances pressed, and the next order, "Guides, posts; forward, battalion; guide centre!" came almost immediately, causing us to advance before the line was fairly rectified.

We were just entering a large open field, dotted by a few trees and thorn-bushes, with a swampy forest on the right and the levee of the bayou on the left, when the rebels gave us their musketry. It was not a volley, but a file fire—it was a long rattle like that which a boy makes in running with a stick along a picket-fence, only vastly louder; and at the same time the sharp, quick *whit whit* of bullets chippered close to our ears. In the field little puffs of dust jumped up here and there; on the other side of it a long, low blue roll of smoke curled upward; to the right of it the gray smoke of the artillery arose in a thin cloud; but no other vestige of an enemy was visible.

About this time the First Lieutenant of Company D was surprised at seeing two of his men fall down and roll over each other. To his mind they seemed to be struggling which should get undermost, and thus find shelter from the bullets. "Get up! get into the ranks!" he commanded, hitting the uppermost with the flat of his sabre. One of them silently pointed to a bloody hole in his trousers and lay quiet; the other rose with a mazed air, looked about for his rifle, picked it up and ran after the company. A bullet had struck this man's piece, dashed it against him with such force as to

knock him down, glanced, and passed through the thigh of his comrade.

The First Lieutenant of Company G had his hand on the shoulder of a laggard, pushing him forward into the ranks, when a fragment of a shell struck the man in the breast, passing downward through his body and killing him instantly. Private Judson of Company C flung up both hands with a loud scream and dropped dead with a ball in his heart. A shot through the foot disabled the left corporal of my company. A bullet struck the rifle of the man next me in the rear rank, knocking it off his shoulder, end over end, several feet distant. Picking it up he showed me the now useless lock, and asked me what he should do. "Fetch it along," I said, "you may have a chance to use the bayonet; we shall be up there presently." Bringing it to a right-shoulder-shift he fell into his place and made the charge in that manner. On the right of me a sharp crash, as of dry bones broken by a hatchet, drew my attention, and, looking that way, I saw Edwards, one of the color-bearers, fall slowly backward, raising one hand to his mouth as the blood spirted from it; an "Oh!" of pain or alarm burst from his lips, and in his eyes there was a stare of woeful amazement.

I had expected that such sights as this would be most depressing and terrible. It was not so; it was not even painful; it hardly seemed unnatural; it only produced a feeling of surprise. Kelley of the color guard, one of our Louisiana recruits, seized the Stars and Stripes from the fallen man's hand and bore them onward, calmly chewing his tobacco.

All this time we were subjected to both cannon and musketry without being allowed to respond, which is the severest of all the trials of battle. "Oh dear! when shall we fire?" I heard one of the color corporals exclaim in a voice of real anguish; and there was a general feeling of relief when the Lieutenant-Colonel's clear, metallic voice rang out, "Fire by file! commence firing!" The men could not wait to fire by file, which is a graduated discharge, running from the right to the left of each company; they brought down those four hundred rifles together, and sent one crashing, magnificent volley into the hostile line of smoke which fronted them; for as yet we could see no other sign of an enemy. The next second every one was loading his piece with such a frenzied haste as if his life depended on the rapidity of the operation. Suddenly I was amazed and disgusted at seeing the two centre companies fall on their faces. Drawing my sword and turning upon the man nearest me, I shouted, "You miserable coward, if you don't get up I'll split your head open." "We were ordered to lie down," he answered; and one of my lieutenants corroborated the statement. I looked around in doubt. "It can't be," I said; "the right of the regiment is moving; and there is the Colonel just behind it."

The men fell into line again, and the dropping

file fire had commenced in our ranks when I and every one near me heard distinctly a loud order to lie down. Down we went, all the more smartly, I think, because at that instant a shell flew between the colors with a deafening, hoarse screech as if the rebels had fired a brace of mad catamounts at us. I remember that I laughed at the nervous haste of my plunge, and that I saw one of my men laughing also as he went down, probably for similar reason. In my boyhood I have ducked in the same way, and with very much the same laugh, in escaping from a particularly swift snow-ball.

"Forward!" we heard the Colonel shout; and springing up we advanced. It was our last stop. The men were excited, but not frightened. On they went, file-firing, straight toward the enemy, in the teeth of cannon and musketry. There was a heavy pressure from right to left toward the colors; some of my small men were crowded out of their places; we were three ranks deep instead of two. As little Sweeny dodged along the rear, trying to find a crack in the living, advancing wall to poke his gun through, one of my officers twice collared him and dragged him back to his place, saying, "What the — and — are you doing on the right of the company?"

"Lieutenant," was the ready answer, "I am up here pertectin' thim colors."

The swearing mania was irrepressible; nothing but oaths could express our feelings. I was not a profane man; I never swore at one of my company before that day; but at that moment I had a gift. In the rage of the charge, in the red presence of slaughter, it seemed as if every possible extremity of mere language was excusable, provided it would aid in gaining victory. A serious friend has asked me since if I did not think of eternity. Not once. I was anxious for nothing but to keep a steady line and to reach the enemy's position. I did not, as I previously supposed I should, urge my soldiers to fight desperately and fire rapidly. They were fighting well enough and firing fast enough. Nearly all that I said might be summed up as repetitions of the two orders, "Close up" and "Guide right." I even swore at one of the color corporals for being out of line, although the man had simply dropped back a pace in the process of loading.

I acted against the rules when I kept my place in the front rank after the firing had commenced; but I had two lieutenants to keep order in the rear, and I thought it best to let the men see one of their officers. Marching in this position, in the centre of the regiment, I noticed that the line had assumed a convex form, the rapid advance of the colors drawing the middle companies slightly ahead of the flank ones. And here, looking away to the left, I saw the Eight New Hampshire in confusion and dropping behind us like an exploded steamer losing headway. It was partly the enemy's fire which had broken them, they being directly in front of the battery and suffering much more than we;

but, far more than that, it was an unfortunate formation of the regiment "by inversion," the result of which was to spoil the working of the delicate tactical machinery. The Eighth was a noble body of men, and distinguished itself subsequently at Port Hudson in a most heroic manner, losing more than one-half its numbers in a single assault.

Weitzel, who was riding close at our heels, smoking a cigar and surveying every thing with the coolness of an outsider, saw the disaster, and hurried up the Thirteenth Connecticut to relieve the staggering regiment. Meantime we went on alone, keeping up our file-fire and gradually straightening our line. Several times I thought impatiently, Shall we ever get there? shall we ever be among them? I believed that there would, of course, be a bayonet struggle, not knowing then that hand-to-hand combats exist mainly in newspapers.

The field, I have said, was a quarter of a mile long. We had passed over one-half of it before I saw a single man of the hostile force; and their cannon I did not see at all, so well were they masked by shrubbery, although I could perceive the puffs of smoke which they gave out when discharged. Numbers of men in the regiment never laid eyes on a rebel during the whole action. The first troops that we caught sight of were probably the Lafourche militia, Mouton's reserve, which came down the cross-road on a run to reinforce the threatened position. As soon as they got in our front they commenced firing irregularly, without halting or forming, then broke suddenly in a panic, rushing into the thickets in their rear, and disappearing in a most rapid, harmless manner. This I did not see, for it happened opposite our right wing, and my eyes were set straight forward. But when we had got half across the field I became aware that the hostile battery had ceased firing; and immediately thereafter I perceived a crowd of men spring up from behind the fence in front of us, plunge across the road, and sweep into the forest, seeming to be actually jumping over each other in their haste, and looking, in their gray uniforms, like an immense flock of sheep swarming over a fence. At this sight our regiment raised a spontaneous yell of triumph, and quickened, if possible, the fury of its fire.

Just then a tremendous volley, the voice of the Thirteenth Connecticut coming into action, rang out somewhat in rear of our left. It was given contrary to the orders of the Colonel, but the sight of the escaping enemy was too strong a temptation. On we went, smack up to the fence, yelling with excitement and blazing away at the woods, although every living rebel had disappeared. It was all that our Lieutenant-Colonel, aided by his company officers, could do to halt the regiment. I was in a state of amazement at what seemed to me the feeble resistance of the enemy, and was far from supposing that we had broken his main force and won the battle.

"Can't this firing be stopped?" I said, anxiously, to the Lieutenant-Colonel. "Are we

not wasting our ammunition on a mere party of skirmishers?"

"Cease firing!" he ordered, riding down the line. And with some difficulty quiet was restored.

"Can't the regiment push into the woods?" I now asked. "I am afraid the enemy may re-form there and drive us back again."

Instead of following this suggestion he did better, ordering out two companies as skirmishers to pursue the victory, and directing the officers of the remaining companies to re-form and count off their men. If I had not been an inexperienced soldier I should not have undertaken to press advice upon my superior officer; it was the natural eagerness and simplicity of a green-horn which led me to rush forward in this officious manner.

We had scarcely straightened our ranks when we heard a cheer from the Thirteenth, now formed on our left, and saw Weitzel in front of them making a speech. What he said to them I could not hear, but his address to us was a very compendium of practical instruction.

"Twelfth Connecticut," he spoke, in answer to our congratulatory hurrah, "you have done well. That is the way to do it. Never stop, and the enemy won't stop."

"That is the best speech I ever heard in my life," one of my men remarked.

"Three cheers for General Weitzel!" yelled an excited corporal, jumping out of the ranks and swinging his cap. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

Our Lieut-Colonel now spoke. "Twelfth, you have done well," he began; "but not so well as I hoped."

A VOICE. "What did you expect, Colonel? We made them skedaddle."

COLONEL. "Yes, I know that. That was all right. But I wanted you to do it more coolly. After the drilling that you have had I thought you would go through it like a parade. I tried to halt you in the middle of the field to dress the line. I shouted at you with all my force; but I couldn't get you to stop."

VOICES. "We didn't hear a word of it, Colonel."

COLONEL. "I suppose not. I don't see how you could hear when you were yelling so and keeping up such a fire. I never heard such a racket. And now, color guard, why didn't you shake out those colors? There isn't a bullet-hole in them."

COLOR SERGEANT. "We rolled them up to go through the woods, Sir."

COLONEL. "That's all right. But next time let them fly whenever you come to a clear spot. Never mind battle-rents. They only make the old flag more glorious."

There was some grumbling at the unthankful tone of this speech. We thought that we had done our duty as well as could be expected, considering the difficulties of the ground and the fact that it was our first fight. After an experience of forty-three days under fire I am of

opinion that I never saw a more dextrous, rapid, and vigorous advance, although I have certainly seen cooler ones.

About this time, just early enough to be too late, the rebel left wing completed its circuit and appeared in our rear. But when it came in sight of the Eighth New Hampshire, which had been led back to meet it, and guessed thereby how the main conflict had gone, it lost heart, and, after firing a few shots across the bayou at our baggage train, hurried off by a roundabout way to rejoin Mouton at Thibodeaux.

The Thirteenth was now started in pursuit of the beaten centre, following up Perkins's cavalry and a section of artillery, the guns of which we could hear booming, farther and farther away, for half an hour afterward. On the road and in the swampy wood behind the rebel position we took a field-piece and nearly three hundred prisoners. The color sergeant of the Crescent Regiment was caught, up to his waist in mire, but he had hid his colors, probably by burying them in the morass; and so the Twelfth failed to secure a rightful trophy.

During the evening my servant arrived with my over-coat, which enabled me to pass the night in a state of half comfort. Our prisoners, clad generally in the coarse cottonade called negro-cloth, suffered severely with cold, especially those whom we had dragged out of the morass. They appropriated without compunction the blankets of their dead comrades and even of their dead colonel. Our own men were as badly off, except that their clothing, being of woolen, was better suited to the temperature. Their blankets and over-coats were with their knapsacks, three miles away, on the other side of the bayou; and such was the difficulty of getting the train across the bridge that our regimental baggage did not arrive till morning; nor could the poor fellows be allowed to go singly after their property for fear of another fight in case the enemy should be reinforced. But after pickets had been thrown out, the rest of the men were allowed to collect rails and build huge camp fires, around which they stood or sat till morning, chewing their hard biscuit, smoking, and bragging endlessly of their victory.

One of the first men whom I beheld in the morning was Edwards, the color-bearer, whom I had seen fall with what I supposed to be a mortal wound, and who now presented himself to claim his colors, having understood that we were to have a second battle. The ball had actually passed through his head, entering the mouth, and coming out behind the left jaw. He simply complained that his mouth was very sore, and that he could eat nothing but soup. He was ordered back to hospital, being evidently too severely hit to do duty; and in fact he had a long illness, the fever of the hurt terminating in typhus. One of the most noticeable things in war is the heroism of the wounded.

Notwithstanding the great length at which I have described the combat of Labadieville, our regimental loss was but two killed and fourteen

wounded. Its smallness was owing in part to the rapidity with which we advanced, and the consequent brevity of our exposure to fire, only an hour and twenty minutes elapsing from the time the first shell passed over us to the moment of reaching the fence. It did not seem, by-the-way, fifteen minutes. The entire loss of the brigade was less than ninety killed and wounded, of which about one-half fell to the share of the Eighth New Hampshire.

Allow me now to recall and insist upon the tactical ideas which appeared earlier in this narrative. Weitzel won his little victory by dint of concentration and of promptness of movement; and the possibility of these flowed from the forethought which provided his rude but serviceable pontoon-bridge. Similar results would have followed the same tactics if one hundred thousand men had been opposed to each other instead of less than six thousand. Of all the combats that I have seen this one was the most scientific, orderly, comprehensible, and artistically satisfactory. I will venture one other military reflection. I think the success of our regiment in charging veterans in a strong position was owing very much to the file-fire which we kept up while advancing. In the first place, it supported the spirits of our men, who believed that they were doing as much damage as they received, and felt that they ought to be able to bear the trial as long as the enemy. In the second place, it killed the musketry of the rebels, who, unfortunately for their morale, I think, had for shelter a deep plantation ditch, which served them the purpose of a rifle-pit. Now a human being who has a cover in battle hates to put his head outside of it. As a proof that we actually did overwhelm and derange the hostile musketry, I may adduce the fact that we had only six men hit by bullets. The rebels lost very few, to be sure; but the fence above their heads was so tattered by our shot as to be a curiosity; and the prisoners said that, what with the whizzing of Miniés and the flying of cypress splinters, the ditch was a most unpleasant position. I believe the manoeuvre of file-firing while advancing in battalion line to be quite a novelty. Notwithstanding frequent inquiries on the subject, I never yet heard of any other regiment having practiced it. An attacking line generally halts from time to time and delivers volleys, or advances at a right-shoulder-shift, taking what the enemy sends without reply until the position to be seized is actually reached. All three of these methods, I admit, are sufficiently difficult of execution; but the one by which we carried our point at Labadieville is certainly the least trying to human nature. The difficulty is that it can not be put in practice except on level ground, where the rear rank can keep well closed up; and even then the leading men are in some danger of having their heads blown off by the muskets of their supporting comrades. For instance, I had my neck scorched at Labadieville by the fire of one of my own soldiers.

And now let us ascend from tactics to strategy. The plan of the campaign was that Weitzel should drive the enemy down the Lafourche to Thibodeaux; that Colonel Thomas, with the Eighth Vermont and a colored regiment, should flank them there by way of the railroad from New Orleans; and that the Twenty-first Indiana with a force of gun-boats should seize Brashear City, and cut off their retreat across the Atchafalaya. To bring all this about, Mouton ought to have fought a second battle with us at Thibodeaux, or at least to have retired with a decent degree of deliberation. But he had been too neatly whipped and too thoroughly frightened to do either. He made a desperate rush for Brashear City, deserted at every step by his Lafourche militiamen, and succeeded in crossing the Atchafalaya almost in sight of the intercepting force, which had been detained two days off the bar by a furious norther. As for us, we followed him in a most leisurely manner, fearing that he would do just what he did. And now for nearly six months—that is, until General Banks arrived to open his Teche campaign—was Weitzel military master of the fertile Lafourche country, and commander of the United States forces in all Louisiana west of the Mississippi.

LIBRARIES.

“THE treasury of remedies for the soul” was inscribed over the entrance of the library of Osymandyas at Thebes, the first library mentioned in history. Three thousand years have wrought no change in the truth of the legend which classes libraries among the prime agencies for promoting the well-being of mankind. It is not the most violent or perceptible causes which produce the most permanent consequences; the slow, gradual upheaval of continents presents grander results than the spasmodic quakings of Vesuvius; the quiet success of Christianity has surpassed the wonders achieved by the sword of Mohammed; the invention of a German mechanic has revolutionized the world, and books, whether in manuscript or printed, have exercised a silent but controlling influence over the destiny of the ages—an influence not the less real because generally unrecognized. When Pisistratus founded the Homeric library at Athens he accomplished what Harmodius and Aristogiton could not undo when they overthrew his power; he established an institution whose effects were felt long after its destruction, shaping the thoughts, tastes, opinions, and actions of the race.

In the dark ages it was in monastic libraries that the relics of Greek and Roman civilization were preserved for the return of more auspicious days. Collections of classic and patristic authors were numerous, relics snatched from the ravages of the Goths and the Vandals, few of these libraries containing over five or six hundred MSS., but in the aggregate forming a vast number. Alcuin, Anselm, Charlemagne, the abbots of Glastonbury and York, and other

prominent characters, devoted themselves to the advancement of libraries. The monks, cooped up in their narrow cells, gave expression to their aspirations after a more exalted and intellectual existence than that to which they were doomed by translating the classic authors. "That they slept their lives away is most untrue," says Longfellow; "for in an age when books were few—so few, so precious, that they were chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains like galley-slaves to their benches, these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day."

The Benedictines of the Middle Ages were not only great book collectors, but, according to the character of their order, they did more than any other class of men of the time toward diffusing the advantages of literature. Their great monastery, Monte Casino, was a sort of treasury or mint where choice MSS. were stored and prepared, and whence knowledge obtained currency at a period of profound degradation. Destroyed by the Lombards, rebuilt only to be shaken by earthquakes and ravaged by the Saracens in their descents on the coasts of Italy, the institution continued steadily to progress in spite of such terrors, and the monks became famous throughout Christendom for their skill and industry as book-hunters and book-manufacturers. Men of literary tastes proceeded thither as to an oasis in the desert; and long after the decay of the convent and the dispersion and destruction of many of its volumes, its name survived, and its antique cloisters continued an object of devout pilgrimage to such men as Boccaccio and Mabillon. Here Tasso, worn out by the terrible anguish of his life, spent some of his last days. The influence exercised by the library of Monte Casino was incalculable.

After the decline of this institution the promotion of libraries is principally due to Richard de Bury, the Anglo-Norman bibliophile and bibliographer of the period of Edward III., and to Petrarch his contemporary. The *Philobiblon* of the former we commend to every book-lover as a charming little treatise, unsurpassed in merit by any subsequent work of the kind. De Bury would have enjoyed with all his heart turning over the pages of the edition so beautifully printed in 1861 by Munsell, "*Aldi Discipulus Albanus*." Petrarch, the friend of De Bury, is famous as a poet, but it is not generally known that he was also a book collector and aspired at founding a library, for which object he bequeathed his books to the Venetian republic as a nucleus for a State Library. But the wealthy oligarchs of the city of the sea were too much absorbed in the traffic of gold, silks, and spices of the Orient to attend to literature, and Petrarch's collection lay neglected until some of the precious MSS. became actually petrified in the damp vaults where they were confined. Eventually the books were scattered to the four winds, but by

some remarkable chance over seven hundred of these books, over which the great poet and lover once pondered and dreamed, have found an asylum from the storms of ages in the library of Trieste. How inestimable is the worth of those volumes rich with such tender memories!

How much it adds to the interest, the vitality of books if we can associate them with men who have enlisted the attention or sympathy of generations! The Royal Library of Paris seems more attractive to us because the illustrious De Thou—Huguenot, patriot, and historian—ministered to its wants as librarian, and because of the tragic fate of his son and successor, who has been celebrated in De Vigny's *Cinq Mars*. The Harleian MSS. suggest to us that quaint comic genius, Robert Burton, rummaging, as Dibdin tells us, among the huge black letter folios as in a mine, giving us the results of his labor in that oddest of farragos, "*The Anatomie of Melancholy*," which has diverted the leisure moments of many a student. With what veneration we contemplate the monastic library of Erfurth, where Luther, while a young man, passed many days that would otherwise have been wearisome. There he found the Bible which first aroused him to a sense of his own necessities, and the wants of his fellow-men. "This book," as D'Aubigné has eloquently observed, "deposited upon the unknown shelves of a gloomy hall, is about to become the book of life to a whole nation. In that book the Reformation lay hid."

No sign of our age is so indicative of present prosperity and intelligence, and of the permanence of the beneficent institutions of the time, as the growing attention paid to the collection and preservation of books. The silent but wonderful power of libraries is more and more acknowledged. The revenues of states, the donations of private munificence, are liberally contributed for the nourishment of libraries. The British Museum, with its vast collection of MSS. and printed volumes, is too well known to require more than a passing notice. The libraries of the old Nitrian monasteries, neglected among the sands of Egypt, have been ransacked for their treasures of Coptic, Arabic, Syriac, and Abyssinian lore, which now adorn the shelves of the Museum; and from all parts of the globe literary representatives may be said to have come and settled in this great metropolis of books. At present the collection numbers 40,000 MSS., 600,000 printed volumes, and 200,000 pamphlets.

The superb *Bibliothèque Impériale* of Paris, the largest in the world, contained in 1861 1,000,000 printed volumes, and 150,000 MSS., 300,000 maps, 300,000 pamphlets, 130,000 engravings, and 150,000 numismatic specimens. It must be conceded, however, that it contains many duplicates. The Library of St. Genevieve at Paris with 200,000 volumes, the Royal Library of Berlin with its 600,000 volumes, and a magnificent collection of Oriental MSS., the Royal Library of Copenhagen with 450,000 volumes, the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg,

which, in little over a century, has accumulated 500,000 volumes, the Royal Library of Munich with 500,000 volumes, the Imperial Library of Vienna containing over 425,000 volumes, the Library of the Vatican possessing on the shelves of its antique alcoves the finest collection of Oriental MSS. in the world—among them many inestimable treasures brought thither from Constantinople when it fell into the hands of the Turks, the Laurentian Library at Florence, so scurvily treated by Savonarola; these, and many others, invite us to linger in their calm retreats and dream over the strange legends which cluster around them like ivy; but, behold, are they not all written in the chronicles of Edward the son of Edwards, who hath “given good heed, and sought out, and set in order many” and divers things worthy to be remembered? wherefore, let him that desireth to be more fully informed as to these things, search diligently in these books and be edified.

But as for us let us turn to the efforts made in our own land to promote the cause of civilization by the foundation of libraries, although very few of our libraries can lay any pretensions to antiquity. While successive ages have contributed to the growth of literature and the perpetuation of libraries in the Old World, ours are mostly the product of the wealth and intelligence of the present century. In 1663, or thereabouts, Pepys, the fussy, consequential courtier and book-collector of the days of Charles II., was jotting down in his diary such items as the following, which show how plentiful books were in England at that time: “To Paul’s church-yard, where I found several books ready bound for me: February 16 (Lord’s Day), all the morning making a catalogue of my books.” He had no idea of wasting his time. “By Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul’s church-yard, and at their hall also, which they value at about £150,000”—a sum equal to £400,000 at present, or \$2,000,000. “February 8. To the Strand to my bookseller’s, and there bought an idle, roguish French book, which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found.” Virtuous Pepys! while he was thus luxuriating in the pastures of literature the English colonies were fighting Indians and clearing a howling wilderness. It was scarcely more than twenty years before these extracts were penned that the first printing-press in the United States was started at Cambridge. Donated soon after to Harvard College, it has since become the University press so celebrated for its choice editions. Then came the French and Indian wars and the Revolution, succeeded by all the confusion and bustle attendant on the establishment of an infant people struggling for a place among the nations; and yet one is really astonished at the progress achieved by our literary institutions even amidst all these adverse circumstances.

It is due to the men of the Old World to say that to them is owing much of what was done toward building up the early American libraries. With a prophetic eye they beheld the future glory of the colonies, and sought to influence their destiny and incorporate themselves with their fame by liberal contributions of books and money. The library of Harvard College, the first in the United States, was founded in 1632, and was endowed with gifts from Sir Kenelm Digby, Richard Baxter, Bishop Berkeley, and many others of the mother country. These invaluable tomes were all consumed by fire in 1764. The library, however, was immediately recommenced, and now contains, exclusive of the society libraries and pamphlets, about 85,000 volumes.

The Library of Yale College comes next in order of date, and was actually founded before the college for which it was intended, the clergyman who contributed the books which formed its nucleus, in 1700, saying, “I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.” What worldly wisdom sometimes inspired the counsels of those quaint New England divines of the olden time! The Library of Columbia College was founded in 1757. The Library Association of Philadelphia was started in 1731, by that universal genius, that representative Yankee, Benjamin Franklin, whose statue surmounts the entrance of the present building, which was erected late in the last century. This was the first of those subscription libraries in America which afterward so rapidly multiplied that Franklin could say before he died: “These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans; made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen in other countries; and perhaps have contributed, in some degree, to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges.” This library, with the Loganian collection attached to it, has received contributions from many sources, and now contains over 60,000 volumes. The Philosophical Library of Philadelphia was also founded by Franklin.

The Redwood Library, of Newport, was initiated by the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, then resident in this country. The project was nobly seconded by Abraham Redwood, Esq., by a donation of £500, in 1747; and £5000 were subscribed for the erection of a building, a large sum for a colonial library in those days. The plan was drafted by one of the architects of Blenheim House; and the elegant little building still remains, a monument to the traditional wealth and stateliness of Newport in its early years. The collection, although so much older than most of our libraries, contains only 12,000 volumes, but these are all of real merit. Dr. Stiles, of Revolutionary memory, was long the librarian. Take it all in all, we are disposed to regard the choice little Redwood, enshrined in its beautiful antique temple, and redolent with such fragrant associations, as one of the most interesting in the country.

The Library of the American Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia possesses a complete series of works relating to ornithology, besides over 25,000 ornithological specimens—an unsurpassed collection. The New York State Library at Albany, founded as late as 1818, long after many other American libraries, and dependent for its support on the caprice of a motley and constantly-varying Legislature, has still made extraordinary progress. It now contains over 65,000 volumes. Many superb works published by foreign governments enrich its alcoves. It also possesses a complete set of the British Patents, the most stupendous work ever sent to press, and which increases from year to year in new installments, rolling up like compound interest. But four or five other sets of it have reached this side of the Atlantic; and its worth is shown by the fact that few other works are in so constant requisition. The Law Department embraces over 18,000 volumes. But the specialty of the New York State Library is in early historical, local, geographical, and statistical works relating to America, and in this it is surpassed by no library in the United States. It is a curious fact, not generally known, that the original papers taken from André's boots when he was captured are on exhibition in this library.

The Library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, is also devoted to the preservation of American archives; and is, moreover, interesting as possessing 900 volumes of the private library collected by Increase and Cotton Mather. How often, perhaps, has the sapient author of the *Magnalia* turned to these tomes to verify some learned quotation which he was about to inscribe in his chronicle for the confusion of "salvages" and heretics, and the edification of the orthodox. The Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society is a small but valuable collection, luxuriously cradled and tenderly nursed by the antiquarians of the "Hub."

Such are some of the oldest and best of our libraries. Few of them are noteworthy on account of size; but what they lack in quantity is compensated by quality. It should be remembered that although many of the Continental libraries boast of their bulk, a great deal of it is adipose matter—mere rubbish—the accumulation of ages, but possessing no value other than that of mouldiness and sheer old age; while the American libraries above alluded to are "of gold compact," containing but a small fraction of useless stuff.

But there is another class of libraries in the United States springing up every where, and rapidly assuming proportions which even an Englishman would not disdain. Our town and public libraries are the noblest evidences of the prosperity attained by our great republic, and among the surest pledges of its permanence and the increasing intelligence of its citizens. The Boston Athenæum and Boston public libraries possess together nearly 250,000 volumes. The

Astor with its 130,000 volumes, and scores of others, claim more than a passing notice; and it is better, therefore, to refer the reader to Rhees's exhaustive work on the subject rather than simply to name institutions which deserve more than a passing notice. We would suggest to Mr. Rhees that a new edition of his valuable work, with the "latest improvements," is desirable. Our school and college libraries, although generally small, are so numerous as enormously to swell the amount of portable information accumulated in our youthful country for the benefit of generations yet to come. Are we styled a mercenary people, wholly given up to the accumulation of wealth? Point to the libraries endowed by our countrymen; further refutation of the libel is needless. Private collections have in many cases served to start or swell the size of European libraries, but in almost every case in the form of bequests. In this country it is an everyday affair for town libraries to be founded by donations given during the lifetime of the donors: witness the Boston Athenæum and Boston Public Library; witness the donations made by Mr. Peabody for libraries at Danvers and Baltimore. Last winter, in the New York Senate, Hon. Ezra Cornell, had a bill passed, according to which he donates \$100,000 for the purpose of founding a public library at Ithaca, and this in a time of civil war!

It may be stated, as an evidence of the general diffusion of knowledge in the United States, that the number of libraries in Great Britain, in 1856, exceeding 10,000 volumes was 43, in France 28, and in the United States 104. The number of volumes in all the libraries of this country, private libraries excepted, amounted, in 1859, to 12,720,686 volumes. The number of volumes contained in libraries of 10,000 and upward, exclusive of private libraries, is 2,403,477, according to the last issue of Childs's National Almanac, of which only 350,000 are in the Slave States. Virginia, the mother of Presidents, and with a population of 1,596,318 before the war, possesses 50,000 volumes; Massachusetts, settled thirteen years later, and with a population of 1,231,066, possesses 614,415; South Carolina, the abode of the choicest F. F. V.'s, boasts of the enormous sum of 90,000 to a population of 703,708. These figures may be rather dry, but they are worth more than a passing thought, for they present facts of singular significance. If they are true, and we have taken means to verify them, then the South can not too soon be regenerated.

On the breaking out of the war there was a small collection at Beaufort, South Carolina, styled by euphemy a public library. There were the country seats of the *crème de la crème* of the chivalry; perchance the books in the Beaufort library were sometimes daintily fingered by exquisite aristocrats, who had tears to shed over Byron's heroines but lorded it over the "nigger" with a full appreciation of their high-born extraction. But those palmy days have passed away forever, and with them the Beaufort Public

Library has gone: the books were sold at auction in New York, and the hall of the library is now an asylum for freedmen. At the time when this occurred there was some outcry against the Vandalism of the proceeding. In our opinion the Beaufort library was excluded from the protection which is properly claimed for literary institutions. It was doomed *per se*; without being intrinsically a rare collection, it was still of no ordinary character, and demanded an extraordinary fate. It was gathered by the unpaid wages of slaves. No; a library, an institution intended for the diffusion of civilization, founded by those who are fighting to maintain the institutions of barbarism, is a solecism. Scatter its volumes and sweep it into oblivion, and when South Carolina is again a free State, then introduce the true civilization, plant schools and libraries from Charleston to New Orleans, and the library of Beaufort will be more than restored.

It is pleasant to observe that the spirit we have shown in regard to libraries has proved contagious. Our Canadian neighbors have already started many thriving and valuable collections, and libraries belonging to educational institutions are numerous. The attention given to the foundation of libraries seems to be a characteristic trait of the Anglo-Saxon colonies. It has been seen how early we commenced founding them, and the Canadians are not slow in the good work. It will startle many persons who are unaware of the marvelous progress of civilization in Australia, to learn that in its great cities society has become sufficiently settled to create a demand for public libraries. One was founded at Melbourne in 1855; a beautiful edifice was erected at a cost of £16,000, and in 1860 it already contained nearly 30,000 volumes.

The collection of private libraries for one's personal delectation has been a luxury indulged in by the rich and the intelligent since the days of Lucullus and Pliny, great "book-hunters;" and surely there is no pursuit or hobby which wealth loves to humor that is more productive of good. Our merchant princes and literary men have as yet made no collections so vast and magnificent as a few of the private libraries of Europe, such as those of Magliabechi, the prince of librarians, De Thott, the Dukes of Urbino, and the Harleian; but they have shown a commendable zeal in the cause, and select private libraries are far more frequent now in our country than in England, and often with special attention devoted to certain subjects; as, for example, the Shakspearian Library of Mr. Burton, and the collection of Spanish literature gathered by Mr. Ticknor, unsurpassed out of Spain. The entertaining works of Dr. Wynne and Mr. Farnham on the private libraries of Boston and New York show what had been achieved in this line some years ago.

Of the work connected with the collection and curatorship of libraries but little is known outside of library walls. The popular mind considers a library a sort of Castle of Indolence,

where the happy man who is situated there has naught to do but take his ease at his own sweet will; to read, perchance to dream; to draw his salary; to gradually grow old and leathery; and after a life of enviable repose, to pass gently away to a sphere where his condition of quietude will be continued forever. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Small libraries, poorly funded and making few or no additions, do not require much attention, although they should have more care than they generally receive. But a library of any size that gains annual additions involves a great deal of labor, even if the number of readers be small. A book has to go through many different processes—registering, binding, stamping, cataloguing, etc., etc.—before it finally reaches the shelves where room has to be found for it among the companions with whom it is to spend the remainder of its days. The compiling of catalogues is another great task devolving on the librarian, and demanding a vast amount of unappreciated labor. Bibliographies are to be ransacked for the authors of anonymous works; the abbreviations to be made in the titles need experience and judgment, and the whole is to be gotten up with numerous cross-references, and with the nicest care and the observance of a thousand perplexing rules and vexatious exceptions. In 1858 the catalogue of the British Museum amounted to 623 folio volumes as far as the letter I; when completed it can hardly embrace less than 1500 volumes. In many libraries supplementary catalogues are issued at intervals of a few years. The reader can see what it is to catalogue even in small libraries, if it is done with the requisite minuteness and care.

There is much work also bestowed on the assorting of pamphlets for the binder; indexing the hundreds of volumes of pamphlets which may be already bound, and which are found in every large library; arranging books on the shelves; registering those which leave the library; and all sorts of miscellaneous items which are constantly arising. More or less attention must also be given to visitors according to their number, the regulations of the library, and the character of their wants.

It will be seen, therefore, that libraries, although free from the wear and tear of life "on change," are still no bowers of ease. The labor performed is quiet and unostentatious, but its results are felt as vastly contributing to the progress of mankind; silent and unnoticed it goes on as the building up of a library proceeds from year to year, from age to age, gradually and unceasingly, as by minute and unrelenting processes the coral isle of the Pacific grows from its small foundation until it emerges from the depths and gladdens the face of the ocean with its grove of cocoas waving their coronal of verdure in the western wind.

Natural inclination and experience are as necessary for the success of one who adopts the life of a librarian as in the legal or medical professions. A knowledge of libraries and books is

now a science by itself, involving a vast amount of bibliographical literature that is to be mastered, and requiring that the would-be librarian should have taste and talents suited to the position he seeks. It is a mistake to place over a library some old fossil, who has exhausted his best energies in other business, and now desires a librarianship as a cozy, comfortable berth after the storms of life, although unfit to attend to any thing else but to see that the books are not stolen. Nor should such a position be given to a young man who might make an excellent bank clerk, but has no turn for books; and yet such cases too often occur. The work demands men of active parts, patient research, and ardent love for books as books without reference to their contents, although, of course, a knowledge of these is absolutely necessary to the accomplished librarian; he must also have some knowledge of the classic and principal modern languages—the more the better. It is obvious that a so-called literary man, who cares little for the dry statistics and history of books, is hardly qualified to fill the position occupied by such men as Panizzi, Cogswell, or Jewett, however learned he may be; nor, if conscientious in the discharge of his duties, can life in a library often prove otherwise to him than drudgery.

To the librarian who is not so much absorbed in bibliographical investigations as to be unconscious of other matters, life in a library affords rare opportunities for the study of human nature. It is amusing to note the different characters who visit it, and the diversity and oddity of their pursuits. The representative of a numerous class is the quaint old man who, year after year, haunts the still alcoves like the ghost of other days, bald, weazen-faced, bent over, threadbare as to his apparel, poring over black letter, and with his scanty rivulet of thought ever dribbling slowly in the same undeviating and narrowing channel. It is a singular fact that a large proportion of readers are addicted to the consultation of genealogies. This vanity, usually considered as belonging to old bachelors and ancient dowagers of the old country, is nevertheless affected by many of our otherwise sensible people, although inconsistent with the democratic nature of our institutions. Sir Symonds D'Ewes was not more enthusiastic in this sort of erudition than some Americans who lavish much precious time in the searching out of family crests, ancestry, and other moonshine equally substantial.

To one who desires to regard his fellow-men with the benevolent eye of an optimist, it is rather mortifying to observe what watchfulness has to be exercised in the preservation of books from careless usage, or even from theft. The passion for acquiring rare works, MSS., or autographs, amounts to a monomania with some persons which seems to produce a moral obliquity in their actions so far as books are concerned. A curious instance illustrative of this occurred in the New York Historical Library. Dr. — happened in the library investigating some docu-

ments. The librarian and another gentleman, a man of high respectability and well known as a book-collector, were the only other persons present. The librarian having occasion to leave the room placed it temporarily in the charge of Dr. —. On returning to the library he found the collector had disappeared, and, what was more singular, a very valuable MS. framed and hung on the wall had also vanished. Dr. —, absorbed in his studies, had observed the disappearance of neither one nor the other. As it was evident he knew nothing about it, and the respectability of the supposed purloiner prevented further inquiry, no more was said on the subject. Some years after, when the occurrence was entirely forgotten, the collector died, and at the sale of his books Dr. — and the librarian again met, and mutually enjoyed the surprise and pleasure of seeing the aforesaid MS. brought to light under the hammer of the auctioneer!

We have already alluded to some of the perplexing questions connected with libraries, but there is none demanding for its solution so thorough a knowledge of the wants of libraries, combined with good taste and common sense, as drawing plans for a library. It is for this reason that most libraries are either pleasing to the eye and unsuited to the purpose for which they were erected, or conveniently planned and contrary to the rules of good taste: the former is, however, the most usual error, at least in Europe, where there are many really beautiful library buildings designed by architects of the first order, but at a great waste of space and convenience. There is only one way entirely to obviate the difficulty: the architect should be at once librarian and architect—that is, a librarian by profession, but at the same time conversant with architecture, sufficiently so at least to consult with and direct some architect sensible enough to heed the suggestions of one who knows thoroughly what is required. As this is not a contingency to be hoped for until to their other studies librarians add the noble study of architecture, the next best thing is for the council of sages called the building committee to learn wisdom from those who have spent many years in a library, instead of ignoring their existence and intrusting the matter altogether to some architect whose only object is to erect a beautiful edifice, and who knows as much about the thousand and one requirements of a library as of Chinese. This is not so much a question of genius or taste as a question of experience. Michael Angelo himself could not plan a suitable building for a library without previous experience of the economy of a library, as is proved by one he erected for the Laurentian Library, which is one of the finest things in Florence, but is more fit for a ducal palace than for a library. This is not so trifling a question as some may think, for the public moneys are too often wasted in the construction of a library sufficiently handsome, indeed, but also sufficiently absurd in its internal arrangements.

We may be pardoned, perhaps, for venturing a few suggestions, which may not be altogether novel, but can not too often be repeated. The main portion of a library should be in the form of a rotunda, like the famous reading-room of the British Museum. Thus from a central point can the librarian best oversee the visitors and readers, who should always be under his eye, and the books, on this plan, can be most accessible to the assistants. If the ground-plan is quadrangular there need be no space lost at the angles, as such rooms become necessary as the library expands, and, in any event, they are required for the storage of duplicates, for library offices, etc., as every one conversant with the subject very well knows. Nor is a circular building undesirable in an architectural point of view, the Pantheon at Rome and many Italian basilicas presenting attractive examples of that style. A library should be well-lighted, and from above, whatever its shape; by this means reserving for book-shelves the space in the walls that would be occupied by windows.

Excess of ornament should be avoided. any thing that tends to distract the attention from the main purpose of the building is objectionable. Let the chief architectural features present an effective outline; that is sufficient for a library, in this respect differing from a cathedral or palace, which can hardly be too ornate. It may even be questioned whether pictures do not interfere with the proportions of a library; if donated to such an institution a separate room devoted to them would seem preferable. But there is one ornament which is always in perfect keeping with the severe beauty of a library—statuary. Pure marble busts, carved out of snowy Carrara, add a classic air to the majestic aspect of a library hall such as can be obtained in no other way. But let plaster casts be banished from its portals as inconsistent with the permanent character of the place.

As to the order of architecture that should be selected it is more difficult to decide. While all are beautiful, some are better suited to our purpose than others. The object of a building and its style of architecture should harmonize as the dress of an individual should correspond with his character or profession. Madame de Pompadour in the garb of a Quakeress, or old Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Newport, in the gay colors of a gallant *à la Louis Quatorze*, would be no more incongruous than a library building of unsuitable architecture. The later English Gothic or Elizabethan, and the Romanesque, Lombard Gothic, and Venetian schools would seem to be the best adapted for libraries. We are inclined to think that the Royal Library at Munich and the Astor at New York, planned after early Italian models before the Renaissance had corrupted the sources of true architecture, are as consistent in their appearance with what a library should be as any that have come to our knowledge.

The last suggestion that we would make is, that all that savors of sham should be conscientiously

excluded from library precincts. We know of a library that cost \$80,000. Throughout it is built of brick, stone, and iron. It is probably fire-proof, and presents an air of stability that is truly refreshing. But those graceful columns that sustain the roof on their exquisite capitals are hollow; the slender iron posts within that support the ceiling are hidden by flimsy shells of pine wood that only *seem* to support what they do not; and the Corinthian capitals are of plaster of Paris, liable to be shattered at a blow. Is not this pitiful!

Vast depositories of learning, libraries have been compared by Swift to cemeteries, while Irving has wittily described them as manufactories for the production of other books. May they not rather be likened to cities and towns where men assemble in communities and continue to influence the world by the force of intellect long after they have ceased to exist as physical beings. "Many a man," says Milton, "lives a burden on the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life." As the long procession of mortals sweeps on to the Silent Land, they who have incorporated the better part of themselves in books shall not altogether die; their names would still at least be "perpetuated," as Burton remarks, "in catalogues and bibliographical dictionaries; nay, biographies and encyclopedias would contain their titles and perhaps the day of the author's birth and death." For these reasons let a library be constructed on principles of permanence; let strength and security enter into the plan, and allow no excess of tawdry decoration to lessen the effect of its majesty; let it stand from age to age unscathed by the storms and wrecks of eras, a beacon to guide mankind in the course of duty, a shrine wherein shall be embalmed the glory of its founders, an oracle whither the generations shall come to seek wisdom, a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*.

IN BONDS.

A YOUNG girl stood by an open window. Not looking at the shifting cloud panorama in the open sky, not marking the silvery pinnacles that girded the horizon—mountain phantasms smitten with golden arrows from the sun and melting away into a glimmering mist. No glory of tinted vapor or cloven ray could hold her glance or heart this morning. Throngs of people were walking about—carriages were hurrying along the Warrenton road, and a band of music began to utter a few preliminary notes. It was, in fact, Tournament-day at Fauquier Springs; and who that had a spark of chivalry in their souls could have eye or ear for common pageants of earth or sky?

Not this young girl, Theodora Thorpe, certainly. She stood there with an eager, expectant glance, and something of childish pleasure in the parted crimson lips and cheeks so softly flushed. She was a Yankee girl, and had

breathed New England air nearly all her life. There is a kindling glow in her soft brown hair, strength and purpose about the passionate lips, and the deep gray eyes now wandering to the green sweep of meadow on the west look clear enough to face poetic vision or life's sharpest reality.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a triumphant burst of martial music, and she saw that the knights were entering the lists. Fancifully attired, with various fantastic names taken from old books of chivalry or manufactured at home, these knights met for no personal encounter, no feats of bravery, but merely to display that most common of Southern accomplishments, good riding. The herald announced the names, and then read a speech, of which our heroine could hear little. Sometimes a triumphant burst of music heralded success, then an ignominious silence told of failure. At last her eye kindled a little and she sat down. She could not look at this rider—a young man of lithe and slender figure and blond hair. He was habited in a suit of dark green cloth with golden trimmings, and rode a coal-black horse. She caught her breath with a half gasp as she looked at him.

But Miss Thorpe did not look again. She only listened with quickened breath and flushed cheeks to the thrice-told burst of music that hailed him victor, and a shadow of disappointment clouded her face. She had seen enough of the tournament; some harassing thought chased all the childish pleasure from lip and eye, and she waited wearily to the end with her head leaning on her hand. The pageant ended at last, and before long the young man with the aureole of golden hair, the conquering hero, stood beside her.

"Now, Dora, you must change your mind!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Do women ever do that?"

"Yes, it is one of their rights—one I shall never dispute with you. Say you will stay to the ball, and let me crown you queen."

"Be loyal to my high behest, then, and find Clem to drive me home."

The young man bit his lip. His blue eyes glittered—cold blue eyes they were, with no more light from within at this moment than if they had been cut from turquoise stone. Reginald Fairfax was accustomed to have his own way in life; it was a new sensation to be refused. This little Yankee girl was piquant and refreshing certainly, and so beautiful that he had only to look in her face to excuse the rash offer of his hand and heart made only twenty-four hours ago; but then it would never do to allow her to rebel so soon.

"Dora, it is my wish that you should stay."

"But, most solemn autocrat of all the Russias, it is my wish to go. When one has a weighty question to consider, one does not like to flutter away the time in a ball-room."

"Bosh," said the young man, with a sneer. "You are afraid of a ball-room as one of the devices of Satan, you dear little Puritan."

"Well, perhaps I am," she rejoined, with quiet good-nature; "but you know the night brings counsel."

"Did not last night bring it?" he asked, rather impatiently.

"Only conflicting counsels. I can not choose my life's destiny as easily as I would a new bonnet."

With this view of the case Mr. Fairfax changed his tactics. Better to lose one evening's pleasure than to bear a life-long disappointment. Surely this was not the time to assert his will. After all, it was a new fascination to see this young girl hesitate about accepting him—a delicious agony to witness such purity and disinterestedness. Had not manoeuvring mothers quarreled about him as soon as he was out of the nursery, and beauties, white and brown, angled for him with various baits? How charming to see this young girl wondering whether she should really pick up the golden apples flung by Fortune at her feet!

"Ah! well, Dora," he said, "you rule me with a rod of iron. I am only king in name, and might as well abdicate my shadow of a throne. Would you ever give up a whim to please me?"

"I would give up a great deal for you, Rex," answered Dora, thoughtfully—"only not principles."

"Or prejudices," muttered Rex.

Dora glanced at him; but the smooth face and clear blue eyes showed no sign of anger. They looked hard and cold, perhaps, with the only warmth in the gleams that lit up the hair.

She watched him walk away, and her glance grew perplexed. Was he true and noble indeed? Could she trust heart and life to him without a fear? Handsome, rich, and noble, as the young man in Holy Writ, what lacked he yet? Ah! Dora felt in her inmost heart that one thing was needful—the pure and childlike faith which could alone inform the whole with life, and crown each natural grace with the immortal and divine.

Miss Thorpe gathered the folds of her black lace mantilla about her, and sat down patiently to await her lover's return. That is to say, her outward aspect betokened serenity and repose, a fair sweet face, with drooping eyes and tender loving mouth, but beneath that seeming calm surged all the doubts that had haunted her through the day. Does "perfect love cast out fear?" Then surely this was most imperfect love; and yet, might not these fears only be the fruit of her sage New England training? Every thing was so different here; and she had hardly been able to adopt the new faith of her new home with the readiness of her shrewd father. Some of the old horror about buying and selling a fellow-being shook her soul now and then; and she could not make it an article of her creed that slavery was a moral, social, and political blessing. Reginald Fairfax believed so, she knew, and he was the master of hundreds of slaves. Had it been a blessing to him, she

wondered vaguely as she thought of his autocratic manner. How would one fare who dared to thwart his will, wife or slave? As if answering her thought, she heard his quick step upon the floor as he hurried toward her. His eyes were aflame now, and a vivid spot burned on either cheek, but his face had the same stony calm more terrible than emotion. Dora knew that something had happened, and she said, in a frightened way,

"What is it, Rex?"

"Nothing; are you ready?"

"Of course; but you must tell me. You look so—so—" She paused, hardly caring to say, angry.

"Well, Clem is gone; he is not to be found."

Dora could not see why this should have shaken him so; but he led her swiftly down the stairs, and placed her in the carriage before he said another word. Even then he was silent for a time.

"You are in the dark I see, Dora, about this dark subject," he said, with a cold laugh, which made the young girl start. "Let us have the beginning of the interesting history. You have seen Clem; he is a superior negro, as you know, brought up under my eye, and learned in all my ways. The fact is, I do believe I had allowed myself to be attached to him."

The young lady was silent, and Mr. Fairfax continued:

"Clem, it appears, placed his affections on other objects than his unworthy master; in short, he wooed and married in an incredibly short time a young 'pussun of color,' belonging to Mrs. Summers on the next plantation. Now, Miss Juliet Summers was married a couple of weeks ago, and followed her liege lord to the eastern shore of Maryland, taking her maid with her without the slightest regard for Clem."

"Poor fellow!" said Dora, with a sigh.

"My darling, do you think they feel as we would?" said Reginald, interrupting his story and looking at her with wondering tenderness.

"I don't know," she answered, mournfully; "but I think the feeling must be the same in kind. If they can love, they can suffer."

"Bah! they don't do either," returned Mr. Fairfax, impatiently; "but Clem has taken upon himself to be very sulky, because I refused to buy his Clara. He has been almost insolent, so that last night I was obliged to thrash him. I did indeed, Dora. You need not look so horrified. I shall not thrash you."

"I don't know about that," said Dora, quickly. "Perhaps, if I offend you."

"I have only been too indulgent to Clem," continued the young gentleman. "I believe he considered a thrashing impossible, he looked so stunned at first. I could have almost smiled if I had not been so angry at the look of insulted dignity which he turned on me when the fine lash of my riding whip curled about him; but at last he grew fierce as a tiger, and muttered something of revenge. Did you notice

any thing in his manner when he drove us to the Springs?"

"Oh no; don't tell me any more, Reginald; it is sickening. Can't you feel as I do how wrong it all is?"

"It is disagreeable, I must own. Whippings are most rare on our place. I am sure Stonehenge is a paradise for darkeys; but you must admit, Dora, that discipline is necessary."

"Perhaps so; if I could admit that slavery is necessary I must yield every other point."

Reginald Fairfax was silent for a time. He had no reply for such speeches, and rather wished to ignore his lady-love's abolition proclivities—all the consequence of early education and the growth of New England soil. They would soon disappear in that sunnier clime amidst more liberal views.

"And after all," said Dora, solemnly, after a long silence, "fearful as the system is for the slave, to me it is more terrible for the masters. Think of your people's souls, Rex. What if they should be required at your hands? How awful at that last day to feel the crushing weight of ruined souls added to our own guilt! Do you never hear even now the voice of the Lord God in the stillness inquiring, 'Where is Abel thy brother?' You can not say like Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' for this slave system has made you that in the worst sense."

"Nonsense, Dora; you are a fanatic. As to the question of souls, it is not quite settled that they *have* souls. Here you are at home; take a new text for your next sermon, do; the present is getting a little threadbare—it is rather ancient."

"As ancient as the laws of God and human rights," said Dora, earnestly, as they drove up the winding path to the modest domicile she called home—a long, low rambling cottage, brown and bare enough in winter; but now kind Nature was doing her best to hide the want of paint, wreathing upon the homely walls such clustering vines, such grace and airiness of outline, such affluence of color, that it looked like a thing of beauty, a sweet home. A huge trumpet creeper framed the door with its wavy bowers, its great, vivid scarlet flowers lighting up the green gloom. How beautiful Dora looked as she stood in this doorway—her eyes lit with a saintly fervor—her cheeks all aflame with her emotion, and the shadows playing on her burnished brown hair! Reginald, as he drove away, muttered with a smile,

"If from her lips some abolition fall,
Look in her face and you'll forget it all."

Dora meanwhile went into the house. The interior was painfully bare, for sweet Nature could not here work her loving charms; only a cluster of creamy-tinted roses against some glossy myrtle leaves in a little Parian vase whispered of her presence. The cool, shaded rooms seemed to strike a chill to her heart, after the sumptuous display without, where warmth and color rioted. It was an effort, after all, to come back from the gay pageant of holiday life

to the homely daily duties. As she laid aside her pretty blue silk and lace drapery to assume her work-day dress, she thought of Stonehenge, with its spacious rooms, with carpets soft as woodland mosses starred with velvet petaled flowers—the drifting foam of lace curtains lying like rosy snow over gorgeous crimson silk—the softly tinted walls lit with gems of scenery in frames of misty gold, or faces beautiful as a poet's dream—the ruby tinted Bohemian glass—the carved work from Interlachen—the mosaic tables that told their tales of the world across the ocean which she longed to see—all these awaited her word. She had but to choose; and she could exchange at once the harsh, stern prose of her daily life for that region of soft enchantment. Was it not better to enjoy than to struggle and do? Why should those figments of her early faith trouble her? Why should any myths about man's equality in the great brotherhood of man, learned with the other fairy tales of childhood, rise to-day like grim phantoms between her and that fair future that shone before her? Was he not noble and true—her young Apollo with the gleaming hair? Might not hers be the task to unfold to him the mysteries of a more stainless knighthood. But these harassing thoughts must be put away for the present. Her mother was spreading the cloth for the evening meal. Her father, a shrewd, sallow-faced man, with keen eyes that seemed able to look through all subterfuge, was pacing impatiently up and down the room. He had brought all his plain, homely notions, with his personal effects, from the sterile New Hampshire farm to the worn-out Virginia lands, and calculated that “if he had two niggers to work the farm the women folks could do up the chores.”

So Dora toasted her pretty face and the bread before the fire, and sat down in a partially cooked state to her tea.

Her father eyed her sharply. Somehow the room was no more so bare and homely when this flower bloomed in it. Why, it was better than a Titian—finer than rarest exotic, sweet as young hopes—this bright young girl with the living roses in her cheek, and soft lustrous eyes that shone like stars through misty depths of color. He was glad to look at her, as she crowned the plain little table with a grace that frosted silver service, or flashing glass, or snowy drapery, could never have conferred.

“Well, Dode,” he said, “how did it go?”

“Oh, it was very pleasant; quite a picture, father,” she answered, absently, and Mr. Fairfax was the victorious knight.”

A pleased look came upon both the faces, where Time had written itself in sterner lines. Evidently no cruel parent here waited to cross the path of true love. Not mercenary enough, perhaps, to control their daughter's affections, they would rejoice to see them flow like the Californian rivers over sands of gold. To be sure Theodora was not penniless, having inherited from her Uncle Theodore a thousand

dollars and a stony little farm in New Hampshire whose chief production was mullen stalks; also, being heiress prospective to all her shrewd father might make out of his last speculation. Yet, as no ingenious Yankee has yet discovered a method of making cloth from the woolly foliage of the mullen, the farm counted little, and all the rest as a mere shining bubble weighed against Stonehenge, with its fine old mansion, its broad, fertile fields, and likely negroes.

Mr. Thorpe's keen gray eyes twinkled with pleasure as he said, “I guessed as much, for I heard them sayin' at the Warren Green this mornin' that he was the beater for riden.”

Dora was in no mood now to hear of Reginald Fairfax's perfections, and she was glad to hear her mother, who was always on household cares intent, making a moan about the disappearance of a much-prized Shanghai, a speckled creature, who went largely to legs, and had the sparest suit of feathers consistent with decency. He had been accustomed to crow loudly at twelve o'clock every night, wakening Dora from her first balmy slumber, probably because it was then high noon in China, so she had no cause to love him. But she now very amiably offered to go in search of the vagrant, glad to get away into the sweet summer twilight that lay without dewy and fragrant.

The clouds floated away in rifted pearl above her, but in the distance the dim gold and misty rose of an imperial sunset still flushed them; the sky wore that deep, tender blue which seems to bring Heaven so near us, and a soft south wind fluttered over the leaves, shaking the innumerable scarlet trumpets that hung around the doorway. No beds of flowers brightened the green-sward to load the air with balm, only a yellow jasmine to herald spring—a few roses, Dora's pets, were allowed to cumber the ground; for Mr. Thorpe seemed to have an idea that flowers were freaks of nature, floral creations on which sober people should frown as one would over the spreeds of too exuberant youth. But Dora thought with a real thrill of rapture of the conservatories at Stonehenge—the bewildering mazes of bloom and fragrance—how delicious to bring dewy little bouquets into those stately rooms—to riot in flowers—to have them in moss-baskets, in vases, in her hair—to live and move and have her being among them. Oh! if she could only decide the vexing question in her mind. What flaming sword could shut her out from this Eden? And yet, the hot blood flushed into her cheeks as she thought, would it be Eden with that man? True, she loved him. Yet he profaned with light or indifferent words the holiest things. Could she give him up? The very air seemed to swoon around her, and she leaned sick and faint by the gate that opened upon the road—a dull, heavy band of pain weighed down her head, and she remembered with a quick throb of anguish the thorny crown that circled a kingly brow of old. She must fight this battle out, and choose quick.

She looked over in the direction of Stone-

henge as she breathed it. The house stood upon a hill, dimly discerned in broken outlines against the fading sky. The last flushes had burned out, leaving only ashes of roses—cool neutral tints—where Tyrian dyes had reigned. But even as she looked, some strange, fierce light made night's sombre glory pallid. First, smouldering in a solid mass of flame, then sending forth lurid tongues of fire, it streamed upward, wave on wave, over one another, breaking into showers of sparks. Fierce and devouring as want, inappeasable as death, it looked as it wrapped the building, barn, or stable, she knew not which, in curling wreaths of fire, glittering as molten gold with burning crimson gleams. Before her terror allowed her to reach the house her father already stood at the door looking at the fire, while Jeff brought out his horse.

"It's not the house, I reckon," he said, seeing his daughter's startled look. "I'm going over to help; it 'ill take more than two hours to get the engine from Warrenton."

Dora watched her father ride off with a sigh over the impotence of women at such times. The light breeze had died away, and in the serene summer night the flames seemed to gain little. She was sure they had not reached the stately pile that might be her future home. Softly fell the dews around her till the grass was wet. The stars came out one by one, golden lamps to illumine the infinite depths of heaven, but they looked pale and wan. The fire seemed subdued at last; no longer careering wildly upward, it crouched submissive before some stronger spirit, and dense masses of black smoke starred with red sparks poured out. Still Dora walked up and down the little garden path too wildly excited to bear to go in and sit down quietly by her mother to hear her mild questions or her lament over the missing Shanghai. At last she heard the tramp of horses' feet, and sprang forward to meet her father. It was Reginald instead. He was riding by, but stopped when he saw her.

"You are anxious, Dora. I am glad to say we are safe now; the fire-fiend has not devoured our home. As for the fiend who lit the torch, I shall settle with him soon."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, reading even in the darkening gloom the white determination of her lover's face.

"Why, I mean that the black rascal Clem, that reprobate to whom you were ready to attribute all the virtues of humanity this afternoon, came back while we were at the Springs and took the revenge he has been threatening by setting fire to my new barn."

"Oh! have you proof of that?" cried Dora.

"Proof positive. He was seen hanging about the place by the other servants. He was not seen to go in, but of course he had full opportunity. No one suspected him, a favorite servant, a fellow that I had favored and indulged."

"And thrashed," thought Dora.

"But I am on his track, and can not stop a moment. By the morning dawn I expect he will

be lodged in the Warrenton jail, and I shall sell him to the first trader that comes along. Good-by!" and he rode impetuously away, calling out with a laugh—"and after business I must go back to the ball, you know."

When he was out of sight Dora paced the garden-path no more. She went up into her own little room. She sat down by the window, where the trumpet creeper had reached forth an arm holding a handful of the crimson blossoms against the swaying white folds of the curtain. The struggle was over. She let go all the shining store of the future—all its glorious possibilities—she saw with calm eye the golden glow of young love die from off the landscape of her life, and sat down at the foot of the cross, content if not joyous. Content to take up the narrow duties, the petty cares, the pale, sparse joys that made up her existence, her visible life, hoping God would some day send something more blessed than passive resignation into her soul.

How strangely her father's voice sounded as he called to her in a joyful tone late at night, with the assurance of one who brings good news, "The fire's out, Dode, and the rascal's in prison!"

A cloudy morning with glimmering showers followed. A heavy vapor seemed to wipe out the distant landscape as with a wet sponge. The lace veil of mist riven into fragments floating here and there. This pallid day, with no glorious sunshine, pleased Dora better. These pale, wan tints suited the colors of her faded life. The foliage drooped heavy and wet, the flowers hung drenched, the distance had melted away, only the narrow world of home was visible, beneath a dun gray sky. How like her life! But she went down bravely and took up the cares of the present.

She stood skimming the pans of milk when her father came back from Warrenton with his share of the daily mail. He looked at her, discerning some trace of emotion in her face.

"Hain't had a good night, I reckon, Dode," he said. "Take care of yourself; you're better nor two sons to me. Guess what that confounded rascal's done now?"

Dora did not ask. She had found time in her own trial to remember poor Clem; not to excuse his crime of course, but to think with some pitying, extenuating memories of his provocation.

"Why, he heard he was goin' to be sold to Georgy, and ef the pesky warmint hasn't gone and hacked off three fingers of his right hand. Cheatin' his master out of his lawful price."

"But *he* has been cheated out of his birth-right," said Dora; "he has been cheated out of his life, out of love and home, out of joy and hope."

"Yes," said her father, thoughtfully, "I reckon there *is* a screw loose somewhere about this peecooliar institooshun; but we can't mend it, so it's no use talkin', as I hope you'll remember when you're with Mr. Fairfax, Dode. One thing I've allers noticed about these Southern shivalry,

nothin' riles 'em like touchin' on that pint; it sets their whole natur on edge. I calculate Reginald's wrathful enough now, losin' all his hay and half his nigger, for Clem won't sell for more'n half price."

"Then I'll buy him," said Dora, with an air of quiet determination.

Her father fairly gasped with astonishment. What a wretched investment, a maimed negro! Why *he* only hired his hands, considering human life the most uncertain of property. He was too politic however to present this aspect of the case to his daughter. He could attack her in a more vulnerable point.

"What, buy a fellow-bein', Dode! Why, *I* wouldn't do that. My conscience would go agin it."

"I think I am right," said the girl, looking out drearily to the drenched lawn and the vapory clouds, as if with mute appeal to earth and heaven. "What he must have suffered, poor Clem, to be willing to maim himself for life! I can save him from misery."

"He'll be as well off, likely, as the rest on 'em," said Mr. Thorpe; "and you can't buy 'em all, Dode."

"No; but this one I can and will. When I'm of age I'll set him free."

"Well, girl, the money's yer own; but I must protest against sich an investment. And Mr. Fairfax, what'll he say? Reckon he'll think he mought as well keep him as sell him to you; purty nigh the same, I presume," with a shrewd look at his daughter.

"It will *not* be the same," she answered, quietly. "Tell him I shall take care that Clem never enters even the remotest bound of the Stonehenge estate."

"She'll leave him to me when she marries," thought the old man. After all, the loss or gain of one negro would be nothing to the mistress of Stonehenge. Urged by his daughter, he rode off at once to make an offer for Clem in his own name. Mr. Fairfax opened his cold blue eyes with wonder at the shrewd Yankee's proposition; but he was too glad to wash his hands of the whole disagreeable business to hesitate, though he was sorry the black rebel should get off so easily, and hoped that Mr. Thorpe might prove—as the New Englanders are proverbial for being—a hard master.

In the mean time the subject of this bargain—the chattel bought and sold—"something better than a dog, a little dearer than a horse"—sat sullenly by the little grated window that overlooked the small square yard shut in by the heavy stone-walls of the Warrenton jail. Beyond that stood the Warren Green—a fine hotel of brick, with long white piazzas running round it, and a verdant green stretching out on every side, fresh and bright with the showers, lying in dewy splendor under overarching trees. Within the half light of the cloudy day gloomed the stagnant air. A stout, brawny fellow, quiet—somewhat sullen, you would say—with dull black eyes, vapid expression, thick lips, heavy, brutish

jaws: like the rest, a mere animal. Ah! but "this quietness is but the outer shell;" there may be hell beneath, and there is—a seething, restless hell. That dull, tigerish look does not take in the trim hotel, where now and then a pretty girl looks out, or the idle young Virginian lawyer waiting for briefs, or doctor waiting for patients, strolls up and down the piazza smoking a cigar, staring out, but seeing nothing. His nerves grew cold and rigid; something like a chained wild beast snatched wildly at his heart. He hardly felt the stings of pain that shot through his wounded hand, and crept with numbing agony up his arm. He looked with savage longing to the sky, and wondered where it began to arch over the North. The North! that land of promise lying on some distant shore of time, bathed in rosy light. Some hope of reaching it had kept him alive lately; it had kept the dull knife from his throat last night; some maddening hunger for freedom had stung his nerves, had heated his blood to frenzy, ever since Clara's loss. Some wild dream of life with her in that land had glimmered on his dark path. But to-day all was over; the dull gray blank of sky shut him in as with an iron wall; no love or hope lay beyond. The scars of his master's lash burned and throbbed fiercely; but fiercer burned the fire of revenge and hate within. He had been one of the pious slaves—a class leader. He wondered vaguely now where his religion had gone, all fused in the burning current of hate that surged like molten fire through his veins. No word of the old songs of Zion, sung in the old ignorant dreams of content, now rose up to charm away the foul fiend from his heart. His religion fell off like a worn-out garment. What had it done for him? What did it do for others? He had heard that the Bible sanctioned slavery; then he would never learn to read it, he thought, with an unappealing, dogged look at the lowering sky, as if with brutish accusation of the Great Avenger who sat silent behind that wall of thick cloud, hearing unmoved the cries of the oppressed, instead of riding on the whirlwind, a God of vengeance, to unloose the chains and let the captives go free. And will He not? Does He sit unheeding on the great white throne afar off, while the world, like a great machine which He has put in motion but does not control, goes on in its own course? Clem thought that the beautiful girl who now opened the door was one of His messengers; but the next moment he turned away, half in shame, half in sullen despair.

"Oh, poor Clem!" she exclaimed, looking at the maimed hand; "it was a dreadful thing to do—a wicked thing."

"Was it, Miss Dode?" he said, recognizing with quick instinct the compassion under the reproach. "Reckon I'd have done a heap better ef I'd jes' listened to Ole Sam, and cut my trote instead."

"Why, Clem," exclaimed Dora, feeling that her property was indeed uncertain, "are you ready to die?"

"Tort I was pious onst, Miss, for sure," said Clem, musingly. "Sartain I done got religion at dat are camp-meetin' in Randolph's Woods las' year, but I done loss him las' night. 'Pears like Ole Sam was a snatchin' de berry heart out of me wid his red-hot pinchers."

"Well, I have bought you, Clem."

The heavy face lighted up a little, the dull eyes quickened; it was only another servitude after all; but then it was *another*.

"I se serve you true, Miss Dode, faithful and true," he muttered.

"I do not doubt it, Clem. Some persons might," she said, feeling that the events of the past few days were not exactly calculated to inspire confidence; "but I shall trust you."

He followed her out of the close, small room, with its torpid air, down the dusty stairway and into the street, feeling that she was indeed the messenger of that God whom in his blind fury he had forsaken. Could he find his religion again? Could he ever re-enlist among the soldiers of the cross beneath a banner which bears this motto, "Love your enemies," while such hate to his young master still rankled and festered at his heart's core?

It was still daylight when Dora went out into the garden—a grim, gray daylight, with the sun dimly gleaming through a great pearly cloud, making it look like a huge opal with a flickering heart of flame. She shivered a little, though the air was sultry and the ground was reeking with hot vapor. Reginald was already there, pacing backward and forward, not impetuously, but in calm, assured waiting. In his vocabulary there was no such word as "fail." He stood still and watched the young girl as she came with a slow step toward him. The crimson shawl which she had wrapped around her made her face pallid, perhaps; the dull day had taken the lustre from her hair and the joyous light from her eye, and made her hand that he had seized as cold as a snow-flake.

She drew it away in a moment, sadly, with some weak, self-pitying thought, poor thing! of all she sacrificed; yet she began bravely:

"I have thought, Reginald, and decided. I can not be your wife."

He could not believe it. The gray light could not make his face whiter than it shone now, as he exclaimed, almost fiercely,

"You are wild, Dora; how can you try me so?"

"Because I have tried myself, and it has been a fiery trial, Rex. We could never be one; it would not be a true union, with such different faith and creeds."

"Who talks of such dead things as faith and creed?" he cried, impatiently, all the icy calm of his manner melting before his fervid love. "Our hearts are one. We love each other; that is enough."

"But my faith or creed is not a dead thing to me," said Dora, "but a most living reality. I fear to trust myself with one who mocks at any law of God or any right of man."

He did not speak for a moment. The sun broke through the pearly wall of cloud into rifts of gold; the veil of mist, torn into shreds, drifted away over the illimitable shoreless sea. The golden arrows of light pierced through the wreathing vapors and illumined Dora's face.

Reginald discerned something there which made him cry out, suddenly, "Yet you love me."

"Next to God and the right," answered Dora as solemnly as she had ever uttered a prayer. Surely so might the martyr feel at the stake when he saw the fair earth vanishing behind the devouring flame, and felt the sweetness of earth's hopes and loves die in his heart.

"And I can not control my belief."

"No," she whispered, softly, with a white despair chasing the flush of youth from her face.

"So there is no hope?"

"With God all things are possible."

"With your God, perhaps," he said. "There is a fresh wind springing up—it will chill you. Good-by, Dora. I wish the old house had burned to the ground last night with its master in it."

So he left her. Dora watched him go with quiet eyes, from which all hope and expectation had died. What need of passionate entreaty or heart-warm counsel now? God alone can give the believing heart. Far above the starry spheres, He looked down with infinite compassion, caring ever for His own. And she could still pray.

She took that thought back to her work-day life for comfort. She kept it still, when, more than two years after, she stood in the same place looking over the desolate land, clean swept by the besom of destruction. It was March; but the spring seemed to have lost a little of its olden glory—some shadow of ruin darkened it. The fences were partly destroyed, for the brave boys had needed fires in the raw spring days. Some of the old trees had disappeared also; but that gave a clearer outlook to the road which Dora was eagerly watching. Yes, the spring had come; the trees were draped in tender green; skies flushed and paled, flowers burgeoned and bloomed; nature in her mystic and unseen laboratories worked on as though there was no war to stain her fresh green-sward with brother's blood, to drown the voice of singing birds with booming cannon, to load the sweet-scented air with noisome vapors.

Mr. Thorpe had not fared well since the war. He came out now with a thin and care-worn face. He had tried to be neutral, but found sitting on the fence a most uncomfortable position. He had lost half his crop the last fall. The rebels had camped in one of his fields and used up his corn, helped themselves to his chickens and "fixins" till he was in a desperate condition. Being a Yankee he could not remonstrate. He was in hourly expectation now that a corps of Union soldiers would swoop down on him like birds of prey, and take all the rest.

"More fodder gone this mornin', Dode," he

said, mournfully; "reckon old Bess 'll starve. Ashby's cavalry's scootin' reound, and their hosses do eat like all creation. Seems to me them critters in the army never do nothin' *but* eat; guess they git thin carryin' it."

"I wish we were far enough from here," said Dora, anxiously. "Father, can't you get away? You know you are for the Union in heart, and it's terrible to be living a lie."

"Wa'al, I dun know if I be *altogether* for the Union. I couldn't go it blind, ye see," said Mr. Thorpe, who never forgot policy even in the bosom of his family. "Remember what that feller's name was in the history ye was readin' the other night? I belong to his party, I reckon—the Trimmers."

"Oh! Lord Halifax," said Dora, smiling faintly.

"Yes, ye see, soon as he got on the Whig side he saw all the faults of that air party so plain he began to feel a leanin' to the Tories, and wicy wercy. That's the case with me. I know there's faults on both sides, and I keep out of extremes."

At this moment Dora discerned Clem drawing near the house. She met him at the gate with the eager question,

"What news?"

Clem's face has cleared a little since we saw him in jail. The vapid sullen look has passed away. "Some vague hope connected with "Lin-kun's army" quickens the sluggish tide in his veins; a sweet, subtle breath of life kindles there, of which he never speaks; he hides it away jealously in some secret corner of his great lumbering carcass, and is "all things to all men" in a sense unimagined by the Apostle Paul. He has been gently taught, however, and thinks he has found his religion again, though the clause "Love your enemies" has never been tried.

"I saw him, Miss Dode," he answered, in a low tone, as if there was one *him* in the universe. "He was riden long o' Marse Ashby, an' they say he's Captin. Mighty peert he looked too." But even as Clem spoke some of the old hate crept back, and gave a deeper shadow to his dark face.

Dora did not notice that. "Is it true," she asked, eagerly, "that the reb—that—we are retreating—I heard so yesterday; that we had evacuated Manassas, burned the huts where the troops wintered, and left only an empty camp for the enemy?"

Clem's eyes brightened. "Sure enough," he said, "I did yere dat. But some o' dem fellers at de Warren Green says deys fightin now like blazes near Winchester. Ashby's troops gone like mad to see 'bout it, and put deyre hoofs in de pie."

Dora paled a little. Would she never cease to be haunted by the ghosts of a buried past? Yet would she drink the water of Lethe if one held the magic draught to her lips? Ah, no! Better poignant pain than forgetfulness—better the peace that comes through suffering—

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Clem looked at her with a discerning eye. He remembered the time when the servants at Stonehenge confidently expected pretty Miss Dode to be their mistress. Even his dull eye could read some tragedy of pain and pathos in that fair face, although immortal peace had crowned it with a halo. Half answering the wistful yearning of that look, he said,

"It's a right smart chance to see a battle, Miss Dode."

"Would you like to go, Clem?"

"Nebber seen no fightin' ob dat kind—none ob de eddicated science fightin', but specs I'd enjoy lookin' on a heap; couldn't do nuffin' *but* look on," with a bitter glance at his maimed hand, and a thought of rumors he had heard of negro regiments at the North.

"But you might do some good," said Dora, eagerly; "even a cup of cold water at such a time. And, Clem, if you should have a chance to serve any one I know"—with a trembling pause—"you will do it for my sake."

Clem hesitated. How well he knew the unbreathed name hidden under those general words! At last he answered, letting the words drop slowly and without any enthusiasm, "Yes, Miss Dode, for your sake I done gib ole Sam hisself dat air glass ob water to cool his tongue."

"Oh, I shall not ask you to serve him," said Dora, smiling; "I don't count him among my friends. Just wait till I borrow old Bess for you;" and she walked slowly into the house, revolving what argument she could use persuasive enough to win her father. She found little difficulty though. The fact that he had sent his negro over to help would count well with the rebels; and even if the Yankees won, it might be turned the other way with the same facility with which he was in the habit of turning his political coat. Were there not two sides to every question?

So Clem rode away, and Dora watched him for a while with a shuddering thought of that battle-field "where the ranks were rolled in vapor and the winds were laid with sound." Was God met in judgment upon His people? Was He making the passions and even the sins of men to serve Him?

Clem had some such thought as he rode away—a lower, brutish thought, but the same in kind. We have never yet coined a lower vocabulary to interpret a slave's feelings. He felt as if he were just wakening from the torpor of a long sleep; the soft south wind seemed to sting his nerves to life; his sluggish blood heated strangely; the old hunger for life and freedom came back to him. Why, here was his chance. The two camps were near together. What could hinder him from going over to the Yankees? "The day of the Lord was at hand," they said; but could he wait for it? It might come when he was dead. Better go out to meet it. A steady glow burned in his gloomy eyes as he looked toward the North, where the sky shone blandly blue through fleecy golden-bordered clouds. All his dreams of Eden lay beyond

those gates of pearl. Not poetic dreams, only a few homely thoughts of a little home and Clara—a free place to work in. You would despise such visions; but they shone like watch-fires for Clem through all the surging tide of memories. He did not forget Miss Dode and her kindness. He thought of her with a regretful tenderness, though he knew nothing of a paper safely laid away in her little desk, to be signed when she was of age. He was grateful, and he would prove it, he thought. He would serve her as he had promised, and then he would be free to take his own course. Even old Bess should be safely sent back to his master—and he patted the beast's neck tenderly, as if taking leave of an old friend, and gave her a drink for a parting libation at the next creek. So Clem did not stop at night, but pressed on. He had some dry pieces of bread and cheese about him, but in the fierce hunger for freedom that gnawed within him he hardly cared to eat. Once he made a prayer. Surely God sat still upon the great white throne, and was mighty to save him. Once he droned dully an old hymn that told of content under suffering. Could he ever be content to go back, even if it was God's will? Struggling with this knotty question he reached the Federal camp—faint, eager, hopeful now to solve the sorrowful problem of his life.

A raw Ohio boatman stopped chewing his tobacco for a moment, and ceased his sentinel march to give him a grunt of welcome. Contraband arrivals were getting rather frequent, and should be discouraged, he thought. Yet he saw the poor fellow needed his breakfast, and he told where he could get something to eat. The camp was nearly deserted; only a few to stand guard, while the main body advanced to the attack.

Clem was too restless to stand about idle. He strayed off into the woods, where a couple of brigades had gone in hopes of turning the enemy's flank. The fight was hot and fierce, he heard. Then this was the time to keep his promise to Miss Dode. How she would be watching for him for the next week! How eager to hear all! Then he would try and do something of which she might hear with joy.

When he reached the scene of conflict, however, the sharp morning air had cooled his enthusiasm; perhaps also the roar of cannon and the brave fellows biting the dust appalled him; he stole stealthily along, keeping at a reverent distance. Fierce thunderous vapor rolled over friend and foe, only lit by the cannons' belching fire. He could not help thinking of the last day, with a half fearful prayer.

Some one helped a wounded officer out of the ranks, and catching a glimpse of the dark shadow stealing near called out,

"Here, Ebony, get some water somewhere, the Captain's fainting," tossing him at the same time a drinking cup.

Clem took it mechanically. How odd that his first service should be a cup of cold water for a sufferer!—for one that it was harder for him to

serve than old Sam himself, he thought, for he could not be mistaken in that face, ghastly and cold as it looked. Could he ever forget or mistake his young master, Reginald Fairfax? But what need for him to trouble himself? Let him die; it would be one less for the brave Yankees, his new friends, to fight—one less of the tyrants to trample down his race. Had there not been moments when, stung to madness, he could have taken the knife? Oh! but Christ had said, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink." He was a heathen in those old fierce struggles, let him show himself a Christian now. So he pressed forward, part of his way exposed a little to the Yankee fire.

Reginald Fairfax had not fainted. He partly raised himself as Clem staggered to his side, spilling all the precious draught he had periled life to obtain. He turned in wonder.

"Why, Clem, old boy, are you wounded?"

"Beliebes I is, Massa," he said, faintly, some fatal numbness beginning to steal over his face.

"And you were getting me that water, poor fellow?"

"Sorry it's done spill," he faltered. "I did it for de good Lord. Ye'll forgive me dat fire biziness, Marse Rex, and de rest."

"Oh, Clem, you must forgive me—I did not know how you suffered!" exclaimed Reginald, in real princely humility. "You have risked your life for me. I will buy you back, and make you free."

"Ah, I'se bought by annodder Marster; ye remember, Marse Rex, 'ye're bought wid a price.' He's gwine to take me home now, I reckon, and He'll make me free. My hebenly Marster knows I'se tried right hard to serve Him."

Reginald Fairfax listened in wonder. Faint and wounded himself—so near, perhaps, to that perilous plunge into dark and infinite space, could he await the chill and deathly angel as calmly? The icy fetters of his cold skepticism melted away before this slave's childlike trust. By the side of a dying negro he learned the secret of faith. Could he so walk the untraveled glooms and avenues of death? Ah! there was no hand to guide him, no voice to break the deathly silence, with the silver sweet accents, "It is I, be not afraid." He could not help saying,

"But, Clem, it's all so dark; can you understand?"

"Don't know nuffin, Marse Rex, but reckon de good Lord knows every ting, an' I jes' feels His han in de dark leading me on." It was dark indeed; the darkness that no earthly sun can illumine, no earthly dawn dispel. Death set his seal upon the rigid brow; the slave's bonds were broken forever; he was free. Then Reginald Fairfax fainted.

Among the June roses, with their hearts of fire and fragrance, walked two lovers: the young man pale and wan as one who had come up out of the valley of the shadow of death, the girl radiant and blushing like the flowers. But Regi-

nald Fairfax had brought some treasures from those shores of gloom; not in vain had the chilly waters touched his feet.

"Yes, he died for me, poor Clem!" he said, softly. "I could never doubt again that negroes have souls, after seeing him wait for death with all the heroism of any white hero."

"Say rather with the peaceful resignation of any Christian child," said Dora.

"Since I've been out of the heat and fury of the war," said Reginald, thoughtfully, "perhaps since I have been trying feebly to serve poor Clem's heavenly Master, I see things in a new light. If we could only change our social relations, or untangle this great political snarl, I feel as if I must turn mad reformer, and shake down the structures built on the old social ties. What can one do?"

"Nothing! We must wait God's time," said Dora, calmly. "'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Some better day will dawn for us all. We can catch its light behind the very thunder-clouds of war; perhaps because those very clouds shall clear our social atmosphere."

"I can wait," said Reginald, "since we may wait together."

PRESENTATION WEEK AT YALE.

THE summer term in Yale College has two high festivals which are worthy of special mention. One of these, Commencement Week, has already been described in a recent volume of this Magazine; the other, Presentation Week, is the task which I assign to myself now. It is a literary festival of less dignity and importance than Commencement, but one in which undergraduates more heartily engage, and which shows to a stranger much of the inner life of an American university. Its leading feature is Class-Day; but around this are grouped many associations peculiar to each class; and the several classes at this time are as jubilant as ever are the alumni at Commencement. But all these in their order.

We must go back a little to catch the breath of college life. During the hot days of May and June, while Nature has put on her most charming dress, and the streets and suburbs of New Haven have invited to cool and shady retreats, the Senior class have been steadily cramming for the final biennial examination, going on stated days to Alumni Hall, where a small round table, with pen, paper, ink, and chair, was provided for each one, and where, under strict tutorial eyes, they were required, in a given time, to write out answers to certain questions on some one department of the studies for the last two years. These examinations are intentionally severe. There are few who can answer all the questions on each paper. There are always one or two who, having slipped along easily so far, are suddenly brought to their senses by the prospect of not being allowed to graduate with their class. With the promised diploma of a B.A.

almost within their grasp, the honors are beyond their reach, and *alma mater* is forced to leave them "unhonored and unsung." Sometimes a class will intercede for some boon companion; sometimes the Faculty have compassion on defective scholarship; but hardly a class is graduated without losing one or more members at this final test. I shall never forget the look of blank despair on the face of the Falstaff of my own class when it was whispered around that he had been plucked. Nothing could save him. He went away in disgrace to join his fortunes with the Confederates, and long ere this may be sleeping in a soldier's grave.

On the last session of the biennial the President is seen walking nervously up to one of the tutorial thrones. He has come in to announce the successful competitors for the Townsend prize essays. These had been given out at the close of the last term to the whole Senior class. They are among the highest honors of the University. How eagerly are a hundred faces turned to the President as he reads, with a clear, rapid voice, the six names. Pen in hand, there are certain hearts which beat tumultuously; there are faces pale from fear or sudden disappointment; there are six pair of eyes unspeakably bright with joy. Again the heavy task-work is resumed; beads of sweat stand upon many brows; nothing is heard save the scratch of a pen, the slow changing of feet, the frequent passing on tip-toe to the water-jug. And so the work goes on, each day like the first, till the biennial days are everlastingly over. Yet, if one might be allowed to examine carefully the dress of certain Seniors, he would find curious devices for making biennials easy. Upon the wristbands and shirt-bosoms, in the watch-cases and pockets, and even on the finger-nails, he would discover mathematical solutions, obscure dates and names, brief notes of metaphysics and political economy. The masterly efforts to use these materials and yet preserve the air of innocent thoughtfulness are held to be the *ne plus ultra* of skill by undergraduates.

All this biennial work ends the week before Presentation, and Presentation is always just six weeks before Commencement. It is necessary that each Senior shall creditably pass this examination before he can be presented to the President for the degree of B.A. The class then rest from their labors till the following Wednesday. On that morning, at ten o'clock, they all meet at the President's Lecture-room, from whence they soon go in procession, headed by a Professor or the Senior Tutor, to the College Chapel, where the President is waiting to receive them. Taking their old seats for the last time, the Professor proceeds to state to the highest member of the Faculty that these men—reading their names in order—have been found worthy to receive the diploma, or academical sheepskin. The address is usually in Latin. To this the President replies in an elegant Latin speech, congratulating the class upon having earned so high a dignity, and expressing his best wishes

for their future. The old chapel is crowded with admiring friends, to hear the class poem and oration. This is the choice part of Presentation. The best poet in the class has long ago been selected to prepare a poem suitable for the occasion; and the man of commanding intellect who was most popular with his class-mates was chosen to deliver the oration. Both are now to be pronounced. In front of the pulpit a platform has been raised, and upon this directly you see a young man advancing, who wears upon his brow both the dignity and laurels of the class poet. I do not mean that he is always a poet *in proprio nomine*. A college poet is not, therefore, the people's poet; but the title simply signifies one who can compose agreeable verses. He bows gracefully to the President, then to his class, and then begins the recitation of his poem. It is written in a variety of measures—now grave, now gay—passing easily from blank to lyric verse. Sometimes the poet takes a theme. One of the happiest poems ever delivered was on the Katydids which make the college elms vocal in autumn; but usually he wanders at his own sweet will among the topics suggested by the hour. And so of the orator. His subject finds him. The last day of a college course suggests many thoughts. It is the completing of a term of life. Hence the duties and responsibilities, the hopes and joys of the scholar, make up his theme; and when the class is fortunate enough to secure their representative man the oration is one of rare interest. The farewell addresses to the Faculty and the Class, shorn of their Commencement dignity, are always touching. None appreciate these tributes better than the Faculty themselves; and, to their honor be it said, they are given spontaneously and deservedly.

The oration over, the long, bent figure, crowned with a noble brow, slowly rises from behind the pulpit, and an excited whisper passes through the galleries. Certain names are to be read, and the mere mention of those names in this place, and from those lips, is to confer great honor upon the undergraduate. Whose name shall be called? Many hearts, whose hidden passion now hangs upon the merest utterance of a name, are beating rapidly; many ears are wide open; many a student is ready to hide his head in disappointment, or lift it up with the modest assurance of fame. The names are to be read of those in the Sophomore class who have won prizes in English composition; those in the Freshman class who have gained mathematical prizes; those in the Junior class who have won the prize poem (it is sometimes a divided honor); and the several successful aspirants for the Woolsey, Berkeley, Bristed, and Hurlbut Scholarships. The bare reading of these names is to have a decisive influence, "for better for worse," upon half the undergraduates. The dead silence during the reading, the anxious faces, the suspended breath, show the intense agitation. It is a real relief when the College Glee Club sing the parting

Ode, written by a member of the graduating class, always to the tune of "Auld lang syne," and the pent-up disappointments and rejoicings find unembarrassed expression. And so, too, do the feelings of the class in whose honor the day is celebrated find utterance through their song.

But we pass now to the less intellectual, but perhaps more enjoyable features of Class-Day. And, first, we go with the Faculty to the Presentation dinner. It is served in Alumni Hall. At one o'clock the Corporation of the University, inviting the class and the graduates who may be present to dine with them, assemble in Trumbull Gallery, and forming a procession, go, *seniores priores*, to the Hall. At the door the dignitaries pass with uncovered heads through lines of Seniors, with heads likewise uncovered, and all entering and seating themselves at the tables where so recently the Senior class have labored, the somewhat peculiar dinner is formally begun. Grace is said; then come a few words of hearty welcome from the President to the graduating class, that they may forget effectually any unpleasant memories of hard work connected with the Hall; and then all press up to the long tables in the centre, where cold meats and bread and salad are in abundance, and where each one is expected to help himself. The only beverage is lemonade, but this is always cool and good. This is the first course, speedily eaten, and, with abundance of good-fellowship, heartily enjoyed. No place excels New Haven in the delicious strawberries which, forty years ago, good Dr. Dwight introduced; and these, with what other delicacies of the season can be procured, form the second course. But it is not the dinner which *alma mater* provides so much as the genial and informal acquaintance which here begins between professors and students, and which is always a chief attraction to the returning graduate, that makes the special charm of these Presentation dinners. That reverential fear which till now imposed silence and awe in the presence of a college professor here passes away forever. The Senior is to-day a free man. He has a new spirit. He looks out for the first time to the life beyond the University. Henceforth he is excused from attendance at prayers, and from all college duties. He can read at his leisure; he can pack up and go away altogether; he can leisurely write his Commencement oration, to be delivered just six weeks from to-day; he can explore the environs of the city, and lose himself in delightful solitudes; and he has that authority and dignity within college walls which success always gives in the eyes of those who are only aspirants. It is the season of rest and calm outlook which *alma mater* furnishes to her dutiful children before they are beyond her nursing care.

But I am getting beyond my story. This dinner does not conclude the exercises of the day. The Faculty have done their part, *presenting* the class for honors and making them their guests at dinner; now the class are to have

their own farewell exercises. These take place always on the college green in front of old South Middle, and beneath the shade of the venerable elms. At three o'clock the class gather and form themselves into a circle upon the lawn; within are a plentiful supply of long clay pipes and mild smoking tobacco, a barrel of lemonade, a brass band, and one or two deal tables; without are under-class-men, graduates, young ladies, soldiers, and curious members of the Legislature. Seats are provided as far as possible for those outside, while the class either recline upon the grass or sit upon the pine benches which form the outer rim of the circle. Away yonder the college buildings present a gay appearance; ladies, for the nonce, have taken possession of the windows, and bright colors and beaming eyes are seen where, in sober college days, might be noticed, a torn slipper, a variegated study-gown, an open book, or a sleepy Freshman. Now the pipes are lighted, the Presentation songs are distributed, the band strikes up, *Gaudeamus* rings out beneath the elms—the exercises of the afternoon have begun in earnest. Stray beams of hot June sunshine slip through the foliage and brighten the group below.

Joy and mirth and melody rule the hour. The classes are separated early in the course into four divisions, for each of which the class appoints a historian, whose business it is to collect all the scraps he can in regard to the doings of those who are prematurely graduated; and these histories are now read, and to the class, crammed as they are with college and personal jokes, they are the jolliest part of the entertainment. *Gaudeamus* finished, the class historian of the first division mounts a small rostrum and begins his record, but not in peace. His story is too mirthful to restrain involuntary bursts of laughter, and every sharp hit at some unlucky wight is met with roars of applause, and every hero of a short cut through the college is cheered when his story is told. "Hip! hip!" says the historian, and three-times-three give the class in response. How eagerly do the crowd outside listen for the telling points, and smile approvingly at what they can not understand! And how much do the class enjoy their good jokes! These histories are the marrow of college wit and fun. The first one ended, the manly chorus of a hundred voices swells the melody of a Presentation song. Then comes another history; then songs again; then lively airs from the band;—all carried on orderly, yet carelessness and joyousness ruling the hour, the enthusiasm not lessened by frequent potations of lemonade, or the more frequent sallies of wit, or the short speeches of old college friends, or the increasing hoarseness of the class; but each member becoming more visibly affected, more prone to mirth or tears, as the hours speed by. The crowd gaze on, laugh at times, then listen for the good things with eagerness sharpened by catching half a joke; but the class have long ago forgotten the crowd; they are too absorbed in their own deeply interesting present to heed

ought else. The thought that this very sun will see their college life broken, their class ties sundered, their genial fellowship forever after a thing of memory, and that never again will they all meet in this world, sobers these youthful hearts. If a multitude to a thoughtful mind is always a sad sight, how much more is a class of young men whose aims, whose joys, whose sorrows, whose lives have been all one for four years, and whose ties of friendship and blendings of lives are now to meet the rude jostlings of far other interests. It is a sad hour!

And now all but the parting and the Joy song are sung; the class stand in a circle; the hearty but solemn farewell begins; they have each determined that nothing unmanly shall escape them here; they will conquer tears; the first few hand-shakings are cordial, but no tears. "Good-by, old fellow!" "God bless you, my dear Harry!" are heard from every side; and there is the silent pressing of the hand which means more than words, and the choked utterance which means more still. Hardly have half the good-bys been said when there is not a dry eye in the circle. Some weep like children, others are pale from emotion; the mirth which an hour ago so completely ruled is all hushed; that eager crowd of ladies and students and strangers is all hushed in sympathy too. It is a most solemn hour in these young lives; and when they begin the parting song how changed is the tone! There are faltering lips and weeping eyes, and the notes are low and broken; and the musicians themselves have moistened eyes. And at such a moment it is not unmanly to weep. It is the same feeling which comes over the brothers and sisters in a family when they send out the loved ones to distant shores, with no hope of meeting again till Charon's boat shall have carried them all beyond.

Instinctively the crowd gives way; instinctively the band takes the lead; instinctively the class forms two by two; and marching through the different halls, they cheer each building in order, and then, turning to the library wall, they plant the class ivy to keep their memory green at *alma mater*, and sing their Joy song, each one in turn throwing his handful of earth upon the consecrated plant. And then, at the close of day and in the long June twilight, they serenade the homes of the President and each Professor, giving lusty cheers to show their goodwill, and often receiving kind words of sympathy in return. Yet even this does not exhaust the day. The President usually gives a reception to the class in the evening; and at nine o'clock you may find assembled beneath the honored presidential roof as gay and joyous a company as often gathers beneath the classic elms. The Professors have laid aside their dignity, the Seniors their reverential formality, and the cultured and charming ladies of the city, gliding in between the hitherto separated social elements, infuse life and spirit into the whole party, while the now-venerable Dr. Woolsey moves in and out among them as blithe as the youngest. So

pass away pleasantly the evening hours, and so ends Presentation Day.

Changes come with this day also in the other classes. To-morrow morning at prayers the Juniors will take the Seniors', the Sophomores the Juniors', the Freshmen the Sophomores' seats; there will be in appearance but three classes in college for the next six weeks, and these changes are usually marked by certain demonstrations in each class. The Juniors last evening held the Wooden Spoon Exhibition; the Sophomores put on their biennial caps; and the Freshmen used to hold their pow-wow on Wednesday evening, during the hours of the President's reception. The red caps of the present year are quite an improvement upon the willow canes of former days; they are a step toward the student badges of the English universities, and are by all means to be commended. But the Freshmen are sadly put to shame now by the vigorous efforts of the Faculty, even to the threat of the expulsion of seventy men from the class, to put down their pow-wow. This is an institution of some fifteen years' antiquity. It is the most characteristic of college gatherings. The following is a description of the pow-wow in 1857. In its main features it is true of every year: "About nine o'clock blasts from sundry tin horns in the Freshmen quarters reminded the weary and sleepy that Presentation Day 'wasn't dead yet.' As it grew later and darker, Freshmen, covered as to their faces with burnt-cork, Freshmen with striped pants, Freshmen with hooped skirts, Freshmen with hoofs and tails, mild Freshmen with coats turned inside out, fierce Freshmen with big beards and bob-tailed trainer-coats, Freshmen with bears' heads, and Freshmen with bare heads—in fine, Freshmen with all sorts of conceivable and practicable disguises, each one armed with a banger as big as he could lift and a tin horn as big as he could blow, issued from their rooms, and marching sternly across the college-yard, assembled at the State House steps for the purpose of celebrating their entrance upon Sophomore year. After orating in spite of the noisy Sophomores, who kept up a continual shouting of 'Hear!' 'Hear!' 'Good!' 'Time for you, Fresh., to be in bed!' and sundry other equally entertaining and witty remarks, they sang a Greek song that looked quite natural, and then formed the procession. The boarding-schools were serenaded as usual, only one, however, acknowledging the compliment. At half past two in the morning squads of muddy Freshmen crossed the college green and disappeared among the brick buildings, there to dream for an hour or two of hobgoblins, Greek songs, mud-puddles, serenades, fair faces, morning flunk, and dunning pow-wow committees." So much in memory of a by-gone festival.

While the Freshmen have thus been praising themselves and abusing Sophomores and tutors, a much more mysterious work, after midnight, has been going on in the two upper classes.

The Seniors, fresh from the President's *levée*,

have been initiating the Juniors into the secrets of the Senior societies; and since the youthful spirits of undergraduates have been deprived of expression in the pow-wow and the burial of Euclid, all these initiations have increased in rigor and deviltry. Yet as they are secret I shall not disclose them. The very names of these societies—Spade and Grave, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key—have an air of mystery. Let the secrets be found out by the initiated, and by these only. In place of the pow-wow this year the Freshmen, at a certain hour of Presentation Day, marched up and down Chapel Street as a body-guard to *Hannibal*, who, attired in a scholar's habit, a huge book under his arm, a pair of eye-glasses over his nose, one of the new red biennial caps of the Sophomores upon his head, and a sporting cane in his hand, was personating the high feeling of the new-fledged Juniors as well as any negro could. Thus college fun, denied expression in one way, finds vent in another; and while the keen-eyed tutors are urging the abolition of this or that old custom, they are only feeding the vices of college life with fresh flames. Young men at the university will always be youthful, and the sooner you legitimate, as in the case of the Wooden Spoon, their attempts at amusement, and make them respectable, the more you do toward correcting the abuses and vices into which students are so apt to fall.

This very Wooden Spoon Exhibition was once so frowned upon by the Faculty that its meetings were held in secret at the Temple, and none were admitted save those who could pass the most searching tests of identity; yet many a time, even with these precautions, they were badly interfered with by the sudden presence of a Professor. But finally, in 1852, the Faculty concluded to let them alone; and since then the performances, always of course a burlesque upon the Junior Exhibition which is held a few weeks earlier, have increased each year in respectability and interest, till this year, on the eve of Presentation, the "Spoon" was attended by an audience of over three thousand in the new Music Hall, and in point of brilliancy and elegance is surpassed by no public gathering in the whole University calendar. At first the Spoon, from which the exhibition takes its name, was presented to the greatest glutton in the class—and tradition says that a most worthy D.D., now resident in the Elm City, was the first recipient; next it was given to the man who took the lowest appointment at Junior Exhibition; now it is given to a man who has certainly a low appointment or none at all, and who, in respect of personal popularity and good fellowship, leads his class. An essential requisite, too, in a Spoon man, in these days, is a full purse and a generous heart. So that, it certainly seems, as does Junior Exhibition, its representative man for certain things. The Spoon itself, made of rose-wood and elegantly carved, hardly comes within the dimensions of common use, though it might have done very well for the "sons of Anak," or

the giants of those elder days. The leading feature of the evening is the presentation and reception of this Spoon. The cleverest man in the class receives it, and the next cleverest man presents it, and their speeches are always happy and genial. Another feature is the excellent music from one of the best bands in the country. Still another is the scenic representations of college life. And still another is the burlesque philosophical oration and the half Latin, half Saxon Salutatory, in which the fair sex, especially the boarding schools of the city, receive flattering yet amusing compliments. And still another, and perhaps as pleasant as any, is the singing of original songs in honor of the Wooden Spoon and of the starlit nights of June. And yet one more is the sea of upturned, smiling faces which on all sides greet the eye. Happy is the young lady who can get an invitation to this most brilliant and fashionable of exhibitions, and some come hundreds of miles for the purpose! And happier yet is the hero of the Wooden Spoon, holding in his hand not the honors of scholarship, but the one high social honor which the class by one consent confers upon its most genial member. And the Wooden Spoon itself—

"Hail! with joyful songs we meet thee!
Grace and beauty smiling greet thee!
Peerless boon!
Fadeless laurel-wreaths entwine thee,
And a thousand hearts enshrine thee,
Wooden spoon!"

The Promenade Concert, given on Monday evening by the band engaged for the Wooden Spoon and Presentation, has lately become a signal feature of the week; and not less so is the serenade given by the same band on Tuesday evening, after the Wooden Spoon is over. The rich music floating through the foliage of the elms and into the open windows of dreaming students at the solemn hour of one is most enchanting. I know of no words in the language which so fully convey to the memory the impressions of such music as these from the pen of Percival. They are an imitation of Goethe's Night-Song:

"What sound of midnight music
Comes stealing on my ear?
How sweet, and oh! how holy,
The solemn strain I hear!

"How sweet, and oh! how holy,
It echoes far and near,
As if an angel warbled
The solemn strain I hear.

"As if an angel warbled
From out the highest sphere;
Sure mortal could not utter
The solemn strain I hear.

"Sure mortal could not utter
A song so soft and clear;
Oh! might it ever linger,
The solemn strain I hear.

"Oh! might it ever linger,
Thus breathing in my ear,
That sound of midnight music,
The solemn strain I hear."

The remainder of the week is hardly changed from the ordinary routine of university life. The Freshmen and Juniors resume their studies, feeling newly elated by their advance in rank; the Sophomores are busy preparing for their first biennial paper; and the Seniors are resting their jaded spirits, visiting the city with their lady friends, or getting ready for the final exercises of Presentation on Friday afternoon. This is the speaking of the Townsend prize essays for the De Forest gold medal; and this is the highest merely literary honor which *alma mater* has to offer. The essays are usually well written, and the speaking is much better than is found upon the Commencement stage. The audience is intellectual, attentive, critical. In the view of undergraduates, with whom there is ever a tendency to undervalue the benefits of the drudgery of scholarship, the De Forest medal man is the most promising of his class; and in the race of life it has been proved again and again that he outstrips the hard-working valedictorian. Another feature of Friday (it was so in my time) is the posting of the Commencement appointments, fresh from the Senior Tutor's hands and in the familiar handwriting of the President, upon the side-posts of the old *Lyceum*. I fancy the prospective valedictorian is up earlier than usual this morning, taking a peep in the early twilight at the paper which decides his own and the rank of his class; nor is he the only one; and many another is late at prayers that morning to see how the class have turned out. If six hearts throb with emotion during the delivery of the Townsends, I know a hundred are quite as agitated while the eyes glance down this irreversible list.

I have not yet quite exhausted the amusements of the week. On Thursday afternoon there is usually a boat-race for the coming university regatta; and since the gymnasium has made such demands upon physical strength, there are often on Friday or Saturday evenings the annual exhibition of gymnastic feats. It is always largely attended, and the performances are often exceedingly difficult and amusing.

Thus ends Presentation Week. It offers a sharp contrast to the more outward festivities of Commencement, is more peculiar, more characteristic, is entered into more heartily by undergraduates, and is rapidly becoming in the eyes of strangers the chief collegiate festival of the year. The two are as different as two literary festivals can be. The alumnus would by no means miss Commencement; nor would the student any the less miss the keen wit and rich amusement, and the turning of college inside out, which Presentation with its associate festivals affords. Each have their place; neither can be spared. Let *alma mater* cherish each with assiduous care, ever remembering to root out kindly what is only bad, and to foster all that ministers to simple enjoyment and refreshes the spirits of restless youth.

THE WEDDING.

O SUMMER day, shake down your light,
And flood the chancel where they wed!
Come, summer night, with moon and star,
Your softer splendors softlier shed!

O summer surf of summer sea,
Fill all the night with low replies!
Come wandering winds from wandering waves,
And breathe their drowsy melodies!

O summer dawn, all tenderly
With amber fires break up the night!
Come tardily, O summer sun,
And blush to bring thy ruder light!

O summer month, with fiercer heat
Choke down the cannon's warring words!
Come, murmuring maize, and whispering wheat,
And peaceful flutes of summer birds!

O summer seasons long delayed,
Nurse choicer fires in yonder blue!
Come, fruitful years! Hence, grief and tears!
God bless the beautiful and true!

AUNT THORNEYPINE.

I AM sure I often wish that I were not related to or acquainted with Aunt Thorneypine. In my early and virtuous youth I remember being properly shocked at people who were accustomed coolly to state in my presence that they disliked their relations. A little more cognizance of the ways of this extraordinary world has induced me to think that possibly it might not be difficult to say something even in favor of such sinners.

Aunt Thorneypine is not of these. She must love her entire (and very large) family connection with an impartial and intense affection, if we judge from the manner in which she bestows her society upon them. Her youngest niece, who married a clergyman and went to Ohio, receives almost as many visits from her as her two nephews who live respectively in Washington and Philadelphia; and those of her kin who reside in Boston and New York can not complain of being neglected by the old lady. Why do I call her old? If any body ever set Time at defiance it was our stout, healthy, eternally-middle-aged Aunt Thorneypine.

Where was Uncle Thorneypine? He was dead. Two years of marriage had, a great while ago, been the death of him. Where were her two sons? Gone to sea from their earliest youth. Nobody ever heard much about them. Aunt Thorneypine lived on a very handsome annuity, and her means and time were her own. She seemed to have within her the spirit of a female Wandering Jew. Perambulation appeared to be a leading passion in her composition. I never knew her to remain for two consecutive winters in the same boarding-house or hotel (for Aunt Thorneypine abominated housekeeping), or even much in the same city. "Why should

I take a house," our dear aunt would ask, "when there are so many kind friends ever ready to receive me?"

This remark was based on a fallacy. So far from being always ready to receive our aunt, we were sometimes most particularly unready. As she was a person who commonly consulted her own convenience in most matters, the times and seasons of her visitations depended upon things with which *we* had nothing to do. Aunt Thorneypine was like Encke's or Biela's comet—certain to come again, though the precise period of her arrival was not decided on. One thing was a fixed fact—times of joy and sorrow inevitably brought our aunt to us. She was as punctual at funerals and on sad occasions as she was at christenings and weddings; and it never seemed to occur to her that when a family is plunged into mourning by the loss of one of its members, or when a wedding is to take away another, the presence of a self-invited guest, even a relative, is very often a great nuisance.

Of all her relations Aunt Thorneypine was, with the exception of one or two, the best provided with pecuniary resources. But then she would remark that her means were limited enough for all she had to do. And when you consider the immense distances she traveled, and the number of hobbies on which, one after another, she generally mounted, perhaps this was so. I know that she *sometimes* gave money to societies and charities, which I thought would have been better bestowed on some of her own kith and kin. As in all large families, there were in ours some unfortunates with whom the world had not gone very well. Aunt Thorneypine often comes to stay with our cousin Lucy Anne, who is a widow with four boys to bring up; and I must say it fills me with indignation to hear our dear aunt holding forth about industrial societies, etc., etc., while those poor little fellows sit there with threadbare jackets, and their mother's features are worn with exertion and anxiety.

Aunt Thorneypine is a most indefatigable beggar for charities and general benevolences. Her pocket is usually well provided with concert tickets, subscription lists, and long appeals from those who want assistance; and she commonly has a set of pets and protégés who are often (I must say) selected with very little judgment. I have once or twice been very thoroughly deceived by people she recommended, and in future shall beware of the same. Aunt Thorneypine's method with a popular or fashionable charity was this: She modestly subscribed a very insignificant sum herself, and then, setting out on a general tour among her friends, she dunned and tormented them until even the hardest-hearted were ashamed, and gave something to be rid of her. On the soft-hearted she had no mercy, but ruthlessly picked their pockets of all they could give. She had a real passion for getting other people to bestow their money and time as *it suited her*. After Aunt Thorneypine had brought in a large amount it was usually entered in some newspaper or magazine list

as "Ladies of — through Mrs. Thorneypine." And she got a good deal of credit in this way.

Last winter Aunt Thorneypine sent me a basket made of shells (hideously ugly), which was the work of one of her protégées, and cost fifty dollars, with a note requesting that I would purchase it from the bearer, who was a most respectable person, and wanted to raise three hundred dollars toward her rent. I sent the woman and the elegant *corbeille* about their business, and wrote a note to my dear aunt, in which I stated that whatever I had to spare was for poor Lucy Anne and her large family, who had been going through a winter of illness, and that I should be very grateful if Aunt Thorneypine could do something for her niece. I never received any answer to this note; but Aunt Thorneypine always says, when poor Lucy Anne is mentioned, that she was very foolish to marry a struggling physician, and what can she expect?

Poor Lucy Anne! certainly not very much. Little from the world, and *nothing* from Aunt Thorneypine.

Aunt generally came two or three times a year to visit us, a large family consisting of father, mother, and eight children. As I mentioned, her arrival was frequently both unexpected and inconvenient. My father, an amiable, kind-hearted man, often gently attempted to fix our aunt to particular periods of time. For instance, he would invite her to visit us in the month of February. In return Aunt Thorneypine would write a long letter describing her engagements, and declining his invitation. She would appoint the month of April as the season for making a sojourn with us, and generally she kept her word.

The reason why Aunt Thorneypine demanded and received such homage from her relations was, that when a young girl she had for a year or two had the care of her nine brothers and sisters. A great many people have had the same, and never thought of demanding eternal payment for such a debt; but Aunt Thorneypine seemed to feel that, do what we would, she never could be requited.

The experience of life generally goes against modest merit. He who grasps at more than his share is more likely to find that others make way for him in the end than the over-modest man is to obtain what he actually merits. I don't know that our aunt ever reasoned in this way; but she instinctively acted in such a manner as to prove that my view is correct. Somehow nobody could, would, or might resist Aunt Thorneypine.

Perhaps you might like to know some of those pleasing traits in Aunt Thorneypine's character which so endeared her to her friends. Among other things, she might be said to have what an ignorant phrenologist once called the organ of *casualty* in a high degree. One of Tieck's German stories is about a lady called *Die Federtante*—Anglice, "Aunt Feathers"—so named from the plumes she generally wore, whose arrival in a family seemed to produce fits of illness among

the children. This was not the case with us. Aunt Thorneypine's magic powers were limited exclusively to her own performances. I never knew her match for setting herself on fire—breaking windows, mirrors, and tumblers—losing her trunk, her watch, or her keys, and upsetting tea, chocolate, coffee, butter, and ink, over the richest carpets. During one of her six weeks' visits she generally managed to leave the mark of her chair by the fire in a worn-out place in the carpet aforesaid; and she was commonly fatal to sofa springs and fancy straw chairs. Wherever she staid the servants soon found that the principal part of their duty was waiting upon Aunt Thorneypine. It made no difference whether it was at Cousin Oliver's in Boston, where they had six servants and a carriage and horses, or at Cousin Mary's in L—, where they kept only two domestics; they all had to wait on her.

As her brothers and sisters died in the regular course of nature Aunt Thorneypine transferred her attentions to their children, and seemed "*par droit de conquête ou par droit de naissance*," to be as inevitable as death, taxation, or our own national debt. Nor need you suppose that any thing but warm, cheerful rooms, an excellent table, and constant attention can be agreeable to our darling aunt. She is an admirable judge of most things; and if your butcher fails to give you the best of every thing, he will be detected and exposed in the gentlest manner by our aunt. She is by nature a critic, and you had better not attempt to put her off with second-rate articles of any kind.

Our aunt was never behindhand in expressing a proper sense of the attentions which we have all shown her for so many years. She is in the habit of making to all the family presents in turn, chiefly of her own work; and the indisposition which we all had to receive these gifts shows what a high-minded family we universally were. She sent Cousin Mary, on her last birthday, a pink and green knitted worsted *nubie*, and a large, old-fashioned rotary cooking stove, which she had once taken for a debt. Poor Mary, who lived in a tiny baby-house of a dwelling, was driven nearly to madness by the presence of this huge interloper where he clearly was not needed. And her husband, a waggish clergyman, quoted, with shouts of laughter, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," as he told his dismayed and puzzled wife that this was the first time he ever thought her Aunt Thorneypine was a Greek.

I never shall forget an incident of my childhood, which has made an ineffaceable impression. It was the last night of April. My father was to give up his house on the ensuing day; and the family, after looking at denuded rooms, packing-cases full of furniture, and crates full of china, were about to retire at ten o'clock sufficiently fatigued, as may be supposed, when such a ringing was heard at the bell as threatened to demolish that article, and the maid in alarm, flying to the bell, discovered Aunt Thorneypine, upheld in the arms of two stout gentlemen of Irish persuasion. Having set out unexpectedly

on a visit to us she had broken her leg *en route*, and here she was, a spectacle for a good Samaritan. I never shall forget that weariful night; fires were made and beds put up; doctors were run after and dragged from comfortable homes, and it was evident on every side that some great calamity had befallen a generally peaceful and unobtrusive family. Aunt Thorneypine and her broken leg on this occasion only staid with us a week, and at the end of that time we completed our "moving," two of the servants having meanwhile given warning.

If such were my early experiences of my dear aunt, what were my later ones, when, my parents being dead, and the family dispersed, I had the pleasure of receiving her in my own house! By one of those freaks of fortune which sometimes occur, I had married a young man whose mother had been a niece, not of aunt but of uncle Thorneypine. "By this double connection, my dear Grizel," my kind relative would say, "I feel more strongly bound to you both than ever." Indeed the good lady much prefers our house to most others in the family connection. I think that no one of our cousins is more favored than ourselves, except Cousin Oliver, who lives in Boston, and keeps his carriage and horses. His wife, I have often thought, would like to rout Aunt Thorneypine when she comes as the invader of her hearth, but being a timid, delicate little woman, she is afraid of getting the worst of it.

I never can sit in my own parlor when Aunt Thorneypine comes. The servants are exasperated beyond what their always admirable tempers can quite bear by the number of callers. On one occasion the door-bell rang forty times in one day, and in consequence of this overwhelming fact the waitress, a young lady of sensitive feelings, retired into the kitchen and burst into tears. Aunt Thorneypine always has a perfect levée of people that I don't know. Charitable agents, doctors, public lecturers, people that have property to sell, beggars (rich and poor), and "citizens generally," as the newspapers say when describing the rear of a procession. This sort of thing goes on from morning until night, and is, as may be supposed, far from pleasant. I generally run away, nor am I missed by Aunt Thorneypine, who is uncereemonious herself, and don't notice whether other people are so or not. The last time but one that she came to us, we were surprised by breakfast-time coming without our aunt. We rang bells repeatedly, but still she came not. It was Sunday morning, and aunt was generally regular at church; so in considerable alarm Horace and I hastened to her room, and he remarked, *chemin faisant*, that if any thing had happened to the poor old lady I should regard my many sarcasms with respect to her with much remorse. We knocked at the door on the outside, and Aunt Thorneypine on the inside (showing that at any rate she was not dead), and Horace, having bawled through the keyhole to know what was the matter, our aunt bawled back again

(through the same aperture) that she was locked in. And so she was. The lock was hopelessly damaged, and it was not until some hours after that we were able, by breaking open the door, to release our dear relative from her retirement, so well had she taken herself prisoner. Aunt is also perfectly incorrigible as to dinner hours; she somehow never notices how she keeps people waiting. However, she always has so many engagements and appointments with people that I suppose this is the reason that she is hardly ever up to time.

It is quite impossible to narrate all the remarkable adventures our aunt has had while staying with us. Once she came (as usual unexpectedly), and found us quite crowded with company. They happened to be formally invited guests, who could not be put in the garret, though Aunt Thorneypine looked (I thought) as if she would like to send them there. We hurried the three children out of the nursery, and sent them into the attic (where they caught three bad colds), and placed Aunt Thorneypine on a light single bed in their room. Thus having provided for every one's comfort as well as we could, Horace and I withdrew to our own quarters. At the witching hour of night—whatever that is—I heard a very loud sound, followed, after a few instants, by a still deeper but more distant report. Then all was silence. Horace slept. Trembling like a leaf, I partially dressed, and going into the passage, I found several of the family assembled and all in alarm. My husband, by this time aroused, shouted "Fire!" "Thieves!" and "Police!" And at first I really thought robbers were breaking in, when on going down stairs the truth came out. Aunt Thorneypine had broken down her bed and brought down a portion of the parlor ceiling. We had a general laugh, in which Aunt Thorneypine good-humoredly joined, while she told me she was surprised at my putting a woman of her size in so light a bedstead.

I won't mention all the various difficulties into which I had been led, chiefly through the agency of Aunt Thorneypine. How she brought a poor child to the house in order to give her some old clothes, who was just recovering from scarlet-fever, thereby making a present of the disease to my three children; how she once fell through a street grating, sprained her ankle, and was brought home by several policemen, to the great amazement of the neighbors; how she left the house-door open, whereby a silver teapot disappeared from the dining-room "and no questions asked;" how she used to leave the Croton water running, and forgot to turn off the gas; how she borrowed a volume of his splendidly-bound English Poets from Horace, which in our aunt's various wanderings must have found another home, for it never came back to ours; how she was always asking for postage-stamps, which she invariably forgot to return, and likewise omnibus change; how she would sometimes arise at midnight and desire toast and tea to be prepared—these, and many other feats of

our dear relative, I have never mentioned until now. What is particularly distressing is the circumstance that Aunt Thorneypine, in consequence of her benevolent enterprises, her cheerful manner, and her discreet conduct in limiting her remarkable performances to that much suffering class, her own relations, is really thought by many persons a most sensible, charitable, and excellent woman. She has dozens of friends where we have one, and is indeed a very popular person.

The amount of the matter is, that the number of people who mean to make the world their oyster is very large. Long habit has accustomed our aunt to the easy method of getting all that she can out of every body, and giving as little as she can in return. Any of us by yielding to our own selfishness might, in the course of years, arrive at *almost* such a character as Aunt Thorneypine's.

My aunt has never conferred upon me any gift more valuable than a knitted worsted shawl for myself, and a pair of socks for the baby; but I have, after all, derived some benefit from her society. I regard her as a *social example* to be carefully avoided. But why should I allow myself to be ruffled by reflections on her very unpleasant peculiarities? To-night we are to have a small cheerful dinner-party, consisting of two or three agreeable people whom we like. I enjoy these cozy little unpretentious parties—Stop! what is that banging and pounding in the lower passage? I see a carriage before the door with large trunks, the man has lifted off several—why, reader! would you believe it? She is here again!

It is Aunt Thorneypine!

THE CAFÉ GRECO.

THE Piazza di Spagna at Rome, is, as all tourists know, the centre of the Eternal City; the centre, that is, not topographically, but by custom and common consent. Around it, or near it, stand all the largest hotels, the most fashionable and expensive restaurants and *cafés*, the best known furnished apartments, the book-stores and reading-rooms for strangers. Toward it flows the annual tide of visitors to Rome. It is near the Corso, the Babuino, the Propaganda College, the stairs that ascend to the Church of Trinita di Monte, and the Pincian, the fashionable afternoon drive and promenade; near the artists' studios and color shops, near the jewelers and cameo-cutters, dealers in bronzes, medallions, and antiquities of every description. Strangers are not obliged, as in Paris and other large European cities, to consume days on foot or in carriage, in seeking out the places where they can best spend their surplus funds; for every thing needed is found almost within a stone's-throw of this sunny old square.

Within a few steps of the Piazza di Spagna stands, in the Via Condotti, the Café Greco, the well-known resort of the artists. Let not any romantic American, misled by the name, picture

to himself Grecian columns, marble steps, open, airy vestibules or rooms with mosaic floors, classically painted or sculptured walls, and skylights letting in serene floods of light from the blue Italian heavens. Let him not fill himself full of Childe Harold or Corinne, or he may fall from the seventh heaven of expectation as he enters the actual Café Greco. The simple motto "*Lucus a non lucendo*" will be enough for him. He must carry Greece with him, and take his own light in his hand (I didn't intend a pun here) as he does up and down the dark Roman stairs, if he wishes to illumine this dirty, dingy, smoky little den. For such is the Café Greco.

The Greco is the artists' Great Bear round which all their stars revolve. It is set apart for the male sex as rigorously as any of the Roman monasteries. No lady, and very seldom a woman, is ever seen there. It is almost exclusively frequented by the Nicotinian Sect, or the fraternity of tobacco-smokers, who here religiously assemble to offer up burnt-offerings of the sacred plant morning, noon, and night. From the long immemorial dedication of the place to these fuliginous rites, it has acquired the hue and somewhat of the fragrance of a meerschaum *bien culotté*, as the French say—shaded to the rich bituminous brown so beloved by the painters.

The Greco opens at an incredibly early hour in the morning, nobody knows how early. To compare small things with great, a day of the Greco is like a cycle of the world's history. Far back in the obscure dawn—of the Greco—somebody remembers somebody having breakfasted there; some myth of a sleepless artist or hurried traveler, at an hour when the birds have scarcely commenced singing, nor the dust-men sweeping the streets, nor the donkeys a-braying, nor the market-women bawling "*Lattuga*" under your windows. But who this mythical person was or is, what his name, country, or profession, or what his motives for his untimely gastronomical performances, the wisest oracle of the Greco knoweth not. Later the records become more intelligible. From 4 to 5 in the morning, say, to half past 9 in the evening, there are successive generations that come and go at the Greco. Every hour sees a new set of fellows. You may be accustomed to breakfast at half past 8, and may fancy you know all the *habitués* of the Café. But if your fleas or your fancies (both of which are apt to be very lively in Rome) should rouse you from your bed and send you to breakfast at 6 you will meet quite a new set of faces. In this way traditions are kept alive. Doolittle the loungeur, who came to Rome on a *loaf*, which he contrives to cut into daily slices of amusement, without having been very much bored, and who from continual and unavoidable contact with art and antiquity begins to fancy that he knows as much as the artists themselves—Doolittle will tell you, puffing his cigar at half past one, the hour of his *déjeuner*, that as he came in he spoke with Bankerson, that young American, you know, who is doing up Rome stenographically in two weeks, and

must be back in the States in a month; and Bankerson remembers having once seen Monsieur Grondant, an *ennuied* Frenchman who thinks Rome a *tombeau*, breakfasting at 11 o'clock. Simpson, one of Grondant's *compagnons de voyage*, if questioned about his predecessors, tells you he saw the flying coat-tails of Schwindflugel, about 10, as he was hurrying off to his studio, rather late for his model. Schwindflugel had found his friends Daubinsky and Dustikuff, the Polish and Russian painters, sitting smoking as he went in. These in turn have heard of a batch of French artists half an hour before, some one of whom have seen another batch of English and American artists, about 7 o'clock, and the first of these who went away carried in his hair the Druidic altar fumes and cigar-smoke of the early Germans.

And so the generations come and go, and the Greco is an epitome of the world's history.

But it is after dinner that the fuliginous star of the Greco is in the ascendant. The evening is the time for reunion of the artist brethren of all nations. Then it becomes a Babel of languages. Then rise the fumes of the Mocha, the clouds of tobacco-smoke, and the clack of tongues. Then come in the beggars, the peddlers, and the musicians. A close, dirty, dingy little place, it somehow enlarges in imagination through the influence of the social atmosphere. We are packed and squeezed together closer than in any New York street rail-car, but somehow we are all accommodated and made at ease.

It is chiefly those who have no homes, in the best sense of the word home, that resort to the Greco. Bachelors nearly all are these Grecians; or else lonely wanderers, who have left firesides and sweets of domestic life behind them in other lands. The Café is, after all, a *dernier resort*. And it is hard to sympathize with those few who leave their wives and cozy firesides near by for such a crowded and smoky den. Well enough to drop in, if after a moderate coffee-cup and a cigar you drop out again and go home like a rational being.

After all, to the plain matter-of-fact tourist, the Greco is usually but a miserable sort of den. It is only the associations one has with it, and the souvenirs that cluster about it, which transform it into a sort of Roman temple; call it if you like the temple of Pan, for the artist is a worshiper of the universe from its grandest objects and conceptions down to its lowest and most earthy details. For myself, I can never think of that dingy old place without seeing it illuminated by a light not borrowed from sun, moon, or lamp-oil, but from the memory of the social hours I have enjoyed there with cherished friends.

A few winters since I visited Rome after an absence of eleven years. One of the first shrines where I repaired to offer up a bajocco-and-a-half cigar, and sip a cup of the delicious *café nero*, was the Greco. Again my pilgrim staff rested against its blackened walls. Again the narcotic incense rose to the skylight overhead, through

which, as of old, on rainy nights, the water dribbled, and dry seats, when any seats were to be had in the crowd, were at a premium. All remained unchanged as of old. There was the same suit of dark little narrow rooms, opening one into another; the same specimens of weary waiters; the same unceasing calls "*Bottega!*"* and "*Vengo subito;*"† the same coffee and excellent *maritozzi* (a kind of bun), and mild *mezzocaldo* punch; the same types of Bohemian artist faces of all nations grouped around the little marble tables, their slouched hats and picturesque beards making Rembrandtish pictures through the fog of tobacco-smoke; the same beggars and musicians intruding; the same fellows offering for sale porcelain, and plaster casts, and knives, and ornaments of porphyry, and alabaster, and gorgeous bouquets of flowers, eager as vultures for fresh comers ready to be cheated out of a few extra *bajocchi*; the same buzz and laughter and crowding for seats; the same rattle of spoons and glasses; the same Babel of tongues; and the same old cloud of smoke which had not cleared away since I sat there last.

Memories of the days when this place and I were well acquainted years ago came with a strange sadness over me. I seemed to see shadows of old familiar faces sitting where strangers sat now. Scarcely could the rattle and noise banish the old remembrances.

In this very seat sat Eugenio—then a youth—who came abroad to see Europe—with his fine thoughtful brow overarching the sweet, playful, pleasure-loving mouth. A true Grecian he, who took as naturally to Italy as a babe to its mother's breast—who afterward drew as natural and wholesome nutriment from all Europe, and from the Orient lands. He was then a receptive youth: he is now a mature, active, creative man. Eugenio is long since married, and has risen to be one of the stars in American politics and literature.

Does he recall as I do now those old Roman days? Does he remember our first sight of Saint Peter's across the stretch of the Campagna—how we both leaped from the *vettura* to get a better view of it, and fretted when the valley we descended and the windings of the road concealed it from our straining gaze?

Does he remember that moonlight evening when we first saw the Coliseum together? How we stood at the entrance of one of the crumbling arches and hardly dared to enter and break the spell imagination wove around us, while the huge masses of black Cyclopean shadow and the broad expanse of golden moonlight broke upon us from the central arena?

Does he remember how we stood in silence over the grave of Keats, and shared between us the petals of the single rose that shed its faint perfume on that hallowed spot?

Does he remember those sunny days in the Borghese Villa, the long walks over the Campagna, and repose under the shadow of the skel-

* Waiter.

† Coming.

eton arches of the aqueduct? And St. Peter's, and the Vatican, and the mad, merry carnival; but where shall I stop in my reminiscences? For there are few places in Rome that are not associated with Eugenio.

The Greco is one of them. The dim, dingy *trattoria* of the Gabbione, near the Fountain of Trevi, is another. Does he remember a party of Americans dining there one day when he called for "un mezzo-porzione di Sbrinzo,"* thinking it was some *recherché* dish, and, after twenty minutes' impatient waiting, the wild-eyed *Cameriere*† Alessio brought him a bit of dry cheese about the size of his thumb, whereat "the whole quire held their hips and loffed," he laughing louder than any of us? I could hear that whole-souled laugh still as I sat in the old places of the Greco.

Here too sat Stanislaus, who never took cigars or *café nero*. His eyes were weak and unable to bear the dense clouds of tobacco-smoke—few but born Bohemians could. But he seldom came and retired early. He is now a citizen of England, and a clergyman of the English church.

And here, like the portrait of Vandyke, lounged Benedict, slouch-hatted and mustached—how unlike the carefully-dressed married man of after-days! Hard worker he was at his studio, and simple in diet because slender of purse. But the Greco was not itself without his presence—eccentric and original—social and chatty—saying and painting excellent things—a good companion and friend.

And then the kind-hearted, amiable, and clever tree-painter, his chum Hans. Benedict and he are both far away. One never hears from these fellows, only of them. They have achieved names in their own country, and are doing well. They were not always floating in such smooth waters in those old Greco days. I can remember the evening when Hans sat waiting at the Café and Benedict sallied out to borrow money for them both, and returned successful, with an order to boot. And how bright was the Roman sunshine those days, few and far between, when a poor artist could say, "I have an order," or "I have sold a picture!"

Young Silas Smart, too, over whose grave cousin Stephen kept such watchful eyes—where is he now? A ready wit had Smart. He was always saying sharp, bright things. One evening, at a card-party at Benedict's room, about half past twelve, Smart was enjoying himself regardless of bedtime and the superintending cousin; cigars and spiced wine perfumed the chamber; all was as merry as a marriage bell, when lo! a tap at the door, and there stood the elder Smart, a bit of lighted *cerina* in his hand (one always carries one's own candle on these dark Roman staircases)—there stood the grave, regular-habited cousin, solemn as the marble man in Don Giovanni. "Is Silas here?" he asked. "Why, Silas," he said, in deep, reproachful, trembling tones, "I have been very uneasy

about you. Do you know that it is half past twelve? I have been anxiously waiting for you at home these two hours!" But the young Bohemian stirred not, and said little. The upshot of the matter, however, was that Silas concluded to take his own time about going home, and ended the discussion by saying, "Well, Stephen, I think we had better arrange it in future that all baggage shall be at the risk of its owner." And the unsuccessful Stephen departed unaccompanied and sorrowful.

Silas had evidently chipped his shell, and was not frightened, like a milk-livered ghost, when the old cock crew in the small hours.

And then there was Shadberry, who went about with guide-book in hand, hanging to the skirts of the artists among the Ruins and on the Campagna, quoting Childe Harold in the wrong place, and getting up forced sentimental fits, which contrasted queerly with his ordinarily prosaic nature. What has become of Shadberry? Does the dome of Saint Peter's rise up in the distance to him only as a huge mile-stone, from which he has traveled far away on life's dusty turnpike?

There were not a few after-dinner loungers at the Greco, who, do what they might, could never get properly grafted on Italian growth. There were, for instance, those rough English fellows, who, though mostly artists, never seemed to take in the poetic and aromal dreams of Italy, but only its grosser and more sensual delights. Bearded, rough, loud-voiced men; Satyrs, with a streak of the wood-god in their composition; lovers of coarse pleasure, yet hard workers, many of them. What midnight orgies were those when they met together in one of their large studios! What shameless stories were sometimes told! What abominable songs were sung, as they passed round the cigars and poured out the hot spiced wine from the big pitcher smoking on the hearth! A dare-devil set of rollickers, full of violent animal spirits, contrasting strangely with their phlegmatic looks and deportment in broad daylight. The more innocent and moderate American, who chanced in among them at those festivals, was overpowered and swept away by their fierce, rough-grained jollity. Every man of the company must tell a story or sing a song—a sort of rule which seemed *de rigueur* with these Britons. Among a party of Americans there would have been a more genial *abandon*—more volunteering of wit or music: one would naturally inspire the others. But with these English it was a forcing-pump applied all round. Every one must, somehow or other, *pay* for his drink, and no postponement of the debt was ever tolerated.

Yet I remember one among them, of a more refined and delicate nature, who sang sweet sentimental ballads to the guitar, amidst loud and hearty applause. After all, these roisterers only needed some refining influence to lead them into a purer atmosphere. There were rough diamonds among them, but they needed polishing and setting terribly.

* A plate of Sbrinzo.

† Waiter.

I dare say most of these roaring bachelor blades are long since quiet, respectable, and very moral husbands and fathers of families. For the whirligig of Time brings its reforms as well as its revenges. There were one or two only of the old constellation left at the Greco when I made my second visit to Rome; and they seemed to have lost all their fire and sparkle. Another set of English revolved around the Greco's fuliginous star. It was somewhat sad to miss the old phlegmatic and "Britannic stare."

Among these English still sticking to the old places I recognized Mulberry, with whom, twelve years before, I had passed some weeks at the quaint old village of Civitella, in the Roman Apennines. Mulberry was of English descent, but born in one of the Danish islands of the West Indies. He was a gentleman of polished manners, but he had strong sympathies for the Bohemians. I remember he had with him at Civitella—at that old *osteria** perched on the top of the rocks—his servant, his dog, his gun, his guitar, and his pallet and easel. He was a man of leisure and an amateur. He never took out his canvas and attacked Nature seriously. He frittered away his time at the alphabet of the art; was anxious about processes, and colors, and tints; and muddled up his canvas, and scraped out; and then flung it aside for a week, and took up his guitar or strolled off with his gun and dog.

One day, there being a *luck* of dessert at table, he went into the kitchen and showed the cook how to *fry peaches*. Miserable hard things they were in their uncooked state, but his talent transformed them into a delicious delicacy.

I remember well his guitar, and what fun we had one moonlight night, he accompanying my flute in a serenade through the narrow, dark streets of Olevano; what unusual echoes we awoke, and how the night-capped heads of the peasants, who had retired at nine o'clock, popped out of their windows in amazement at a couple of *signori* treating them to English and Scotch airs at midnight, preceded by a servant bearing one of those tall brass picturesque lamps you see every where in Italy. I remember our return to our inn, and can see Mulberry now sitting on a table in the *salle-à-manger* thrumming the *saltarello*, while three or four of the *contadini*, who resisted the lateness of the hour, yielded to the contagious melody, and danced a merry measure. I think Mulberry that night got unusually excited, for he was not seen the next day; and it was said he had started off on a walk to Rome, some forty miles, followed by his man Antonio, very much to the disgust of the latter victimized individual.

Well, this Mulberry I discovered, on my return to Rome, sitting at a *trattoria* dinner. I knew him, but he did not recognize me till I introduced myself. He had grown older, and I saw at once that the youthful spirits had left him. He was staid and reserved and gentle-

manly, but didn't seem to care about reviving old scenes. I visited him at his studio. He had made some progress in painting, but he was still the amateur. He had tried this and that master, and had produced pretty things, but nothing fresh or original. We met only two or three times during my winter in Rome. Those old times in the mountains were never recalled again.

I missed from the Greco the tall form and broad white hat of Umberton, the American landscape painter, with whom I had spent many a day painting at Tivoli and Palestrina, in the Roman Apennines. I missed, too, his friend Marks, the Englishman with the pale face, light-blue eyes, and sandy hair, who had that remarkable adventure at Rojate. Shall I tell you that adventure?

We were all staying among the mountains at Olevano. Olevano is one of those odd old Italian towns built on the steep slope of a rocky hill, the old gray red-tiled houses huddled close together in disorderly fashion, and looking round, over each other's shoulders, all the way up to the top, on which rise the ruins of one of the old Colonna castles, formerly the sentinel and guardian of the town and surrounding country. A rough, mountainous, and wonderfully picturesque region it is, splintered all over with wild limestone formations, and much frequented by painters in the summer. There are many such old towns and villages in the Roman Apennines. Above Olevano, with a valley between, stands Civitella, the little brigandish village where I first met Mulberry. A strange, wild panorama of bare, rocky mountains and wooded valleys is that seen from Civitella. Beyond is another quaint old place, called Rojate; and beyond that the large town of Subiaco, also a gathering-place for painters. One day Umberton and Marks walked over to Subiaco, which, if I remember, is nine or ten miles from Olevano. Toward evening they started to return. It was a fine moonlight night. They got as far as Rojate, and there the adventure befell them I am going to relate. These small mountain villages are inhabited mostly by peasants. About that time there were idle rumors floating about among these simple and ignorant people of foreign spies—Austrian and others. And the appearance of these two strangers, blue-eyed and light-haired, inquiring their way and speaking Italian with a foreign accent, somehow aroused the suspicions of these excitable rustics. Scarcely had our pedestrians left behind the last house of the village when a group of peasants, armed with guns, hailed them from behind and ordered them to stop. Umberton, the wiser and cooler of the two, was for obeying orders and surrendering; but Marks became nervous, and preferred running and eluding their pursuit.

"Don't run, for Heaven's sake!" said Umberton. "You can't escape them. Don't you see they are armed with guns? Besides, we don't know the road very clearly."

But Marks had already taken to his heels,

* Tavern.

and some of the *contadini* were pursuing him. But the race was a short one. One of the peasants was close behind him. Marks turned and broke his cane over the fellow's head, and continued to run. But in the uncertain moonlight he mistook the road, and rushed upon the brink of a steep precipice. He succeeded in catching hold of some tufts of grass on the edge; but while he was holding on to save himself from falling one of his pursuers pelted him with clods of earth till he was obliged to relax his grasp, and fell sheer down fifty feet. (We afterward measured the precipice with a string.) The *contadini* rushed below, expecting to find him dashed to pieces. But he had fortunately fallen in a soft bank of mud, and, though frightfully jarred and bruised, escaped, wonderful to say, without having one bone broken or dislocated!

In the mean time Umberton was conducted before the mayor of the village, and closely scrutinized and guarded. His camp-stool, which he carried under his arm, was minutely examined, as if it were some infernal machine. As it did not explode, and seemed, on the whole, harmless, though somewhat mysterious, it was returned to him. His sketch-book was looked through, and this also passed the ordeal and was given back to him. The mayor was for dismissing him and letting him go on his way rejoicing. "But no," said Umberton. "I have been arrested unjustly, and I demand that these fellows, who have interrupted a peaceable artist in his journey homeward and subjected him to such treatment, be called to account for their conduct."

Any further prosecution of this demand, however, was cut short by the arrival of a crowd of men and boys, in the midst of whom was a group bearing along poor Marks, bruised to a mummy by his fall, and groaning with pain. Things now looked serious, and these peasants who, half an hour since, were so hostile, vied with one another in their attentions to the *Inglese* they had taken for a *Tedesco*, and whom their foolish mistake had driven to such a terrible accident. Poor Marks was taken to the only house in the village where travelers could be lodged. A rough place it was; but he was put into the best room that could be afforded. There he had tolerable medical attendance, and his friend Umberton, of course, remained at his bedside, and did every thing for him that a friend could. Early the next day a note from Umberton was put into my hands at Olevano, saying that Marks was taken sick at Rojate, and requesting me to accompany his wife thither immediately. The distance was about four miles, and the road so rocky and steep that only foot-passengers, and mules, and donkeys could pass over it. One of the latter animals was got ready for Mrs. Marks, and she set off under my protection and guidance, and reached Rojate about noon. I shall never forget her painful anxiety during that ride, or rather climb, over the mountains; for none of us knew what had occurred. Poor Marks was in a bad enough

condition. His wife staid and nursed him for weeks. Sometimes others of our party went over and relieved her. After a long time he slowly recovered. Meantime the mayor and dignitaries of the village waited upon him in due form, and presented a formal apology in behalf of the deluded *Contadini*. But I never heard of any pecuniary reparation being made.

If there was a time during the year when the Café Greco seemed particularly black and dingy, and in fact quite unendurable, it was during the bright season of the carnival—that season of the early spring (for in Rome spring begins in February) when the gray old city flushed for a few days like a cactus plant into unwonted bloom and splendor—when the streets were gay with flowers; when the old Corso was misty from one end to the other with a rain of bouquets and a snow of *confetti*, and gay maskers shouting, whirled by in carriages, or threaded the crowd in front, when all the bright eyes of Rome, grand ladies, and brown *Contadine* grouped in human bouquets of surpassing color and bloom, in balconies and stalls, and all was mad frolic and revelry. Ah! then the poor Greco was scorned, and lay beneath our feet like an old smoked-out pipe. The goddess Flora was in the ascendant. Her worshipers were not those ignoble Grecians who lingered in the old den over their coffee and their tobacco. They were out in the open air, in their blouses and masks, their pockets rammed with *confetti*, their hands full of nose-gays of the early spring.

Not till the joyous flame of those nine days is spent, and the grim Lent throws its gray veil of ashes over Rome, making all grayer than ever, are you content to enter the Greco again. Perhaps you go back with a hearty good-will, thinking you have had too much of a good thing. The sameness of splendor has wearied you, and you put your head into the old dingy tabernacle as a converted voluptuary does into a monastery and a monk's cowl.

Well, we have traveled back to the Greco, as old smokers go back to their black meerschaums. But after the brilliant flowery carnival and its whirl of pleasures, how can we enter the old den again, except by a series of chromatic modulations? We will not. Dingy, dark, smoky, old coffee-house, now more forlorn than ever, now after the gay Saturnalia of Flora, and the Queen of Candy; now since so many of the old familiar faces have gone, and when even Rome, with all its cherished antiquities and histories, with all its poetic and artistic dreams, no longer seems quite what it was, when you and I, O friends of other days! were then together.

So at the door of the Greco we say farewell. Farewell to Rome and the carnival; to St. Peter's and the Vatican; to the beautiful desolation of the Campagna! Farewell to the light of other days! Farewell to poor Pio Nono and his detested Government; for whose overthrow we join in the great, unceasing prayer of this hopeful, young Italian nation!



A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them."—*Spectator of May 14.*

"**P**RAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes—the Lord who gives,
O praise Him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and He shuts his hand,
But why, we can not understand:
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;

We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies:
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.



OUR BET.

“**B**OAT, gentlemen? It will do you a deal of good, Mr. Fred; and you too, Mr. Wood,” said old Dan, coming across the beach to where we were lying.

“I can’t go to-day,” answered Wood. “I have a confounded engagement. Shall you go, Astley?”

“Yes, I think so,” I said, looking at the sea, which, just stirred by a slight breeze, rippled and danced in the sunlight.

“All right, then. I shall have to bolt in a minute. What an awful row there is this morning!”

“The beach is very full, Sir,” said Dan; “and see, you are in the middle of the crowd.”

We were not far from the bathing machines; and on every side of us were groups of people, laughing, talking, flirting—all supremely merry, and not over-careful about modulating the tones of their voices. The man with the guitar appeared to be the only person on the whole beach who was not making a noise. He, poor fellow, had broken one of the strings of his instrument, and was sitting by himself, disconsolately, trying to mend it. A family of foreign minstrels

had settled themselves in front of the lapidary's shop, and the eldest boy was singing an Italian song, doing his utmost to make himself heard. He was, I own, singing under difficulties. The laughter of the bathers and the buzz of the talkers hardly conduced to render his voice the more audible; while the old bells of St. Augustine's church on the cliff above were ringing a loud wedding peal.

"In the middle of the infernal regions, I should say. I never heard such a horrid Babel in my life," muttered Wood, as he stalked off, and I went to the boat.

"I expected that you would come, Mr. Fred," said old Dan. He always called me Mr. Fred. We had been great friends ever since he gave me my first lesson in rowing, when I was a very little fellow. I believe I took to him then wonderfully; and since that time he had never seemed to me to have changed nor to have grown older. He always was, as far back as I could remember, the same sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with the same bronzed face, and the same clear, keen, gray eye. He had been for several years on board a man-of-war, but he was not a great talker on any subject, and never, I believe, spoke of his younger days. A superannuated, half-witted veteran, who lived in the town, declared that he was with Dan Baker on board the *Etna*. But the veteran knew nothing about Dan's history, and Dan himself never told it to any one. There was something in it he evidently wished to conceal, and the odd name of his boat, *The Faithless Maid*, was the only ground on which curious people could build. He was, in spite of his taciturnity, a great favorite with us young fellows. We had christened him Cato; he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman censor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking any thing but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave one the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly, bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good boatman, and was much sought after by the people who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure-boats at Cliffgate.

"Strange scenes in these boats sometimes, Mr. Fred," the old fellow said, suddenly, after he had pulled for some minutes without speaking.

"Ah, I suppose so," I answered, carelessly, and without thinking what I said. My thoughts were just then turned upon a bet I had made, and which had happened rather oddly. It was between six of us: Ned Darwell, Wood, Lucas and one of his cousins, Andrews, and myself. And he who shook hands first with a certain young lady was to win the stakes. Ned called my attention to her as we were walking in the Rose Gardens, listening to the band.

"By Jove!" he said, nipping my arm, "there's a jolly girl."

She had very dark hair and eyes, which were rendered the more attractive by a bewitching little mauve hat, with a white veil tied behind in a bow. She was rather tall and slight, but very graceful; and her little feet as they peeped out every now and then from under her muslin dress—for the grass was rather damp, and the dress had to be held up—seemed perfection. She was accompanied by an old, soldierly-looking gentleman, and a young fellow, of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was walking by her other side.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered Ned. "Some new importation. Hullo! here's Lucas; he is sure to know. I say, Lucas, my boy, who is that dark girl with the hat?"

"Oh, hang the girl with the rum-shaped hat! She's Letitia Turner. Every body knows her ugly phiz."

"No; the one with the mauve hat and white veil. There! man alive! can't you see? There! just turning round at the end of the walk."

"Don't know her at all," said the other. "Do you, John?" he asked, turning to his cousin.

"Never saw her before," said the cousin. "But she's awfully swell."

Then Wood and Andrews strolled up. They asked us the very question we were going to ask them; so we discovered that the young lady was a perfect stranger to us all. Whereupon Lucas undertook to rout her out, as he called it, and tell us.

"I say, Lucas," said Ned, who was rather jealous of the ascendancy Lucas had gained over us in the honor of finding out and becoming acquainted with different young ladies, "I'll bet you any thing you like that I'll shake hands with her before you will. There, Lucas, my boy, there's a fair bet for you."

"Done!" cried Lucas.

Then Wood chimed in. "So will I, that I'll shake hands before either of you."

And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

So the bet was made; and it was about it that I was thinking when Dan spoke to me.

"Very strange scenes," he said again, nodding at me over his oars. I suppose the expression had been well digested and proved wholesome, so he repeated it. "They say a cabman could tell a good deal," he continued, still nodding. "But bless you, Sir, what can they see or hear? There they sit, flogging their poor horses, while the people are behind them, shut up in a rattling, rickety thing. They can't hear, Sir. How can they? Now we, you see, Mr. Fred, when we come forward like this, we could almost kiss the people, much more hear what they say." To prove his assertion, old Dan suited his action to his words, and bent over his oars, leaning forward as far as he could. Having finished his long speech, he nodded again mysteriously, as if to say, "There, I have enlightened you quite enough for one day," and then pulled on again.

As he seemed inclined to be silent, and did not speak, my thoughts gradually reverted to our bet. Lucas had told us that the young lady was Miss Leith, that the old gentleman was Major Leith, and that they and Mr. Henry Leith were living at 6 Marine Gardens. But that was not an introduction, and "I see no chance of getting one," he said to me, ruefully. All his numerous cousins had proved perfectly useless on this occasion. Among us Ned had been the most lucky. Miss Leith had bowed and thanked him when he picked up a book which she dropped upon the Parade. I came second. In passing once I was honored with a second look. The rest were nowhere; and just a week had elapsed since we made the bet. Up to the present time Miss Leith had been invincible, though we had all done our utmost to obtain an introduction. Not that any of us cared for the stakes; they were trifling enough; but there was a spirit of emulation at work within us for the honor of the first shake of the hand of the young lady. The more difficult it became the more eager we all were to win it. We had found out that nobody in the town knew her, so we were thrown upon our own resources.

She went down to the beach every morning when it was fine, and walked upon the Parade in the afternoon; but was always accompanied by either her father or Mr. Henry Leith. Whether Mr. Henry Leith was her brother or her cousin, and in the latter case her lover, we could not find out. But we put him down for a brother.

We had told Dan about our bet, and he had promised to help us if he could. That, perhaps, was the chief reason why I seized the opportunity of having him to myself for an hour.

"Seen Miss Leith, Dan?"

The old fellow shook his head. "Heard she was fond of pulling, though," he said, after a short time.

"Oh, indeed!" I answered, as a thought struck me. "I say, Dan, I shall want your boat for two or three hours a day for the next week or so."

Now Dan had been in the habit of lending me his boat, because he knew that I could pull and manage it properly. I did not anticipate any trouble in getting it, so I was surprised when he appeared to hesitate.

"What are you going to do with it, Sir, may I ask?"

"Never you mind, Dan. You lend me the boat. What I do with it is nothing to you; that is, as long as I don't damage it."

"You are right, Sir. You shall have it."

He smiled as he spoke, and I could easily see that he guessed for what purpose I wanted the boat. However, he said nothing till the hour was up. Then, as I was getting out, he called me by my name, and said in a low tone:

"I have known you now for a long time, Mr. Fred. Do mind what you are about, Sir. Young women are changeable creatures. I should not like you to be taken in."

His voice was so sad, and his old bronzed face

looked so troubled, that I knew he was speaking from experience—perhaps from some bitter lesson he had learned in his youth, and which in some way accounted for the odd name of his boat.

"Come, old Cato," I said, "it is only to win the bet; I am not in love with the young lady. See you to-morrow. Ta-ta."

The next morning, according to our agreement, Dan brought the boat round to the part of the beach nearest to my house. I did not live in the town, but some ten minutes' walk from it, along the cliff; and there was a path from the house down to the beach. He found me there, dressed in an old boating-suit, with my face hid as much as possible by a large slouching hat. I was then twenty-four, but looked a little older, and I meant in this disguise to lay siege to Miss Leith.

"Be careful, Mr. Fred," were the only words he said as we exchanged places; and then I pulled leisurely to where the visitors generally resorted. How all this would help me to obtain an introduction I was not quite clear; but I was, to tell the truth, jealous of her having spoken to Ned, and I thought that, at any rate, I should be able, in my capacity of boatman, to get a word from her. I had also a hazy idea that I might possibly give her hand a little shake as I helped her out of the boat, if ever I were fortunate enough to persuade her to come in. I thought that it would be extremely agreeable to sit opposite to her for an hour, hearing her talk, and almost near enough to kiss her, as Dan said, whenever I leaned forward.

"Boat this morning, Sir?" I said, as I pulled past the place where Miss Leith and her brother were sitting.

"Not this morning, thank you," he answered.

Lucas had heard me, and looked up, but did not seem to recognize either me or my voice, and that emboldened me. Then the Major came down with his paper, and Mr. Leith left them for his morning bath. I saw him plunge in and swim out to sea; and as I wanted to follow his example I determined to pull home and change my clothes.

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

"There! That little black speck is his head. He is coming back now."

"Oh, what a way he is out! Oh, papa! what is the matter?" she said, as a strong cry from Mr. Leith reached her ears.

"Nothing, nothing. Keep still, girl," he said, beckoning to me. In a minute he had scrambled into the boat, and we had left the beach.

"Pull, man! He has got the cramp! A hundred pounds if you reach him before he sinks! Harry! Harry!" he bawled out, "keep up. Oh, my boy! for God's sake keep up! Pull with your left. Now you are straight. Pull both. Hard!"

I have often rowed in a race, but I never pulled with such a will as I did on that day. The boat was the best in Cliffgate; and it seemed to fly over the water as I put all my strength and weight into each stroke. I have just a dim recollection of seeing crowds upon the beach running about, while the Major stood in the stern, without moving or speaking, watching his sinking son.

"Oh, my God, he is down!" burst from the old gentleman as he sank backward upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

I can remember dropping the oars and tearing off my hat and boots. As I turned round I saw, scarce six yards from the head of the boat, a hand rise, then a head—it was his last struggle—and then both went down together. A moment afterward I was in the water, catching hold of something large and white, and rising with it to the surface. How I found it I don't know; but I knew that it was the young man. I felt his arms cling to my neck and his weight pull me down. I could swim well; and as my head rose above the water, and I saw the glorious bright sun, my love of earth seemed so strong, and the thought of death so terrible, that I struggled hard to keep afloat. But my clothes were thick and impeded my limbs. His arms were tightly clasped round my neck, and his dead weight was pulling, for ever pulling me down.

Then something dark came between me and the light; and the old boat, with the Major in it, glided past almost at arm's-length. I made a clutch—a rope was trailing in the water—and as I caught it and pulled myself with my burden to the side I heard the shout from the beach, and felt the Major's hand unclasping his son's arms from my neck.

"I'll hold him; you get in at the other side. Come, that's well done," he said, as we lifted Mr. Leith into the boat. "Now you row in, and I'll soon bring him to."

It was not the first time, as I afterward learned, that the Major had helped to resuscitate a half-drowned person. He knew exactly what to do; and under his skillful treatment his son opened his eyes before we reached the shore.

"I must dress him before I can convey him home," said the Major.

So I took them to the young fellow's machine, and then pulled away, partly to change my clothes and partly to avoid being known. I succeeded in the latter, even better than I had hoped; for when I met the Major and his daughter on the Parade in the afternoon they did not

recognize me. I had left my slouching hat at home, and my hair and whiskers were not then plastered to my face with water. I also found out that nobody had noticed me in the morning. So I determined to play on my new character of boatman. Whereupon, the next day assuming the old disguise, I went forth again in search of fresh adventures.

"Oh! there he is, papa," Miss Leith said, as I passed.

"Ah! so he is. Here, my man, we will go for a pull to-day. How are you this morning? Caught no cold yesterday, I hope?"

"By Jove! I don't know how to thank you," said Mr. Henry, shaking my hand as soon as he was in the boat. "But I want to have a *jaw* with you some time."

Then the Major, muttering some thanks, held out his hand; and Miss Leith gave me her brightest smile, which I prized more than all.

"How strange, papa!" she said, reading the name of the boat. "You know Miss Hemery told us to have this one before we came."

"Bless me, yes! I have heard a good deal about you, Mr. Baker. I heard that you were very sober, and very respectable, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me, too, that you were not always a boatman," he said, glancing at my hands, which were rather whiter than the flippers of the sons of Neptune usually are. "So, if you like to give up this sort of life, why, I'll take care that you always have a snug roof over your head."

I thanked him very much; but I told him that I liked my life very well. In fact I was fairly stumped as to what to say. I felt half inclined to laugh at being taken for old Dan; and yet I felt that the Major ought not to be allowed to continue in his mistake.

"You seem very young to be such a hermit. Come, you must marry. I will find you a wife, and keep her well too."

"Yes, you must forget the Faithless Maid now," said Miss Leith, smiling again. I suppose she had heard some of the conjectures about Dan's life.

"I do not mean to be inquisitive," the Major said, "but I can not bear to see a young man like you, and one, too, who is so superior to this sort of work, settling down to such a life. Remember what we owe to you. Will you not tell me your trouble? I may be able to help you; and I swear I won't spare money or trouble to make you happy."

Although, of course, I did not want any pecuniary help, his kind way in offering it, and the fatherly manner in which he put his hand upon my shoulder as I bent forward, made me ashamed of the trick I had played upon him. He must sooner or later find it out; and I wondered within myself, as I leaned over the oars, looking down, with his hand upon my shoulder, whether he would then be so kind as now.

"I should like to see you privately to-morrow, Sir," I said, putting off the time as long as I could.

"Very well, then. Come in the morning at eleven—6 Marine Gardens. Ask for Major Leith."

I promised to do so, and nothing more was said about it during our pull.

"Good-by!" said Mr. Henry, when he was on the beach. "The governor has had all the talk to-day; but I shall see you again soon."

"Good-by!" said Miss Leith, with a nod, as her brother helped her out. "Good-by!"

"I wonder if she will nod and smile," I thought, "when she finds out who I am. I shall be certain to see her again this afternoon at the band; but she won't know me without this hat. I'll risk it at any rate. What a jolly smile she has!"

Though I did not expect to be recognized, I had, while dressing, sundry qualms about going; and when the time came for me to start I was sitting in the window, still hesitating. I had just decided that I would not go, when Ned walked up the garden and stepped into the room.

"Well, old fellow, you'll be late," he said, tapping my knees with his stick. "Don't be so idle. Come along."

"I am not going, Ned."

"Not going! Why not? Miss Leith is sure to be there. Ah! I see. You find it's no good struggling against me. I respect your sense of discrimination; but I can't walk there without somebody. Just come to keep me company."

So I took his arm, and we strolled together into the Rose Gardens.

"There's that swell girl I met last night," he said. "Lucas will be at her side in a minute if I don't look out. Ta-ta."

Dropping my arm, he raised his hat to the young lady, and then walked off by her side just as Lucas came up.

"I don't think Miss Leith is here," said Lucas to me; "but there is Letitia Turner at the other end, looking such an awful fright."

Letitia, who was the wrong side of thirty, honored me, when we met, with a most gracious bow. She certainly did look, as Lucas said, "an awful fright;" and while I was admiring the gorgeousness of her "get-up," I awkwardly trod upon the dress of a lady who was sitting down.

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round and raising my hat.

It was Miss Leith; and I saw in a moment, from the blush that colored her cheeks, that I was recognized. It was my voice, I knew, that had betrayed me; but I walked on till I came to the railings that bounded the gardens. There was no gate at the side where I was, or I should have gone out; and the nearest one was exactly opposite the seat which the Leiths occupied. I waited for some minutes, looking over the railings, and then turned round. Standing directly in front of me was the Major, entirely cutting off all means of retreat.

"How do you, Mr. Baker?" he said, with a grin, while I felt rather uncomfortable.

Then I stammered out something, apologizing for the deceit I had practiced upon him. "I was going to tell you to-morrow," I said; "but I hope, Sir, that you will not think the worse of me for it."

"By my faith, Sir, that I won't. I thought this morning that you looked a devilish gentleman-like boatman, and said so to my daughter. It is I who have to apologize for calling to you yesterday as I did; but I had not time to look at you. I only saw a man in boatman's clothes, and, of course, took you for one. Give me your hand," he said, stretching out his own, and then adding, with a laugh, "though I suppose now you will not want me to put a roof over your head; yet I shall always be heartily glad to see you under mine. By-the-by, as you are no longer Baker, what name do you mean to assume now?"

"Astley."

"Well, then, Mr. Astley, I hope this will be the beginning of a long friendship."

"I am sure, Sir, nothing will give me greater pleasure."

"It was Baker's boat, though, you were in?" he said.

"Yes—*The Faithless Maid*."

"Then, as I live, Baker shall have the wife and the cottage."

"I won't answer for the wife," I said.

"Then he shall have the cottage without her. He shall have something. I will go and find him now. You come with me and I'll introduce you."

"My daughter, Mr.—I beg your pardon, I have a shocking memory for names."

"Astley," I suggested.

"Mr. Astley," he said, "the amateur boatman."

At this we all laughed, and Miss Leith blushed. Then the Major, with a good hearty farewell, left us, and went on his errand.

"I caught him," he said, when he returned.

"He has consented, after a slight skirmish, to live with me, and have a place to harbor his old hulk in. We must go now, Helen. Private to-morrow at eleven, eh, Mr. Astley? Well, I hope I shall see you soon."

"Thank you, Major. Good-by, Miss Leith."

"Good-by, Mr. Astley," she said, putting out her hand.

Lucas and Ned, who were wandering about, passed at that moment. They both looked—the envious wretches—and actually scowled at me as I took the little hand and shook it.

So I won our bet.

And besides the bet I won also that which had caused it. For soon afterward Miss Leith gave me her hand "to shake," as she herself said, "as often as ever I liked."

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FIRST. THE CUP AND THE LIP.



THE BOFFIN PROGRESS.—[SEE CHAPTER IX.]

CHAPTER XI.

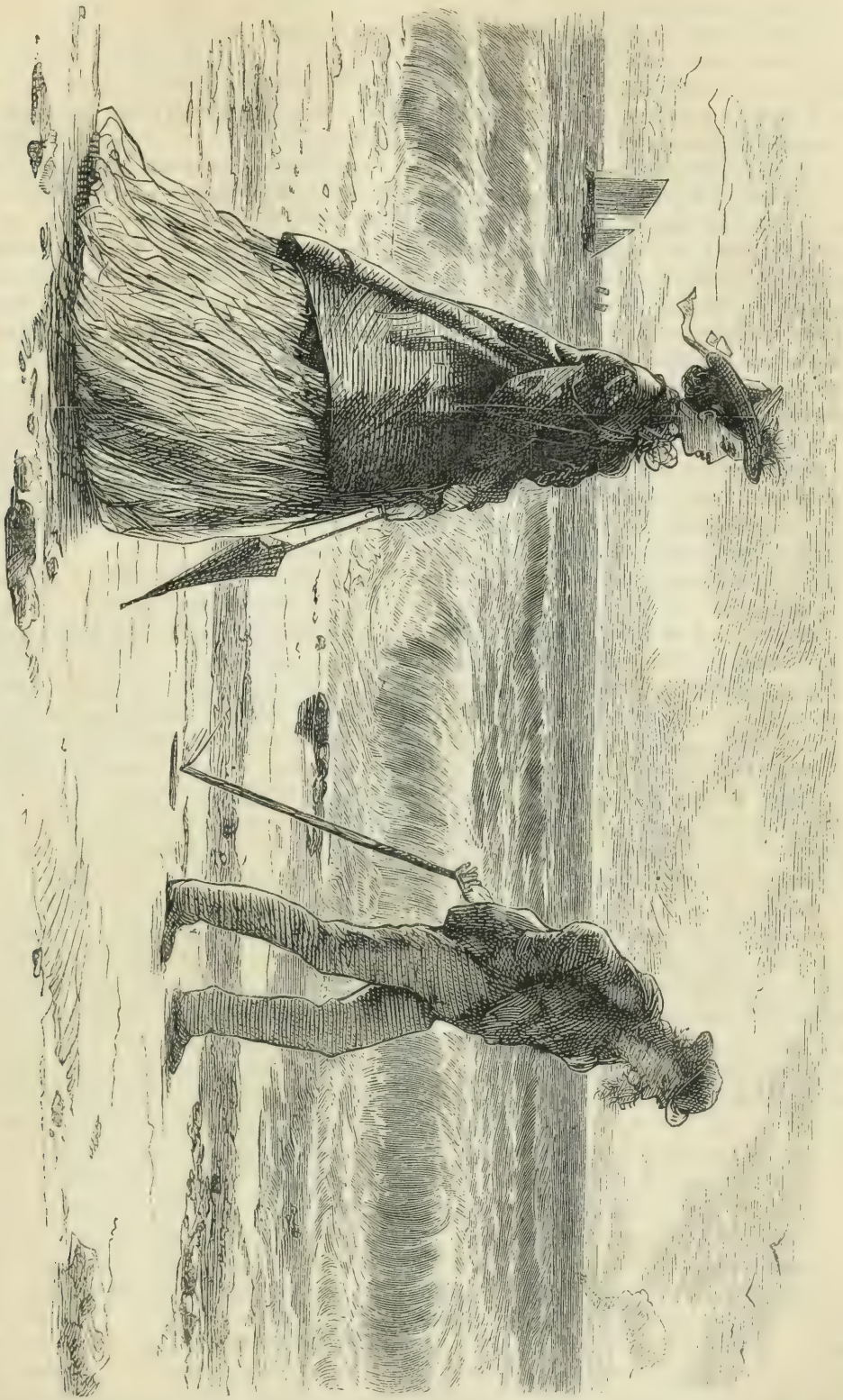
PODSNAPPERY.

MR. PODSNAP was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. Beginning with a good inheritance, he had married a good inheritance, and had thriven exceedingly in the Marine Insurance way, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why every body was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social ex-

ample in being particularly well satisfied with most things, and, above all other things, with himself.

Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. There was a dignified conclusiveness—not to add a grand convenience—in this way of getting rid of disagreeables which had done much toward establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. "I don't want to

THE HAPPY PAIR.—[SEE CHAPTER X.]



know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!" Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him (and consequently sheer away) with those words and a flushed face. For they affronted him.

Mr. Podsnap's world was not a very large world, morally; no, nor even geographically: seeing that although his business was sustained upon commerce with other countries, he considered other countries, with that important reservation, a mistake, and of their manners and

customs would conclusively observe, "Not English!" when, PRESTO! with a flourish of the arm, and a flush of the face, they were swept away. Elsewise, the world got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half past five, and dined at seven. Mr. Podsnap's notions of the Arts in their integrity might have been stated thus: Literature; large print, respectfully descriptive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Painting

and Sculpture; models and portraits representing Professors of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Music; a respectable performance (without variations) on stringed and wind instruments, sedately expressive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication. Nothing else To Be—any where!

As a so eminently respectable man, Mr. Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. Inferior and less respectable men might fall short of that mark, but Mr. Podsnap was always up to it. And it was very remarkable (and must have been very comfortable) that what Providence meant was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant.

These may be said to have been the articles of a faith and school which the present chapter takes the liberty of calling, after its representative man, Podsnappery. They were confined within close bounds, as Mr. Podsnap's own head was confined by his shirt-collar; and they were enunciated with a sounding pomp that smacked of the creaking of Mr. Podsnap's own boots.

There was a Miss Podsnap. And this young rocking-horse was being trained in her mother's art of prancing in a stately manner without ever getting on. But the high parental action was not yet imparted to her, and in truth she was but an undersized damsel, with high shoulders, low spirits, chilled elbows, and a rasped surface of nose, who seemed to take occasional frosty peeps out of childhood into womanhood, and to shrink back again, overcome by her mother's head-dress and her father from head to foot—crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery.

A certain institution in Mr. Podsnap's mind which he called "the young person" may be considered to have been embodied in Miss Podsnap, his daughter. It was an inconvenient and exacting institution, as requiring every thing in the universe to be filed down and fitted to it. The question about every thing was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? And the inconvenience of the young person was, that, according to Mr. Podsnap, she seemed always liable to burst into blushes when there was no need at all. There appeared to be no line of demarkation between the young person's excessive innocence and another person's guiltiest knowledge. Take Mr. Podsnap's word for it, and the soberest tints of drab, white, lilac, and gray, were all flaming red to this troublesome Bull of a young person.

The Podsnaps lived in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square. They were a kind of people certain to dwell in the shade, wherever they

dwelt. Miss Podsnap's life had been, from her first appearance on this planet, altogether of a shady order; for Mr. Podsnap's young person was likely to get little good out of association with other young persons, and had therefore been restricted to companionship with not very congenial older persons, and with massive furniture. Miss Podsnap's early views of life being principally derived from the reflections of it in her father's boots, and in the walnut and rose-wood tables of the dim drawing-rooms, and in their swarthy giants of looking-glasses, were of a sombre cast; and it was not wonderful that now, when she was on most days solemnly tooled through the Park by the side of her mother in a great tall custard-colored phaeton, she showed above the apron of that vehicle like a dejected young person sitting up in bed to take a startled look at things in general, and very strongly desiring to get her head under the counterpane again.

Said Mr. Podsnap to Mrs. Podsnap, "Georgiana is almost eighteen."

Said Mrs. Podsnap to Mr. Podsnap, assenting, "Almost eighteen."

Said Mr. Podsnap then to Mrs. Podsnap, "Really I think we should have some people on Georgiana's birthday."

Said Mrs. Podsnap then to Mr. Podsnap, "Which will enable us to clear off all those people who are due."

So it came to pass that Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap requested the honor of the company of seventeen friends of their souls at dinner; and that they substituted other friends of their souls for such of the seventeen original friends of their souls as deeply regretted that a prior engagement prevented their having the honor of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap, in pursuance of their kind invitation; and that Mrs. Podsnap said of all these inconsolable personages, as she checked them off with a pencil in her list, "Asked, at any rate, and got rid of;" and that they successfully disposed of a good many friends of their souls in this way, and felt their consciences much lightened.

There were still other friends of their souls who were not entitled to be asked to dinner, but had a claim to be invited to come and take a haunch of mutton vapor-bath at half past nine. For the clearing off of these worthies, Mrs. Podsnap added a small and early evening to the dinner, and looked in at the music-shop to bespeak a well-conducted automaton to come and play quadrilles for a carpet dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, and Mr. and Mrs. Veneering's bran-new bride and bridegroom, were of the dinner company; but the Podsnap establishment had nothing else in common with the Veneerings. Mr. Podsnap could tolerate taste in a mushroom man who stood in need of that sort of thing, but was far above it himself. Hideous solidity was the characteristic of the Podsnap plate. Every thing was made to look as heavy as it could, and to take up as much

room as possible. Every thing said boastfully, "Here you have as much of me in my ugliness as if I were only lead; but I am so many ounces of precious metal worth so much an ounce;—wouldn't you like to melt me down?" A corpulent straddling epergne, blotched all over as if it had broken out in an eruption rather than been ornamented, delivered this address from an unsightly silver platform in the centre of the table. Four silver wine-coolers, each furnished with four staring heads, each head obtrusively carrying a big silver ring in each of its ears, conveyed the sentiment up and down the table, and handed it on to the pot-bellied silver salt-cellars. All the big silver spoons and forks widened the mouths of the company expressly for the purpose of thrusting the sentiment down their throats with every morsel they ate.

The majority of the guests were like the plate, and included several heavy articles weighing ever so much. But there was a foreign gentleman among them: whom Mr. Podsnap had invited after much debate with himself—believing the whole European continent to be in mortal alliance against the young person—and there was a droll disposition, not only on the part of Mr. Podsnap but of every body else, to treat him as if he were a child who was hard of hearing.

As a delicate concession to this unfortunately-born foreigner, Mr. Podsnap, in receiving him, had presented his wife as "Madame Podsnap;" also his daughter as "Mademoiselle Podsnap," with some inclination to add "ma fille," in which bold venture, however, he checked himself. The Veneerings being at that time the only other arrivals, he had added (in a condescendingly explanatory manner), "Monsieur Vey-nair-reeng," and had then subsided into English.

"How Do You Like London?" Mr. Podsnap now inquired from his station of host, as if he were administering something in the nature of a powder or potion to the deaf child; "London, Londres, London?"

The foreign gentleman admired it.

"You find it Very Large?" said Mr. Podsnap, spasmodically.

The foreign gentleman found it very large.

"And Very Rich?"

The foreign gentleman found it, without doubt, énormément riche.

"Enormously Rich, We say," returned Mr. Podsnap, in a condescending manner. "Our English adverbs do Not terminate in Mong, and We Pronounce the 'ch' as if there were a 't' before it. We Say Ritch."

"Reetch," remarked the foreign gentleman.

"And Do You Find, Sir," pursued Mr. Podsnap, with dignity, "Many Evidences that Strike You, of our British Constitution in the Streets Of The World's Metropolis, London, Londres, London?"

The foreign gentleman begged to be pardoned, but did not altogether understand.

"The Constitution Britannique," Mr. Pod-

snap explained, as if he were teaching in an infant school. "We Say British, But You Say Britannique, You Know" (forgivingly, as if that were not his fault). "The Constitution, Sir."

The foreign gentleman said, "Mais, ye'es: I know eem."

A youngish sallowish gentleman in spectacles, with a lumpy forehead, seated in a supplementary chair at a corner of the table, here caused a profound sensation by saying, in a raised voice, "ESKER," and then stopping dead.

"Mais oui," said the foreign gentleman, turning toward him. "Est-ce-que? Quoi donc?"

But the gentleman with the lumpy forehead having for the time delivered himself of all that he found behind his lumps, spake for the time no more.

"I Was Inquiring," said Mr. Podsnap, resuming the thread of his discourse, "Whether You Have Observed in our Streets as We should say, Upon our Pavvy as You would say, any Tokens—"

The foreign gentleman, with patient courtesy entreated pardon: "But what was tokenz?"

"Marks," said Mr. Podsnap; "Signs, you know, Appearances—Traces."

"Ah! Of a Orse?" inquired the foreign gentleman.

"We call it Horse," said Mr. Podsnap, with forbearance. "In England, Angleterre, England, We Aspirate the 'H,' and We Say 'Horse.' Only our Lower Classes Say 'Orse!'"

"Pardon," said the foreign gentleman; "I am alwiz wrong!"

"Our Language," said Mr. Podsnap, with a gracious consciousness of being always right, "is Difficult. Ours is a Copious Language, and Trying to Strangers. I will not Pursue my Question."

But the lumpy gentleman, unwilling to give it up, again madly said, "ESKER," and again spake no more.

"It merely referred," Mr. Podsnap explained, with a sense of meritorious proprietorship, "to Our Constitution, Sir. We Englishmen are Very Proud of our Constitution, Sir. It Was Bestowed Upon Us By Providence. No Other Country is so Favored as This Country."

"And ozer countries?"—the foreign gentleman was beginning, when Mr. Podsnap put him right again.

"We do not say Ozer; we say Other: the letters are 'T' and 'H;' You say Tay and Aish, You Know; (still with clemency). The sound is 'th'—'th!'"

"And other countries," said the foreign gentleman. "They do how?"

"They do, Sir," returned Mr. Podsnap, gravely shaking his head; "they do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—as they do."

"It was a little particular of Providence," said the foreign gentleman, laughing; "for the frontier is not large."

"Undoubtedly," assented Mr. Podsnap;

"But So it is. It was the Charter of the Land. This Island was Blest, Sir, to the Direct Exclusion of such Other Countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen present, I would say," added Mr. Podsnap, looking round upon his compatriots, and sounding solemnly with his theme, "that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of every thing calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth."

Having delivered this little summary, Mr. Podsnap's face flushed as he thought of the remote possibility of its being at all qualified by any prejudiced citizen of any other country; and, with his favorite right-arm flourish, he put the rest of Europe and the whole of Asia, Africa, and America nowhere.

The audience were much edified by this passage of words; and Mr. Podsnap, feeling that he was in rather remarkable force to-day, became smiling and conversational.

"Has any thing more been heard, Veneering," he inquired, "of the lucky legatee?"

"Nothing more," returned Veneering, "than that he has come into possession of the property. I am told people now call him The Golden Dustman. I mentioned to you some time ago, I think, that the young lady whose intended husband was murdered is daughter to a clerk of mine?"

"Yes, you told me that," said Podsnap; "and by-the-by, I wish you would tell it again here, for it's a curious coincidence—curious that the first news of the discovery should have been brought straight to your table (when I was there), and curious that one of your people should have been so nearly interested in it. Just relate that, will you?"

Veneering was more than ready to do it, for he had prospered exceedingly upon the Harmon Murder, and had turned the social distinction it conferred upon him to the account of making several dozen of bran-new bosom-friends. Indeed, such another lucky hit would almost have set him up in that way to his satisfaction. So, addressing himself to the most desirable of his neighbors, while Mrs. Veneering secured the next most desirable, he plunged into the case, and emerged from it twenty minutes afterward with a Bank Director in his arms. In the mean time, Mrs. Veneering had dived into the same waters for a wealthy Ship-Broker, and had brought him up, safe and sound, by the hair. Then Mrs. Veneering had to relate, to a larger circle, how she had been to see the girl, and how she was really pretty, and (considering her station) presentable. And this she did with such a successful display of her eight aquiline fingers, and their encircling jewels, that she happily laid hold of a drifting General Officer, his wife and daughter, and not only restored their animation

which had become suspended, but made them lively friends within an hour.

Although Mr. Podsnap would in a general way have highly disapproved of Bodies in rivers as ineligible topics with reference to the cheek of the young person, he had, as one may say, a share in this affair which made him a part proprietor. As its returns were immediate, too, in the way of restraining the company from speechless contemplation of the wine-coolers, it paid, and he was satisfied.

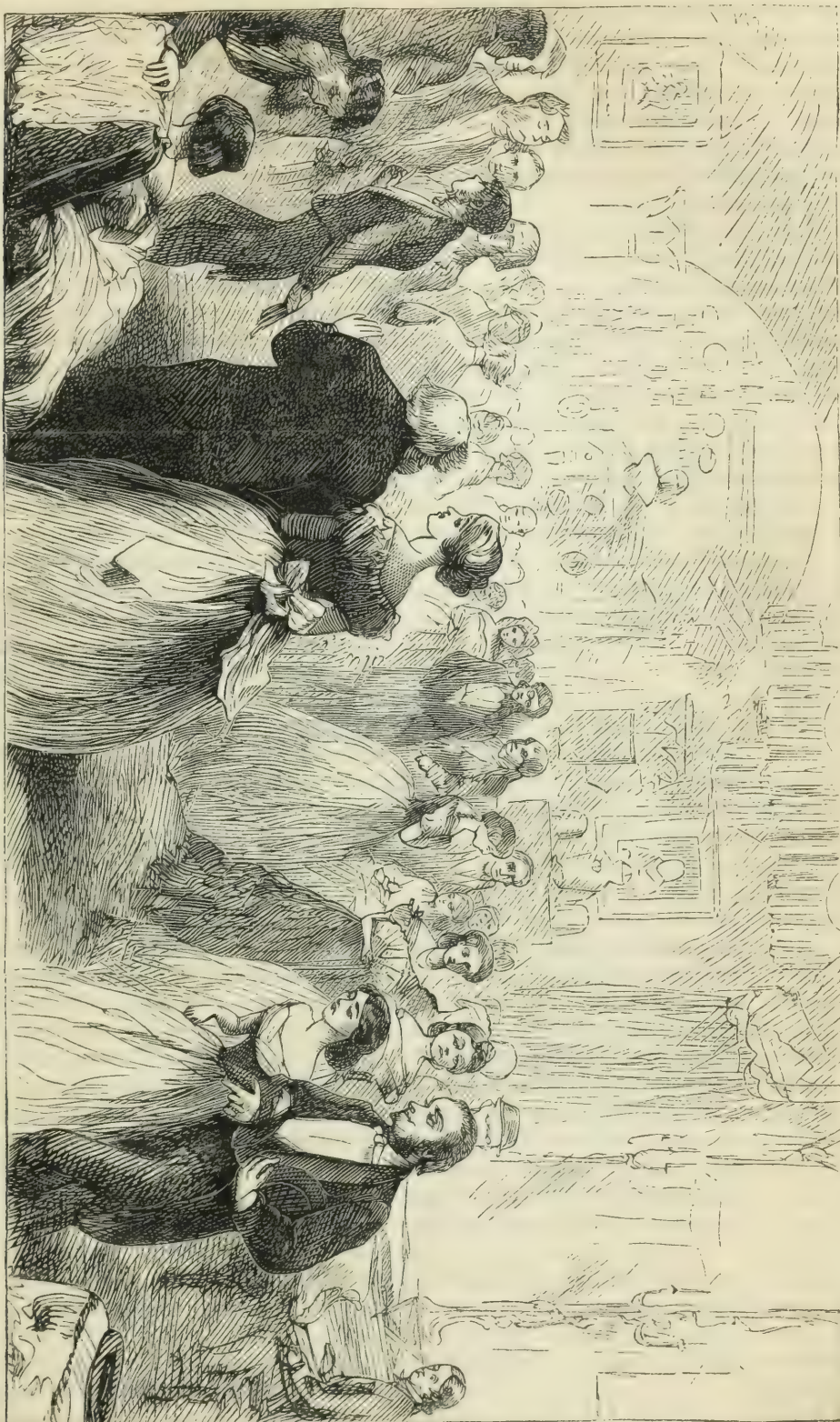
And now the haunch of mutton vapor-bath having received a gamey infusion, and a few last touches of sweets and coffee, was quite ready, and the bathers came; but not before the discreet automaton had got behind the bars of the piano music-desk, and there presented the appearance of a captive languishing in a rosewood jail. And who now so pleasant or so well assorted as Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle, he all sparkle, she all gracious contentment, both at occasional intervals exchanging looks like partners at cards who played a game against All England.

There was not much youth among the bathers, but there was no youth (the young person always excepted) in the articles of Podsnappery. Bald bathers folded their arms and talked to Mr. Podsnap on the hearth-rug; sleek-whiskered bathers, with hats in their hands, lunged at Mrs. Podsnap and retreated; prowling bathers went about looking into ornamental boxes and bowls as if they had suspicions of larceny on the part of the Podsnaps, and expected to find something they had lost at the bottom; bathers of the gentler sex sat silently comparing ivory shoulders. All this time and always, poor little Miss Podsnap, whose tiny efforts (if she had made any) were swallowed up in the magnificence of her mother's rocking, kept herself as much out of sight and mind as she could, and appeared to be counting on many dismal returns of the day. It was somehow understood, as a secret article in the state properties of Podsnappery, that nothing must be said about the day. Consequently this young damsel's nativity was hushed up and looked over, as if it were agreed on all hands that it would have been better that she had never been born.

The Lammles were so fond of the dear Veneerings that they could not for some time detach themselves from those excellent friends; but at length, either a very open smile on Mr. Lammle's part, or a very secret elevation of one of his gingerous eyebrows—certainly the one or the other—seemed to say to Mrs. Lammle, "Why don't you play?" And so, looking about her, she saw Miss Podsnap, and seeming to say responsively, "That card?" and to be answered, "Yes," went and sat beside Miss Podsnap.

Mrs. Lammle was overjoyed to escape into a corner for a little quiet talk.

It promised to be a very quiet talk, for Miss Podsnap replied in a flutter, "Oh! Indeed,



PODSNAPPERY.

it's very kind of you, but I am afraid I *don't* talk."

"Let us make a beginning," said the insinuating Mrs. Lammle, with her best smile.

"Oh! I am afraid you'll find me very dull. But Ma talks!"

That was plainly to be seen, for Ma was talking then at her usual canter, with arched head and mane, opened eyes and nostrils.

"Fond of reading perhaps?"

"Yes. At least I—don't mind that so much," returned Miss Podsnap.

"M—m—m—m—music."

So insinuating was Mrs. Lammle that she got half a dozen *ms* into the word before she got it out.

"I haven't nerve to play even if I could. Ma plays."

(At exactly the same canter, and with a certain flourishing appearance of doing something, Ma did, in fact, occasionally take a rock upon the instrument.)

"Of course you like dancing?"

"Oh no, I don't," said Miss Podsnap.

"No? With your youth and attractions? Truly, my dear, you surprise me!"

"I can't say," observed Miss Podsnap, after hesitating considerably, and stealing several timid looks at Mrs. Lammle's carefully arranged face, "how I might have liked it if I had been a—you won't mention it, *will* you?"

"My dear! Never!"

"No, I am sure you won't. I can't say then how I should have liked it, if I had been a chimney-sweep on May-day."

"Gracious!" was the exclamation which amazement elicited from Mrs. Lammle.

"There! I knew you'd wonder. But you won't mention it, will you?"

"Upon my word, my love," said Mrs. Lammle, "you make me ten times more desirous, now I talk to you, to know you well than I was when I sat over yonder looking at you. How I wish we could be real friends! Try me as a real friend. Come! Don't fancy me a frumpy old married woman, my dear; I was married but the other day, you know; I am dressed as a bride now, you see. About the chimney-sweeps?"

"Hush! Ma'll hear."

"She can't hear from where she sits."

"Don't you be too sure of that," said Miss Podsnap, in a lower voice. "Well, what I mean is, that they seem to enjoy it."

"And that perhaps you would have enjoyed it, if you had been one of them?"

Miss Podsnap nodded significantly.

"Then you don't enjoy it now?"

"How is it possible?" said Miss Podsnap. "Oh it is such a dreadful thing! If I was wicked enough—and strong enough—to kill any body, it should be my partner."

This was such an entirely new view of the Terpsichorean art as socially practiced, that Mrs. Lammle looked at her young friend in some astonishment. Her young friend sat nervously twiddling her fingers in a pinioned attitude, as if she were trying to hide her elbows. But this latter Utopian object (in short sleeves) always appeared to be the great inoffensive aim of her existence.

"It sounds horrid, don't it?" said Miss Podsnap, with a penitential face.

Mrs. Lammle, not very well knowing what to answer, resolved herself into a look of smiling encouragement.

"But it is, and it always has been," pursued Miss Podsnap, "such a trial to me! I so dread being awful. And it is so awful! No one knows what I suffered at Madame Sauteuse's, where I learned to dance and make presentation-courtesies, and other dreadful things—or at least where they tried to teach me. Ma can do it."

"At any rate, my love," said Mrs. Lammle, soothingly, "that's over."

"Yes, it's over," returned Miss Podsnap, "but there's nothing gained by that. It's worse here than at Madame Sauteuse's. Ma was there, and Ma's here; but Pa wasn't there, and company wasn't there, and there were not real partners

there. Oh there's Ma speaking to the man at the piano! Oh there's Ma going up to somebody! Oh I know she's going to bring him to me! Oh please don't, please don't, please don't! Oh keep away, keep away, keep away!" These pious ejaculations Miss Podsnap uttered with her eyes closed, and her head leaning back against the wall.

But the Ogre advanced under the pilotage of Ma, and Ma said, "Georgiana, Mr. Grompus," and the Ogre clutched his victim and bore her off to his castle in the top couple. Then the discreet automaton who had surveyed his ground, played a blossomless tuneless "set," and sixteen disciples of Podsnappery went through the figures of—1, Getting up at eight and shaving close at a quarter past—2, Breakfasting at nine—3, Going to the City at ten—4, Coming home at half past five—5, Dining at seven, and the grand chain.

While these solemnities were in progress, Mr. Alfred Lammle (most loving of husbands) approached the chair of Mrs. Alfred Lammle (most loving of wives), and bending over the back of it, trifled for some few seconds with Mrs. Lammle's bracelet. Slightly in contrast with this brief airy toying, one might have noticed a certain dark attention in Mrs. Lammle's face as she said some words with her eyes on Mr. Lammle's waistcoat, and seemed in return to receive some lesson. But it was all done as a breath passes from a mirror.

And now, the grand chain riveted to the last link, the discreet automaton ceased, and the sixteen, two and two, took a walk among the furniture. And herein the unconsciousness of the Ogre Grompus was pleasantly conspicuous; for that complacent monster, believing that he was giving Miss Podsnap a treat, prolonged to the utmost stretch of possibility a peripatetic account of an archery meeting; while his victim, heading the procession of sixteen as it slowly circled about, like a revolving funeral, never raised her eyes except once to steal a glance at Mrs. Lammle, expressive of intense despair.

At length the procession was dissolved by the violent arrival of a nutmeg, before which the drawing-room door bounced open as if it were a cannon-ball; and while that fragrant article, dispersed through several glasses of colored warm water, was going the round of society, Miss Podsnap returned to her seat by her new friend.

"Oh my goodness," said Miss Podsnap. "That's over! I hope you didn't look at me."

"My dear, why not?"

"Oh I know all about myself," said Miss Podsnap.

"I'll tell you something I know about you, my dear," returned Mrs. Lammle, in her winning way, "and that is, you are most unnecessarily shy."

"Ma ain't," said Miss Podsnap. "—I detest you! Go along!" This shot was leveled under her breath at the gallant Grompus for bestowing an insinuating smile upon her in passing.

"Pardon me if I scarcely see, my dear Miss Podsnap," Mrs. Lammle was beginning when the young lady interposed.

"If we are going to be real friends (and I suppose we are, for you are the only person who ever proposed it) don't let us be awful. It's awful enough to *be* Miss Podsnap without being called so. Call me Georgiana."

"Dearest Georgiana," Mrs. Lammle began again.

"Thank you," said Miss Podsnap.

"Dearest Georgiana, pardon me if I scarcely see, my love, why your mamma's not being shy is a reason why you should be."

"Don't you really see that?" asked Miss Podsnap, plucking at her fingers in a troubled manner, and furtively casting her eyes now on Mrs. Lammle, now on the ground. "Then perhaps it isn't?"

"My dearest Georgiana, you defer much too readily to my poor opinion. Indeed it is not even an opinion, darling, for it is only a confession of my dullness."

"Oh *you* are not dull," returned Miss Podsnap. "I am dull, but you couldn't have made me talk if you were."

Some little touch of conscience answering this perception of her having gained a purpose, called bloom enough into Mrs. Lammle's face to make it look brighter as she sat smiling her best smile on her dear Georgiana, and shaking her head with an affectionate playfulness. Not that it meant any thing, but that Georgiana seemed to like it.

"What I mean is," pursued Georgiana, "that Ma being so endowed with awfulness, and Pa being so endowed with awfulness, and there being so much awfulness every where—I mean, at least, every where where I am—perhaps it makes me who am so deficient in awfulness, and frightened at it—I say it very badly—I don't know whether you can understand what I mean?"

"Perfectly, dearest Georgiana!" Mrs. Lammle was proceeding with every reassuring wile, when the head of that young lady suddenly went back against the wall again and her eyes closed.

"Oh there's Ma being awful with somebody with a glass in his eye! Oh I know she's going to bring him here! Oh don't bring him, don't bring him! Oh he'll be my partner with his glass in his eye! Oh what shall I do!" This time Georgiana accompanied her ejaculations with taps of her feet upon the floor, and was altogether in quite a desperate condition. But there was no escape from the majestic Mrs. Podsnap's production of an ambling stranger, with one eye screwed up into extinction and the other framed and glazed, who, having looked down out of that organ, as if he desecrated Miss Podsnap at the bottom of some perpendicular shaft, brought her to the surface, and ambled off with her. And then the captive at the piano played another "set," expressive of his mournful aspirations after freedom, and other sixteen went through the former melancholy motions, and the

ambler took Miss Podsnap for a furniture walk, as if he had struck out an entirely original conception.

In the mean time a stray personage of a meek demeanor, who had wandered to the hearth-rug and got among the heads of tribes assembled there in conference with Mr. Podsnap, eliminated Mr. Podsnap's flush and flourish by a highly unpolite remark; no less than a reference to the circumstance that some half-dozen people had lately died in the streets, of starvation. It was clearly ill-timed after dinner. It was not adapted to the cheek of the young person. It was not in good taste.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Podsnap, putting it behind him.

The meek man was afraid we must take it as proved, because there were the Inquests and the Registrar's returns.

"Then it was their own fault," said Mr. Podsnap.

Veneering and other elders of tribes commended this way out of it. At once a short cut and a broad road.

The man of meek demeanor intimated that truly it would seem from the facts, as if starvation had been forced upon the culprits in question—as if, in their wretched manner, they had made their weak protests against it—as if they would have taken the liberty of staving it off if they could—as if they would rather not have been starved upon the whole, if perfectly agreeable to all parties.

"There is not," said Mr. Podsnap, flushing angrily, "there is not a country in the world, Sir, where so noble a provision is made for the poor as in this country."

The meek man was quite willing to concede that, but perhaps it rendered the matter even worse, as showing that there must be something appallingly wrong somewhere.

"Where?" said Mr. Podsnap.

The meek man hinted Wouldn't it be well to try, very seriously, to find out where?

"Ah!" said Mr. Podsnap. "Easy to say somewhere; not so easy to say where! But I see what you are driving at. I knew it from the first. Centralization. No. Never with my consent. Not English."

An approving murmur arose from the heads of tribes; as saying, "There you have him! Hold him!"

He was not aware (the meek man submitted of himself) that he was driving at any ization. He had no favorite ization that he knew of. But he certainly was more staggered by these terrible occurrences than he was by names, of howsoever so many syllables. Might he ask, was dying of destitution and neglect necessarily English?"

"You know what the population of London is, I suppose," said Mr. Podsnap.

The meek man supposed he did, but supposed that had absolutely nothing to do with it, if its laws were well administered.

"And you know; at least I hope you know;" said Mr. Podsnap, with severity, "that Providence has declared that you shall have the poor always with you?"

The meek man also hoped he knew that.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Podsnap with a portentous air. "I am glad to hear it. It will render you cautious how you fly in the face of Providence."

In reference to that absurd and irreverent conventional phrase, the meek man said, for which Mr. Podsnap was not responsible, he the meek man had no fear of doing any thing so impossible; but—

But Mr. Podsnap felt that the time had come for flushing and flourishing this meek man down for good. So he said:

"I must decline to pursue this painful discussion. It is not pleasant to my feelings; it is repugnant to my feelings. I have said that I do not admit these things. I have also said that if they do occur (not that I admit it), the fault lies with the sufferers themselves. It is not for *me*—Mr. Podsnap pointed "*me*" forcibly, as adding by implication though it may be all very well for *you*—"it is not for me to impugn the workings of Providence. I know better than that, I trust, and I have mentioned what the intentions of Providence are. Besides," said Mr. Podsnap, flushing high up among his hair-brushes, with a strong consciousness of personal affront, "the subject is a very disagreeable one. I will go so far as to say it is an odious one. It is not one to be introduced among our wives and young persons, and I—" He finished with that flourish of his arm which added more expressively than any words, And I remove it from the face of the earth.

Simultaneously with this quenching of the meek man's ineffectual fire, Georgiana having left the ambler up a lane of sofa, in a No Thoroughfare of back drawing-room, to find his own way out, came back to Mrs. Lammle. And who should be with Mrs. Lammle but Mr. Lammle. So fond of her!

"Alfred, my love, here is my friend. Georgiana, dearest girl, you must like my husband next to me."

Mr. Lammle was proud to be so soon distinguished by this special commendation to Miss Podsnap's favor. But if Mr. Lammle were prone to be jealous of his dear Sophronia's friendships, he would be jealous of her feeling toward Miss Podsnap.

"Say Georgiana, darling," interposed his wife.

"Toward—shall I?—Georgiana." Mr. Lammle uttered the name, with a delicate curve of his right hand, from his lips outward. "For never have I known Sophronia (who is not apt to take sudden likings) so attracted and so captivated as she is by—shall I once more?—Georgiana."

The object of this homage sat uneasily enough in receipt of it, and then said, turning to Mrs. Lammle, much embarrassed:

"I wonder what you like me for! I am sure I can't think."

"Dearest Georgiana, for yourself. For your difference from all around you."

"Well! That may be. For I think I like you for your difference from all around me," said Georgiana with a smile of relief.

"We must be going with the rest," observed Mrs. Lammle, rising with a show of unwillingness, amidst a general dispersal. "We are real friends, Georgiana dear?"

"Real."

"Good-night, dear girl!"

She had established an attraction over the shrinking nature upon which her smiling eyes were fixed, for Georgiana held her hand while she answered in a secret and half-frightened tone:

"Don't forget me when you are gone away. And come again soon. Good-night!"

Charming to see Mr. and Mrs. Lammle taking leave so gracefully, and going down the stairs so lovingly and sweetly. Not quite so charming to see their smiling faces fall and brood as they dropped moodily into separate corners of their little carriage. But to be sure that was a sight behind the scenes, which nobody saw, and which nobody was meant to see.

Certain big, heavy vehicles, built on the model of the Podsnap plate, took away the heavy articles of guests weighing ever so much; and the less valuable articles got away after their various manners; and the Podsnap plate was put to bed. As Mr. Podsnap stood with his back to the drawing-room fire, pulling up his shirt-collar, like a veritable cock of the walk literally pluming himself in the midst of his possessions, nothing would have astonished him more than an intimation that Miss Podsnap, or any other young person properly born and bred, could not be exactly put away like the plate, brought out like the plate, polished like the plate, counted, weighed, and valued like the plate. That such a young person could possibly have a morbid vacancy in the heart for any thing younger than the plate, or less monotonous than the plate; or that such a young person's thoughts could try to scale the region bounded on the north, south, east, and west, by the plate; was a monstrous imagination which he would on the spot have flourished into space. This perhaps in some sort arose from Mr. Podsnap's blushing young person being, so to speak, all cheek: whereas there is a possibility that there may be young persons of a rather more complex organization.

If Mr. Podsnap, pulling up his shirt-collar, could only have heard himself called "that fellow" in a certain short dialogue, which passed between Mr. and Mrs. Lammle in their opposite corners of their little carriage, rolling home!

"Sophronia, are you awake?"

"Am I likely to be asleep, Sir?"

"Very likely, I should think, after that fellow's company. Attend to what I am going to say."

"I have attended to what you have already said, have I not? What else have I been doing all to-night?"

"Attend, I tell you" (in a raised voice), "to what I am going to say. Keep close to that idiot girl. Keep her under your thumb. You have her fast, and you are not to let her go. Do you hear?"

"I hear you."

"I foresee there is money to be made out of this, besides taking that fellow down a peg. We owe each other money, you know."

Mrs. Lammle winced a little at the reminder, but only enough to shake her scents and essences anew into the atmosphere of the little carriage, as she settled herself afresh in her own dark corner.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SWEAT OF AN HONEST MAN'S BROW.

MR. MORTIMER LIGHTWOOD and Mr. Eugene Wrayburn took a coffee-house dinner together in Mr. Lightwood's office. They had newly agreed to set up a joint establishment together. They had taken a bachelor cottage near Hampton, on the brink of the Thames, with a lawn, and a boat-house, and all things fitting, and were to float with the stream through the summer and the Long Vacation.

It was not summer yet, but spring; and it was not gentle spring ethereally mild, as in Thomson's Seasons, but nipping spring with an easterly wind, as in Johnson's, Jackson's, Dickson's, Smith's, and Jones's Seasons. The grating wind sawed rather than blew; and as it sawed, the saw-dust whirled about the saw-pit. Every street was a saw-pit, and there were no top-sawyers; every passenger was an under-sawyer, with the saw-dust blinding him and choking him.

That mysterious paper currency which circulates in London when the wind blows, gyrated here and there and every where. Whence can it come, whither can it go? It hangs on every bush, flutters in every tree, is caught flying by the electric wires, haunts every inclosure, drinks at every pump, cowers at every grating, shudders upon every plot of grass, seeks rest in vain behind the legions of iron rails. In Paris, where nothing is wasted, costly and luxurious city though it be, but where wonderful human ants creep out of holes and pick up every scrap, there is no such thing. There, it blows nothing but dust. There, sharp eyes and sharp stomachs reap even the east wind, and get something out of it.

The wind sawed, and the saw-dust whirled. The shrubs wrung their many hands, bemoaning that they had been over-persuaded by the sun to bud; the young leaves pined; the sparrows repented of their early marriages, like men and women; the colors of the rainbow were discernible, not in floral spring, but in the faces of the people whom it nibbled and pinched.

And ever the wind sawed, and the saw-dust whirled.

When the spring evenings are too long and light to shut out, and such weather is rife, the city which Mr. Podsnap so explanatorily called London, Londres, London, is at its worst. Such a black shrill city, combining the qualities of a smoky house and a scolding wife; such a gritty city; such a hopeless city, with no rent in the leaden canopy of its sky; such a beleaguered city, invested by the great Marsh Forces of Essex and Kent. So the two old school-fellows felt it to be, as, their dinner done, they turned toward the fire to smoke. Young Blight was gone, the coffee-house waiter was gone, the plates and dishes were gone, the wine was going—but not in the same direction.

"The wind sounds up here," quoth Eugene, stirring the fire, "as if we were keeping a light-house. I wish we were."

"Don't you think it would bore us?" Lightwood asked.

"Not more than any other place. And there would be no Circuit to go. But that's a selfish consideration, personal to me."

"And no clients to come," added Lightwood. "Not that that's a selfish consideration at all personal to me,"

"If we were on an isolated rock in a stormy sea," said Eugene, smoking with his eyes on the fire, "Lady Tippins couldn't put off to visit us, or, better still, might put off and get swamped. People couldn't ask one to wedding breakfasts. There would be no Precedents to hammer at, except the plain-sailing Precedent of keeping the light up. It would be exciting to look out for wrecks."

"But otherwise," suggested Lightwood, "there might be a degree of sameness in the life."

"I have thought of that also," said Eugene, as if he really had been considering the subject in its various bearings with an eye to the business; "but it would be a defined and limited monotony. It would not extend beyond two people. Now, it's a question with me, Mortimer, whether a monotony defined with that precision and limited to that extent might not be more endurable than the unlimited monotony of one's fellow-creatures."

As Lightwood laughed and passed the wine he remarked, "We shall have an opportunity, in our boating summer, of trying the question."

"An imperfect one," Eugene acquiesced, with a sigh, "but so we shall. I hope we may not prove too much for one another."

"Now, regarding your respected father," said Lightwood, bringing him to a subject they had expressly appointed to discuss: always the most slippery eel of eels of subjects to lay hold of.

"Yes, regarding my respected father," assented Eugene, settling himself in his arm-chair. "I would rather have approached my respected father by candle-light, as a theme requiring a little artificial brilliancy; but we will take him by twilight, enlivened with a glow of Wallsend."

He stirred the fire again as he spoke, and having made it blaze, resumed :

"My respected father has found, down in the parental neighborhood, a wife for his not-generally-respected son."

"With some money, of course?"

"With some money, of course, or he would not have found her. My respected father—let me shorten the dutiful tautology by substituting in future M. R. F., which sounds military, and rather like the Duke of Wellington."

"What an absurd fellow you are, Eugene!"

"Not at all, I assure you. M. R. F. having always in the clearest manner provided (as he calls it) for his children by prearranging from the hour of the birth of each, and sometimes from an earlier period, what the devoted little victim's calling and course in life should be, M. R. F. prearranged for myself that I was to be the barrister I am (with the slight addition of an enormous practice, which has not accrued), and also the married man I am not."

"The first you have often told me."

"The first I have often told you. Considering myself sufficiently incongruous on my legal eminence, I have until now suppressed my domestic destiny. You know M. R. F., but not as well as I do. If you knew him as well as I do he would amuse you."

"Filially spoken, Eugene!"

"Perfectly so, believe me; and with every sentiment of affectionate deference toward M. R. F. But if he amuses me, I can't help it. When my eldest brother was born, of course the rest of us knew (I mean the rest of us would have known, if we had been in existence) that he was heir to the Family Embarrassments—we call it before company the Family Estate. But when my second brother was going to be born by-and-by, 'this,' says M. R. F., 'is a little pillar of the church.' Was born, and became a pillar of the church; a very shaky one. My third brother appeared, considerably in advance of his engagement to my mother; but M. R. F., not at all put out by surprise, instantly declared him a Circumnavigator. Was pitchforked into the Navy, but has not circumnavigated. I announced myself, and was disposed of with the highly satisfactory results embodied before you. When my younger brother was half an hour old, it was settled by M. R. F. that he should have a mechanical genius. And so on. Therefore I say that M. R. F. amuses me."

"Touching the lady, Eugene."

"There M. R. F. ceases to be amusing, because my intentions are opposed to touching the lady."

"Do you know her?"

"Not in the least."

"Haden't you better see her?"

"My dear Mortimer, you have studied my character. Could I possibly go down there, labeled 'ELIGIBLE. ON VIEW,' and meet the lady, similarly labeled? Any thing to carry

out M. R. F.'s arrangements, I am sure, with the greatest pleasure—except matrimony. Could I possibly support it? I, so soon bored, so constantly, so fatally?"

"But you are not a consistent fellow, Eugene."

"In susceptibility to boredom," returned that worthy, "I assure you I am the most consistent of mankind."

"Why, it was but now that you were dwelling on the advantages of a monotony of two."

"In a light-house. Do me the justice to remember the condition. In a light-house."

Mortimer laughed again, and Eugene, having laughed too for the first time, as if he found himself on reflection rather entertaining, relapsed into his usual gloom, and drowsily said, as he enjoyed his cigar, "No, there is no help for it; one of the prophetic deliveries of M. R. F. must forever remain unfulfilled. With every disposition to oblige him, he must submit to a failure."

It had grown darker as they talked, and the wind was sawing and the saw-dust was whirling outside paler windows. The underlying churchyard was already settling into deep dim shade, and the shade was creeping up to the house-tops among which they sat. "As if," said Eugene, "as if the church-yard ghosts were rising."

He had walked to the window with his cigar in his mouth, to exalt its flavor by comparing the fireside with the outside, when he stopped midway on his return to his arm-chair, and said:

"Apparently one of the ghosts has lost its way, and dropped in to be directed. Look at this phantom!"

Lightwood, whose back was toward the door, turned his head, and there, in the darkness of the entry, stood a something in the likeness of a man: to whom he addressed the not irrelevant inquiry, "Who the devil are you?"

"I ask your pardons, Governors," replied the ghost, in a hoarse double-barreled whisper, "but might either on you be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"What do you mean by not knocking at the door?" demanded Mortimer.

"I ask your pardons, Governors," replied the ghost, as before, "but probable you was not aware your door stood open."

"What do you want?"

Hereunto the ghost again hoarsely replied, in its double-barreled manner, "I ask your pardons, Governors, but might one on you be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"One of us is," said the owner of that name.

"All right, Governors Both," returned the ghost, carefully closing the room door; "'tickler business."

Mortimer lighted the candles. They showed the visitor to be an ill-looking visitor with a squinting leer, who, as he spoke, fumbled at an old sodden fur cap, formless and mangy, that looked like a furry animal, dog or cat, puppy or kitten, drowned and decaying.

"Now," said Mortimer, "what is it?"

"Governors Both," returned the man, in what he meant to be a wheedling tone, "which on you might be Lawyer Lightwood?"

"I am."

"Lawyer Lightwood," ducking at him with a servile air, "I am a man as gets my living, and as seeks to get my living, by the sweat of my brow. Not to risk being done out of the sweat of my brow, by any chances, I should wish afore going further to be sworn in."

"I am not a swearer in of people, man."

The visitor, clearly any thing but reliant on this assurance, doggedly muttered "Alfred David."

"Is that your name?" asked Lightwood.

"My name?" returned the man. "No; I want to take a Alfred David."

(Which Eugene, smoking and contemplating him, interpreted as meaning Affidavit.)

"I tell you, my good fellow," said Lightwood, with his indolent laugh, "that I have nothing to do with swearing."

"He can swear *at* you," Eugene explained; "and so can I. But we can't do more for you."

Much discomfited by this information, the visitor turned the drowned dog or cat, puppy or kitten, about and about, and looked from one of the Governors Both to the other of the Governors Both, while he deeply considered within himself. At length he decided:

"Then I must be took down."

"Where?" asked Lightwood.

"Here," said the man. "In pen and ink."

"First, let us know what your business is about."

"It's about," said the man, taking a step forward, dropping his hoarse voice, and shading it with his hand, "it's about from five to ten thousand pound reward. That's what it's about. It's about Murder. That's what it's about."

"Come nearer the table. Sit down. Will you have a glass of wine?"

"Yes, I will," said the man; "and I don't deceive you, Governors."

It was given him. Making a stiff arm to the elbow, he poured the wine into his mouth, tilted it into his right cheek, as saying, "What do you think of it?" tilted it into his left cheek, as saying, "What do *you* think of it?" jerked it into his stomach, as saying, "What do *you* think of it?" To conclude, smacked his lips, as if all three replied, "We think well of it."

"Will you have another?"

"Yes, I will," he repeated, "and I don't deceive you, Governors." And also repeated the other proceedings.

"Now," began Lightwood, "what's your name?"

"Why, there you're rather fast, Lawyer Lightwood," he replied, in a remonstrant manner. Don't you see, Lawyer Lightwood? There you're a little bit fast. I'm going to earn from five to ten thousand pound by the sweat of my brow; and as a poor man doing justice to the sweat of my brow, is it likely I can afford to part

with so much as my name without its being took down?"

Deferring to the man's sense of the binding powers of pen and ink and paper, Lightwood nodded acceptance of Eugene's nodded proposal to take those spells in hand. Eugene, bringing them to the table, sat down as clerk or notary.

"Now," said Lightwood, "what's your name?"

But further precaution was still due to the sweat of this honest fellow's brow.

"I should wish, Lawyer Lightwood," he stipulated, "to have that T'other Governor as my witness that what I said I said. Consequent, will the T'other Governor be so good as chuck me his name and where he lives?"

Eugene, cigar in mouth and pen in hand, tossed him his card. After spelling it out slowly, the man made it into a little roll, and tied it up in an end of his neckerchief still more slowly.

"Now," said Lightwood, for the third time, "if you have quite completed your various preparations, my friend, and have fully ascertained that your spirits are cool and not in any way hurried, what's your name?"

"Roger Riderhood."

"Dwelling-place?"

"Lime'us Hole."

"Calling or occupation?"

Not quite so glib with this answer as with the previous two, Mr. Riderhood gave in the definition, "Waterside character."

"Any thing against you?" Eugene quietly put in, as he wrote.

Rather balked, Mr. Riderhood evasively remarked, with an innocent air, that he believed the T'other Governor had asked him summa't.

"Ever in trouble?" said Eugene.

"Once." (Might happen to any man, Mr. Riderhood added incidentally.)

"On suspicion of—?"

"Of seaman's pocket," said Mr. Riderhood. "Whereby I was in reality the man's best friend, and tried to take care of him."

"With the sweat of your brow?" asked Eugene.

"Till it poured down like rain," said Roger Riderhood.

Eugene leaned back in his chair, and smoked with his eyes negligently turned on the informer, and his pen ready to reduce him to more writing. Lightwood also smoked, with his eyes negligently turned on the informer.

"Now let me be took down again," said Riderhood, when he had turned the drowned cap over and under, and had brushed it the wrong way (if it had a right way) with his sleeve. "I give information that the man that done the Harmon Murder is Gaffer Hexam, the man that found the body. The hand of Jesse Hexam, commonly called Gaffer on the river and along shore, is the hand that done that deed. His hand and no other."

The two friends glanced at one another with more serious faces than they had shown yet.

"Tell us on what grounds you make this accusation," said Mortimer Lightwood.

"On the grounds," answered Riderhood, wiping his face with his sleeve, "that I was Gaffer's pardner, and suspected of him many a long day and many a dark night. On the grounds that I knowed his ways. On the grounds that I broke the pardnership because I see the danger; which I warn you his daughter may tell you another story about that, for any think I can say, but you know what it'll be worth, for she'd tell you lies, the world round and the heavens broad, to save her father. On the grounds that it's well understood along the caus'ays and the stairs that he done it. On the grounds that he's fell off from, because he done it. On the grounds that I will swear he done it. On the grounds that you may take me where you will, and get me sworn to it. I don't want to back out of the consequences. I have made up *my* mind. Take me any wheres."

"All this is nothing," said Lightwood.

"Nothing?" repeated Riderhood, indignant-ly and amazedly.

"Merely nothing. It goes to no more than that you suspect this man of the crime. You may do so with some reason, or you may do so with no reason, but he can not be convicted on your suspicion."

"Haven't I said—I appeal to the T'other Governor as my witness—haven't I said from the first minute that I opened my mouth in this here world-without-end-everlasting chair" (he evidently used that form of words as next in force to an affidavit), "that I was willing to swear that he done it? Haven't I said, Take me and get me sworn to it? Don't I say so now? You won't deny it, Lawyer Lightwood?"

"Surely not; but you only offer to swear to your suspicion, and I tell you it is not enough to swear to your suspicion."

"Not enough, ain't it, Lawyer Lightwood?" he cautiously demanded.

"Positively not."

"And did I say it *was* enough? Now, I appeal to the T'other Governor. Now, fair! Did I say so?"

"He certainly has not said that he had no more to tell," Eugene observed in a low voice without looking at him, "whatever he seemed to imply."

"Hah!" cried the informer, triumphantly perceiving that the remark was generally in his favor, though apparently not closely understanding it. "Fort'nate for me I had a witness!"

"Go on then," said Lightwood. "Say out what you have to say. No after-thought."

"Let me be took down then!" cried the informer, eagerly and anxiously. "Let me be took down, for by George and the Draggin I'm a coming to it now! Don't do nothing to keep back from a honest man the fruits of the sweat of his brow! I give information, then, that he told me that he done it. Is *that* enough?"

"Take care what you say, my friend," returned Mortimer.

"Lawyer Lightwood, take care, you, what I say; for I judge you'll be answerable for follering it up!" Then, slowly and emphatically beating it all out with his open right hand on the palm of his left; "I Roger Riderhood, Lime-us Hole, Waterside character, tell you, Lawyer Lightwood, that the man Jesse Hexam, commonly called upon the river, and along-shore Gaffer, told me that he done the deed. What's more, he told me with his own lips that he done the deed. What's more, he said that he done the deed. And I'll swear it!"

"Where did he tell you so?"

"Outside," replied Riderhood, always beating it out, with his head determinedly set askew, and his eyes watchfully dividing their attention between his two auditors, "outside the door of the Six Jolly Fellowships, towards a quarter arter twelve at midnight—but I will not in my conscience undertake to swear to so fine a matter as five minutes—on the night when he picked up the body. The Six Jolly Fellowships stands on the spot still. The Six Jolly Fellowships won't run away. If it turns out that he warn't at the Six Jolly Fellowships that night at midnight, I'm a liar."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you (take me down, T'other Governor, I ask no better). He come out first; I come out last. I might be a minute arter him; I might be half a minute, I might be a quarter of a minute; I can not swear to that, and therefore I won't. That's knowing the obligations of a Alfred David, ain't it?"

"Go on."

"I found him a waiting to speak to me. He says to me, 'Rogue Riderhood'—for that's the name I'm mostly called by—not for any meaning in it, for meaning it has none, but because of its being similar to Roger."

"Never mind that."

"Scuse me, Lawyer Lightwood, it's a part of the truth, and as such I do mind it, and I must mind it and I will mind it. 'Rogue Riderhood,' he says, 'words passed betwixt us on the river to-night.' Which they had; ask his daughter! 'I threatened you,' he say, 'to chop you over the fingers with my boat's stretcher, or take a aim at your brains with my boat-hook. I did so on accounts of your looking too hard at what I had in tow, as if you was suspicious, and on accounts of your holding on to the gun-wale of my boat.' I says to him, 'Gaffer, I know it.' He says to me, 'Rogue Riderhood, you are a man in a dozen'—I think he said in a score, but of that I am not positive, so take the lowest figure, for precious be the obligations of a Alfred David. 'And,' he says, 'when your fellow-men is up, be it their lives or be it their watches, sharp is ever the word with you. Had you suspicions?' I says, 'Gaffer, I had; and what's more, I have.' He falls a shaking, and he says 'Of what?' I says, 'Of foul play.' He falls a shaking worse, and he says, 'There *was* foul play then. I done it for his money. Don't

betray me!' Those were the words as ever he used."

There was a silence broken only by the fall of the ashes in the grate. An opportunity which the informer improved by smearing himself all over the head and neck and face with his drowned cap, and not at all improving his own appearance.

"What more?" asked Lightwood.

"Of him, d'ye mean, Lawyer Lightwood?"

"Of any thing to the purpose."

"Now, I'm blest if I understand you, Governors Both," said the informer, in a creeping manner: propitiating both, though only one had spoken. "What? Ain't *that* enough?"

"Did you ask him how he did it, where he did it, when he did it?"

"Far be it from me, Lawyer Lightwood! I was so troubled in mind, that I wouldn't have knowed more, no, not for the sum as I expect to earn from you by the sweat of my brow, twice told! I had put an end to the pardnership. I had cut the connection. I couldn't undo what was done; and when he begs and prays, 'Old pardner, on my knees, don't split upon me!' I only makes answer, 'Never speak another word to Roger Riderhood, nor look him in the face!' and I shuns that man."

Having given these words a swing to make them mount the higher and go the further, Rogue Riderhood poured himself out another glass of wine unbidden, and seemed to chew it, as, with the half-emptied glass in his hand, he stared at the candles.

Mortimer glanced at Eugene, but Eugene sat glowering at his paper, and would give him no responsive glance. Mortimer again turned to the informer, to whom he said:

"You have been troubled in your mind a long time, man?"

Giving his wine a final chew, and swallowing it, the informer answered in a single word:

"Hages!"

"When all that stir was made, when the Government reward was offered, when the police were on the alert, when the whole country rang with the crime!" said Mortimer, impatiently.

"Hah!" Mr. Riderhood very slowly and hoarsely chimed in, with several retrospective nods of his head. "Warn't I troubled in my mind then!"

"When conjecture ran wild, when the most extravagant suspicions were afloat, when half a dozen innocent people might have been laid by the heels any hour in the day!" said Mortimer, almost warming.

"Hah!" Mr. Riderhood chimed in, as before. "Warn't I troubled in my mind through it all!"

"But he hadn't," said Eugene, drawing a lady's head upon his writing-paper, and touching it at intervals, "the opportunity then of earning so much money, you see."

"The T'other Governor hits the nail, Lawyer Lightwood! It was that as turned me. I had many times and again struggled to relieve my-

self of the trouble on my mind, but I couldn't get it off. I had once very nigh got it off to Miss Abbey Potterson which keeps the Six Jolly Fellowships—there is the 'ouse, it won't run away—there lives the lady, she ain't likely to be struck dead afore you get there—ask her!—but I couldn't do it. At last, out comes the new bill with your own lawful name, Lawyer Lightwood, printed to it, and then I asks the question of my own intellects, Am I to have this trouble on my mind forever? Am I never to throw it off? Am I always to think more of Gaffer than of my own self? If he's got a daughter, ain't I got a daughter?"

"And echo answered—" Eugene suggested.

"You have," said Mr. Riderhood, in a firm tone.

"Incidentally mentioning, at the same time, her age?" inquired Eugene.

"Yes, governor. Two-and-twenty last October. And then I put it to myself, 'Regarding the money. It is a pot of money.' For it is a pot," said Mr. Riderhood, with candor, "and why deny it?"

"Hear!" from Eugene, as he touched his drawing.

"'It is a pot of money; but is it a sin for a laboring man that moistens every crust of bread he earns with his tears—or if not with them, with the colds he catches in his head—is it a sin for that man to earn it? Say there is any thing again earning it.' This I put to myself strong, as in duty bound; 'how can it be said without blaming Lawyer Lightwood for offering it to be earned?' And was it for *me* to blame Lawyer Lightwood? No."

"No," said Eugene.

"Certainly not, Governor," Mr. Riderhood acquiesced. "So I made up my mind to get my trouble off my mind, and to earn by the sweat of my brow what was held out to me. And what's more," he added, suddenly turning blood-thirsty, "I mean to have it! And now I tell you, once and away, Lawyer Lightwood, that Jesse Hexam, commonly called Gaffer, his hand and no other, done the deed, on his own confession to me. And I give him up to you, and I want him took. This night!"

After another silence, broken only by the fall of the ashes in the grate, which attracted the informer's attention as if it were the chinking of money, Mortimer Lightwood leaned over his friend, and said in a whisper:

"I suppose I must go with this fellow to our imperturbable friend at the police-station."

"I suppose," said Eugene; "there is no help for it."

"Do you believe him?"

"I believe him to be a thorough rascal. But he may tell the truth, for his own purpose, and for this occasion only."

"It doesn't look like it."

"He doesn't," said Eugene. "But neither is his late partner, whom he denounces, a prepossessing person. The firm are cut-throat Shep-

herds both, in appearance. I should like to ask him one thing."

The subject of this conference sat leering at the ashes, trying with all his might to overhear what was said, but feigning abstraction as the "Governors Both" glanced at him.

"You mentioned (twice, I think) a daughter of this Hexam's," said Eugene, aloud. "You don't mean to imply that she had any guilty knowledge of the crime?"

The honest man, after considering—perhaps considering how his answer might affect the fruits of the sweat of his brow—replied, unreservedly, "No, I don't."

"And you implicate no other person?"

"It ain't what I implicate, it's what Gaffer implicated," was the dogged and determined answer. "I don't pretend to know more than that his words to me was, 'I done it.' Those was his words."

"I must see this out, Mortimer," whispered Eugene, rising. "How shall we go?"

"Let us walk," whispered Lightwood, "and give this fellow time to think of it."

Having exchanged the question and answer, they prepared themselves for going out, and Mr. Riderhood rose. While extinguishing the candles, Lightwood, quite as a matter of course, took up the glass from which that honest gentleman had drunk, and coolly tossed it under the grate, where it fell shivering into fragments.

"Now, if you will take the lead," said Lightwood, "Mr. Wrayburn and I will follow. You know where to go, I suppose?"

"I suppose I do, Lawyer Lightwood."

"Take the lead, then."

The water-side character pulled his drowned cap over his ears with both hands, and making himself more round-shouldered than nature had made him, by the sullen and persistent slouch with which he went, went down the stairs, round by the Temple Church, across the Temple into Whitefriars, and so on by the water-side streets.

"Look at his hang-dog air," said Lightwood, following.

"It strikes me rather as a hang-man air," returned Eugene. "He has undeniable intentions that way."

They said little else as they followed. He went on before them as an ugly Fate might have done, and they kept him in view, and would have been glad enough to lose sight of him. But on he went before them, always at the same distance, and the same rate. Aslant against the hard implacable weather and the rough wind, he was no more to be driven back than hurried forward, but held on like an advancing Destiny. There came, when they were about midway on their journey, a heavy rush of hail, which in a few minutes pelted the streets clear, and whitened them. It made no difference to him. A man's life being to be taken and the price of it got, the hailstones to arrest the purpose must lie larger and deeper than those. He crushed through them, leaving marks in the fast-melting

slush that were mere shapeless holes; one might have fancied, following, that the very fashion of humanity had departed from his feet.

The blast went by, and the moon contended with the fast-flying clouds, and the wild disorder reigning up there made the pitiful tumults in the streets of no account. It was not that the wind swept all the brawlers into places of shelter, as it had swept the hail still lingering in heaps wherever there was refuge for it; but that it seemed as if the streets were absorbed by the sky, and the night were all in the air.

"If he has had time to think of it," said Eugene, "he has not had time to think better of it—or differently of it, if that's better. There is no sign of drawing back in him; and as I recollect this place, we must be close upon the corner where we alighted that night."

In fact, a few abrupt turns brought them to the river-side, where they had slipped about among the stones, and where they now slipped more; the wind coming against them in slants and flaws, across the tide and the windings of the river, in a furious way. With that habit of getting under the lee of any shelter which water-side characters acquire, the water-side character at present in question led the way to the lee side of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters before he spoke.

"Look round here, Lawyer Lightwood, at them red curtains. It's the Fellowships, the 'ouse as I told you wouldn't run away. And has it run away?"

Not showing himself much impressed by this remarkable confirmation of the informer's evidence, Lightwood inquired what other business they had there?

"I wished you to see the Fellowships for yourself, Lawyer Lightwood, that you might judge whether I'm a liar; and now I'll see Gaffer's window for myself, that we may know whether he's at home."

With that he crept away.

"He'll come back, I suppose?" murmured Lightwood.

"Ay! and go through with it," murmured Eugene.

He came back after a very short interval indeed.

"Gaffer's out, and his boat's out. His daughter's at home, sitting a-looking at the fire. But there's some supper getting ready, so Gaffer's expected. I can find what move he's upon, easy enough, presently."

Then he beckoned and led the way again, and they came to the police-station, still as clean and cool and steady as before, saving that the flame of its lamp—being but a lamp-flame, and only attached to the Force as an outsider—flickered in the wind.

Also, within doors, Mr. Inspector was at his studies as of yore. He recognized the friends the instant they reappeared, but their reappearance had no effect on his composure. Not even the circumstance that Riderhood was their con-

ductor moved him, otherwise than that as he took a dip of ink he seemed, by a settlement of his chin in his stock, to propound to that personage, without looking at him, the question, "What have *you* been up to, last?"

Mortimer Lightwood asked him, would he be so good as look at those notes? Handing him Eugene's.

Having read the first few lines, Mr. Inspector mounted to that (for him) extraordinary pitch of emotion that he said, "Does either of you two gentlemen happen to have a pinch of snuff about him?" Finding that neither had, he did quite as well without it, and read on.

"Have you heard these read?" he then demanded of the honest man.

"No," said Riderhood.

"Then you had better hear them." And so read them aloud, in an official manner.

"Are these notes correct, now, as to the information you bring here and the evidence you mean to give?" he asked, when he had finished reading.

"They are. They are as correct," returned Mr. Riderhood, "as I am. I can't say more than that for 'em."

"I'll take this man myself, Sir," said Mr. Inspector to Lightwood. Then to Riderhood, "Is he at home? Where is he? What's he doing? You have made it your business to know all about him, no doubt."

Riderhood said what he did know, and promised to find out in a few minutes what he didn't know.

"Stop," said Mr. Inspector; "not till I tell you. We mustn't look like business. Would you two gentlemen object to making a pretense of taking a glass of something in my company at the Fellowships? Well-conducted house, and highly respectable landlady."

They replied that they would be happy to substitute a reality for the pretense, which, in the main, appeared to be as one with Mr. Inspector's meaning.

"Very good," said he, taking his hat from its peg, and putting a pair of handcuffs in his pocket as if they were his gloves. "Reserve!" Reserve saluted. "You know where to find me?" Reserve again saluted. "Riderhood, when you have found out concerning his coming home, come round to the window of Cosy, tap twice at it, and wait for me. Now, gentlemen."

As the three went out together, and Riderhood slouched off from under the trembling lamp his separate way, Lightwood asked the officer what he thought of this?

Mr. Inspector replied, with due generality and reticence, that it was always more likely that a man had done a bad thing than that he hadn't. That he himself had several times "reckoned up" Gaffer, but had never been able to bring him to a satisfactory criminal total. That if this story was true, it was only in part true. That the two men, very shy characters, would have

been jointly and pretty equally "in it;" but that this man had "spotted" the other, to save himself and get the money.

"And I think," added Mr. Inspector, in conclusion, "that if all goes well with him, he's in a tolerable way of getting it. But as this is the Fellowships, gentlemen, where the lights are, I recommend dropping the subject. You can't do better than be interested in some lime works any where down about Northfleet, and doubtful whether some of your lime don't get into bad company as it comes up in barges."

"You hear, Eugene?" said Lightwood, over his shoulder. "You are deeply interested in lime."

"Without lime," returned that unmoved barrister-at-law, "my existence would be unilluminated by a ray of hope."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRACKING THE BIRD OF PREY.

THE two lime merchants, with their escort, entered the dominions of Miss Abbey Potterson, to whom their escort (presenting them and their pretended business over the half-door of the bar, in a confidential way) preferred his figurative request that "a mouthful of fire" might be lighted in Cosy. Always well disposed to assist the constituted authorities, Miss Abbey bade Bob Gliddery attend the gentlemen to that retreat, and promptly enliven it with fire and gaslight. Of this commission the bare-armed Bob, leading the way with a flaming wisp of paper, so speedily acquitted himself, that Cosy seemed to leap out of a dark sleep and embrace them warmly the moment they passed the lintels of its hospitable door.

"They burn sherry very well here," said Mr. Inspector, as a piece of local intelligence. "Perhaps you gentlemen might like a bottle?"

The answer being By all means, Bob Gliddery received his instructions from Mr. Inspector, and departed in a becoming state of alacrity engendered by reverence for the majesty of the law.

"It's a certain fact," said Mr. Inspector, "that this man we have received our information from," indicating Riderhood with his thumb over his shoulder, "has for some time past given the other man a bad name arising out of your lime barges, and that the other man has been avoided in consequence. I don't say what it means or proves, but it's a certain fact. I had it first from one of the opposite sex of my acquaintance," vaguely indicating Miss Abbey with his thumb over his shoulder, "down away at a distance, over yonder."

Then probably Mr. Inspector was not quite unprepared for their visit that evening? Lightwood hinted.

"Well you see," said Mr. Inspector, "it was a question of making a move. It's of no use

moving if you don't know what your move is. You had better by far keep still. In the matter of this lime, I certainly had an idea that it might lie between the two men; I always had that idea. Still I was forced to wait for a start, and I wasn't so lucky as to get a start. This man that we have received our information from has got a start, and if he don't meet with a check he may make the running and come in first. There may turn out to be something considerable for him that comes in second, and I don't mention who may or who may not try for that place. There's duty to do, and I shall do it, under any circumstances, to the best of my judgment and ability."

"Speaking as a shipper of lime—" began Eugene.

"Which no man has a better right to do than yourself, you know," said Mr. Inspector.

"I hope not," said Eugene; "my father having been a shipper of lime before me, and my grandfather before him—in fact we having been a family immersed to the crowns of our heads in lime during several generations—I beg to observe that if this missing lime could be got hold of without any young female relative of any distinguished gentleman engaged in the lime trade (which I cherish next to my life) being present, I think it might be a more agreeable proceeding to the assisting by-standers, that is to say, lime-burners."

"I also," said Lightwood, pushing his friend aside with a laugh, "should much prefer that."

"It shall be done, gentlemen, if it can be done conveniently," said Mr. Inspector, with coolness. "There is no wish on my part to cause any distress in that quarter. Indeed, I am sorry for that quarter."

"There was a boy in that quarter," remarked Eugene. "He is still there?"

"No," said Mr. Inspector. "He has quitted those works. He is otherwise disposed of."

"Will she be left alone then?" asked Eugene.

"She will be left," said Mr. Inspector, "alone."

Bob's reappearance with a steaming jug broke off the conversation. But although the jug steamed forth a delicious perfume, its contents had not received that last happy touch which the surpassing finish of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters imparted on such momentous occasions. Bob carried in his left hand one of those iron models of sugar-loaf hats, before-mentioned, into which he emptied the jug, and the pointed end of which he thrust deep down into the fire, so leaving it for a few moments while he disappeared and reappeared with three bright drinking-glasses. Placing these on the table and bending over the fire, meritoriously sensible of the trying nature of his duty, he watched the wreaths of steam, until at the special instant of projection he caught up the iron vessel and gave it one delicate swirl, causing it to send forth one gentle hiss. Then he restored the contents to the jug; held over the steam of the jug each of the three bright glasses in succession; finally

filled them all, and with a clear conscience awaited the applause of his fellow-creatures.

It was bestowed (Mr. Inspector having proposed as an appropriate settlement "The lime trade!"), and Bob withdrew to report the commendations of the guests to Miss Abbey in the bar. It may be here in confidence admitted that, the room being close shut in his absence, there had not appeared to be the slightest reason for the elaborate maintenance of this same lime fiction. Only it had been regarded by Mr. Inspector as so uncommonly satisfactory, and so fraught with mysterious virtues, that neither of his clients had presumed to question it.

Two taps were now heard on the outside of the window. Mr. Inspector, hastily fortifying himself with another glass, strolled out with a noiseless foot and an unoccupied countenance. As one might go to survey the weather and the general aspect of the heavenly bodies.

"This is becoming grim, Mortimer," said Eugene, in a low voice. "I don't like this."

"Nor I," said Lightwood. "Shall we go?"

"Being here, let us stay. You ought to see it out, and I won't leave you. Besides, that lonely girl with the dark hair runs in my head. It was little more than a glimpse we had of her that last time, and yet I almost see her waiting by the fire to-night. Do you feel like a dark combination of traitor and pickpocket when you think of that girl?"

"Rather," returned Lightwood. "Do you?"

"Very much so."

Their escort strolled back again, and reported. Divested of its various lime-lights and shadows, his report went to the effect that Gaffer was away in his boat, supposed to be on his old look-out; that he had been expected last high-water; that having missed it for some reason or other, he was not, according to his usual habits at night, to be counted on before next high-water, or it might be an hour or so later; that his daughter, surveyed through the window, would seem to be so expecting him, for the supper was not cooking, but set out ready to be cooked; that it would be high-water at about one, and that it was now barely ten; that there was nothing to be done but watch and wait; that the informer was keeping watch at the instant of that present reporting, but that two heads were better than one (especially when the second was Mr. Inspector's); and that the reporter meant to share the watch. And forasmuch as crouching under the lee of a hauled-up boat on a night when it blew cold and strong, and when the weather was varied with blasts of hail at times, might be wearisome to amateurs, the reporter closed with the recommendation that the two gentlemen should remain for a while, at any rate, in their present quarters, which were weather-tight and warm.

They were not inclined to dispute this recommendation, but they wanted to know where they could join the watchers when so disposed.



WAITING FOR FATHER.

Rather than trust to a verbal description of the place, which might mislead, Eugene (with a less weighty sense of personal trouble on him than he usually had) would go out with Mr. Inspector, note the spot, and come back.

On the shelving bank of the river, among the slimy stones of a causeway—not the special causeway of the Six Jolly Fellowships, which had a landing-place of its own, but another, a little removed, and very near to the old wind-mill which was the denounced man's dwelling-place—were a few boats; some, moored and already beginning to float; others, hauled up above the reach of the tide. Under one of these latter

Eugene's companion disappeared. And when Eugene had observed its position with reference to the other boats, and had made sure that he could not miss it, he turned his eyes upon the building where, as he had been told, the lonely girl with the dark hair sat by the fire.

He could see the light of the fire shining through the window. Perhaps it drew him on to look in. Perhaps he had come out with the express intention. That part of the bank having rank grass growing on it there was no difficulty in getting close, without any noise of footsteps: it was but to scramble up a ragged face of pretty hard mud some three or four feet high

and come upon the grass and to the window. He came to the window by that means.

She had no other light than the light of the fire. The unkindled lamp stood on the table. She sat on the ground, looking at the brazier, with her face leaning on her hand. There was a kind of film or flicker on her face, which at first he took to be the fitful fire-light; but, on a second look, he saw that she was weeping. A sad and solitary spectacle, as shown him by the rising and the falling of the fire.

It was a little window of but four pieces of glass, and was not curtained: he chose it because the larger window near it was. It showed him the room, and the bills upon the wall respecting the drowned people starting out and receding by turns. But he glanced slightly at them, though he looked long and steadily at her. A deep rich piece of color, with the brown flush of her cheek and the shining lustre of her hair, though sad and solitary, weeping by the rising and the falling of the fire.

She started up. He had been so very still that he felt sure it was not he who had disturbed her, so merely withdrew from the window and stood near it in the shadow of the wall. She opened the door, and said, in an alarmed tone, "Father, was that you calling me?" And again, "Father!" And once again, after listening, "Father! I thought I heard you call me twice before!"

No response. As she re-entered at the door he dropped over the bank and made his way back, among the ooze and near the hiding-place, to Mortimer Lightwood: to whom he told what he had seen of the girl, and how this was becoming very grim indeed.

"If the real man feels as guilty as I do," said Eugene, "he is remarkably uncomfortable."

"Influence of secrecy," suggested Lightwood.

"I am not at all obliged to it for making me Guy Fawkes in the vault and a Sneak in the area both at once," said Eugene. "Give me some more of that stuff."

Lightwood helped him to some more of that stuff, but it had been cooling, and didn't answer now.

"Pooh," said Eugene, spitting it out among the ashes. "Tastes like the wash of the river."

"Are you so familiar with the flavor of the wash of the river?"

"I seem to be to-night. I feel as if I had been half drowned, and swallowing a gallon of it."

"Influence of locality," suggested Lightwood.

"You are mighty learned to-night, you and your influences," returned Eugene. "How long do we stay here?"

"How long do you think?"

"If I could choose, I should say a minute," replied Eugene, "for the Jolly Fellowship Porters are not the jolliest dogs I have known. But I suppose we are best here until they turn us out with the other suspicious characters, at mid-night."

Thereupon he stirred the fire, and sat down on one side of it. It struck eleven, and he made believe to compose himself patiently. But gradually he took the fidgets in one leg, and then in the other leg, and then in one arm, and then in the other arm, and then in his chin, and then in his back, and then in his forehead, and then in his hair, and then in his nose; and then he stretched himself recumbent on two chairs, and groaned; and then he started up.

"Invisible insects of diabolical activity swarm in this place. I am tickled and twitched all over. Mentally, I have now committed a burglary under the meanest circumstances, and the myrmidons of justice are at my heels."

"I am quite as bad," said Lightwood, sitting up facing him, with a tumbled head, after going through some wonderful evolutions, in which his head had been the lowest part of him. "This restlessness began, with me, long ago. All the time you were out I felt like Gulliver with the Liliputians firing upon him."

"It won't do, Mortimer. We must get into the air; we must join our dear friend and brother, Riderhood. And let us tranquilize ourselves by making a compact. Next time (with a view to our peace of mind) we'll commit the crime, instead of taking the criminal. You swear it?"

"Certainly."

"Sworn! Let Tippins look to it. Her life's in danger."

Mortimer rang the bell to pay the score, and Bob appeared to transact that business with him: whom Eugene, in his careless extravagance, asked if he would like a situation in the lime-trade?

"Thankee Sir, no Sir," said Bob. "I've a good sitiuation here, Sir."

"If you change your mind at any time," returned Eugene, "come to me at my works, and you'll always find an opening in the lime-kiln."

"Thankee Sir," said Bob.

"This is my partner," said Eugene, "who keeps the books and attends to the wages. A fair day's wages for a fair day's work is ever my partner's motto."

"And a very good 'un it is, gentlemen," said Bob, receiving his fee, and drawing a bow out of his head with his right hand, very much as he would have drawn a pint of beer out of the beer engine.

"Eugene," Mortimer apostrophized him, laughing quite heartily when they were alone again, "how *can* you be so ridiculous?"

"I am in a ridiculous humor," quoth Eugene; "I am a ridiculous fellow. Every thing is ridiculous. Come along!"

It passed into Mortimer Lightwood's mind that a change of some sort, best expressed perhaps as an intensification of all that was wildest and most negligent and reckless in his friend, had come upon him in the last half hour or so. Thoroughly used to him as he was, he found something new and strained in him that was for the moment perplexing. This passed into his

mind, and passed out again; but he remembered it afterward.

"There's where she sits, you see," said Eugene, when they were standing under the bank, roared and riven at by the wind. "There's the light of her fire."

"I'll take a peep through the window," said Mortimer.

"No, don't!" Eugene caught him by the arm. "Best not make a show of her. Come to our honest friend."

He led him to the post of watch, and they both dropped down and crept under the lee of the boat; a better shelter than it had seemed, before being directly contrasted with the blowing wind and the bare night.

"Mr. Inspector at home?" whispered Eugene.

"Here I am, Sir."

"And our friend of the perspiring brow is at the far corner there? Good. Any thing happened?"

"His daughter has been out, thinking she heard him calling, unless it was a sign to him to keep out of the way. It might have been."

"It might have been Rule Britannia," muttered Eugene, "but it wasn't. Mortimer!"

"Here!" (On the other side of Mr. Inspector.)

"Two burglaries now, and a forgery!"

With this indication of his depressed state of mind Eugene fell silent.

They were all silent for a long while. As it got to be flood-tide, and the water came nearer to them, noises on the river became more frequent, and they listened more. To the turning of steam-paddles, to the clinking of iron chain, to the creaking of blocks, to the measured working of oars, to the occasional violent barking of some passing dog on shipboard, who seemed to scent them lying in their hiding-place. The night was not so dark but that, besides the lights at bows and mast-heads gliding to and fro, they could discern some shadowy bulk attached; and now and then a ghostly lighter with a large dark sail, like a warning arm, would start up very near them, pass on, and vanish. At this time of their watch, the water close to them would be often agitated by some impulsion given it from a distance. Often they believed this beat and splash to be the boat they lay in wait for, running in ashore; and again and again they would have started up, but for the immobility with which the informer, well used to the river, kept quiet in his place.

The wind carried away the striking of the great multitude of city church clocks, for those lay to leeward of them; but there were bells to windward that told them of its being One—Two—Three. Without that aid they would have known how the night wore by the falling of the tide, recorded in the appearance of an ever-widening black wet strip of shore, and the emergence of the paved causeway from the river, foot by foot.

As the time so passed, this slinking business became a more and more precarious one. It

would seem as if the man had had some intimation of what was in hand against him, or had taken fright? His movements might have been planned to gain for him, in getting beyond their reach, twelve hours' advantage? The honest man who had expended the sweat of his brow became uneasy, and began to complain with bitterness of the proneness of mankind to cheat him—him invested with the dignity of Labor!

Their retreat was so chosen that while they could watch the river they could watch the house. No one had passed in or out since the daughter thought she heard the father calling. No one could pass in or out without being seen.

"But it will be light at five," said Mr. Inspector, "and then *we* shall be seen."

"Look here," said Riderhood, "what do you say to this? He may have been lurking in and out, and just holding his own between two or three bridges for hours back."

"What do you make of that?" said Mr. Inspector; stoical, but contradictory.

"He may be doing so at this present time."

"What do you make of *that*?" said Mr. Inspector.

"My boat's among them boats here at the cause'ay."

"And what do you make of your boat?" said Mr. Inspector.

"What if I put off in her and take a look round? I know his ways, and the likely nooks he favors. I know where he'd be at such a time of the tide, and where he'd be at such another time. Ain't I been his pardner? None of you need show. None of you need stir. I can shove her off without help; and as to me being seen, I'm about at all times."

"You might have given a worse opinion," said Mr. Inspector, after brief consideration. "Try it."

"Stop a bit. Let's work it out. If I want you, I'll drop round under the Fellowships and tip you a whistle."

"If I might so far presume as to offer a suggestion to my honorable and gallant friend, whose knowledge of naval matters far be it from me to impeach," Eugene struck in with great deliberation, "it would be, that to tip a whistle is to advertise mystery and invite speculation. My honorable and gallant friend will, I trust, excuse me, as an independent member, for throwing out a remark which I feel to be due to this house and the country."

"Was that the T'other Governor, or Lawyer Lightwood?" asked Riderhood; for they spoke, as they crouched or lay, without seeing one another's faces.

"In reply to the question put by my honorable and gallant friend," said Eugene, who was lying on his back with his hat on his face, as an attitude highly expressive of watchfulness, "I can have no hesitation in replying (it not being inconsistent with the public service) that those accents were the accents of the T'other Governor."

"You've tolerable good eyes, ain't you, Gov-

error? You've all tolerable good eyes, ain't you?" demanded the informer.

All.

"Then if I row up under the Fellowships and lay there, no need to whistle. You'll make out that there's a speck of something or another there, and you'll know it's me, and you'll come down that cause'ay to me. Understood all?"

Understood all.

"Off she goes then!"

In a moment, with the wind cutting keenly at him sideways, he was staggering down to his boat; in a few moments he was clear, and creeping up the river under their own shore.

Eugene had raised himself on his elbow to look into the darkness after him. "I wish the boat of my honorable and gallant friend," he murmured, lying down again and speaking into his hat, "may be endowed with philanthropy enough to turn bottom upward and extinguish him!—Mortimer."

"My honorable friend."

"Three burglaries, two forgeries, and a midnight assassination."

Yet, in spite of having those weights on his conscience, Eugene was somewhat enlivened by the late slight change in the circumstances of affairs. So were his two companions. Its being a change was every thing. The suspense seemed to have taken a new lease, and to have

begun afresh from a recent date. There was something additional to look for. They were all three more sharply on the alert, and less deadened by the miserable influences of the place and time.

More than an hour had passed, and they were even dozing, when one of the three—each said it was he, and he had *not* dozed—made out Riderhood in his boat at the spot agreed on. They sprang up, came out from their shelter, and went down to him. When he saw them coming he dropped alongside the causeway; so that they, standing on the causeway, could speak with him in whispers, under the shadowy mass of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters fast asleep.

"Blest if I can make it out!" said he, staring at them.

"Make what out? Have you seen him?"

"No."

"What *have* you seen?" asked Lightwood; for he was staring at them in the strangest way.

"I've seen his boat."

"Not empty?"

"Yes, empty. And what's more,—adrift. And what's more,—with one scull gone. And what's more,—with t'other scull jammed in the thowels and broke short off. And what's more,—the boat's drove tight by the tide 'atwixt two tiers of barges. And what's more,—he's in luck again, by George if he ain't!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of July. The session of Congress closed on the 4th of July. Our previous Numbers have given a view of the general line of debate and the course of thought during this important session. We have not thought it expedient to continue the record of this from month to month. Several laws of the highest importance have been enacted; but most of these underwent great changes during their progress through the two Houses. The official copy of the acts of the session has not yet been issued, and we must here content ourselves with producing a *resumé* of a few of the laws of immediate interest, reserving for a future Number a more complete abstract.

The *Tariff Act* increases largely the duties on imports. We give a few of the leading items. Teas pay 25 cents a pound. Sugar, from 3 to 5 cents, according to grade. Molasses, 8 cents a gallon; sirups and melado, 2½ cents a pound. Brandy, \$2½; and other spirits, \$2 a gallon. Wines valued at not over 50 cents a gallon, 25 cents; from 50 cents to \$1, 50 cents; over \$1, 100 cents, with 25 per cent. *ad valorem* in all cases; Champagnes not to pay less than \$6 a dozen for quarts. Spirituous liquors not enumerated, 100 per cent. upon the value. Ales, porter, and beer in bottles, 35 cents; not bottled, 20 cents a gallon. Cigars, from 75 cents to \$3 a pound, besides from 20 to 60 per cent. *ad valorem*. Tobacco, 35 to 50 cents a pound. Iron, various rates, but none less than 33 per cent. on the value. Coal, from 40 to 125 cents a ton. Lead, on an average, 2 cents a pound. Gems unset, 10 per

cent. Wools, from 3 to 10 cents a pound, according to grade, with 10 per cent. additional *ad valorem*. Woolen goods, various specified rates, none less than 50 per cent. on the value, and many more than this. Cotton, 2 cents a pound. Cotton manufactures, from 5 to 7½ cents per square yard, besides from 10 to 35 per cent. *ad valorem*—the finer the goods the higher the rate. Linens, 35 to 40 per cent. Silk, 25 to 40 per cent. Silk goods generally, 60 per cent. China and earthen-ware, 40 to 45. Books, 25. Fancy soaps, 10 cents a pound and 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; plain soaps, 1 cent a pound and 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. As far as possible specific duties are levied on every article, the general principle being that the highest duties are levied upon articles of luxury. An additional discriminating duty of 10 per cent. is imposed upon goods imported in foreign bottoms, except in cases where the contrary is specially provided for by law or treaty. This act went into effect on the 4th of July.

The *Internal Revenue Law* imposes licenses upon every trade and profession, varying with the presumed amount of business, discrimination being made against liquor-dealers, shows, lotteries, gift enterprises, and the like. Almost every profession is enumerated by name; of those not specially mentioned, every person whose profession brings an income of \$1000 pays \$10 for license. Every possible legal document, to be valid, must be stamped, the sums for each being set down, varying, as far as possible, with the amount denoted by the document. All patent medicines and similar preparations are subject to excise, the general principle be-

ing to impose 1 cent for every 25 cents of the price of the article. Almost every article of manufacture is noted with a special tax, amounting, as nearly as possible, to 5 per cent. upon the value. Railroads, Express Companies, and similar branches of business, pay from 2 to 5 per cent. of their gross receipts. A special tax is also imposed upon many articles of show and luxury. Gold watches, pianos, and carriages kept for use pay \$1, if valued at less than \$100, with a general increase of a dollar for each additional hundred of value. Gold plate pays 50 cents an ounce; silver plate, 5 cents; but any family may have 40 ounces of silver free of tax. Incomes are taxed as follows: below \$600, untaxed; from \$600 to \$5000, 5 per cent. on excess above \$600; from \$5000 to \$10,000, 7½ per cent.; on excess over \$10,000, 10 per cent. Legacies and successions to real estate pay from \$1 to \$6 on the hundred, according to the degree of consanguinity between the parties. The foregoing gives merely a general view of the scope of this long and elaborate law.

The *Enrollment Law* practically renders every able-bodied citizen of military age liable to service in the army, either personally or by a substitute otherwise exempt. It authorizes the President at discretion to call for any number of volunteers for one, two, or three years; and in case the required number of volunteers do not come forward to order a draft. Volunteers will receive a bounty of \$100 for each year, one-third to be paid when mustered into service, one-third when half the term has expired, the other third at the expiration of the term of service. If the quota of any district is not filled by volunteers within fifty days from the date of the call a draft is to be ordered to supply the deficiency, in which case no payment of money shall be accepted as commutation for relieving any drafted man from personal military service. The Executive of any State may send recruiting agents into any of the revolted States except Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana to raise volunteers, who shall be credited to the States and districts procuring them. This Act was approved by the President on the 4th of July, and in accordance with it he issued, on the 18th, a proclamation calling for 500,000 volunteers for one, two, or three years as they might elect. And in case this number of volunteers should not come forward, a draft was ordered to be made immediately after the 5th of September, being fifty days from the date of the call, for men sufficient to supply the deficiency in every district, these men to serve for one year.

By the Act to *increase the pay of soldiers*, the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates in the army has been augmented by about one quarter, commencing from May 1. In the engineer and ordnance service privates of the first class receive \$18 a month; those of the second class, and all privates in the cavalry, artillery, and infantry receive \$16 per month, with rations mainly as before. The former pay of private soldiers was \$13 a month. A corresponding increase is made to the pay of non-commissioned officers in the army.

The Act for *regulating commercial intercourse* between the loyal and disaffected States enacts that in these latter all property is to be considered as abandoned when the lawful owner is voluntarily absent therefrom and engaged in aiding or encouraging the rebellion. Abandoned or captured property is to be taken charge of and sold; houses and lands may be leased for a year, with provisions for the employ-

ment and welfare of former slaves. Whenever any part of a loyal State is under the control of the insurgents the President may forbid or regulate intercourse with it. The President may authorize agents to purchase for the United States any products of the insurrectionary States, paying in money not more than three-quarters of the market value of the articles at New York. No goods shall be taken into these States except to the amount and in the manner prescribed by the commanding general of the department and by an officer appointed for that purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury. All officers and men of the army and navy are forbidden to engage in traffic in these districts.

An Act was passed by Congress guaranteeing to certain States whose governments had been overthrown or usurped a republican form of government. Its main provisions were: That the President might appoint a provisional governor for such States, to administer the government until a regular State Government should be established. When in any State military resistance against the United States has ceased the Provisional Governor shall enroll all the white male citizens, and request them to take the oath of allegiance; if a majority comply he shall issue a proclamation authorizing them to elect delegates to a Convention to form a State government; the delegates to be chosen by the votes of the loyal white citizens, those at home to vote where resident, those in military service at the head-quarters of their commands; no person who has held high civil or military office under the rebel usurpation, or voluntarily borne arms against the United States, to be eligible as a delegate. This Convention having declared the submission of the people to the Constitution and laws of the United States; and adopted provisions disqualifying for the office of governor or member of the Legislature all persons who shall have held any important civil or military office under the Confederacy; and prohibiting involuntary servitude; and disavowing all State or Confederate debts contracted by the usurping power, may proceed to the formation of a republican Constitution to be submitted to the people. If the Convention refuse to do this it is to be dissolved by the Provisional Governor, who may at his discretion order another. Until such a government is formed and recognized, the Provisional Governor is to enforce the laws of the United States, including this Act, which provides especially that slavery is abolished, and all slaves and their posterity enfranchised; that if any one attempts to hold in slavery any one declared free by this Act, he shall be punished by fine of not less than 1500 dollars and imprisonment for not less than five or more than twenty years; and that every person who has held or shall hold high civil office, or military office not below the grade of Colonel in the rebel service, is declared not to be a citizen of the United States. The above are the essential points of this Act, which embodies minute directions for carrying them into execution.—This Act was presented to the President too late for him to take it into consideration, and so failed to receive his signature. But on the 8th of July he issued a proclamation, stating that while he was not prepared by signing it to commit himself to any single plan of restoration, or to set aside the Free State Constitutions already adopted in Arkansas and Louisiana, still he was satisfied with this plan as a very proper one for the adoption of the people of any State who might choose to embrace it: and he would

give to such people all aid and assistance; and that when in any State armed resistance had ceased, and the people had sufficiently returned to their obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, Military Governors would be appointed with directions to proceed according to the bill.

The siege of Petersburg and the invasion of Maryland are the topics about which the interest in the eastern campaign has mainly centred.

Smith's corps was the first of Grant's army that arrived south of the James; it was marched directly to Petersburg. This important military position had been attempted June 10, nearly a week before, by a joint infantry and cavalry expedition under Kautz and Gillmore. Kautz gained the first line of defenses, but not receiving adequate support from Gillmore, who was shortly afterward relieved of his command, the attempt failed. During the few days between this attack and Smith's approach the defensive works about the city were greatly strengthened. Smith's transports were yet coming up when at 2 A.M., June 15, he started from Bermuda Hundred, north of the Appomattox River. This river separating City Point from Bermuda Hundred, at its mouth, skirts the northern front of Petersburg about twelve miles above.

The approach was to be made from the east; therefore the Appomattox had to be crossed. This was effected by a bridge of boats. After crossing, four roads were taken by separate columns; the river road on the right by Martindale; farther to the left, the City Point road by Brooks; the Jordan Point road by Hinks with his colored division; Kautz with his cavalry making a detour away to the left on the Prince George road. At noon, two miles from the city, Smith halted waiting for Kautz until evening. But Kautz not arriving, the batteries north east of Petersburg were carried, a regiment of Wise's brigade being captured. This success gave us about sixteen pieces of artillery, and a good position. Hancock's corps came up that night, just too late to render the success a decisive one; Hancock himself suffering rather seriously from his old wounds and not able to keep the saddle. This corps was placed to the left and southward of Smith. June 16 other positions were carried, and in the afternoon Burnside's corps came up, taking a position on Hancock's left.

But this day also the enemy was reinforced by Beauregard, who left his line at Bermuda Hundred in so great hurry, not waiting for Lee's columns to come up, that Butler had a good opportunity, which he improved, of breaking in upon the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond. Lee came upon him, his work pretty nearly done, and forced him back to his intrenchments. On the eve of the 16th, at 6 o'clock, an assault was made by the three corps, carrying a line of rifle-pits, followed by another the next morning, in which two redoubts were taken with 450 prisoners. During the 17th Warren's corps came up, taking the extreme left; and Wright's taking the place of the Eighteenth, the latter returned to Butler. By Saturday night, the 18th, the Confederate line was pushed back to its ultimate position, on a series of elevations, with its flanks resting on the river. The line had the form of a crescent, to which the Federal line conformed.

Petersburg communicates with the South by means of three railroads—the Petersburg and Suffolk, the Petersburg and Weldon, and the Petersburg and Lynchburg. The line which Grant's army held on Tuesday, the 21st, stretched across the Ap-

pomattox; Butler's two corps north of that river, facing Petersburg on the east, and the four corps of the Army of the Potomac on the south, fronting Petersburg in that direction. But this line crossed only one of the three railroads above-mentioned, viz.: the Petersburg and Suffolk. In order more closely to invest Petersburg, Grant, on the 22d, moved his Second and Sixth corps, supporting each other at a rather spacious interval, close up to the Weldon road; the Eighteenth Corps taking the place of these two on the right. Not only was this movement anticipated by Lee, who forthwith dispatched Hill to the threatened point, but due notice was taken of the gap between the Second and Sixth, and Hill promptly seizing his advantage pierced the weak centre and appeared on Barlow's flank. Barlow fell back, leaving Birney exposed, and the rifle-pits of the latter were taken by the enemy, together with M'Knight's battery of four guns. The confusion was but temporary; the Second Corps was re-formed and joined by the Sixth, when Hill was repulsed.

On the same day Wilson and Kautz made an attack on the Weldon road further south, about 11 miles from the Federal left. Crossing the road at Reams Station, the track was torn up for several miles and valuable property was destroyed. The next day the two commands reached the junction of the Danville and Lynchburg roads at Burkesville and destroyed the railroad for several miles. They pushed on to Roanoke Station on the Staunton River to burn the bridge at that point, but finding it strongly guarded turned back to Roanoke. June 28 they reached a point near Reams Station, where they were surrounded by rebel cavalry, under Hampton and Lee. A battle followed, which resulted in the retreat of the Federals. Information of this action and its result led Grant to dispatch the Second and Sixth corps to Reams Station, to create a diversion in Wilson's favor. Kautz from his knowledge of the country was able to reach Grant's lines on the 30th; Wilson, taking a more circuitous route, came in the next day. Sixty miles of railroads were thoroughly destroyed. The Danville Road, General Wilson reports, could not be repaired in less than forty days. His loss was from 750 to 1000 men, including those lost from Kautz's division.

Hunter's expedition against Lynchburg resulted in failure. The details are the following: June 10 Crook and Sullivan, under Hunter, march from Staunton on Lexington; defeat M'Causland's brigade; on the 14th are joined by Averill at Buchanan; on the 16th strike the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Liberty, twenty miles west of Lynchburg, having moved through a gap in the Blue Ridge at the Peaks of Otter. Here the railroad was destroyed for several miles, including a bridge 700 feet long. Hunter then proceeded to invest Lynchburg, but before he had completed his preparations Early came up, and he was compelled to retire.

Hunter, in retreating, followed the line of the railroad westward to Salem, and then across the mountains to Gauley, in Western Virginia. Early, thus left with no strong force between him and the Potomac, marched rapidly up the Shenandoah with a force of 22,000 men, including Breckinridge's and Rhodes's Corps; 5500 of this force was cavalry. Leaving about four thousand men to protect Lynchburg, Gordonsville, and the gaps of the Blue Ridge, he crossed the Potomac, striking the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad at a point just above Harper's Ferry, threatening Martinsburg. July 3, Sigel, in command at Martinsburg, fell back on Sharpsburg, leaving valuable commissary and ordnance stores to be plundered by the enemy. The next day all the country between Winchester and Williamsport was in the hands of the rebels; at nine o'clock P.M. Sigel held Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry having been evacuated. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, running along the Potomac from Alexandria to Cumberland, was very seriously damaged by the Confederates, who took possession of Hagerstown, and were looking forward to Frederick, from which a large amount of Government stores were being moved to the North. This was on the 5th.

On the 9th was fought the Battle of Monocacy, between General Lewis Wallace and the enemy. Frederick was evacuated the previous night, and in the morning was in the hands of the foe. Early had gathered in all his forces from scattered points, concentrating them against Wallace. Ricketts's Division of the Sixth Corps had arrived from Washington and was on the field, holding the left of our line. The enemy forced the passage of the stream, and by their superiority of numbers pressed back Ricketts and got in the rear of our right, where the hundred days men were, capturing General Tyler, who afterward escaped. Wallace then fell back, Early pursuing on the Baltimore pike toward Ellicott's Mills. Sunday was a day of intense excitement at Baltimore. The enemy was now chiefly occupied in plunder, which they carried on on a most extensive scale. Bridges were burned on the Northern Central road; two trains were captured on the Philadelphia road, in one of which was Major-General Franklin, who was taken prisoner, but who afterward succeeded in effecting his escape; and railroad communication was suspended between Washington and the North. Monday evening, July 11, the main body of the rebels were on the Seventh Street road, six or eight miles from Washington, threatening Fort Stevens; but General Augur, in command of the defenses of the Capital, sent out a brigade of veteran troops which soon succeeded in driving the enemy. Early's rear now began to be threatened by forces under General Couch and by the return of Hunter, who held Martinsburg.* On Wednesday the invaders recrossed the Potomac southward, taking their plunder with them.

General Foster, having fitted out an expedition for the seizure of James Island and other approaches to Charleston was partially successful, having captured the lower end of the island. Subsequently an expedition, under Colonel Gurney of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York, fitted out for the purpose of capturing Fort Johnson by a night attack, signally failed; a portion of the force, about 132, were landed, but not being supported in time were captured by the rebels.

In our last Record we left Sherman in possession of Alatoona Pass, the gate eastward into the open country from the Alleghanies. Sherman's advance on Atlanta from Chattanooga had been along the line of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, upon which it was necessary that he should keep fast hold at every step forward. June 6 he reached Ackworth, a few miles south of the Pass; on the 11th he made a dépôt of Big Shanty Station. Johnston confronted him, holding Kenesaw Mountain on the railroad, with strong outposts on Pilot Knob and Pine and Lost Mountains. Severe skirmishing on the 15th gave us Pine Mountain; on the crest of

the mountain Polk was killed. At night the Confederate line reached from Kenesaw on the right, six miles, to Lost Mountain.

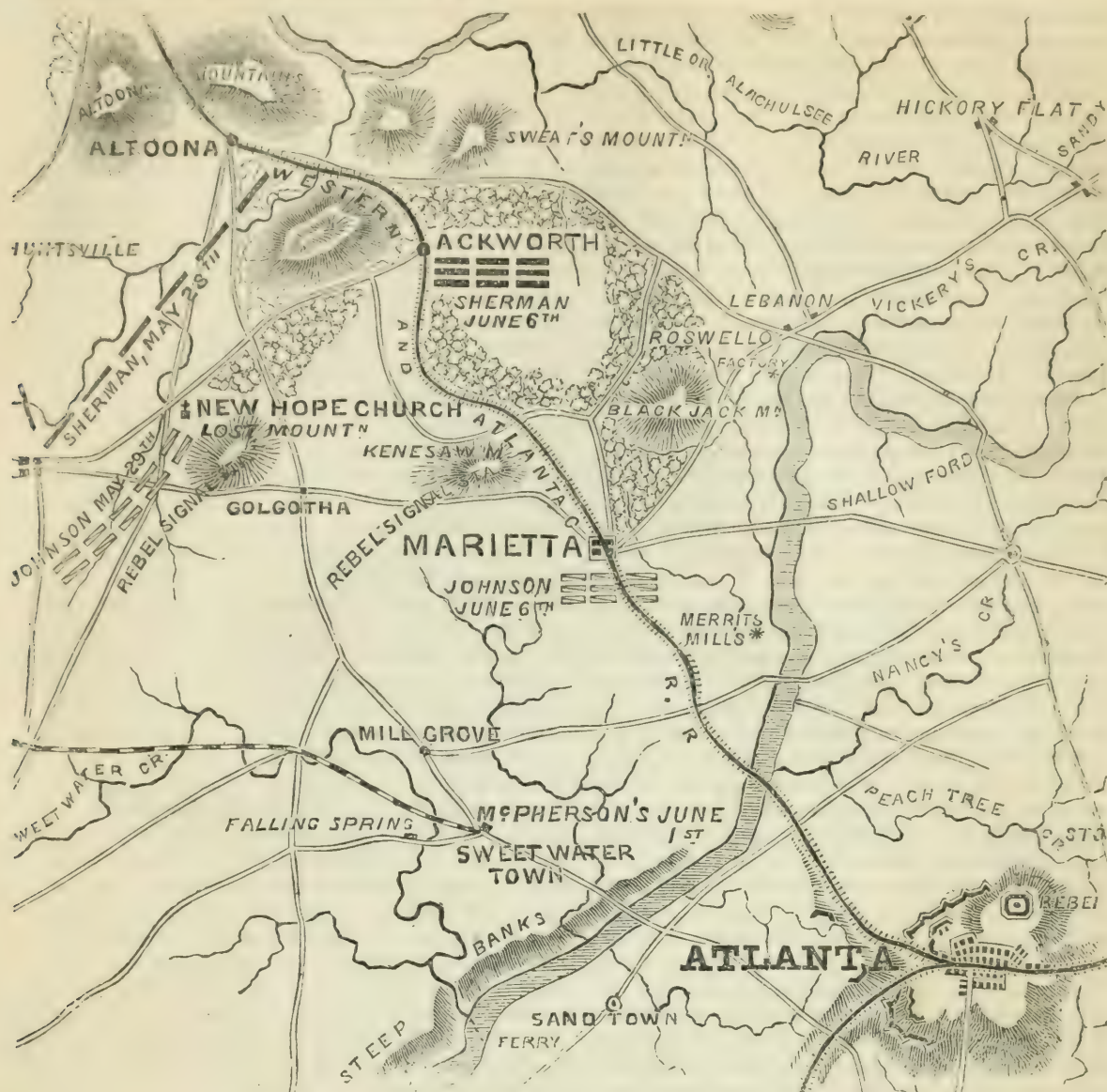
The Kenesaw, two miles and a half northwest of Marietta, is a double hill, the higher peak rising to the height of 1828 feet above the level of the sea. Lost Mountain is directly east from Kenesaw, north of the railroad between Marietta and Dallas. Five days more of hard pushing forced in Johnston's left from Lost Mountain. The Confederate commander now began to mass on the right, contracting his lines. M'Pherson operating on the enemy's right also gained some advantages.

These partial successes led Sherman to adopt with some degree of confidence the plan of direct assault against the Kenesaw, which was set down for the 27th of June. The Confederate army on the 22d stood in the shelter of the Kenesaw, with its centre strongly posted on that mountain, Noses Creek covering its left. This creek was crossed by Sherman's right, his centre meanwhile pressing up to the base of the Kenesaw, having carried some commanding positions west of the mountain from which the enemy's position became exposed to an enfilading fire. In the assault on the 27th M'Pherson's corps—the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth, commanded respectively by Logan, Dodge, and Blair—moved against the main position on the Kenesaw, Blair against the eastern, Dodge against the northern, and Logan against the western slope. Palmer at the same time assailed the enemy's centre, supported on the right by Hooker, while Schofield swung around to the extreme right. The assault failed, resulting in a Federal loss of between two and three thousand men. Schofield's movement on the enemy's left was then strengthened and pushed forward, resulting in the evacuation of Kenesaw, July 3, on the anniversary of the capture of Vicksburg. July 5, Johnston took up a position two miles north of the Chattahoochee and commenced crossing; by the 9th his whole army was across, having lost a large number of prisoners (rumor says 4000) on its way from Kenesaw.

Sherman crossed at various points north of the railroad bridge—his main column, after the north bank was clear of the enemy, M'Pherson's three corps somewhat earlier; his whole army being south of the Chattahoochee at 9 P. M. on Sunday, July 17. The line extended from near the mouth of Peachtree Creek, on the right, to Decatur, a distance of fourteen miles, as follows: Palmer, Hooker, Howard, Schofield, the three corps of M'Pherson. That Sunday was the beginning of a momentous week. Sherman's army held, as we have seen, a long line, resting in the form of an arch on the northeast and within five miles of Atlanta.

In the mean time Bragg, the military supervisor of the Confederacy, had visited Atlanta, and on the 18th Johnston was removed from command, which was assumed by General Hood, and a new policy was adopted. His plan was well conceived. He knew that a line fourteen miles long must be weak somewhere; he would strike the right centre, fold Sherman's right wing back on the Chattahoochee and then turn upon and annihilate the left. On Wednesday, therefore, July 20, he came out and hurled his columns against Hooker's corps, which was after all not the weak point, making three assaults which were "bloodily repulsed."

Not satisfied, Hood assaulted again on Friday and with even poorer success than before, leaving, so says report, 7000 killed and wounded on the field,



MAP SHOWING SHERMAN'S OPERATIONS.

and inflicting on the Federal army a loss of 2500. It was on this day that M'Pherson was killed.

Sherman in the mean time advanced his lines, directing particular attention to the destruction of the Confederate lines of retreat. On Thursday he had gained a position commanding a portion of Atlanta; M'Pherson moved up to within two miles and a half of the city on the south and east, his left under Blair holding a position near the Macon road. There are four great lines of railroad which centre in Atlanta. Northerly runs the Western and Atlantic road, along which Sherman had been pushing Johnston across the mountains for three months. On the east is the road to Augusta, branching off to Charleston and Savannah: the trunk of this road was held by M'Pherson at Decatur. On the south runs the Macon road, also connecting with Savannah; a short distance south of Atlanta it branches off into the West Point and Montgomery road.

This latter road had been very lately the object of a raiding expedition under the command of General Rousseau, who started from Nashville, July 8, with 2700 cavalry, consisting of four regiments which concentrated at Decatur, in Northern Alabama. Proceeding from Decatur, July 10, and crossing the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, Rousseau

struck for that portion of the West Point road between Montgomery and Opelika. During this reach of eight miles there are eight railroad bridges, all of which were destroyed, also bridges between Opelika and West Point. He reached Sherman's lines at Marietta on the 23d.

General Forrest was severely punished about the middle of July by Generals Smith, Mower, and Grierson. Several engagements occurred on different days, in all of which Forrest, with Lee and Walker, were defeated. Grierson estimates the Confederate loss as not less than 4000. Smith was compelled to return for want of supplies. The battles with Forrest took place between Corinth and Okolona in Mississippi, on the Mobile railroad.

Smith's and Rousseau's expeditions started out nearly at the same time. About the same time also Slocum fitted out two expeditions from Vicksburg into the interior of Mississippi. These were probably only a diversion in favor of Smith and Rousseau; if they meant any thing more than this they certainly failed.

The Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, which has so long been the scourge of our commerce, was destroyed on the 19th of June off the port of Cherbourg, France, by the United States steamer *Kearsarge*, Captain Winslow. The *Alabama*, Captain

Semmes, arrived at Cherbourg on the 14th, from a cruise in the Indian Ocean. In accordance with the French law of neutrality she was warned to leave that port. On the morning of the 19th she steamed out of the harbor, which was watched by the *Kearsarge*. The French iron-clad *La Couronne* followed her until she was beyond French waters. The *Kearsarge* stood off, followed by the *Alabama*, for about three leagues, so as to be sure that the action should take place clear of French maritime jurisdiction; she then turned to meet the enemy. The force of the two vessels was as nearly as possible equal; the crew of the *Kearsarge* was a little more numerous, the armament of the *Alabama* somewhat heavier. The *Alabama* opened fire at 11 o'clock at long range, the *Kearsarge* reserving her fire for a little until they came closer. During the action both vessels moved in a series of circles, gradually diminishing, and having a common centre, so that each kept her starboard battery bearing upon her opponent. The fire of the *Alabama* was more rapid, that of the *Kearsarge* more accurate. The commander of the *Kearsarge* had taken the precaution to protect, in a measure, some vital points of his vessel, by suspending the iron anchor-chains over the side; this is a novelty in naval war, having been previously only used by one of our vessels in the capture of New Orleans. In a quarter of an hour after the action began the *Alabama* began to suffer severely. At every moment she suffered more and more, while the *Kearsarge* was scarcely harmed. In less than an hour the *Alabama* was in an almost sinking state, and her commander attempted to run toward the shore in order to reach French water; the *Kearsarge* crowded all steam to shut her off, and coming within 400 yards, delivered a broadside which reduced the enemy to a hopeless condition. Captain Semmes, finding his vessel going down, struck her flag, ordered his crew to jump overboard, and sent a boat with an officer to surrender his vessel and ask assistance to save his crew. All the serviceable boats of the *Kearsarge* were got out for that purpose. Meanwhile an English yacht, the *Deerhound*, owned by a Mr. Lancaster, whose family were on board, had come out of Cherbourg to see the fight. He was hailed from the *Kearsarge* and requested to aid in saving the crew of the *Alabama*. His boats picked up about forty, including Semmes and most of his officers; the boats of the *Kearsarge* saved sixty; and nine more were rescued by a French pilot-boat. The *Alabama* lost 7 killed on board, 17 drowned, and 12 wounded. The loss of the *Kearsarge* was three wounded, only one mortally. The vessel was scarcely harmed, and at the close of the action was in a condition to engage again. Meanwhile the commander of the *Deerhound* put off for the English coast, with the men whom he had picked up, Captain Winslow never imagining that one who bore the flag of the Royal Yacht Club would be guilty of thus dishonorably rescuing his prisoners. Semmes was landed in England, and received with much warmth, and he declared that he would soon be afloat in another *Alabama*. This, if more than bravado, was supposed to refer to the *Rappahannock*, formerly the English steamer *Victor*, which had been bought by the Confederates, taken without armament to Calais, in France, where she was then lying; others supposed it to refer to the *Yeddo*, a steamer built in a French port, ostensibly for the China trade, but presumed to be designed for the Confederates; this vessel soon after put to sea,

and it was announced that she had been sold to the Prussian Government. Others still suppose that it referred to another vessel building in England. Captain Winslow meanwhile took his prisoners into Cherbourg, and as French law does not permit the detention of foreign prisoners of war, and as he had no room for them on his own vessel, he released them on parole.

Soon after two other United States steamers, the *Sacramento* and the *Niagara*, arrived in these waters; and the arrival of two Confederate steamers is announced. One of these was supposed to be the *General Lee*, and the other the *Florida*; this last is thought improbable, as that vessel was only a few days before known to be off the American coast. It is generally thought to be a Confederate corvette, name unknown, which had been reported in the neighborhood of Gibraltar. At the date of July 13 there was a report of a naval action having been fought between two of these vessels, but the news brought two days later failed to confirm the rumor.

Mr. Chase resigned his post as Secretary of the Treasury on the 30th of June. The place was offered to Mr. Tod, ex-Governor of Ohio, who declined to accept it on account of his health. It was then offered to and accepted by Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator from Maine, and Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate. The financial policy of the new Secretary, as far as developed, seems to be to diminish rather than increase the amount of currency, which is thought to be greater than is required by the wants of the country, and thus to have in part caused the present increase of prices; to rely upon taxes for funds to meet the current expenses of Government, including interest on the public debt, and to procure what other amount may be required for the prosecution of the war by loans from the people. Under authority of an Act passed in June he proposes to issue \$200,000,000 in Treasury notes, payable in three years, to bear interest at the rate of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. These notes to be of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, and \$5000, to have coupons attached for the payment of interest semi-annually in lawful money; these notes at maturity to be convertible, at the option of the holder, into bonds at 6 per cent., redeemable in gold after 1872, and payable in 1887. This proposition was accompanied by a cogent appeal to the people of the United States, urging them, on the grounds of interest and patriotism, to take part in this National loan.

The Opposition Members of Congress put forth, on the 2d of July, an "Address to the People of the United States, and particularly to the people of the States which adhere to the Federal Government," arguing that there is good reason for changing the administration and policy of the General Government, through the instrumentality of suffrage, in the elections of the present year. The address asserts that it is useless to speak to the President or the majority in Congress. It charges the President with the engrossment of power; with military interference in elections; with the creation of bogus States; with illegally raising troops; with unnecessary and hateful conscription; with the payment of exorbitant bounties; with employing colored troops on an equality with white soldiers; with setting up a false and ruinous financial system; with placing us in peril of foreign interference; with endeavoring to corrupt the race by amalgamation with negroes. It then proposes to organize an Opposition, upon the general basis that all laws shall be executed; that the alleged wrong measures of Govern-

ment shall be abandoned; that all troops shall be raised through and officered by State authority; that in reconstructing the Union the States shall stand as before the war, except as to changes which may be agreed upon between or among them; that the Constitution should be so amended as to provide against the uncontrolled domination of sectional parties North or South; and that there should be a general amnesty proclaimed except for particular offenses. This address, of which the above are the leading points, is signed by nine members from Pennsylvania, thirteen from Ohio, five from Indiana, eight from Illinois, one from Wisconsin, two from Kentucky, one from Virginia, two from Delaware, one from New Jersey, and one from New Hampshire—43 in all, of whom 7 are Members of the Senate, and 36 of the House of Representatives.

A singular but abortive effort has been made to open negotiations for peace between the Union and the Confederacy. After some preliminary negotiations, which appear to have been conducted by Mr. William C. Jewett, George N. Sanders, once Navy Agent at New York, and recently an active agent for the Confederates abroad, wrote to Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, that Clement C. Clay of Alabama, and James P. Holcombe of Virginia, and himself, with one other, whose name was not given, were in Canada, and were ready to go to Washington if a safe-conduct were given them. Mr. Greeley, who had gone to Niagara Falls authorized to act in the matter, replied that, understanding them to be bearers of a proposition for peace, he was authorized to promise the safe-conduct; the blank left for the name was filled by him with that of Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Buchanan. Clay and Holcombe replied, intimating that Mr. Thompson was not the person intended; that they were not accredited agents of the Confederate Government to submit propositions for peace, but they were in its confidential employment, were familiar with its wishes, and would be furnished with authority to act. They asked for a safe-conduct to Washington, and thence to Richmond. Mr. Greeley replied that under this changed aspect of the case he must await instructions from the President. These came in the shape of the following dispatch from the President, addressed "To Whom it may concern:"

"Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways."

Upon the reception of this reply, the Confederate agents at once broke off all further correspondence, affirming that the document precluded negotiation, and prescribed in advance the terms and conditions of peace, returning to the original policy of "no bargaining, no negotiations, no truces with the rebels except to bury their dead, until every man shall have laid down his arms, submitted to the Government, and sued for mercy."

EUROPE.

The latest intelligence from England shows no increase of friendly feeling toward the United States. The warm reception given to Captain Semmes indicates the current of sentiment in leading circles. With cotton quoted at 31 pence a pound, instead of a little less than 8 pence, which was the ruling price

just before the war—a fourfold increase attributed to our blockade—the feeling among financial and commercial circles could not well be other than hostile to us; for the life of England depends upon buying raw cotton cheaply and selling it when manufactured dearly. Moreover, the high rates of wages attainable in the United States are drawing away the best part of the laboring class. This is especially the case in Ireland, whence the emigration is fast approaching the highest numbers reached ten years ago. Most of the emigrants now leaving take with them not only their persons and their capacity for labor, but no inconsiderable amount of capital. A few years ago the policy of the British Government was to encourage emigration; now it is to discourage it. Moreover the Opposition, who hope to replace the present Ministry, are committed to action against the friendly or at least neutral course which the Government has endeavored to maintain. A strong pressure is thus steadily brought to bear on the Government to induce a change of policy, and it has not been without its effect. Thus in Parliament Mr. Lindsay has just given notice of a motion in favor of the interference of Great Britain, and this was postponed at the special request of the cabinet. A deputation from a body calling itself a society for obtaining a cessation of hostilities had an audience with Lord Palmerston, and it is now said that Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, has had an interview with the Premier, which was quite satisfactory to him.

The Danish question, meanwhile, for the moment absorbs European interest. The Peace Conference held its final session on the 25th of June, having, as had for some time been foreseen, accomplished no practical result. The neutral powers agreed to a partition of the Duchies, and proposed the line of the Schlei. Denmark would consent to this, but the Germans claimed more. So fighting was renewed, the Danes, overmatched, getting the worst of it, and the Prussians capturing the island of Alsens. The latest report is that the King of Denmark, apparently despairing of any substantial aid from England, has resolved upon a new policy; has dismissed his former ministers, and asks peace with Prussia, and proposes that Denmark shall be admitted as a member of the German Confederation, placing her navy under the control of the Diet. If this is accomplished the German Confederation will soon be able to take rank among the great maritime powers, the point at which Prussia and the minor German states have really all along been aiming. Such a result can not be pleasing to England and France, who now hold between them the control of the ocean. Moreover, no little uneasiness has been felt on account of a meeting lately held by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, which was reported to have in effect resulted in a league between these powers against England and France. There is, however, no sure evidence of the accomplishment of any such league. Meanwhile the personal relations of the English court with the belligerents have no small part in complicating British action. The eldest daughter of the Queen is married to the Prince of Prussia, presumptive heir to the crown; while the wife of the Prince of Wales, who may at any time become Queen of Great Britain, and who is said to have gained complete control over her feeble husband, is daughter of the King of Denmark. The Queen herself apparently leans to the German side; but the future Queen, of course, is in favor of the Danes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. JARVES, a gentleman who has devoted a large part of his life to the study of pictures, and of whose interesting collection of old works we believe that we spoke with sincere praise some years ago, has recently published a book called "The Art-Idea," which we have not yet had the good fortune to see. But we learn from a review of it that the remarks upon pictures, in which the Easy Chair has sometimes indulged, are mentioned by Mr. Jarves in the terms which, the impartial reviewer assures us, their shallowness properly merits. Now the Easy Chair acknowledges a pleasant perplexity. It does not know whether to be more indignant that any body should call any of its remarks shallow, or gratified that its harmless chat should be honored by the notice of an actual, printed, and bound book: printed and bound, too, if the author's previous works establish any precedent, in the most attractive and becoming manner. Sitting quietly by the way weaving leaves and transient little blossoms into the prettiest chaplet it can contrive, and hanging it every month upon the fence in the modest hope that some passer-by may have a momentary pleasure, here comes a nobleman whirling along in his glittering chariot, and disdainfully exclaims, "Trash! rubbish! that is not a diamond crown." True, O King! it is but a poor little nose-gay. Have the grace to consider it.

The criticism, by which imposing name our chat about pictures is called, is only an expression of opinion or of impressions. The Easy Chair reads a book, or hears an opera, or sees a picture, and tells its cronies what it thinks of them. The opinions are very likely poor enough, and the impressions shallow; but shall all conversation stop because it is not profound or wise? Our friend in the chariot, as we learn from the reviewer, calls Leutze the Forrest of American painters. What opinion does he suppose Mr. Leutze and his friends entertain of that opinion? We are all the Archbishop and Gil Blas. "I most humbly beg that you will not be offended with my freedom," quoth Gil Blas. "God forbid (cried the Archbishop with precipitation), God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment: it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

It was only yesterday that the Easy Chair met Silex in Broadway, and talked for an hour under an awning by the Astor House. It was Silex that Elia had in mind when he wrote of imperfect sympathies. "You may have an opinion of a contemporary picture," said he, "but you have no right to express it, for it is the painter's bread and butter. You pierce innocent hearts with your steel pen-point—and none the less surely if the pen be gold. You say a fine sharp thing, and it costs a toiling artist his Sunday's beef or his month by the sea or among the hills. It pleases your vanity to be smart in print, and some poor fellow's boy must go without a quarter's schooling in consequence. No truly humane man will express an opinion which makes a patient, industrious, worthy fellow-creature suffer."

This is a philosophy which puts the Easy Chair and the author who finds his opinions of pictures shallow into the same category. For it declares

that no unfavorable opinion, however shallow, however sincere and profound, must be expressed if it endangers any body's revenue innocently derived. But the Easy Chair does not surrender. If Martin Farquhar Tupper issues a volume of sonnets—what are depreciatory adjectives made for if not to be applied to the case at sight? If people believe brass to be gold, they will pay accordingly; but it is no reason for any body who knows to keep silence because the merchant himself believes it to be gold.

"Yes," says Silex, "but you do not know about pictures."

"Yes," cry the painters, "let only those who know criticise."

Very well, does the critic who, with justice that we do not question, knows the Easy Chair's opinion of pictures to be worthless, also know that Leutze is the Forrest of American artists?

Certainly not. That is, after all, his opinion only. The whole thing is a matter of opinion, because art, viewed æsthetically, is not an exact science. A spectator is surely not shallow because he finds pleasing points in Guido, nor profound because he delights in the sculptures of the Medici chapel. All that Silex, or the author of the Art-Idea, or the National Academy of Design, can demand of any man who talks about pictures is that he shall say what he honestly thinks. A picture is indeed, under some circumstances, an article of merchandise like a keg of red herring, just as a man has two legs like a dodo; but the likeness ends there. A man has undoubtedly a right to print in the *Evening Post* his opinion that the red herring of Aker and Co. are better than those of Baker and Co., or that he prefers Muir's Scotch pale ale to the Philadelphia brew. It may be a very small-beer business. But why should Baker and Co. and Philadelphia complain? It is a matter of taste.

Any competent person can prove to all of us that we ought to believe every proposition in Euclid. He may show to us conclusively that each is so and can not be otherwise. But neither Ruskin, nor Haydon, nor Sir Joshua Reynolds, nor Goethe, nor Jarves, can prove to any one of us that we ought to admire Michael Angelo more than Raphael, or Raphael more than Titian. Most men would enjoy Macaulay more than Milton. Nay, the one hundred and seventh edition of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, which we recently saw announced, shows how much milk is found in that cocoa-nut. Is the expression of the pleasure improper? It may show shallowness, but if only profundity is to be allowed in print, who shall be censor? Let only those criticise pictures who know! exclaim the painters. But that does not help us. We still stick fast at the old question, Who knows?

At this point, Rossiter, the artist, who, although he has left the city and lives in the lovely hollow of the Hudson highlands, is devoted as ever to his easel, puts in his friendly word. Busied with a grave and important work, the Life of Christ, illustrated in a series of large pictures, he is not in the least removed from the most active sympathy with all the interests of the art world, and watched from his eyrie the contest that shook it during the spring. He says:

"It should obtain as a canon in criticism that the critic shall be a professor of the art, science, occupation, or craft which he criticises. Then, so far as he can show

through his works his perceptive power, so far may he be recognized as critical authority and no further.

"Let me illustrate and define the position, by a parallelism in another calling. Were you and I to have had the unfortunate opportunity of witnessing one of the many battles in Virginia, from a stand-point where we could command the field as much as possible, we would use our individual perceptive faculties to the making up an opinion of what was going on within the scope of our vision, and, having tolerably good eyes, we should be able to narrate all that we saw. Since our earliest school-days we have read of battles, from those of the Amorites and Ilittites, to that of yesterday. These we would apply to assist in making intelligent all that we saw. We might recall the struggles of Thermopylæ and Marathon, of Blenheim and Waterloo, of Quebec and Trenton—the discipline of the Greek, the system of the Roman phalanx and legion, the tactics of Cæsar, the strategy of Napoleon. Having dipped somewhat into military engineering we are familiar with its principles, from the practice of the Phenicians to Vauban, and thence to our day. We can talk glibly of projectiles, can quote the exact projection and range of an Armstrong or a Parrot-rifled bore, reeling off any amount of statistics to prove our erudition. We know an officer or two, with whom we have bandied opinions, and gathered professional authority. But alas! as we stand on the summit, so well out of reach of a stray shot as to secure a cool judgment, we see here and there the marshaling of battalions, the sectional movements of a great army. We begin to form our theory of what is to be done; are immensely wise as to the method and its result. Yonder is a small wreath of smoke, there larger wreaths, anon a great deal of noise, obscuring clouds, blinding dust, a helter-skelter, hither and thither, apparently nothing but chaos. We hail an officer speeding past. 'Ho, friend! does not yonder battle betoken defeat to the enemy?' When you hear his reply of disdain: 'That which you see is only a skirmish, the battle is being fought miles away.'

"Scarcely a person can be brought to the humiliating avowal that he does not perceive all that another does in an object, scene, or incident. But until he has gone into an artistic analysis of what his eyes behold he little dreams how near the mole's are his optical penetration.

"The art of drawing is neither more nor less than the faculty of describing by lines what one sees; and just so far as a person sees comprehensively, so far can that person define the contour of an object, or the space it occupies relatively to other objects, by boundary lines. And so of the perception of local light and dark, light and shade, color and texture, which make the qualities of all visible things which can be rendered by painting, and through the subtle knowledge of which, in proper combination, the artist is enabled, by means of a few pigments, brushes, and a flat surface, to convey an impression or representation of them to the mind of a beholder.

"It is true that looking at Nature attentively educates the eye and perceptive faculties to determining approximate qualities in a picture, and the study of good pictures enables the student of them to better comprehend the mysteries of nature. But he can only arrive at the power of close discrimination and scrutiny through the process pursued by artists in their education.

"Nothing is so illusive as this matter of vision, and hence young students, with their eyes just opening, their ideality active, and their feelings keen, think they can scan the whole arena of art's domain, and sit in arrogant judgment on the works of all ages and classes of minds.

"A few years, and their assumption becomes tempered to a healthier, wiser, and more judicious recognition of their own range of observation. And late in life they find the telescopes they clutched as boys are only tin horns—things to blast through, and not the tubes through which to read the stars.

"If the neophytes in art, then, are deluded in their estimate of how much they see and gauge, how much more so are the critics who have not even entered at the door through which only positive knowledge in sight can be obtained?

"On the walls of an Exhibition gallery are hung a promiscuous array of pictures, the products of different minds, possessing some qualities in common, but each

with its individual excellence arising from the individuality of the artist. Comparisons in works of art, therefore, are inconsistent and unphilosophical. With as much reason one can assert that an oak is better than a hickory, a willow than a cedar, a stramonium than a rose-bush. Each have their application in the divine economy. One for ships, another for wheel-barrow; one for charcoal, another for decorative uses; one for medicine, another for fragrance and beauty. Nor must we confound things, and say which is best, until we have scanned all its uses, and even then with broadest latitude and amplest qualification. True, the spectator may say that Mr. Church excels Mr. Kensett, or Mr. Kensett excels Mr. Church; that Mr. Leutze is superior to Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Johnson is the abler artist. But the united testimony of fifty men does not any the more make one superior to the other, or define the standard of excellence.

"And here we arrive at the next canon in art-criticism. None should attempt to define standards of excellence, methods, direction, or planes of difference, except those who are conceded as masters of a calling.

"Now, inasmuch as no one mind has all the qualities requisite for a perfect artist, so no artist can be considered oracular except in the qualities which constitute his particular excellence; while in the elements of which he is deficient he is more or less fallible.

"In proof of this, every true artist who has labored long at his profession learns his own weaknesses and shortcomings, and turns for direction and illumination instinctively to certain minds who have explored or probed beyond him, conscious that those only who are superior to him can healthily criticise his works, and the more effectively in the direction they are strongest. Thus, for force of dramatic character, for composition, for consistency in grouping, the rationale of chiar-oscuro, he would consult with one like Leutze, who is eminent in these qualities, and solicit his critical opinion before another's; for the evanescent expression of aerial gradation, the tenderness of hue and fullness of texture every where manifest in nature, he would seek advice from a Kensett; for the rendering of a pastoral theme, Durand; for tranquillity, Casilear; for the analysis of skies and thoroughness of detail, he would go to Church; for breadth and luminosity, to Gifford or Haseltine; for color, to Coleman; for large catholic sentiment and poetry, to Cole; for finesse and delicacy, to Shattuck or Hill; for fresh, hearty translation of quiet nooks, to Hart; and so, ad infinitum. Each and all have their dissimilar qualities of varied excellence. So have they each their parish of admirers; and all attempts at comparison are senseless, conducive to cabals and cliques, with their attendant bickerings, and to ignoble contests among followers or admirers.

"By the analysis of one picture the rules which should obtain in criticism may be explained, and we will take Mr. Leutze's *Crossing the Delaware* as a conspicuous illustration of our meaning. It is amenable to criticism from different stand-points. First, every student in history may comment from his knowledge of the historic data. Is the scene rendered according to all the facts and traditions? Are the costumes exact? The nationalities of the group consistently given? Do Washington's face and attitude convey his character? Is he too tall or too short, too young or too old, for the period of life? Is Greene's portrait from the best authorities? Is the hour of dawn right? etc., etc. Second, the material critic. The tailor, the shoemaker may scrutinize the facts of their crafts; the boat-builder may ask and question of the boat. These are the critical provinces of the general beholders. Then comes the technical province, or field of art, with its analysis. Are the positions and groupings consistent and skillfully disposed? Are the chiar-oscuro, light and shade, tone, color, textures, and qualities all satisfactorily expressed?

"Each artist and his satellites immediately begin with their objections. One will think the general color too cold, another too warm for the hour. One will exact more generality of treatment, another require more detail. The marine-painter may cavil at the water. The landscapist who has studied winter effects may object to the color and consistency of the ice.

"Many may find great incompleteness in the fragments; but it will be only as the whole theme and its treatment

can be grasped, analyzed, gauged, and weighed, that a really philosophical and intelligent criticism can be written.

"To accomplish this the critic must have all the knowledge of the various artistic minds, gathered from a long practice of the profession, and a technical knowledge of every object introduced into the work. He must be familiar with the scientific facts on which the rendering rests. He must be a dramatist to analyze the situations, and a thorough scholar to pronounce on the historic version. Does any critic of our newspapers combine all these elements? Otherwise he is but a quack mentor, and his syllables should be regarded as the noisy babblings of one, who, having the public ear, utters fallacies to the detriment of those who are doing their best to work out their inner promptings.

"Exactng such qualifications in the critic, you say, virtually does away with criticism. This is just the point at which we would arrive, namely: As no one within or without the profession has all the qualities necessary for a thorough and oracular art-critic, so a little less arrogance, a little less dogmatic *ex cathedra* assertion, a little less positiveness in promulgating shallow opinions, and a little more charity, for the constitutional blindness of the artists, would be in better taste.

"Let the public be encouraged to go to exhibitions, even upon the condition of making them free. Then let the people be educated by the various examples which various hands produce. One with ideality large will feast on a mystical conglomeration of tints such as Turner sent from his easel. Another will be stirred to heroism by the deeds of Washington or Luther happily depicted. A third, by the touching portrayal of the Sister of Charity's self-sacrifice, may be prompted to merciful acts and seek to do likewise. A fourth will find delight in the conscientious translation of a tin pot, or derive satisfaction in counting the leaves of a daisy wrought with a most marvelous patience.

"Another point to which I would allude is the quality of the works artists often exhibit. With painters, as with other men, the necessity of providing sustenance for themselves and families often compels them to paint sketchy things merely for bread, or to meet some pressing pecuniary want.

"In art, more than any other profession, this condition exists; and when an artist has done better things, a generous writer would never sneer at the slight works, however much he might deplore them, but rather put down to adverse circumstance, trouble, and necessity, the escape of these callow broods into the market's glare and invidious gaze.

"Then again, there are waif thoughts which an artist dashes off, and is willing to scatter among those who will entertain them for what they are worth.

"Many can afford to give a trifle for a thought sketchily expressed where one can pay for amplifying the thought through months of labor. Such works are not subjects for criticism, nor have they a definite value. One may be willing to give as many dollars as another would pence for the same thing. And so of the sale value of an artist's elaborate works. As there are no defined laws of criticism so there is no standard of pecuniary value. A picture to-day may bring a fabulous price. Next year none so poor to do it money reverence. One class of artists are popular this month, another will be next. Many of the most enduring fame scarcely realized enough in their lifetime to keep them from the fangs of penury. Others rioting in favors while living, being dead, have their works deemed valueless. So in this aspect of the question it behooves critics to look to their conceits and sounding paragraphs, for in all times have the false prophets abounded, and it is not a pleasant reputation to possess.

"There is a great wrong inflicted, in nearly every instance unwittingly doubtless, by the conductors of journals in permitting one who is expert with pen to write platitudes or dogmatic opinion behind the anonymous shield. The nameless sheltered individual, with a little more knowledge than the generality of his readers, is enabled by the use of a few technical phrases and sounding sentences to impose his opinion on the unlearned. This is a source fertile in mischief to the cause of a diversified, healthy, catholic art. And each profession should enter its protest against all such specious, deluding, and seemingly authori-

tative opinion, more especially when prompted by the animus which is so evident in some of the recent art notices.

"We are living in an age when the iconoclast rather should be immolated, that each may be permitted to worship the images which symbolize to him or her the most attractive, the gentlest, the purest, or the loftiest ideas."

The proper limits of the discussion here for this month are reached; and the Easy Chair will not take up the gage so pleasantly thrown down. But ~~he~~ must protest against interposing bread and butter as a bar to æsthetic criticism, for in that case there would be no mention of any works of any kind whatever except praise. What are called art-criticisms, whether in Mr. Jarves's book, in the columns of a newspaper, or in this mild domain of the Easy Chair, are merely the opinions and impressions of the amiable writers, modified and enlightened by more or less study and thought. To claim that each one shall be a complete master of the subject in every aspect and detail is wild, because his opinion, if unfavorable, or his criticism, is that the artist or author himself is not a master. Of course every man who writes for the public is morally bound to write sincerely and not malevolently, and if he have no knowledge of pictures, for instance, or no musical ear, he should be dissuaded from undertaking to discourse of paintings and music. But as for prohibiting all art-criticism not licensed by the National Academy, or granting that nobody knows any thing about pictures except the painters, these are follies against which the Easy Chair will continue to pour the shallow rill of his protest. Since people with tongues and pens will write and talk about pictures, let us hope that their observations may be intelligent and profound; but let us demand that they shall be sincere.

THERE was never a lovelier day for the Fourth of July than we had this year, and there was never probably a sincerer observance of it. Events have taught us the worth of what seemed somewhat cheap from familiarity and the solemnity of what had become almost a mere holiday. Indeed, the orator of the Fourth could not desire a more imposing emphasis than the times give to his theme; and if he were wise he could not fail to show exactly the character of our revolution as distinguished from all others and from mere rebellion. Washington, indeed, took up arms against his government, and was a rebel. But it does not follow, because the Jacobite gentry in Great Britain did the same thing thirty years before, that they were as honorable as Washington, although they were equally rebels. As the Rev. Dr. Thompson so well states the truth: "We can not say 'a rebellion is a rebellion,' or 'our fathers rebelled, therefore may we;' for, the conditions failing, that which was made to them a right may be in us a crime."*

There was one pleasant incident of the Fourth this year which was the diversion of money from mere selfish enjoyment to the refreshment of the soldiers. A generous and timely suggestion was made that fresh vegetables should be sent to the army, and two or three gentlemen taking the matter earnestly in hand, subscriptions poured in, a vessel was freighted, and on the happy day onions, beets, cabbages, and other grateful food were served to great numbers of the soldiers at the very front near Petersburg.

* "Revolution against Free Government not a Right, but a Crime." An Address by Joseph P. Thompson, D.D.

The city was comparatively quiet, and the accidents were very few. There was but one thing to be regretted, which was, that the news of the sinking of the *Alabama* was not received until the morning of the fifth. Yet it was not far from the Fourth when it came; and it renewed, during the season of the anniversary, that national pride in the navy which was last year gratified for the army by the victory at Gettysburg.

The old "Fourth of Julys" we shall not see any more. The days in which war was only a name of past and incredible suffering have gone forever. The soldier is no longer a queer and ludicrous figure, whom, in our pride of peace, we sincerely pitied. The militia musters, and sham-fights, and Cornwallises, that were such parodies upon the tragedy of war, will never again seem to us so absurd and contemptible. The soldier is now the most serious figure in the population, and war is the most familiar and terrible fact of the times.

We shall learn, and the lesson will point many a Fourth of July, oration yet undelivered, that nations are not altogether the worse for war, and that there are many greater calamities. In the homes, indeed, where the individual blow falls, shattering many more lives than the one gloriously lost, no sorrow seems so cruel. But in all the homes of the land, in the country itself, in the national heart, war may be a process of purification and elevation. This, indeed, can not be in any war of conquest or aggrandizement. It can only be where war is the alternative of dishonor, and when it is waged for no private or selfish advantage, but for the welfare of all.

THE refractory lawn of last summer upon which the Sassafras Club meets is once more smooth green turf, and a special meeting was called on the afternoon of the hottest day of the year for the solemn admission of the new member. The wind blew pleasantly, but ineffectively, from the west, when the neophyte was seated in the cane chair in the sassafras shadow, and was admitted *ad eundem*. Friendly, genial, accomplished, with an interesting, various, and unique experience of life; sensitive to every mood and word of his companions, as a ripe field of rye to the wind and sun, and sympathetic in all good and lofty impulses; a democrat of the true school, humane in feeling as John Howard, and fastidious in taste as the Count d'Artois; a mellow cynic with Jaques, and a gentleman with Mercutio, our new Knight of the Sassafras smiles in humorous contemplative incredulity through the smoke of his cigar, forever ready to despair, but always gay.

The meeting naturally suggested especial remembrance of the absent brethren. One, for instance, in London; one in Bombay; one among Berkshire hills, and one by the sea; the member for Woods and Pastures haply musing in some quiet nook upon the words of an "English female preacher" of the Friends, thoughtfully wondering whether among the sick and wounded in camp or hospital some duty might not be done by him. In the modulations of the west wind we heard their voices, and the new member declared that he saw them in the smoke, and had never seen them out of it.

But the most interesting report was from Bombay, from which the wind seemed especially to blow, and it was of the last act of our honored coadjutor Mancherjee Hormusjee Cama, that excellent Parsee who was always unable to see that an apple is

changed because you call it a peach, or that a good man is not the same as a Christian. No one who saw him will ever forget his sweet Asian tranquillity, or believe that Zoroaster had only the lees of wisdom. Some months ago he sent, in memory of his kind reception in America and interest in its cause, a sum of money to be used as the wisdom of his friends here should decide. And there is now finished and published a translation which he had caused to be made of the Zend-Avesta, or Persian bible. It had been edited in the original by German scholars, but Dr. Bleek has now for the first time rendered it into English. One hundred copies have been left in England for sale among English scholars. The rest of the edition Cama takes with him to India for the use of his brethren, who are the merchants there, and more familiar with the English tongue often than the original language of their scriptures.

It is a generous and worthy charity of the representative of the old race and religion to the new. He turns from the glaring modern land of England back into the majestic dusk of Asia, and says to his English brethren: "Fellow-creatures and Christians, it is not your fault that your civilization is so recent and crude. Farewell; and receive the blessing of one who holds to a faith, which, as you see by this Book, taught the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, for centuries before those doctrines were current among the Jews."

Difference of language is the most fatal impediment to a true cosmopolitanism. If, when we climbed the great wall of China, we could converse familiarly with the tawny native whose eyes, held so wide open by his cue, stare at us amazed from the other side, how wonderfully the work of civilization would be simplified! Now a little Pigeon-talk with the poorest part of the civilization, which our Sassafras member for Hong-Kong and Koo-Too so well reproduces, and a vague trading chat with a few great merchants, is nearly the sum of our intercourse with that huge and mysterious people. In view of the necessity of counteracting the consequences of Babel the Sassafras Club are considering the propriety of issuing proposals for a universal language, accompanied, upon the part of the inventor, with a guarantee of universal acceptance.

WE trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the Appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and indorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many-whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from \$50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the in-

terest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before. No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war. The cost of the war may be set down at 2000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for \$50, or \$100, or \$1000 can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It amounts to just two cents a day for each hundred dollars. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half-year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will every where be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings' Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 5 per cent. upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits \$1000 in a private Savings' Bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives 73 dollars. Large capitalists, who can watch the Exchange from day to day, and are willing to run the risk of losing a fortune for the chance of making another, may afford to take part in the fight of Bulls and Bears; but for those who wish to find a safe, convenient, and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT "down East" sends the three following:

Old Major T—m, who died at Wiscasset, in Maine, many years since, was for a long time crier of the courts for Lincoln County. He was a man of ready wit and infinite humor. It is inscribed on his tomb-stone that

"A man of social wit lies buried here."

He was of genial temper, and had a great fund

of anecdotes and stories, which he rehearsed to the constant amusement of the Court and bar, who congregated at stated periods at the gay and hospitable town of his residence. He was for many years previous to his death afflicted with the shaking palsy, which caused a constant vibration of his head from side to side in a violent manner. In his day the practice of taking a social glass at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. was the rule of social life. Among the boon companions of the Major was one Oakey, a fat and good-natured shoemaker, who was afflicted with a perpetual and rapid winking of the eyes. One day, about 11 A.M., the Major was seen walking down on one side of the business street of the village, while Oakey was coming up on the opposite side. "Oakey!" called out the Major, "did you *wink* for me to come over and take something to drink?" "Yes," replied Oakey, "but you *shook your head*, saying no; and I never urge a man by asking him a second time!"

J—L— lived in the same State. He was a man of pompous manners and pretentious learning, and always affected the most perfect knowledge of every matter or subject which was presented before him. Years ago, when the first giraffe was imported into the country and advertised for exhibition, he read the advertisement to those present, and exclaimed, "Giraf-fee! Giraf-fee! I suppose she is the best singer who has ever visited this country!"

A POLICE OFFICER in the capital of this same State once arrested certain parties for offenses against the city ordinances, and upon their arraignment was the principal witness for the Government. Describing the time when the offense was committed, he said it was "between sunset and dark." "You mean to say," said the Court, "that it was *twilight*?" "I don't know any thing about Latin," responded the witness, "but I know it was between sunset and dark."

OUR little Alexander—surnamed Alex for short—a bright boy of four years, with a full knowledge that the dainties and good things were kept under lock and key in a corner pantry, had been teasing his sick mother, who, after having repeatedly told him to keep quiet, made the remark that with all his noise she would grow crazy, probably die, and have to be put in the cold ground. His face assumed a very anxious look as he broke out with, "Ma, don't forget to leave the key of the pantry!"

HERE is the first letter the Drawer has had from the Libey Prison:

I am an officer in the army. I was captured at Gettysburg, and have recently returned to my regiment, after seven months' confinement in that Confederate hell, Libey Prison, whence I escaped on the morning of February 10, *viâ the hole*. Stray copies of your valuable journal occasionally found their way within our prison walls, and many an hour I have beguiled in reading the side-splitting jokes with which the Drawer is always replete. I have never read in it any contributions from Libey, and I send you the following, which you may publish if you choose; and you may hear from me again.

Among the officers there was the well-known Brigadier-General —, who frequently entertained us with lectures on temperance and other topics, and by his gentlemanly manners, affability, and kindness of heart, gained the friendship of all. One of

our greatest torments was the disgusting abundance of *vermin*, and frequent skirmishing was necessary to prevent ourselves from being devoured by these unwelcome intruders upon our comfort. One morning two officers were promenading our room when they found themselves *vis-à-vis* with the General, who was seated at a window, with his red shirt (a donation from the Sanitary Commission) upon his knees, and busily engaged in the performance of his daily task. After watching him a moment, one of them quizzingly inquired, "General, are you *lousy*?" The General, looking up from his work a moment, and gazing at the inquirer with a comical expression, replied, "No, *I* am not, but my *shirt* is!"

CAPTAIN BUCKNER was stopping for wood on his way down the Mississippi. He thought the pile was too green, and he said to the owner, "How long has your wood been cut?"

"*About four feet*," gravely replied the man of wood, and the Captain owed him one.

FREDDY had him "there," as this story will show:

Freddy is a "little one" of seven years' growth, the son of a minister, who, with his wife, had just arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying that the "parsonage" was a three-story building, when in fact it was only two, he said, "Ma." "Well, Freddy." "Pa is right." "How so, Freddy?" "The kitchen is one." "Yes." "This floor is two." "Yes." "And the *story* that pa told is *three*."

FROM Minnesota a learned lawyer writes to the Drawer:

In 1858 there were held in the Fourth Judicial District in Minnesota the first courts under our State organization, and of course there was great ignorance upon the part of clerks and sheriffs as to their duties, and the proper manner in which they should be performed. In one county in the District the sheriff was absent at the first sitting of the Court, and his deputy presented himself in the person of a tall and unsophisticated German, who spoke English tolerably well, and appeared somewhat elated with his position. The Judge, peculiarly sensitive that "all things should be done decently and in order," took the precaution, before the opening of court, to question this official as to his knowledge of the proper proclamation, and finding him (as he anticipated) totally ignorant of his duty in this respect, yet able to read writing, he wrote out for the deputy-sheriff the proclamation in full, commencing, "Hear ye! hear ye!" and ending, as customary, "Come forward and give your attendance, and you shall be heard;" and directed the officer to read the same when commanded "to make proclamation for the opening of court." At the appointed hour the Judge was on the bench, the sheriff in his place, and the usual concourse of people assembled. The sheriff was directed to open the court, when he rose with the paper aforesaid in his hands, and roared out, "Here we are! here we are!" and running through the middle of the proclamation before the horror-stricken Judge could recover from his astonishment, he "brought down the house" with the conclusion—"Come forward and give your attendance, and you will be sure and be here!" He evidently regarded the burst of applause which followed as simply a just tribute to the commendable manner in which he had discharged his duty.

A FRIEND in the Navy writes to the Drawer:

In one of our squadrons which shall be nameless one of the officers, wanting to get leave of absence, went up to the Commandant's office, and no one was in but the clerk. The Commandant very soon came in, and anticipating at a glance the errand, and pretending not to see the officer, at once cried out to the clerk, "If any officer comes to-day for leave of absence, order him at once on board the *Starling*," which was about to go on active service. Then turning to the startled officer, he added, "Ah! what can I do for you to-day?" "Nothing at all, thank you," he replied, and made a masterly retreat.

AN incident of "the war" is sent to the Drawer by a friend in St. Louis:

During the month of September, 1863, the —th Regiment of — Cavalry, after a very hard campaign, chasing rebels and guerrillas through sections of southeastern Missouri and northeastern Arkansas, returned to the post of P— for the purpose of recruiting their ranks and recuperating their horses. A few days after their return a number of men were detailed from the regiment for the purpose of guarding a lot of rebel prisoners, guerrillas, and sympathizers, confined in the guard-house. The guard was mounted at 9 A.M. Next morning, about sunrise, a prisoner asked permission of the sergeant then commanding the guard to leave the guard-house. Among the men on guard as supernumeraries there was one who was an excellent shot with the revolver, and at the time was the only one in the guard-room. He was selected to take charge of the prisoner. Upon being ordered by the sergeant to do so, he remarked, in the presence of the prisoner, that he supposed there was no necessity for taking his carbine, as the prisoner would not run. Getting up leisurely he carelessly threw his blouse over his shoulder, and in doing so concealed his revolver. The man had not gone a hundred yards from the guard-house when he started for the brush, a short distance off. The guard sung out "Halt!" but the prisoner paid no attention to the summons. The guard leisurely unbuttoned his holster, drew his revolver, took deliberate aim, fired, and brought the prisoner down; then replacing his revolver he returned to the guard-room, and by the time the commanding-officer of the post reached the place, was taking charge of another prisoner who wished to leave the guard-house. On examination of the corpse of the prisoner who had been shot, it was found the ball had struck in the centre of the back of his head, killing him instantly. The event had a marked effect on the prisoners confined at the post, and while the regiment was stationed there not another attempted to escape.

A DRAWER reader at Johnson's Island writes:

When the United States Government called upon the United States National Guard to rally round the flag for the period of one hundred days, many of the commissioned officers therein, while being intelligent in some things, were decidedly green in the mysteries of the military. The Forty-ninth Ohio National Guard, commanded by Colonel De Wolf, were ordered to report at Johnson's Island. One of the companies, upon disembarking, was ordered to fall in and march off by their captain, who did not know a single command, in this wise: "Choose partners, gentlemen, get in two rows, and march endways, as you did yesterday."

A CORRESPONDENT sends an advertisement of a new patent medicine, called Psychagoga, which he cuts from a newspaper. He says the term is derived from two Greek words—the "soul," and to "drive;" and he has no doubt it is a good name, and will *drive the soul* out of any body that takes it.

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent says that the following incident took place not long since on Montgomery Street:

A freshly-imported Mick had been suffering with a very severe toothache; wished very much to have it extracted; but was too mean to pay the dentist's fee. He happened to be strolling along the street the other day, when he espied in a window the words, "Teeth Extracted without Pain;" and ejaculated, "Teeth 'stracted without payin', is it? Och! I'm in here, sure!" So he seats himself in the dentist's chair, who "distracts" it for him double-quick, much to Mickie's gratification. He took the molar between his thumb and finger, and after cursing it loud and long for all the *botheration* it had given him, he took his hat and was on the point of leaving, when the dentist politely checked him and demanded his fee. "Och! fee is it? Bedad to yez, ye big land shark, and isn't yerself as advertises in the window to 'distract' teeth without payin'?"

THERE was a bill introduced into the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses. Some appreciative member proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted; and, amidst much jocularity, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain; and to this day all jackasses, lawyers, and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

I HAVE read many instances in the Drawer demonstrating "the ruling passion strong in death," but none, I think, more clearly than an incident which came under my own observation. A Dutchman named Moale worked as journeyman at the Nautical Instrument-making business for a firm in this city (Baltimore). As a particular friend of the son of the head of the firm I was very often at the store, and formed Moale's acquaintance. One even-

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EAGER, BUT NEAR-SIGHTED ANGLER.—"Hallo, my friend, do you have any luck?"

ing in the summer, after the store was closed, the foreman, Dutchman, my friend, and myself went to the river to bathe. The Dutchman, who could not swim, was sitting on the side of the boat, with his feet in the water, enjoying himself to his heart's content, when by some accident he fell in, and immediately gravitated toward bottom. After considerable effort we succeeded in getting him into the boat, insensible, and as we thought dead. After a while, however, he opened his eyes, and in a weak, supplicating voice, addressed the foreman, "Charley, if I comes down a little late in the morning, you marks me seven o'clock!"

THESE come from New Hampshire:

Our near neighbor is old General G——, a kind friend, and who probably obtained his honorable title in the old days of militia training when he was young, some half century ago. When we first made the General's acquaintance he warned us that he should "pour in on us" rather frequently; and as wife and I are sitting together evenings he makes good his threat; for, to use his own word, he finds us "*rather more come-at-able than some of the neighbors.*" The General has a genial soul, and, after a little good-natured gossip, usually winds up with



NOT BAD TO TAKE.

MASTER AUGUSTUS.—“Uncle Bob, I say, this is what I call Fishing!”

some story or other which leaves us shaking our sides as his venerable white head disappears through the door. Not long ago we were talking of birth-places, homesteads, etc., and the General says: “I must tell you about the Boston darkey. Before the days of railroads, a long time ago, a farmer away up in Vermont started for Boston, with his drove of cattle for the city market. He took Sam with him, his colored man, to help keep the beeves in the road. They reached Boston in due time, and the oxen and steers being transferred to the farmer’s pocket in the shape of a roll of bank-notes, the boss told Sam he might look about town an hour or two, and they’d start for home. Pretty soon Sam met a city darkey, and they fell a chatting. Says the city-bred: ‘Whar was you born, an’ whar did you come from?’ The Vermont nigger promptly acknowledged his Green Mountain birth-place and home; and after satisfying the other in all his queries about ‘how things looked up dar,’ thought he would quiz a little. ‘An’ whar was you born?’ said the Vermonter to the black sage of Athens. The city Cuff lifted up his head, and putting on all the mock dignity of his African nature, pompously replied, ‘*Whar was I born? Why I was born in Bosting, Newburyport, Marblehead, Salem, and all along shore!*’ The Ver-

monter showed the whites of his eyes for about a minute, haw-haw-ed, and strode off for his master, declaring, ‘Dem city darkeys debblish funny anyhow!’”

A CLERICAL brother of ours has a sharp little Sis, and who, of course, is made to say the Commandments on Sundays, and other good things which children ought to know. She is very fond of milk, but her papa can not conveniently keep a cow. So one day she was looking out of the window very wishfully at neighbor Jones’s barnyard, where lay a nice milker chewing her cud, the very picture of comfort. “I wish Mr. Jones’s cow was papa’s, mamma.” “No, my daughter,” said her mother; “that is breaking the tenth commandment, you know.” Sis was wonderfully still for a moment; but at last she had her logic ready: “Well, mamma, ’twouldn’t be very naughty, for ’tisn’t an ox nor an ass; ’tis only a cow!” Sis was a little worldly-wise, like some that are older.

In one of the large towns on the West Branch of the Susquehanna the ladies of the Episcopal Church had a *soirée* for its benefit. It was intended to be very nice, and proved so in the end. Among the temporary residents of the place is Harry Wing, an ex-member of the Legislature, and at present in the Government employ. Although a married man, and his head slightly sprinkled with gray, he is very much interested in the young folks—particularly young ladies. A few days before the evening for the *soirée* he met a party of young people on the street, and advised them all to secure tickets, as it was to be “a grand affair: the *éclat* of the town will be there!”

I do not think you have published any “four-year-old” stories that can excel the following: Willie H— and Willie S— were playing in the yard, when they found a land-turtle, which they captured and buried in the garden. Some days after they made diligent search for it, but without success. After getting themselves pretty well covered with ground, Willie H—, placing his arms akimbo, said, “Well, now, I just tell you what it is, Will S—, there’s no use looking for the thing, ’cause it’s gone through to the other side.”

Fashions for September.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—EVENING TOILET AND CHILD'S DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—MORNING DRESS.

THE EVENING TOILET is of white tarletan, with sleeves of illusion net. The fringe is of the kind denominated *llama*.

The CHILD'S DRESS is of worsted, ornamented with embroidery and braid. The form of the girdle, bodice, and shoulder-straps is shown in the illustration.

The MORNING DRESS is of taffeta or poplin of any choice color, with a trimming of black silk, which is repeated upon the Swiss ceinture.

A PARDESSUS, mantle-shaped, with crochet-headed fringe, is likely to be the favorite style for the promenade. Silk, or, later in the season, velvet will be the material.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

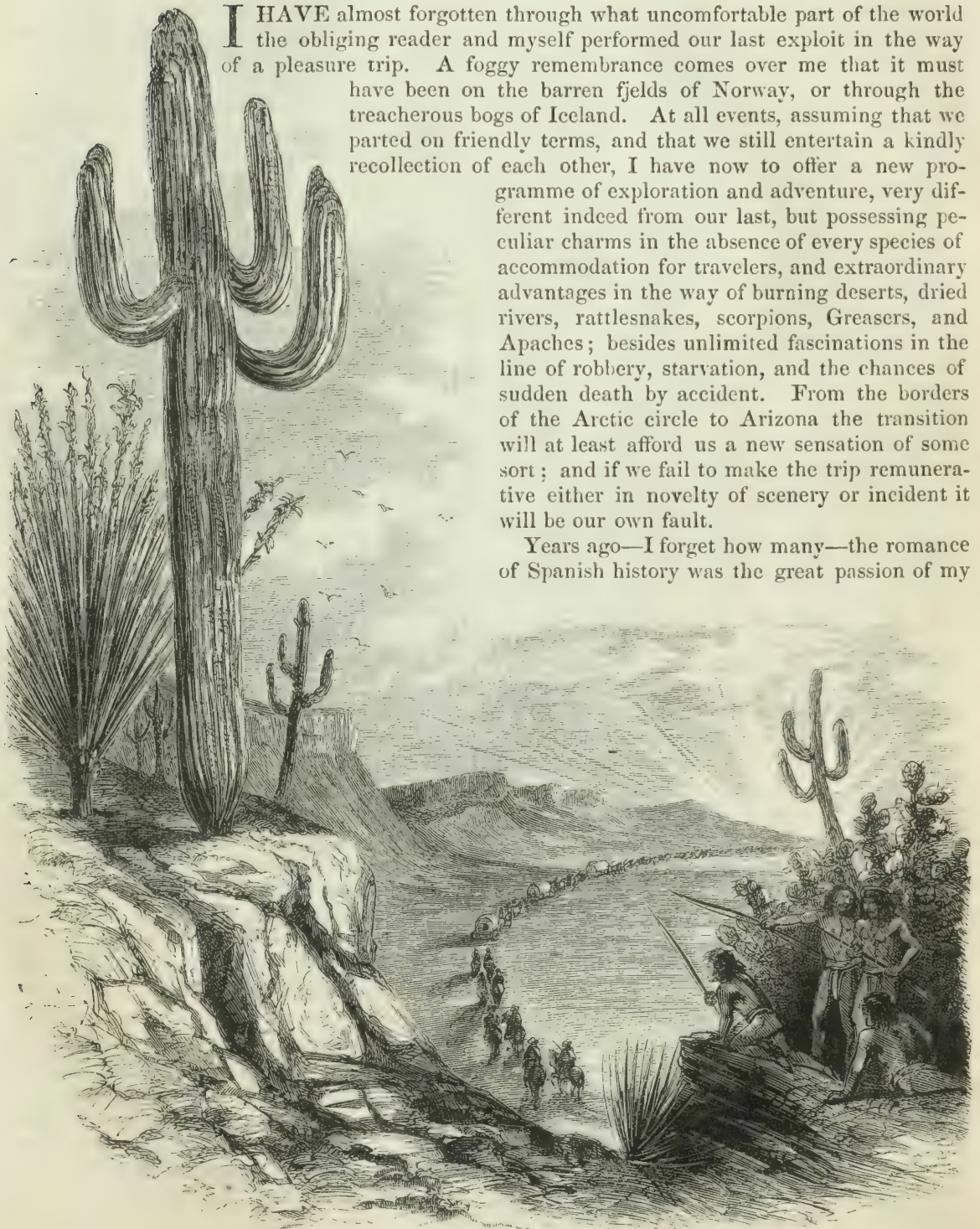
No. CLXXIII.—OCTOBER, 1864.—VOL. XXIX.

A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[First Paper.]

I HAVE almost forgotten through what uncomfortable part of the world the obliging reader and myself performed our last exploit in the way of a pleasure trip. A foggy remembrance comes over me that it must have been on the barren fjelds of Norway, or through the treacherous bogs of Iceland. At all events, assuming that we parted on friendly terms, and that we still entertain a kindly recollection of each other, I have now to offer a new programme of exploration and adventure, very different indeed from our last, but possessing peculiar charms in the absence of every species of accommodation for travelers, and extraordinary advantages in the way of burning deserts, dried rivers, rattlesnakes, scorpions, Greasers, and Apaches; besides unlimited fascinations in the line of robbery, starvation, and the chances of sudden death by accident. From the borders of the Arctic circle to Arizona the transition will at least afford us a new sensation of some sort; and if we fail to make the trip remunerative either in novelty of scenery or incident it will be our own fault.

Years ago—I forget how many—the romance of Spanish history was the great passion of my



ON THE MARCH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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life. Those grand old viceroys of Mexico, from the days of Cortéz downward, were such a splendid set of mauraders—so fired with chivalry, lust, and fanaticism; so wildly visionary to conceive, and so daring to execute—that, upon a general review of their exploits, which so long furnished food for my imagination, it is a matter of the most profound astonishment to myself that I have never turned my attention to piracy or highway robbery. No stronger proof of innate rectitude could possibly exist. At the least calculation I should have arisen to the dignity of an original explorer, instead of rambling over the trodden paths of the New World as I now do, a mere everyday tourist, in the footsteps of those giant old freebooters whose histories have shed such a glorious lustre upon the country that gave them birth. Especially do I remember the peculiar fascination that hung around that wild region far away to the north of Mexico, wherein it was said great cities of marvelous wealth existed and wonderful rivers were found, “the banks of which were three or four leagues in the air.”* The very name of “Arizuma”† was fraught with the rarest charms of romance. Here it was that gold and silver existed in virgin masses; here were races of highly-civilized Indians and beautiful women, fair as alabaster, living an Acadian life; here were the magnificent cities of Civola and Chichitcala, and the great river called the Tezon. It was through the wild and mystic region to the north of the Gila that Marco de Niça made his famous expedition under direction of the Viceroy, Mendoza, in 1535; and here, over thousands of miles of desert and mountain, roamed those daring adventurers Coronado, and Pedro de Tohar, and Lopez de Cardenas and Cabeza de Vaca—he of the cow-head but lion-heart—and the famous guide Estevan, the blackamoor, who was put to death by the Moquis for making love to their women—a natural though unpardonable offense in that region even unto the present day.

Of a later date were the explorations and adventures of the brave old Jesuit Missionary Padre Eusebius Francis Kino, to whom all honor is rendered by Vanega, the early historian of California. Father Kino, inspired by religious motives, left his mission of Dolores in 1698, and journeyed north as far as the Gila River, battling with the perils of the wilderness and Christianizing the Indians. During the years 1699 and 1704 he made numerous journeys equally long, difficult, and dangerous, solving many interesting problems in regard to the newly discovered countries, erecting missions, and collecting vast treasures of information about the wonderful people whom he encountered in his travels. The peaceful conquests of Father Kino and his followers over the barbarous races of Sonora and Arizuma are among the most curious records of history; and to this day may be seen, in the ruined missions and vestiges of

Christian faith among the Yaqui, Opoto, and Papago Indians, the noblest monuments of their works. From the discontinuance of the Jesuit Missions the progress of discovery was chiefly toward the development of the vast silver deposits known to exist in Northern Sonora, which at that time comprised an indefinite extent of territory north of the Gila. Nothing in the pages of romance can equal the marvelous stories that were told of the mineral wealth of Arizuma. Borne out by facts sufficiently wonderful to dazzle the imagination, it is not surprising that the credulity of men was stretched to its utmost limit. Even at that early date there were speculators in “wild cat,” and foolish people to listen to them, and mankind was bought and sold just as it is at the present day.

But who could resist such proofs as were presented in the form of solid masses of virgin silver actually dug out of the earth? Neither you nor I, reader, nor Baron Humboldt who tells us about them, nor Mr. Ward, the British Ambassador, who furnishes corroborative testimony; nor the laborious Mr. Wilson, who writes a history of Mexico to disperse the mists of fancy cast over that country by the magic pen of Prescott; nor any body else with an eye for the needful, to say nothing of the picturesque or the beautiful. Only conceive the sensations of a poor wretch who stumbles over such a lump of silver as that upon which Don Diego Asmendi paid duties to the Spanish Government! The official report made by the Custom-house officer—and we don't know what per-centage of treasure went into his pocket—states that Don Diego paid duties on a virgin lump weighing 275 pounds. The aggregate weight of several other pieces upon which the king's attorney brought suit for duties was 4033 pounds; and the same officer also sued for the possession of a piece of pure silver weighing 2700 pounds, on the ground that it was a curiosity, and therefore rightfully belonged to his majesty the king, which every body must admit was good logic if not very good law. Should our own Government conclude to take the mines, it might be well to seize upon all the heavy masses of silver as curiosities properly belonging to our excellent President, Mr. Lincoln. I have no doubt the smallest of them would be a curiosity to his rebellious neighbor, Jeff Davis. There are attorneys here who would sue the Prince of Darkness himself, if they thought they could extract virgin silver out of him; and I have known Custom-house officers whose reports of duties were absolutely astounding.

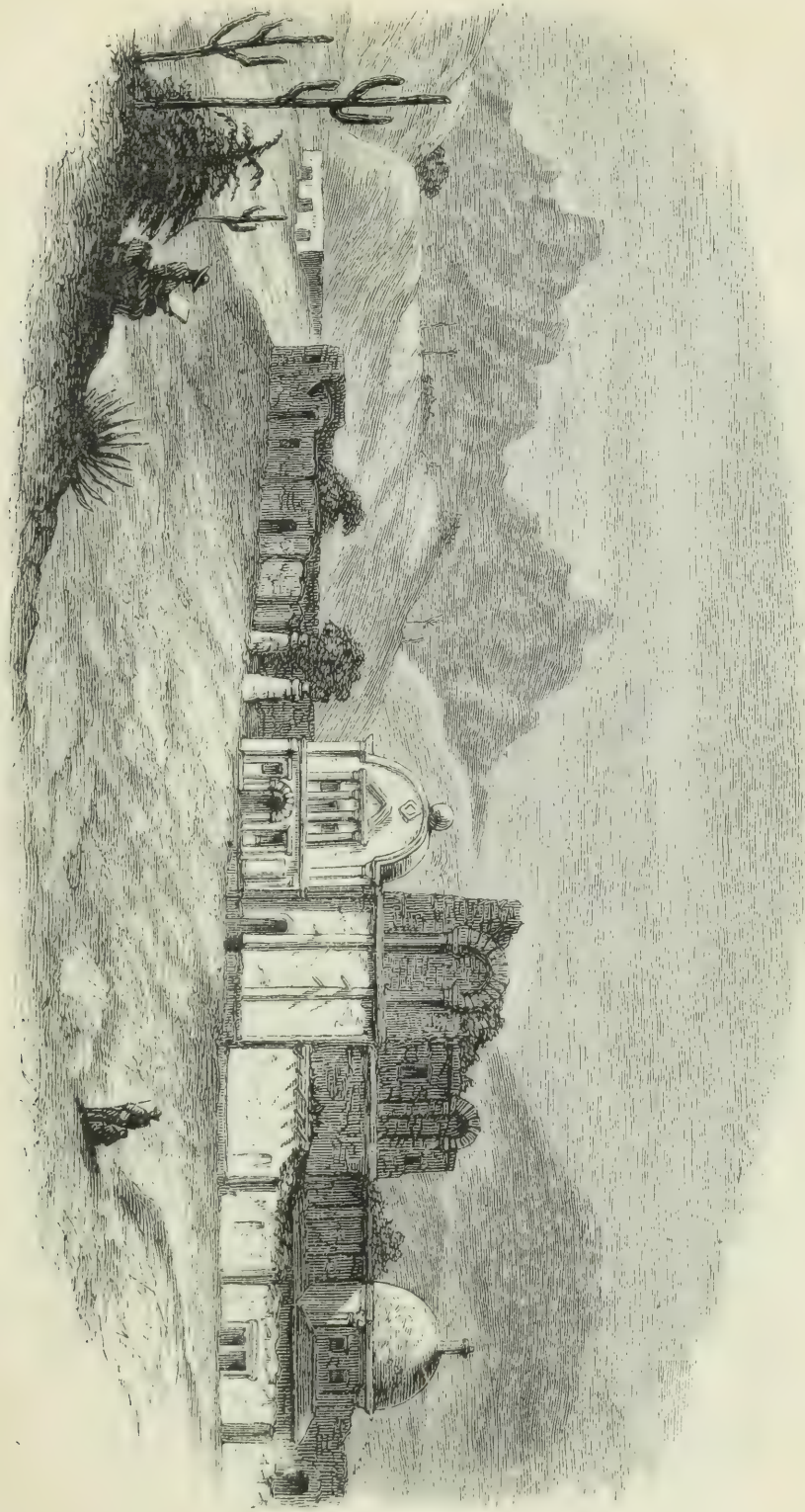
Nearly three thousand pounds of virgin silver, the heaviest mass ever found in the world! Oh, lovely virgin! effulgent, fascinating, glittering virgin! Who would not worship such a lump of a virgin as that? Who would not join me in a visit to the joyous land of Arizuma where such precious virgins exist?

But why is it, you cunningly ask, if the silver mines of Arizona are as rich as they are represented to be, that they are now deserted? Why have they failed to attract a mining population?

* Expedition of Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, under direction of Coronado, in 1540.

† The old Spanish name of Arizona.

MISSION OF SAN JOSE DE TUNACACONT.



Arizona has never yet had an American population of over three thousand, and not a very good one at that.

The Territory of Arizona was acquired by purchase from Mexico, under the Gadsden treaty made in September, 1853, and confirmed by Congress during the session of 1853-4. Prior to its purchase it formed a part of the Mexican State of Sonora. The cession was contained within certain parallels and boundaries, embracing some forty thousand square miles of land, with a length of four hundred and sixty miles and an extreme width of a hundred and thirty. In negotiating for the purchase of this territory Mr. Gadsden made strenuous efforts to secure a strip of country as far south as Guyamas, but he was not sustained by Congress, and thus the most important feature in the treaty was omitted—a port on the Gulf of California. The United States found itself in possession of a country which it was impracticable to reach except across extensive and inhospitable deserts, and over vast ranges of mountains, many of them covered with perpetual snow, or by means of a bal-

loon. Why has Arizona made no progress within the past ten years, while Washoe and Idaho have made such rapid strides within three or four years?

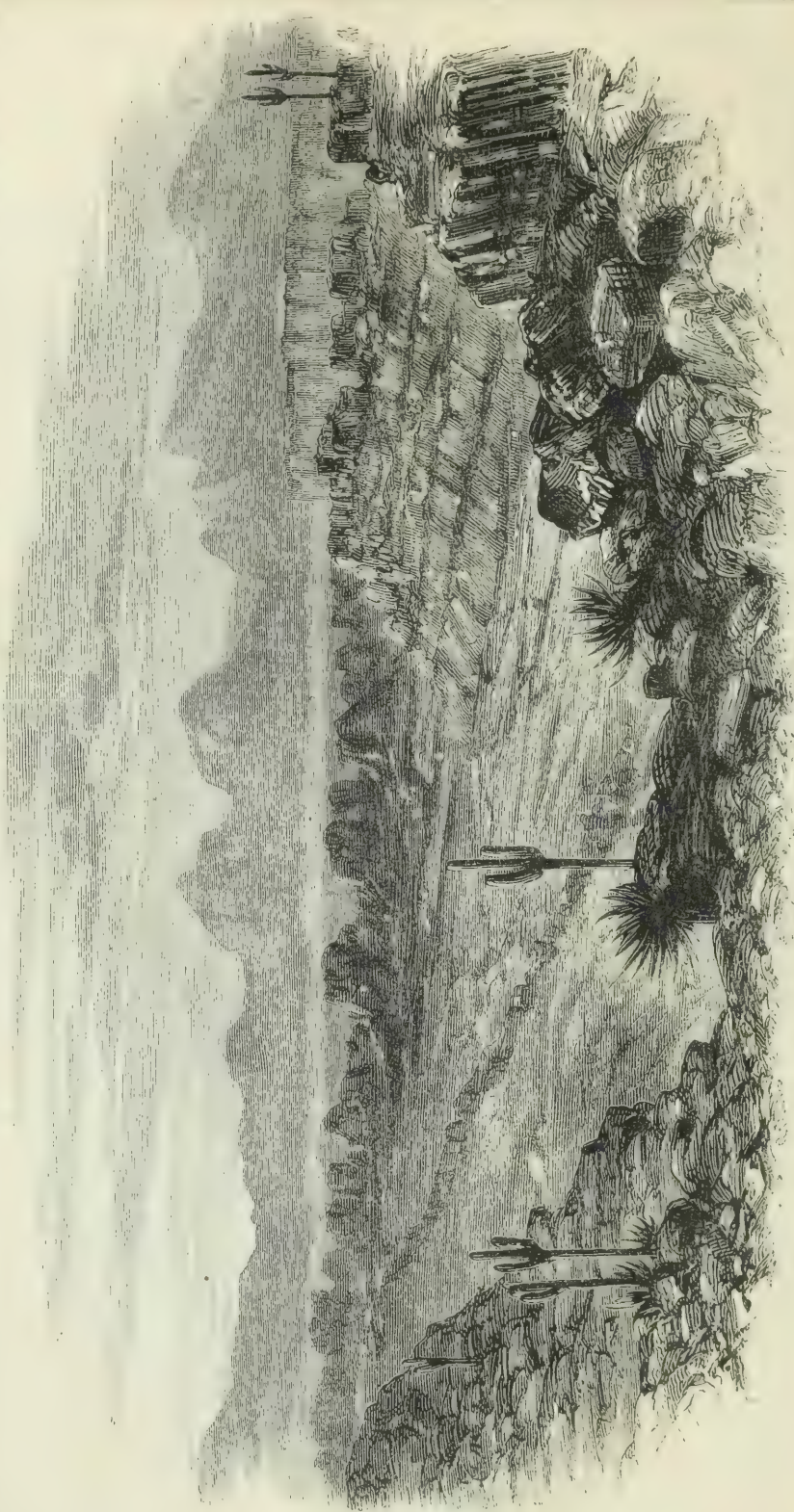
Be patient, if you please, and let me answer this torrent of inquiries by a brief reference to the past and present condition of Arizona. It is true that the silver mines of Washoe attracted a population of ten thousand during the first year of their discovery; also true that Idaho now boasts a population of thirty thousand; while the melancholy fact can not be denied that

It is possible some vague notion prevailed in the halls of Congress that the difficulty might be remedied by a port at Fort Yuma or the Pimo villages. There being, during seasons of drought, from six to ten inches of water in the Colorado, and from four to six in the Gila, except at the two points above-named, where the navigation is further impeded by fluctuating sand-bars, it must be conceded that there is some ground for the idea. A port at either of these places would be of great benefit to the country if it had a bottom to it that

would hold water, or a top that would prevent evaporation.

At the period of its purchase Arizona was practically a *terra incognita*. Hunters and trappers had explored it to some extent; but their accounts of its resources and peculiarities were of a vague and marvelous character somewhat unreliable, yet not inconsistent with their wild habits of life. Few people in the United States knew any thing about it, save the curious book-worms who had penetrated into the old Spanish records. An impression prevailed that it was a worthless desert, without sufficient wood or water to sustain a population of civilized beings, and for the most part destitute of any compensating advantages. Mr. Gadsden was ridiculed for his purchase, and it was very generally believed that Congress, in expending ten millions of dollars for such an arid waste, had in view some ulterior project of extension, based upon the balance of power between the Northern and Southern States. It was even hinted that this was to be a grand reservoir for disappointed office-seekers, who could be effectually disposed of by means of Territorial appointments. It was inhabited almost exclusively by savage tribes of Indians, from whose ravages the Texans and Mexicans had long suffered; and now, if our surplus of adventurous politicians could only be sent there, the more valuable of our possessions would no longer be subject to their injurious machinations. With this view Mr. Jefferson Davis did one of the few good things he ever did in his life. He organized various expeditions, and caused the newly-acquired territory to be explored. It is possible he contemplated living in it himself upon his retirement from the Presidency of the slave Republic which

even then he must have had in his eye. The reports of Lieutenants Whipple and Ives are among the most valuable of the contributions made to our knowledge of this interesting region. In 1853-4, Lieutenant Williamson made a survey of the country north of the Gila, in view of a route for a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific States. Lieutenant A. B. Gray, in 1854, made a survey from Marshall, Texas, to El Paso, and thence across the country to Tubac, from which point he made branch surveys—one to Port Lobos, on the Gulf of California, and the other to Fort Yuma and San



ROCKY MESA ON THE GILA.

SILVER MINES IN THE SANTA RITA MOUNTAINS



merous surveys and explorations through Northern Arizona, the reports of which have been published from time to time by Congress. They are valuable for the information they contain in reference to the availability of the different routes proposed, as well as for the important discoveries made by Mr. Beale himself. In 1854 Mr. Charles D. Poston, a private citizen, landed at Navachista, on the Gulf of California, and explored the country as far as Western Sonoita, and thence through the Papagoria to the Big Bend of the Gila, Fort Yuma, and San Diego. In 1855 the Boundary Survey was completed by Major Emory and Lieutenant Michler. In August, 1856, an exploring party outfitted at San Antonio, Texas, and after a perilous journey through the Apache Pass arrived at Tubac, and proceeded, under the direction of Mr. Poston, to examine the silver mines reported to exist in the Santa Rita, Cerro Colorado, and Arivaca Mountains; and in 1857 companies were formed for the purchase and develop-

ment of these mines. In August and September, 1857, the San Antonio and San Diego semi-monthly stage-line, under the direction of I. C. Woods, was established, James Burch acting as contractor. This continued till the Butterfield semi-weekly line was put upon the route, in August, 1858, under a contract of six years with the Postmaster-General, at \$600,000 a year. An enterprise of greater importance than this had never been undertaken by any private citizen. It was one of the grand achievements of the age to span the continent by a semi-weekly line of stages, under

Diego. Mr. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission, also made some very important surveys, and added materially to our knowledge of the topographical peculiarities of the country, its climate and productions. His report is replete with interesting details of life, scenery, and adventure in Arizona. Few persons, save those who are familiar with the country, will complain of the minutiae of his camp experiences. Lieutenant Parke, in 1854-5, made a survey of a route from San Diego to Fort Yuma, the Pimo villages, Tucson, El Paso, and into Northern Texas. Lieutenant Edmund F. Beale made nu-

bonds to perform, by the sole power of horse-flesh, a trip of nearly two thousand five hundred miles within the schedule time of twenty-five days. Few believed it could be done; and when the vast deserts through which the route lay, and the hostile tribes of Indians that inhabit them, are taken into account, it is a marvel that it was not only a success but a triumph. There was no failure from the beginning to the end—from St. Louis to San Francisco. The usual time was from twenty to twenty-two days; and on the occasion of the transmission of a Presidential Message, the entire trip was actually made within sixteen days! All praise to Butterfield! and all praise to that enterprising Postmaster-General who put him through!

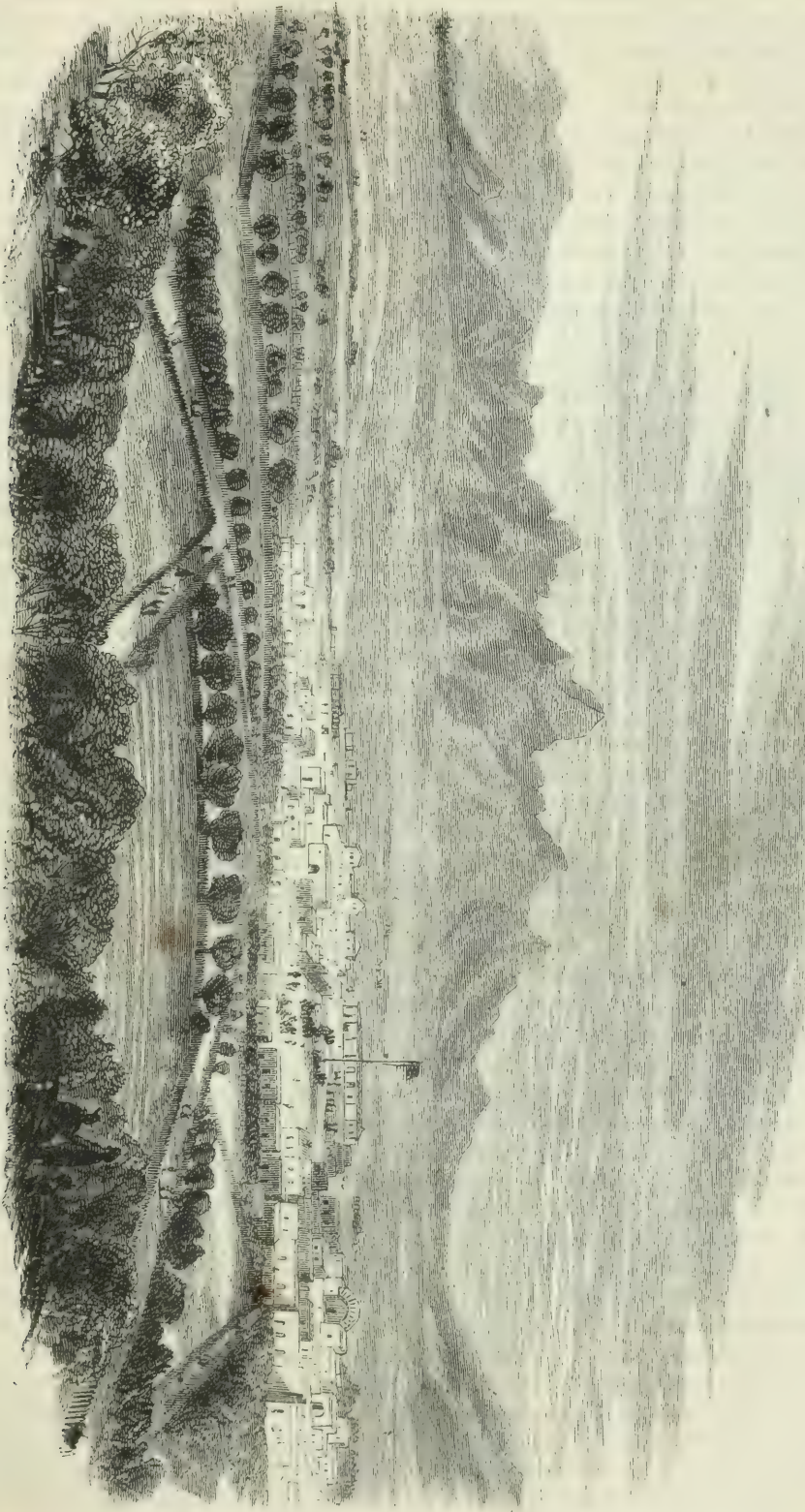
From 1857 to 1860 a large amount of capital was expended in transporting and erecting machinery and developing the silver mines south of Tucson; but in consequence of the inaccessible nature of the country, and the high rates of duties levied upon all importations through Sonora, these enterprises were carried on at great expense and under extraordinary difficulties. Boilers weighing six thousand pounds and heavy engines had to be transported in wagons from Lavaca in Texas to the Rio Grande, and thence across the continent to the silver regions—a distance of twelve hundred miles. The roads were almost as nature had made them—rough and rocky, abounding in ruts and pitfalls and heavy sands, and every mile of the way from the Rio Grande was beset with dangers. Fierce and barbarous Indians lurked behind the rocks and in the deep arroyos, ever on the alert to plunder and murder the little bands of white men who toiled wearily through the inhospitable deserts. The sufferings of these hardy adventurers were almost without a parallel in the history of human enterprise. Hunger and thirst and burning suns and chilling nights were among the least of the trials to which they were subject; sudden death from hidden foes, or cruel and



HARDY ADVENTURER.

prolonged torture, stared them in the face at every step. The wayside was lined with the bleached bones of unfortunate men who had preceded them, straggling parties who had fallen victims to the various perils of the journey. When, after weary months of toil and suffering, the jaded teamsters arrived in Arizona with their precious freight—now literally worth its weight in silver—they found no established homes, no prosperous communities of families to greet them, but a country as wild as that through which they had passed, almost desolated by the ravages of Apaches. For three centuries these Bedouins of the desert had continued their depredations upon stock, robbing the ranches, killing the rancheros, and harassing emigrant parties. No industry could prosper under their malign influence. The whole State of Sonora was devastated, and the inhabitants in a starving condition. Arizona possessed at least the pretense of military protection. It soon became infested with the refuse population of Sonora—the most faithless and abandoned race, perhaps, on the face of the earth. What the Apaches left undone in the way of murder and robbery

TUCSON.



thieves, cut-throats, and gamblers formed the mass of the population. Every man went armed to the teeth, and scenes of bloodshed were of everyday occurrence in the public streets. There was neither government, law, nor military protection. The garrison at Tucson confined itself to its legitimate business of getting drunk or doing nothing. Arizona was perhaps the only part of the world under the protecting ægis of a civilized government in which every man administered justice to suit himself, and where all assumed the right to gratify the basest passions of their nature without restraint. It was literally a paradise of devils. Under such circumstances it is not a matter of surprise that the progress of the country was slow. It was not a place for honest working-men or for families. Good people feared to go there. The newspapers were filled with accounts of bloody affrays, robberies, and Apache raids. Yet, despite all these drawbacks, men of enterprise began to learn the great natural resources of the Territory; the silver

they seldom failed to complete, and indeed were regarded with more distrust by respectable citizens than even the barbarous Indians.

Nor was this all. The most desperate class of renegades from Texas and California found Arizona a safe asylum from arrest under the laws. The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco did more to populate the new Territory than the silver mines. Tucson became the headquarters of vice, dissipation, and crime. It was probably the nearest approach to Pandemonium on the North American Continent. Murderers,

mines of Santa Rita and Cerro Colorado attracted attention as they became developed; and in 1860 Arizona seemed in a fair way of receiving a rapid increase of population, and obtaining through Congress what it had long needed—a Territorial form of government. Efforts had been made to effect this object as early as 1857, when Mr. Gwin, of California (now supposed to be a Duke under the Maximilian dynasty in Mexico), introduced a bill in the Senate to organize the Territory of Arizona; but there were jealousies on the railroad

question which resulted in the defeat of the bill. Mr. Green, of Missouri, in 1860, introduced a bill to provide a "temporary government for the Territory of Arizona," which also failed. Various other attempts were made, none of which were successful. Disaffection between the advocates of the different railroad routes, agitations on the slave question, and jealousies among the adventurers who sought political preferment, prevented the recognition of a great principle which should always govern a civilized nation in its councils—never to acquire territory until it can extend over it the protection of law. While these questions so vital to the interests of Arizona were pending, public attention was suddenly attracted in another direction. The rich mineral discoveries in Washoe created a sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The rush from California to that region was unparalleled in the history of mining excitements. Of that memorable exodus, some few readers of this Magazine may remember the description given in a series of articles under the title of "A Peep at Washoe." Gold discoveries in California had become an old story. The placers were beginning to fail; surface digging no longer paid extraordinary profits; the honest miners had passed through so many excitements that the ordinary pursuits of industry no longer possessed a charm for them; and they, in common with the mass of the citizens, were well prepared for the new field of enterprise and speculation. The results of investments in silver stock were immediate, if the silver itself was tardy of appearance. A few fortunes, rapidly made by adroit purchases and speedy sales, inspired thousands of enterprising speculators with the most extravagant hopes of success. Even sober business-men lost their balance, and suffered themselves to be drawn into the whirl of excitement. Silver mining was a novelty. The surplus energy of the American people had never found a vent in that direction. It was an untried experiment, and promised to realize the fabulous stories of Spanish discovery in Mexico. There was no difficulty in reaching the newly-discovered region of boundless wealth. It lay on the public highway to California, on the borders of the State. From Missouri, from Kansas and Nebraska, from Pike's Peak and Salt Lake, the tide of emigration poured in. Transportation from San Francisco was easy. I made the trip myself on foot almost in the dead of winter, when the mountains were covered with snow. Stages laden with passengers inside and out crossed the Sierra Nevadas in twenty-eight hours from Sacramento to Virginia City. A telegraph line speedily followed, and speculation in stocks could be carried on between San Francisco and the Comstock metropolis by the shock of a battery. In the full tide of the excitement Arizona, neglected, suffering, and almost forgotten, received the heaviest blow of all. The rebellion broke out in April, 1861. The Butterfield overland mail-line was stopped at the same time, in view of the dangers that threatened it;

and an act of Congress was passed changing the route. During the month of July the only Federal troops in the Territory shamefully and without cause abandoned it, and marched from Forts Breckinridge and Buchanan to Cook's Springs, where they heard the Texan rebels were coming. Without waiting to ascertain the number or prepare for any defense, they burned all their wagons, spiked their cannon, and packed their provisions on mules over the mountains to Fort Craig. There were four companies, numbering altogether four hundred and fifty men. They had heard of the surrender of Fort Fillmore toward which they were marching, and this caused them to take a different route. At Fort Fillmore five hundred Federal troops of the regular army surrendered to about two hundred and fifty renegade Texans, ragged, undisciplined, poorly armed, and badly equipped. A scattered company of these roving bandits, under the command of the guerrilla chief, Captain Hunter, numbering about one hundred, reached Tucson on the 27th of February, 1862, and took possession of the place. Most of the inhabitants had fled to Sonora for safety, or stood ready to join the rebels. It was a secession strong-hold, composed almost entirely of Southern outlaws, whose sympathies were naturally opposed to the existing Government. Hunter and his party held possession of the Territory, advancing as far as the Pimo villages and even threatening Fort Yuma, till the advance of the California column in May, when they retreated to the Rio Grande. The few citizens and traders who remained loyal to the Government, and the managers and workmen employed at the mines being thus left at the mercy of lawless desperadoes, roving bands of Apaches and Sonorians, fled from the country as fast as they could procure the means of escape. Many of them were imprisoned, and some were murdered. The hostile Indians, ignorant of our domestic disturbances, believed they had at length stampeded the entire white population. On the public highways they fell upon small parties and slaughtered them. It was their boast, and is still their belief, that they had conquered the American nation. The Sonorians, greedy for plunder, rushed in from the borders by hundreds, and commenced ransacking the mines, stealing the machinery, and murdering the few employes that remained. At Tubac, the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company, the Apaches besieged the town on one side, while the Sonorians lurked in the bushes on the other. Twenty men held it for three days, and finally escaped under cover of night. There was nothing left. The troops had burned all the stores, provisions, and groceries, public and private, that they could lay hands upon; tore down the mill at Tucson; burnt the Canoas; and destroyed government stores at Breckinridge and Buchanan worth probably half a million of dollars. Treason, cowardice, or incompetency must have been the cause of these disgraceful proceedings. There was no satisfactory reason, that can now be seen, why they should have so

precipitately evacuated the Territory, and yielded peaceful possession to the enemies of the Federal Government.

From that date until the last session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, Arizona remained without a Territorial organization. Few people were left in the country, and there was no protection to the mines. They were all abandoned to the plundering Sonoranians, who stole the ore and destroyed the machinery. The ranches were in ruin; south and east of Tucson there was not a single inhabited spot within the boundary lines.

I have thus at some length attempted to account for the tardy growth of this interesting Territory. It will be admitted that there is good reason why Arizona has failed to attract a population. With wonderful resources and a climate equal to that of Italy, it has suffered a series of misfortunes unparalleled in the history of our territorial possessions. Two great obstacles to the prosperity of the country still exist: difficulty of access, which can only be remedied by a port on the Gulf of California; and the hostility of the Apache Indians, for which there is no remedy short of extermination.

But let us not anticipate the course of our travels. You shall see for yourself the deserts and the mines and the wondrous things of that wondrous land, my gentle friend, if you will patiently follow me. Only don't expect me to be lively in such a wild region. It is not a jolly country. The graves of murdered men, and boundless sand deserts, and parched mountains, and dried-up rivers, and scenes of ruin and desolation are profoundly interesting; but they are not subjects for the indulgence of rollicking humor. It is only serious and reflecting men, like you and myself, who can appreciate them.

We have thus followed up our intended beat from the time of the early Spaniards to the passage of the act of Congress, of the 20th of February, 1863, establishing the Territorial government. And here, by way of making certain that there is no deception in the matter, let us take a look at the official seal of the Territory, designed by Mr. Secretary M'Cormick: An honest miner stands with his left hand in his pocket feeling for the profits of his day's labor. The expression of his countenance is indicative of a serious frame of mind. He gazes into the future, and sees gold and silver a long way off. His spade stands ready to dig it, and his wheel-barrow to wheel it. As yet he has struck nothing very rich—but it will come by-and-by. In the background you see the two prominent peaks of Bill Williams's Mountain, where he contemplates prospecting next year; or possibly these may be the dirt-piles which he has already thrown up and not yet washed for lack of water. The motto is appropriate, "Ditat Deus." "What's the odds so long as we're happy?"

Although it was my intention to visit Arizona some time or other, as it is to visit every part of the habitable globe, I had no more idea, on Saturday morning, December 5, 1863, of starting on such an important expedition at 4 p.m.

of the same day, than I had of going on a prospecting tour through the Mountains of the Moon. Yet who can say what an hour may bring forth? A man's fate, as the Arabs say, is written upon his skull, and I suppose it was mine to leave on that day for Arizona. At all events it so chanced in my peregrinations about San Francisco that I fell in with my old friend, Mr. Charles D. Poston, the Arizona Pioneer, who had just arrived from the East by the overland route through Salt Lake. He was now Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the new Territory; held various commissions, as director of mining companies; was full of the romance and fascinations of Arizona. The best years of his life had been spent there. He knew every foot of the country; talked Spanish like a native; believed in the people; believed in the climate; had full faith in the silver; implicitly relied upon the gold; never doubted that Arizona was the grand diamond in the rough of all our Territories. He looked and talked and acted like a man perfectly sane; and when he confidently assured me that if "feet" chimed with my aspirations, I could have as many as I pleased by accepting a seat in his ambulance from Los Angeles to the Promised Land. Cooks and teamsters and vaqueros were all projected, and for military escorts he held the documents in his hand. We would have a grand time; we would feast and hunt and hold pow-wows with the Indians, and do up the whole country even to the Moqui villages, which he informed me, on the authority of an English missionary, were inhabited by a race of Welshmen who made a voyage to the Continent of North America in ancient times. Could flesh and blood stand such a proposition as that? Here was a chance for locomotion on a grand scale; and fortune smiled in the distance.

"Poston," said I, solemnly, "consider me in. At 4 p.m. this memorable day I'm on hand. Should the Apaches get my scalp, you, my venerable friend, and you alone, are responsible to my family and to mankind!"

Over to Oakland—a hurried explanation—a parting glance at the pleasant homestead, the garden, the wife and the little ones—ah me! how often the same insatiable spirit of adventure has driven me blindly and recklessly through the same trying ordeal! Is there no help for it in this world? Must a man when he has traveled for thirty years never more taste the sweets of content, but keep drifting uneasily along till he drifts into the final haven of rest?

There was no trouble about getting ready. A knapsack, as usual, was my only baggage. The contents were soon packed; a few coarse shirts, a box of pencils and paints, a meerscham and a plug of tobacco, these were the indispensable parts of my outfit. At 4 p.m. I stood upon the deck of the good steamer *Senator*, fully equipped and prepared for the important enterprise on hand. Poston was true to time. We were favored with the company of Mr. Ammi White, an Indian Agent and trader, on his re-



PIMO INDIAN.

turn to the Pimo villages, and two of his wards, Antonio Azul, chief of the Pimos, and Francisco the interpreter. I was glad to make the acquaintance of Ammi White. He had seen all the ups and downs of Arizona life; had been a prisoner among the Texans, and knew as much of the country as any man in or out of it. Besides, he was a quaint, original man, a native of Maine; long, lank, and leathery; brimful of wild reminiscences, and of that genial turn which promised much in the way of future enjoyment. All hail to our good friend and traveling companion, Ammi White! Slow of speech he may be, and prejudiced against the luxuries of civilization, but a jewel of a White is he in his native element of grease and Indians, pork and beans, adobe hovels and pinole. Antonio Azul, chief of the Pimos, and son of the illustrious Cool Azul, was in the full tide of a triumphant return to his native village. He had paraded the streets of San Francisco with his illustrious friend Iretaba, chief of the Mojaves, who has since created such a sensation in New York and Washington; had seen the great elephant of civilization; had heard the negro minstrels, and visited the Mint and Custom-house; and now he was about to return laden with treasures of knowledge to the bosom of his virtuous wife and family, and spend the remainder of his days, sitting bare-legged in front of his wigwam, telling his people of the wondrous sights he had seen. Especially was he prepared to give them a lucid account of the fiery horses that pulled the public with lightning speed along iron roads, and the big canoe that paddled over the briny deep by means of a great

kettle of hot water that was always kept boiling down in the hold. Francisco, his official interpreter, was resplendent with badges of distinction given him by the ladies; which he wore on his head, and on his breast, and on his back, and on every available spot of his body from top to bottom; being, as I should have said, a handsome youth, much given to destruction of the female sex. Never for a moment from the time he stepped on board till we got well out of the harbor did the joyous grin of gratified ambition leave his countenance, save when we crossed the bar, and then he went precipitately below, and turned in on a pile of freight. When he came up next morning his face was painted a grim yellow, to disguise the effects of those internal emotions which are apt to disturb the digestion of the bravest warriors; for Francisco was a warrior, too, and scorned weakness of digestion as a disgrace to manhood. He looked as grim as the Sphinx, and frowned from time to time as if nothing on earth, or on the waters of the earth, or on the steamships that plow the waters, could disturb his stolidity; and then, upon the occasion of a sudden lurch or two, rushed to windward with both hands firmly pressed over his mouth, doubling himself up and vainly endeavoring to conceal the most horrible contortions of countenance. But it was no use. Old Neptune got the best of him at last. I was only surprised that he did not follow the example of some of our army officers who become sick of the war—throw up his commission.

Of the voyage I have only to say that it was smooth and pleasant—a mere Lake Como trip, with the addition of a finer climate, a greater extent of scenery, and a much more commodious boat than any to be found on the waters of Como. The change from the chilling fogs of San Francisco to the balmy atmosphere of the South is one of the luxuries of a winter's trip. Few of those unfortunate beings who dwell upon the shores of the Atlantic have any conception of the delightful climate with which we are blessed on the Pacific coast. Bright sunshine sparkles over the sea and nestles among the declivities of the mountains; the earth rejoices in the generous flood of light poured down upon it from morning till night; the birds of the air and the beasts of the field revel in the groves and pastures that stretch back from the rock-bound shores; nothing in life or in nature seems wanting in the measure of a joyous future; all is rich and glowing and full of beauty and promise. A voyage along the shores of California is a feast of soul for all the years to come. The mountains, barren as they appear at the first sight, are strangely fantastic in form and wonderfully rich in coloring. The full swell of the ocean, unobstructed for thousands of miles, falls like the majestic peal of a mighty organ upon the embattlements of solid rock that line the main. Beyond the Point of Conception the beautiful islands of Santa Barbara loom up over the bright sparkling sea, barren of foliage yet



SAN PEDRO.

wonderfully picturesque in the glowing tints of the southern horizon. What a luxury of lights and shades; what a balmy, ecstatic atmosphere; what broad blue fields of water and infinite distances of landscape! Could it be that a grand mistake was made in Mohammedan history—that Paradise is nothing more than a faint attempt to delineate the beauties of California?

The old town of San Pedro has not improved since my last visit in 1860. It then consisted of an ancient adobe building, in which Mr. Banning carried on his staging and teaming operations, and a few warehouses and miscellaneous shanties under the bank. It now consists of the same, in other hands, and somewhat dilapidated by the lapse of time. The principal inhabitants are wild geese, sea-gulls, and dead cattle. The steamer lies out by Deadman's Rock—a little island supposed to be the burial-place of an unfortunate mariner who came to an untimely end in that vicinity. A cross marks his grave, and sea-gulls and wild seawaves sing his lullaby.

Banning—the active, energetic, irrepressible Phineas Banning—has built a town on the plain about six miles distant, at the head of the slough. He calls it Wilmington, in honor of his birth-place. In order to bring Wilmington and the steamer as close together as circumstances will permit, he has built a small boat propelled by steam, for the purpose of carrying passengers from the steamer to Wilmington, and from Wilmington to the steamer. Another small boat of a similar kind burst its boiler a couple of years ago, and killed and scalded a number

of people, including Captain Seely, the popular and ever-to-be-lamented commander of the *Senator*. The boiler of the present boat is considered a model of safety. Passengers may lean against it with perfect security. It is modeled after the pattern of a tea-kettle, so that when the pressure is unusually great the cover will rise and let off the superabundant steam, and thus allow the crowd a chance to swim ashore.

Wilmington is an extensive city, located at the head of a slough, in a pleasant neighborhood of sand-banks and marshes. There are not a great many houses in it as yet, but there is a great deal of room for houses when the population gets ready to build them. The streets are broad and beautifully paved with small sloughs, ditches, bridges, lumber, dry-goods boxes, and the carcasses of dead cattle. Ox-bones and the skulls of defunct cows, the legs and jawbones of horses, dogs, sheep, swine, and coyotes, are the chief ornaments of a public character; and what the city lacks in the elevation of its site it makes up in the elevation of its water-lines, many of them being higher than the surrounding objects. The city fathers are all centred in Banning, who is mayor, councilman, constable, and watchman, all in one. He is the great progenitor of Wilmington. Touch Wilmington, and you touch Banning. It is his specialty—the offspring of his genius. And a glorious genius has Phineas B. in his way! Who, among the many thousands who have sought health and recreation at Los Angeles within the past ten years, has not been a recipient of Banning's bounty in the way of ac-



WILMINGTON.

commodation? His stages are ever ready—his horses ever the fastest—his jovial face ever the most welcome on the beach! Big of heart, big of body, big of enterprise, is Phineas—the life and soul of Los Angeles county. The people know it—the public acknowledge it; for he is now a delegate to the National Convention, and will, I venture to assert, make an honorable mark in that body. Long life to Banning! May his shadow grow larger and larger every day! At all events, I trust it may never grow less. I retract all I said about Wilmington—or most of it. I admit that it is a flourishing place compared with San Pedro. I am willing to concede that the climate is salubrious at certain seasons of the year, when the wind does not blow up the sand, and at certain other seasons when the rain does not cover the country with water; and then again at other seasons, when the earth is not parched by drought and scorching suns.

Within a mile of this charming city stands a quadrangular series of houses, well built and commodious, with a large square in the middle, called Camp Drum. It is now occupied by the California Volunteers, under Colonel Curtis. Here, in virtue of certain documents from headquarters, we were provided with an escort of five soldiers and a sergeant, to secure us against the attacks of Greasers, savages, and other disreputable natives, on the road to the Colorado River. We were also furnished with mules for our ambulance and rations for our military forces. The officers of the camp were exceedingly kind and polite, and made our sojourn there an agreeable episode in our journey.

At Camp Drum we heard a good deal about the lively condition of society in and around Los Angeles. It was not considered safe for a man to travel about, even within a few miles of camp, without a double-barreled shot-gun, a revolver, a bowie-knife, and two Derringer pistols. Of course in these war-times, when thousands of lives are lost every day, the mere killing of a few citizens now and then must seem ridiculously tame to people on the Atlantic side; and I only speak of it as a common characteristic of the country through which I was traveling. At any point on the road between Los Angeles and Camp Drum bullets in the back of the head were to be expected. The recent acts of the Vigilance Committee in breaking into the jail and hanging Boss Danewood and four of his fellow-prisoners—three of whom were Spaniards—had aroused the resentment of every American outlaw and native Greaser in the country, and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. In passing through the narrow lanes and between the willow hedges, where the vineyards are located, it was deemed a necessary precaution to travel with a knife ready drawn, so as to cut the lassoes that were likely to be thrown around one's neck. A gentleman of my acquaintance, connected with the military department, seemed to relish this state of affairs exceedingly, as it afforded him an opportunity of indulging his propensity for hunting. Ducks and geese had long since ceased to afford him any diversion. He now amused himself by jumping into his buggy, and starting off with his double-barreled shot-gun after Greasers, murderers, and the like, of whom he generally

bagged, or otherwise disposed of, two or three every week. In fact, he rather prided himself upon his skill in man-hunting. I was a little shocked at first when I heard of man-hunting as a recreation, but after a few days' sojourn in Los Angeles found that it was quite a common amusement. Running down, catching, shooting, and hanging suspicious characters was esteemed the very best kind of sport, being dangerous as well as exciting. During our stay a party of the Vigilants went down from Los Angeles to Wilmington, got on board Banning's little steamboat, and while it was *en route* for the *Senator*, took a prisoner bound for San Quentin out of the hands of the sheriff and hanged him by the neck till he was dead. The unfortunate man was a native of California, and was believed to be the murderer of John Raines, an American ranchero. Since that exploit, performed in full view of Camp Drum, they pursued and captured the murderer of Mr. Sandford, another victim of the barbarous condition of society, and strung him up in the same summary manner. Whether the country will be permanently benefited by these acts remains to be seen. I hope it will, for it certainly needs reformation of some sort. Putting this and that together, and throwing in Idaho and Nevada by way of good measure, it seems to me that Italy can no longer claim distinction for her banditti. We can do as much murdering, robbing, and stabbing as any other people, and a great deal more catching and hanging than ever was done in Europe.

Several days were required to complete our outfit at Los Angeles. My friend Poston, as already stated, had traveled through Arizona before, and his notions of the physical necessities of man in that region were somewhat extravagant. Not that he was unreasonably addicted to comfort, but he delighted in a species of practical satire which usually cost him a considerable sum of money, not to say an endless amount of trouble. Arizona, he said, was an extensive country, prolific in reptiles and the precious metals, but painfully destitute of every thing for the convenience of civilized man. His favorite advice to all who contemplated visiting the Territory was to take with them plenty of mules and horses; fire-arms, ammunition, clothing, tobacco, cigars, pipes, pen-knives, pencils, medicines, and whisky; not to forget an abundant supply of coffee, sugar, flour, and beans; to be sure and start with a full outfit of acids, blow-pipes, and green spectacles; and by no means to omit boots, shoes, handkerchiefs, combs, and percussion caps—especially the latter—and such other articles as might be purchased in bulk at the selling out of any extensive variety store. It was not that the traveler himself would need all these items of luxury, but there were others in the country who would—fellow-travelers gathered upon the public highways by the cohesive attraction of whisky and provisions; the people throughout the territory generally, and such casual parties and lonely pilgrims as might be encountered on the way to and from the mines.

A few extra mules and jacks to lend to intimate friends going on prospecting tours, some spare saddles and *apparejos*, and, if possible, a few thousand dollars in gold or silver coin of various denominations to accompany the prospecting parties, but never to be seen again in any shape whatever, would also be advisable. The articles to be given away, consumed, devoured, and wasted, continued my friend, with a grim ferocity, must be of the very best quality, or woe betide the unhappy donor. Be he Superintendent of Indians, or Special Agent, or what not, his doom, morally and politically, will at once be sealed. Never on earth can he be elected Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Arizona! I rather suspected Poston of a leaning that way, and was surprised at the rashness of his remarks.

In due time the outfit was completed. We had every thing above specified, and a great many things more, including a guard of five soldiers and a sergeant to fight for us, if necessary, on the way over to Fort Yuma. Our baggage-wagon was filled to the utmost limit of its capacity, and even then our little ambulance and four mules groaned under their precious loads. On the day of starting the expedition stood as follows: Poston, commander-in-chief; myself, principal hunter and scribe; a supernumerary friend as general assistant; Jim Berry, cook; and "George," the driver; with the addition of Ammi White and his Pimo Indians, and one Major Stick, a Southern gentleman, recently from Alcatraz Island, where he had been spending a portion of the summer. This was our *corps de reserve*. Jim Berry was a dandy contraband from Maryland, of whose many virtues and peculiar traits of character I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. "George"—I don't know his other name; in fact, don't think he had any, for I never heard him called any thing but "George"—was a stout, good-natured young fellow from Pike County, Missouri, or thereabouts, or, at all events, from some county in which people grow up to a succulent maturity. If "George" was a little verdant and rude of speech, he had good material in him, and was by no means destitute of a dry, Pike-ish sort of wit that occasionally and at very remote intervals burst upon us like a bombshell. I was sorry to discover, before he had been three days with us, that he labored under a dreadful and overwhelming affliction, which seemed to rack him to the very core. It might have been remorse for a murder recently committed, or grief for the loss of all his family connections by a stroke of lightning, or the throes of a benighted mind laboring under conviction; whatever it was, it caused him to indulge in some startling exhibitions of emotion. Often, as we rattled along the road, "George," after belaboring the mules till he was tired, and telling them to "git" till he was hoarse, would lean back in his seat and think. He thought fearfully. I never saw thinking go so hard with a poor fellow in my life. In the midst of it all he would start up

with a sudden yell of anguish, whirl his black-snake and let fly at the mules, misery, passion, ferocity depicted in every feature. "Now git, dodrot ye!" was the climax of these uncontrollable bursts of wretchedness, followed by groans so deep and pathetic that they fairly went to my heart. At night, when we spread our blankets around the camp and lay down to pleasant dreams, our unhappy driver discharged his accumulated miseries in a series of groans and sighs that manifested a speedy dissolution. All night long, at intervals of two or three hours, he gave vent to these heart-rending expressions of woe. Poston offered him pills, but he said he wasn't sick. On the occasion of one of his paroxysms I went over to where he lay and asked him, kindly, what was the matter. "Nothin'," said he; "why?" "You groan so, I thought something troubled you." "Reckon I was dreamin'," muttered George; and with that he turned over to groan again. Thus it continued night after night, until the dreadful secret was revealed by a singular circumstance. The truth is, I could not sleep. George's groans disturbed me. Loss of rest was preying upon my system. I was getting thin. As a desperate remedy I secretly gathered around me, one night, before turning in, all the clods, chips, sticks, and pebbles I could find, and having taken the bearings of George's head, lay down as usual. On this occasion his groans were especially varied and pathetic. He sometimes groaned like a horse, and sometimes like a sheep or a goat, and then varied the note by groaning hysterically, like a mule. When it came to that I hurled a clod at his head, which stopped him for a little while. Presently he fell to groaning again. I hurled sticks and stones at him, and stopped him again. After a long pause he resumed his doleful laborings of woe, when I let fly another clod with such dextrous aim that it must have hit him plumb on the back of his head. "Oh, Gosh!" he cried, in tones of the bitterest anguish. "I didn't think that of you, Mary Jane! I know'd you didn't love me; but I didn't think you'd throw taters at me!" The dreadful mystery was solved; the secret was out; George was the victim of unrequited love. Mary Jane was the cruel fair one who had destroyed his peace of mind, and driven him with the lash of her scorn, as he was driving mules with a black-snake, to seek the chances of life in the deserts of Arizona.

After our departure from the Monte we traveled slowly, in order that we might keep company with our provisions and escort. All along the route we heard vague rumors of one Ramon Castillo, a native bandit around whose career were centred all the charms of romance. He was represented to be a prodigy of strength and valor, an irresistible gallant among the ladies, a terror to his enemies, and a very dangerous character to the public. He had sworn vengeance against the American race, had assassinated many of his pursuers, and declared his determination never to be taken alive. Some

supposed he was in the mountains with a band of thirty desperadoes; others thought he was lurking by the road with a few of his *servientes* for the purpose of waylaying travelers. All agreed upon one point—that Ramon Castillo was a man greatly to be admired. Of course he had many friends—such men always have in California—and there were few persons of respectable standing in Los Angeles County who would not have felt pride and pleasure in protecting him from arrest. I almost hoped we would meet Don Ramon, that we might enjoy the romance of a tilt with such an accomplished bandit.

The country through which we traveled for several days was not altogether new to me. I had passed through it before during a tour of exploration among the Southern Indians in 1860. But how different was it now! In former years the magnificent series of valleys, stretching all the way from Los Angeles to the borders of the Colorado Desert, were clothed in the richest verdure. Vast herds of cattle roamed over them rampant with life. The hill-sides were covered with flowers; the air was laden with sweet perfumes; it was the paradise of rancheros. Now, after two years of drought, all was parched, grim, and melancholy. The pastures scarcely showed the first faint tinge of green, and the higher grounds were barren as the road over which we traveled. For hundreds of miles the country was desolated for want of rain. At the Chino, and through the Temeculo, Warner's Ranch, San Felipe, and Vallecito the effects of the drought were fearfully apparent. Thousands of cattle lay dead around the black, muddy pools. A sickening effluvia from the carcasses filled the air. At least two-thirds of all the cattle on these ranches must have perished from starvation. Vaqueros were ever on the watch to strip each fallen animal of its skin. It was a grand carnival for the buzzards and coyotes. No more pitiable sight ever disturbed the eye of a traveler in this lovely region than the dreary waste of dead and dying animals. Thousands drawn to the pools by thirst were unable to extricate themselves from the mud; and the road was sometimes blocked by the gaunt, shrunken bodies of still living animals unable to get out of the way.

At the Santa Ana River, ten miles beyond the Chino, we had the usual lively time in crossing. Travelers who have had occasion to pass this river at certain stages of the water can not easily forget their experience of its quick-sands and currents. The surrounding country is weird and desolate. A few Spanish rancherias, with their dilapidated corrals and littered fronts, occupy the neighboring sand-banks. Below the crossing is a rugged cañon stretching to the vicinity of Anaheim, the German colony of wine-makers, whose vineyards have already acquired a high reputation on the Pacific coast. Immense undulating plains, bounded in the distance by barren ranges of mountains, lie above and beyond, and patches of sand-deserts, with



CAÑON OF SAN FELIPPE.

a scrubby growth of willow and cotton-wood, lie along the banks of the river. The water is of a sickly, milky color, and is impregnated with alkali. Innumerable flocks of geese and ducks cover the green flats, and the wild croaking of the groojas, or sand-hill cranes, falls mournfully on the ear. There is something fierce and scathing in the blaze of the sun; and the unobstructed sweep of the wind across the deserts, the immensity of the distances and towering ranges of mountains, fill the mind with awe. All the associations of the wilderness are impressive; and the traveler instinctively feels that he is in a region of robbery and assassination, where the bones of the dead are seldom left to tell the tale.

We made a halt upon the bank of the river, and sent in our cavalry to tramp down the quick-sands. By repeatedly crossing they made a tolerably safe road for our wagons. The next half hour was occupied in urging in our mules, which seemed to have a mortal dread of the treacherous sands. At length the blows and shouts of our cavalry and the yells and whips of the teamsters, with volleys of stones hurled at the heads

of the mules from various directions, prevailed, and the plunging, rearing, and strangling of the poor animals as they struggled through the surging waters were exciting in the extreme. Now they halt and begin to sink; now the shouts, and yells, and blows start them up again; now the harnesses are tangled up, and the wagons reel and sway upon their wheels as they sink in the sand; the current sweeps over the hubs of the wheels, and all seems lost. Our ambulance is in advance, our guns and ammunition are in imminent danger, our lives balanced on the slender chances of a struggle amidst the wreck of matter, when George rises to the sublimity of the occasion. His black-snake whizzes through the air and down on the back of the lagging wheeler. "You, Mary Jane!" he roars, in a wild frenzy. "Git!" And Mary Jane got. She plunged, she reared, she kicked; but

out of the quick-sand she dragged us, and the baggage-wagon followed, and we were all safely landed on the firm earth. "Oh, Gosh!" groaned George, wiping the sweat from his brow and sinking back dismally in his seat. "Oh, Jeeminy Gosh!" But it was not of the river or its quick-sands or troubles he was thinking; his spiritual eye saw other quick-sands than those of the Santa Ana. His vision was turned inward; it saw but the cruel fair one, the inexorable Mary Jane, whose magic name had inadvertently escaped his lips in time to save us. Oh, Mary Jane, little did you know that salvation to us was lingering death to your devoted but unhappy George!

Of our journey along the picturesque shores of the Laguna, and through the beautiful but now barren valleys of Temecula, Warner's Ranch, San Felipe, and Vallecito, I must necessarily make short work. It was a continued feast for the soul of an artist; but as I come only incidentally under that head, I can not undertake to delineate it to the exclusion of the more important objects of the expedition. All the way along the road we saw great quantities of geese,

ducks, and quail. I had my shot-gun always ready, and generally succeeded, by random shots from the ambulance, in getting a good supply of game by the time we reached camp, to which our cook, Dr. Jim Berry, did ample justice in the line of culinary preparation. We laughed and ate and slept and grew fat, day after day, till we reached Cariso, the last inhabited station on the road to the Desert. Here was the jumping-off place. Beyond this, for a hundred miles, we were at the mercy of the sands and storms and burning suns of Colorado.

I scarcely remember to have seen a wilder country than the first eight miles beyond Cariso. Barren hills of gravel and sand-stone, flung up at random out of the earth, strange jagged mountain-peaks in the distance; yellow banks serrated by floods; sea-shells glittering in the wavy sand-fields that lie between; these overhung by a rich, glowing atmosphere, with glimpses of Indian smokes far off in the horizon, inspired us with a vague feeling of the wonders and characteristic features of the desert region through which we were about to pass. I could not but think of the brave old Spaniards and their heroic explorations across the Colorado. Here was a glowing and mystic land of sunshine and burning sands, where human enterprise had in centuries past battled with hunger and thirst and savage races; where the silence of utter desolation now reigned supreme. There was a peculiar charm to me in the rich atmospheric tints that hung over this strange land, and the boundless wastes that lay outspread before us; and I drank in with an almost childish delight the delicate and exquisite odors that filled the air, and thought of my early wanderings, years long past, amidst the deserts and palms of Araby the Blest.

Yet, strictly speaking, the Colorado is scarcely a desert. Extensive belts of rich soil, that irrigation would render productive, occupy a large portion of the country. In these are seen the evidences of sudden and extraordinary vegetable growth in seasons of abundant rain, or when the Colorado River overflows its banks. A proposition has been entertained by Congress to reclaim this vast tract of country, embracing millions of acres of rich agricultural land, by means of a grand canal from the Colorado, with a connected system of acequias; and proofs are not wanting to show that the Montezumas and early Spaniards thus redeemed extensive ranges of country in Sonora and Arizona that would otherwise have remained valueless. The ruins of ancient cities, many miles in circumference, are found on the Rio Verde, above its junction with the Salado, where the whole country is now barren; and below the junction, on the Salado, the remains of immense acequias, with walls twenty feet high, are still to be seen. At least one hundred thousand acres of land were formerly irrigated by this system of acequias on the Salado. It is now a barren sand-plain, upon which stands in solitary majesty the *Cereus grandeus*—the Sentinel of the Desert.

Dr. O. M. Wozencraft has spent many years in advocating this great measure. The plan of irrigation proposed by him is generally ridiculed as impracticable, and the Doctor enjoys rather a visionary reputation based upon his Grand Colorado Scheme, which has been compared by unthinking men with the Great South Sea Bubble. I don't intend to establish a farm there myself until the canal is completed; but still I can see no great obstacle to success except the porous nature of the sand. By removing the sand from the desert success would be insured at once. An elaborate and exceedingly able report upon this subject has recently been issued by the Commissioner of the General Land Office.

As we advanced into the desert each shifting scene developed its peculiar beauties. The face of the country, for the most part, is well covered with mesquit trees, sage bushes, grease-wood weeds, and cactus. Mountains are in sight all the way across, and the old stage-houses of the Overland Mail Company still stand by the watering-places. Many indications of the dreadful sufferings of emigrant parties and drovers still mark the road; the wrecks of wagons half covered in the drifting sands, skeletons of horses and mules, and the skulls and bones of many a herd of cattle that perished by thirst on the way, or fell victims to the terrible sand storms that sweep the desert. Only in a few instances, when we struck out upon the arid sand-belts that lie between the alluvial beds of earth, did we encounter any thing resembling the deserts of Arabia, and then only for ten or twelve miles at a time.

The climate in winter is indescribably delightful; in summer the heat is excessive, and travelers and animals suffer much on the journey. It was a perfect luxury to breathe such a pure soft air as we enjoyed in the middle of December, when our Atlantic friends were freezing amidst the ice and snow-banks of that wretched part of the world. Between the desert of the Colorado and the city of New York there is no comparison in any respect. Give me a pack-mule, a shot-gun, and a sack of pinole, with such a climate as this, and take your brick deserts on Fifth Avenue, and your hot-air furnaces, and brain-racking excitements, and be happy with them! Accept my pity, but leave me, if you please, to chase rabbits and quail where the sun shines, and to lie down of nights and sleep on the warm bosom of my mother earth.

There was a scene on a pleasant morning as we sallied forth on our journey from the Indian Wells never to be forgotten. The eye that looks upon it once must see it as long as mortal vision lasts. An isolated mountain in the distance seemed at the first view to rise abruptly out of a lake of silver, the shores of which were alive with water-fowl of brilliant and beautiful plumage. As we journeyed toward it the lake disappeared and the mountain changed to a frowning fortress, symmetrical in all its parts—a perfect model of architectural beauty. Still near-

ing it, the ramparts and embattlements melted into a dreamy haze, out of which gradually emerged a magnificent palace, with pillars, and cornices, and archways, and a great dome, from which arose a staff, surmounted by a glowing blue ball, encircled by a halo. At the same time another mountain on the right, distant many miles, assumed equally strange and fantastic shapes; and when the ball arose upon our palace, another ball answered the signal from the distant mountain on the right; and then a great railway opened up between them, supported by innumerable piles, stretching many leagues over the desert. So perfect was the illusion that we stopped in breathless wonder, almost expecting to see a train of cars whirl along and vanish in the warm glow of the horizon. This strange and beautiful display of the mirage has been witnessed by many travelers on the Colorado desert, who will attest that, so far from exaggeration, I have but faintly pictured its wonders. Nothing of the kind that I have seen elsewhere can compare with it in the variety and beauty of its illusions.

There was but one drawback to our happiness—the increasing wretchedness of our driver, George, who, by some fatal element in human nature, grew darker in soul as the light and joyousness of the outer world broke upon him with increasing splendor. “No,” he muttered to himself in despairing accents, “’tain’t no use; I can’t forget her. Oh, golly! golly!” And here, with an audible sob, he started as if from a trance, and swinging his black-snake over his head, yelled at the mules with ungovernable fury, “You git, dodburn you! What d’ye stand flopping yer ears for? Git!” Sic transit!—thus pass away the illusions of this world!

The entire distance from Cariso across the desert to Fort Yuma is 116 miles. Four stations where water can be had intervene on the road—Indian Wells, Alamo Mucho, Gardner’s, and Cook’s Wells. At all these points the water is tolerably good; and there are other points where brackish water can be had by digging a few feet.

About fifteen miles beyond Cook’s Wells; after coursing along the belt of the great sand-desert on the left, we struck into the Colorado bottom. Indications of our approach to water were every where perceptible. Thickets of arrow-weed lined the way, and forests of cotton-wood loomed up ahead, over which geese and cranes uttered their wild notes. Soon we passed some deserted rancherias, and in a little while more our eyes were rejoiced with a refreshing view of the great Colorado of the West, as it swept like a mighty serpent over the desert.

At Pilot Knob a delegation of the Yuma Indians, headed by Pasqual the chief, came out to meet us. They had heard of our coming, and were eager to do us honor. Every brave had his package of greasy certificates, derived from the officers who had at various times been stationed at the fort. These they thrust at us with the utmost simplicity, and in full faith that they

would result in an immediate recognition of their claims to our distinguished consideration. There were good certificates and bad; complimentary notices of the services rendered by bearer to the American nation, and warnings to be on the look-out for other bearers, who were represented to be incorrigible thieves, addicted to stealing the buttons off travelers’ coats and the teeth out of travelers’ heads. It was all the same—all strong medicine from the white man; and we so regarded these testimonials, and shook hands with good and bad bearers, and gave them tobacco, and promised them more in a few days. There was a childlike simplicity about the poor creatures that touched our sympathies. Most of them looked gaunt and thin, and it was evident they had based some hopes of relief upon our arrival.

As it was incidentally my business to look after the Indians, in virtue of an honorary commission which I held from the Department of the Interior, I soon ascertained that those who reside in this vicinity were in a very destitute condition, owing to the low stage of the river during the past season and the failure of the customary crops. Heretofore the Yumas have supported themselves without much difficulty, and have only occasionally and at remote intervals received aid from the Government. Under ordinary circumstances, when the annual overflow of the Colorado takes place, they cultivate the low lands in their rude way, and generally succeed in raising abundant crops of corn, wheat, pumpkins, and melons. These bottom lands along the Colorado are light, rich, and easily worked, and afford ample means of subsistence to the tribes bordering on the river. During the past year there was no overflow, and consequently no crops were raised. It was a season of unusual drought—such a drought as the oldest inhabitant did not remember to have seen before. Even the mesquit beans, wild pease, and berries, upon which the Indians had been accustomed to depend in unfavorable seasons, had entirely failed, so that they were now left destitute. Their seed-wheat, which they had stored for planting, had long since given out; and for some months prior to our arrival they had been subsisting on rats, mice, lizards, snakes, and such other poor and scanty food of the kind as they could gather on the deserts and banks of the river. From their agricultural habits they are unskilled in procuring this kind of food, and many of them were in a starving condition. In some instances children had died from want of proper nourishment, and disease had spread among them with greater virulence than usual, as it always does in seasons of scarcity.

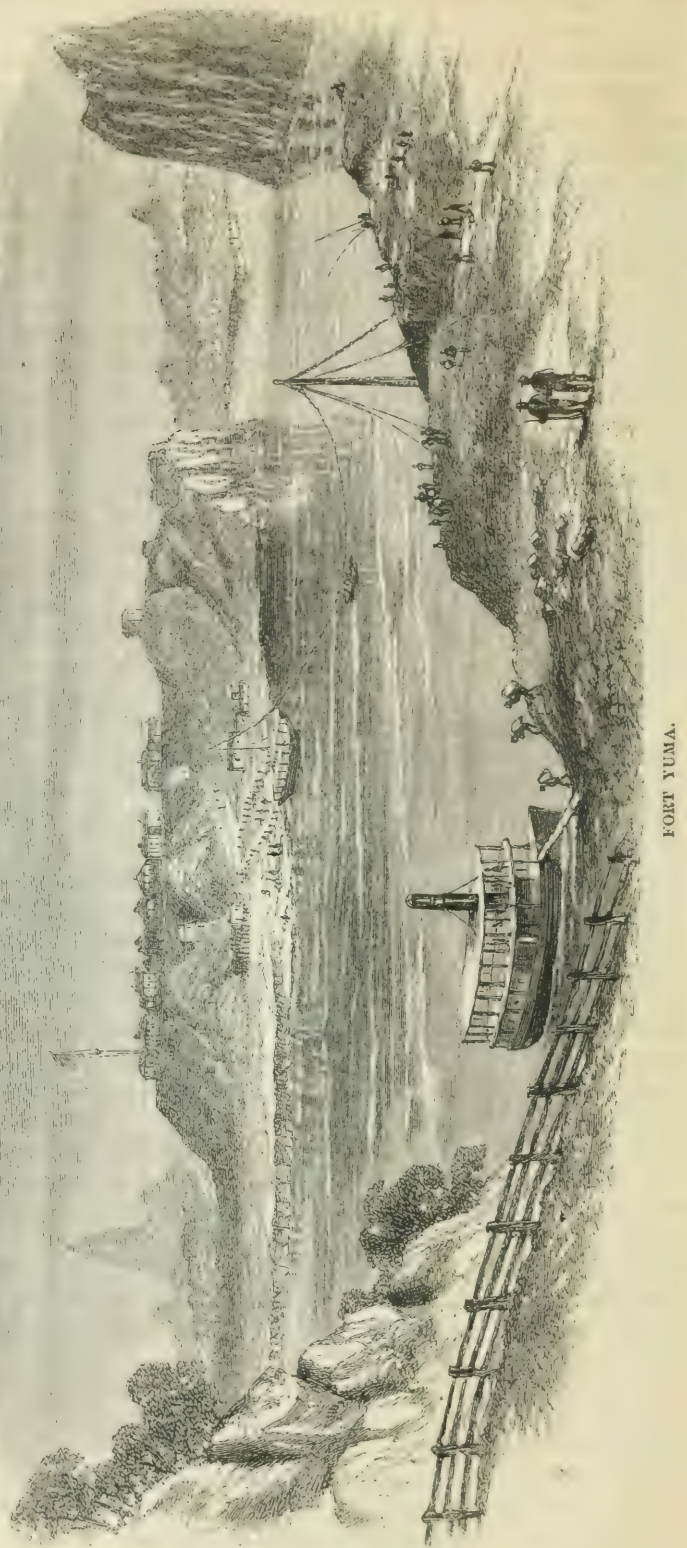
From Pilot Knob we had a pleasant drive through the mesquit thickets bordering on the river, as far as Mr. Hamblin’s, where we made a halt to refresh ourselves with a first experience of civilization on the Colorado. Here, in a good adobe house, with such comforts as this wild region affords, dwell Mr. Hamblin and his wife, an excellent and intelligent couple, who

received us most cordially, and generously offered us all the accommodations of their establishment. Little did I expect to find in this isolated part of the world a lady of refined literary tastes; yet I have rarely met with one of more gracefully cultivated mind than Mrs. Hamblin, to whose pleasant conversation we were subsequently indebted for many delightful hours.

A little beyond we reached head-quarters and rancheria of Don Diego Jaeger—the famous pioneer of Fort Yuma, without whom that military establishment could no more have existed up to the present day than without light or air, fire, water, or frijoles. A German by birth, a frontiersman by instinct, Don Diego abandoned the haunts of civilization fourteen years ago and settled here among the savages. Many a hard rub has he had for his life during the years of trouble with the Yumas. Industry, energy, and perseverance prevailed over all difficulties; and in time prosperity rewarded his trials. Who, for the last dozen years or more, has ferried the military and the public across the Colorado?—Don Diego. Who has clothed the naked and fed the hungry of this howling wilderness during all that time?—Don Diego. Who has kept the military arm of the government from becoming paralyzed for lack of beef, pork, frijoles, and forage; supplied the roads with sustenance for man and beast; kept needy officers and thriftless men in funds; who but Don Diego! When the burning suns of the Colorado wilted every other man down to a state of inanity, who was it that always remained fresh and vigorous, and brimful of enterprise?—The irrepressible, the irresistible Don Diego! I say irresistible advisedly; for his only fault has been

an overruling devotion to the fair sex, upon whom he has squandered his money even as the prodigal of old. But he is now the happy husband of a charming Sonoran lady, Doña Cloena, whose fascinations have at length subdued his erratic heart, and his children are even as the apples of his eyes. Rich in experience, rich in ranches, rich in silver mines, rich in family—long live Don Diego!

In half an hour more we reached Fort Yuma, where we were received with great kindness and hospitality by Colonel Bennet, the commanding officer, who provided us with excellent quarters.



Twelve days had passed since our departure from Los Angeles; and we were not slow to enjoy the luxury of a bath and a change of raiment. Captain Gorham and his command, a cavalry company of volunteers, had preceded us from Camp Drum, and were encamped near the fort. This command was destined for the protection of Arizona, and would probably soon be stationed at Tucson.

As soon as we had refreshed ourselves with the customary appliances of civilization at frontier posts—lemonade, if you please—we sallied forth to enjoy a view of the fort and surrounding country from the opposite side of the river.

I was not disappointed in my first impressions of Fort Yuma. Weird and barren as the adjacent country is, it is not destitute of compensating beauties. The banks of the river for many miles below are fringed with groves of mesquit and cotton-wood; above the junction of the Gila and the Colorado an extensive alluvial valley, clothed with willow, cotton-wood, mesquit, and arrow-weed, stretches far off to the foot-hills of Castle Dorne; and toward the great desert a rugged range of mountains, over which rises in solitary majesty the "Chimney Peak," forms the back-ground. An atmosphere of wonderful richness and brilliancy covers the scene like a gorgeous canopy of prismatic colors, and the vision is lost in the immensity of the distances. The fort stands on an elevated bluff, commanding the adjacent country for many miles around, and presents an exceedingly picturesque view with its neat quarters, store-houses, and winding roads. It was with emotions of national pride that we gazed upon the glorious flag of our Union as it swelled out to the evening breeze from the flag-staff that towered above the bluff; and we felt that, so long as that emblem of our liberty floated, there was hope for the future of Colorado and Arizona.

The climate in winter is incomparably finer than that of Italy. It would scarcely be possible to suggest an improvement. I never experienced such exquisite Christmas weather as we enjoyed during our sojourn. Perhaps fastidious people might object to the temperature in summer, when the rays of the sun attain their maximum force, and the hot winds sweep in from the desert. It is said that a wicked soldier died here, and was consigned to the fiery regions below for his manifold sins; but unable to stand the rigors of the climate, sent back for his blankets. I have even heard complaint made that the thermometer failed to show the true heat because the mercury dried up. Every thing dries; wagons dry; men dry; chickens dry; there is no juice left in any thing, living or dead, by the close of summer. Officers and soldiers are supposed to walk about creaking; mules, it is said, can only bray at midnight; and I have heard it hinted that the carcasses of cattle rattle inside their hides, and that snakes find a difficulty in bending their bodies, and horned frogs die of apoplexy. Chickens hatched at this season, as

old Fort Yumers say, come out of the shell ready cooked; bacon is eaten with a spoon; and butter must stand an hour in the sun before the flies become dry enough for use. The Indians sit in the river with fresh mud on their heads, and by dint of constant dipping and sprinkling manage to keep from roasting, though they usually come out parboiled. Strangers coming suddenly upon a group squatted in water up to their necks, with their mud-covered heads glistening in the sun, frequently mistake them for seals. Their usual mode of traveling down the river is astride of a log—their heads only being visible. It is enough to make a man stare with amazement to see a group of mud-balls floating on the current of a hot day, laughing and talking to each other as if it were the finest fun in the world. I have never tried this mode of locomotion; have an idea it must be delightful in such a glowing summer climate.

The Colorado was lower than any of the residents at Fort Yuma had ever before known it. I don't see how it could fall any lower without going entirely through its own bottom. A more capricious river does not exist. Formerly it ran through the desert to the northwest, but for some reason or other it changed its course, and now it runs about three feet above the level of the desert. As a navigable stream it possesses some advantages during the dry season; boats can seldom sink in it; and for the matter of channels it has an unusual variety. The main channel shifts so often that the most skillful pilot always knows where it is not to be found by pursuing the course of his last trip. The little steamer which plies between the fort and the mouth of the river, distant one hundred miles, could not make the round trip in less than two weeks, owing to shoals and shifting bars. Up to La Paz and Fort Mojave the navigation was still worse. Twenty or thirty days up and down was considered a fair trip. The miners in that region were suffering for supplies, although six hundred tons of freight lay at the embarcadero awaiting transportation. I mention this as a hint to the delegate soon to be elected to Congress from Arizona. If he can prevail upon that liberal body to grant half a million of dollars toward plugging up or calking the bottom of the river so that it won't leak, or procuring rain by joint resolution, he will forever after merit the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

Christmas-Day came, and with it some natural longings for home and the familiar faces of the family circle. Yet we were not so badly off as one might suppose in this region of drought and desert. Colonel Bennet and his amiable wife got up an excellent dinner at the fort; and in the evening we had a *baile*, or Spanish dance, at which there were several very dusky belles of the Sonoran race. Unfortunately two Jesuit Padres, attached to the Arizona command, had previously secured the attention of the principal Señoritas in the neighborhood; and what with baptizing and marrying and confessing, it was

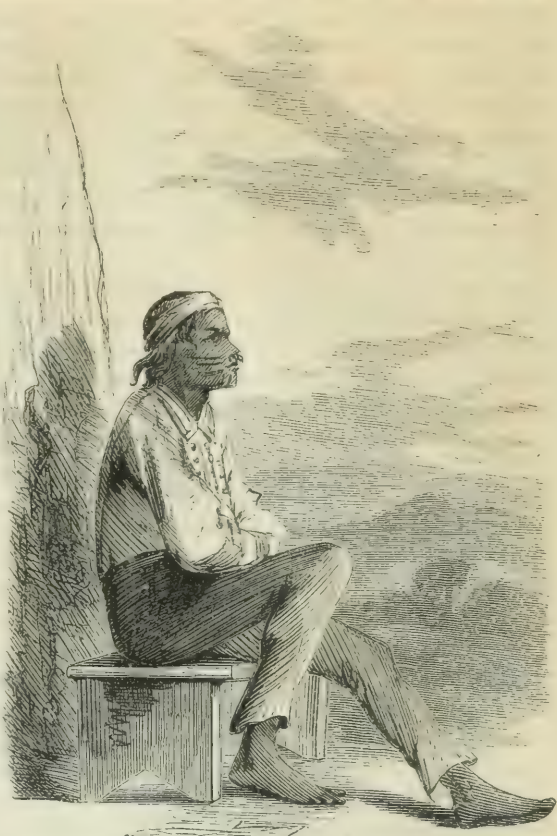
difficult to get up a quorum at the dance. However, there were plenty of officers, and what the ladies lacked in number they made up in spirit. The fiddlers scraped with an inspiring vim; whisky flowed, and egg-shells, containing dust and gilt-paper, were broken in the true Spanish style upon the heads of handsome gallants.

Not aspiring to distinction in that way, I was quietly seated on a bench, enjoying the dance, and unsuspecting of this peculiar custom, when a lovely belle of the darkest hue whirled by in the giddy waltz, dextrously cracking an egg on the crown of my head as she passed, and leaving me a spectacle of confusion and astonishment before the eyes of the crowd. The mischievous beauty struck me exactly on the spot where time has already laid his relentless hand; and I was not surprised at the merry shouts of laughter that ensued; for if my head looked like any thing upon earth, it must have borne a close resemblance to a boulder surmounted by croppings of gold and silver.

Next day Superintendent Poston and myself held a grand pow-wow with the Yuma chiefs and their people. From all parts of the neighborhood they came; warriors, squaws, and children; from the mesquit bushes and mud-holes of the Colorado; from the sloos and the arroyas of the Gila; the cotton-woods and the deserts and the mountains of Castle Dorne. Every village had its delegation of dusky tatterdemalions. Lizards and snakes and mice were hastily cast aside in the wild anticipation of muck-a-muck from the Great Father. Hungry and lean, painted and bedizened with ornaments, they came in to receive the bounty of the mighty Federal chief.

Great were the rejoicings when we opened the boxes and bales of merchandise so liberally furnished by the Government contractors, Cronin, Huntall, and Sears, of New York. Red, white, green, and gray blankets; military suits, glittering with tinsel; old swords, four feet long; sun-glasses for lighting cigars; and penny whistles for the small fry. It was indeed a wonderful display of the artistic triumphs of civilization, well calculated to impress the savage tribes of the Pacific with awe and admiration. There were axes of the best Collins brand, that flew to pieces like glass against the iron timbers of this anomalous region; and hats made by steam, and flaming red vests stitched by magic, and tobacco-boxes and tin kettles that might be opened, but never upon earth shut again. Surrounded by all the military paraphernalia of Fort Yuma, and with ceremony the most profound and impressive, we delivered our speeches and dry-goods to the various chiefs; we gave them damaged hominy and hoes, and spades and shovels, and sashes and military buttons, charms, amulets, tobacco-boxes, and beads; shook them by the hand collectively and in detail, and pow-wowed generally in the approved style.

I close this branch of the subject with a brief description of the principal chiefs as they appeared before us on that memorable day. Pas-



YUMA INDIAN.

qual, the doughty head-chief of all the Yumas, long known to fame as the longest of his tribe, predominated over the ceremonies. A grave, cadaverous, leathery old gentleman, with hollow, wrinkled cheeks, and a prodigious nose, through the cartilage of which, between the nostrils, he wears a white bone ornamented with swinging pendants, is Pasqual the doughty. On account of the length of his arms and legs—which, when stretched out altogether, bear a strong similitude to the identical wind-mill against which Don Quixote ran a tilt—the mighty Pasqual is regarded with much respect and veneration by his tribe. His costume, on the present occasion, consisted of a shabby military coat, doubtless the same worn in ancient times by his friend, Major Heintzelman, the embroidery of which has long since been fretted out by wear and tear, and the elbows rubbed off by long collision with the multitudes of office-seekers among his tribe. Of pantaloons he had but a remnant; and of boots or shoes he had none at all, save those originally furnished him by nature. But chiefly was Pasqual conspicuous for the ponderous bone and appendages that hung from his nose. A slight catarrh afflicted him at the time of our pow-wow, and it was not without great inconvenience that he managed the ornamental part of his countenance—turning repeatedly away to blow it, or adjust the awkward pendants that swung from it, and always reappearing with tears of anguish in his eyes. I took pity upon his sufferings and gave him some snuff, assuring him it was a sovereign remedy for colds in the head. The result was



YUMA CHIEFS.

such a series of explosions, contortions of the facial muscles, and rattling of the ornamental bones, as to alarm me for the sanity of the doughty chief, who seemed quite wild with the accumulation of his agonies. The assembled wisdom of the nation grunted repeatedly in token of amazement; and Pasqual muttered, between the paroxysms of his affliction, "Ugh! muchee pepper! velly strong dust! Burn 'um Injun nose!"

Vincente, the next chief in command, dressed in a blue cotton shirt of the scantiest pattern. It reached only a short distance below his waist, and, for the matter of respect to the prejudices of civilization, might have ended at the collar. I really wish the contractors would furnish longer shirts for the Indians. The Yumas are tall, and I know of no tribe on this coast averaging only fourteen inches from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. Vincente had probably received a hint that the distribution would be honored by the presence of ladies. What he lacked in costume he made up in paint. Both his eyes were encircled with yellow ochre; blue streaks adorned his cheeks; his nose was of a dazzling vermilion, and his legs were gorgeously striped with mud. His only additional article of costume, visible to the eye, was a dusky cotton diaper, ingeniously tied behind, leaving a long tail to flutter majestically in the breeze.

Tebarro, the next great chief, wrapped himself in an American blanket, and dyed his face a gloomy black. I think he was in mourning. He wore tar on his head, and tar on his cheeks, and tar on his nose and chin, which becoming mingled with the grit and dust of the Colorado desert, gave him a sort of asphaltum look, like the

house-tops and pavements of Los Angeles. When he stood in the sun he melted—such was the force of his grief. Black tears ran down from his head and cheeks and chin, and mingled with the wool of his blanket. Literally he wept tar.

Antonio, the fourth great chief, wore a strap round his waist, with a rusty old sword tied to it by means of rawhide. He didn't wear any thing else, save the usual girdle of manta upon his loins, that could be considered an article of costume; but his eyes were gorgeously encircled by a cloud of blue paint fringed with vermilion. Like his illustrious superior, Pasqual, he wore pendent ornaments in his nose, of the most inconvenient pattern. I should judge Antonio carried a quarter of a pound of native jewelry, consisting of bone and lead, upon the cartilage of his proboscis.

Juan, the fifth and last of noted warriors and head-men, was redundant in gamoose breeches and cotton rags. On his head he wore a helmet of Colorado mud, dried into the roots of his hair by the action of the sun. This I believe is accounted by the Yumas a sovereign remedy for vermin. The liveliest skipper is forever deprived of locomotion by the conglomerate of dried mud. When the helmet is broken off in segments, like a piece of baked crockery, it must present a curious spectacle of embalmed bodies.

These distinguished chiefs and their people received the presents allotted to them with great dignity and good-humor. There was no grabbing or stealing, nor any sign of discontent. Every man received his share with satisfaction, and with gratitude to the Great Father in Washington. When they shook hands with us for



AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION.

the last time, and we were about to part, the scene was really affecting. I almost shed tears at it myself, unused as I am to crying about what can't be helped. In squads, and couples, and one by one, they affectionately took their leave, with their hoes and axes, spades and shovels, gimcracks and charms stuck all over them—in their sashes, breeches, clouties, blankets, and pinafores. One went with a necklace of mattocks around his neck and three Collins axes in his girdle; another with his head thrust into a glittering pile of tin-ware; while a third, one of the unbreeched multitude, wore a frying-pan in front by way of an apron, and a corn-hoe behind, in the usual fashion of a rudder. Old men and young were tuning their jews'-harps; luxurious squaws were peeping at the redundant beauties reflected by their little zinc looking-glasses; children were blowing their tin whistles, and small fat papooses were hanging their heads out of compressed bundles behind their mothers, wondering, with open mouths and great round eyes, what could be the cause of all the hubbub. It was an impressive scene of barbarous happiness not easily forgotten. And so ended the Grand Pow-wow.

Our unhappy driver, George, who had never smiled during the whole course of the ceremonies, now turned away with an expression of the most profound and confirmed melancholy. Not even the warrior with the rudder, nor the chief with the mud roof to his head, could dissipate the intensity of his gloom. Nor were the blandishments of the dusky Yuma belles of any greater

avail. With his hand pressed upon the pit of his stomach he groaned in agony of spirit as he descended the hill; and I fancied the plaintive words reached my ears, "Oh! Mary Jane, how could you? Think of him that loves you, and he among Injuns and savigges!"



GEORGE.



THE INNER LIFE.

THOUGHTS of mine, so wildly pressing
Through the mystery of my soul,
While my calm face, unconfessing,
Keeps the solemn secret whole.

Oft I ponder,
With vague wonder,
Whence ye come—and what ye mean;
Visions of my world unseen!

Are ye nothing? all the longing?
And the deep bewildering doubt?
Till the old child-faiths come thronging
Back—and cast the tempter out.

Is this dreaming?
Only seeming,
All the strong love, and the pain
Which can never sleep again.

*Does all pass away unheeding,
Leaving no marks in its track?
Do the days, on days succeeding,
From the Past call nothing back?*

No! I only,
Sad and lonely,
In my weary soul bear trace
Of the wrestle and the race!

All, all, passes; but in token
Of the long-lost dreams, there lie,
In my silent heart, unspoken
Words and thoughts, that will not die.

Here, the cherished
Hopes, that perished
Ere those golden days were o'er,
Sleep enshrined for evermore.



ITALIAN BONNET MAKERS.

STRAW BONNETS.

AMONG the minor branches of New England industry, one of the most interesting is the manufacture of Straw Bonnets. A distinguishing feature of this is, that it is to a great extent a "Domestic Manufacture" in the strictest sense of the phrase, a large part of the work being done by families at their own homes, and only the finishing part performed in large factories.

Straw bonnets and hats were originally made in Italy. The Italian, or, as they are more commonly called, the "Leghorn" hats, are made of slender straws from a species of bearded wheat, which is grown expressly for the hat manufacture. The straw is prepared in a manner similar to that which will be described further on in this article. The making of these Leghorn hats gives employment to large numbers of the Italian peasantry, and an old convent, now and then, has to suffer transformation into a straw-hat establishment. It was not long before the Italian hat was adopted by the French, and a little over a hundred years ago it was introduced into En-

gland. This hat consisted of nothing more than an enormous circle of straw with a central skull-cap of the same material. It was, therefore, better fitted to receive the changes in form through which it was destined to pass than would have been the case if it had consisted of a more elaborate design. Many a chase after a blown-away hat induced the ladies to put their wits to work in order that they might put an end to the vexations which were caused them by their broad and flapping hat-brims. These they soon learned to fasten down upon the sides with ribbons, thus forming the so-called "gipsy hat," and making the first approach to a bonnet. Various unsuccessful attempts were made to modify the native ugliness of this form of hat, but no radical change took place until about the year 1790, when, the hinder part of the brim proving troublesome, some woman of fashion in a fit of spleen cut it off. Thus a second advance was made toward the modern bonnet. As if this had been a signal for the overthrow of the then reigning fashions, numerous new shapes of hats or bonnets

began to appear. From all these changes the legitimate bonnet came out triumphant, and, notwithstanding its protean character, despite its numerous alterations in size and shape, has retained the same essential characteristics ever since.

Let us commence our investigations of the straw bonnet manufacture among us by taking a glance at the manner of preparing the straw. By the time that day dedicated to All-Fools arrives, the rye, which has been sown and even commenced its growth the fall before, covers the hill slopes with its verdure in place of the just departed whiteness of the snow, and in June, being nearly out of the blossom, its slender stalks are ready for the sickle. The reaper is very careful to cut his straw at just the right time, for he has learned that a too early gathering produces shriveled stalks, and a tardy reaping brittle ones. Having been cut, tied in small bundles, and the loose straws shaken out, the stalks are laid upon a block and lose their heads by the axe. The largest boiler to be obtained, the one used for scalding hogs the year before maybe, is now brought into requisition, set up perhaps in the field, filled with water, and a hot fire built under it. To this boiler the headless trunks are now brought. After a thorough scalding has removed much of their green sap, the bundles are undone and the stalks are laid upon a grassy slope to dry, the butts being placed uppermost in order that the moisture may not collect under the husks that spring up from every joint. Now the straw-maker is called upon to exercise even more watchfulness than the maker of hay; he observes every shower-betokening cloud, and carefully shields his straw from a particle of the rain which would destroy its much-prized clearness. After having turned it several times and allowed it to lie out for about forty-eight hours, the straw is for the last time bundled up and placed under cover.

When it is desired to braid the straw, children are employed to cut it at the joints, and to take off the easily removed hulls which grow up from these. The smooth lengths of straw between these joints are put into a boiler and a second time submitted to the action of hot water. Even now the tortures of the poor disjointed and scalded straw are by no means ended, but, passing from bad to worse, it has to be placed in a basket and exposed to that suffocating ordeal of brimstone smoke, which again and again, even after having been made into bonnets, it is doomed to pass through. It comes from the barrel or cupboard in which it has been fumigated far whiter than it went in, and is now ready, so far as color is concerned, for the braiding. The above is the process used if it is wished that the straw should be white; but if, on account of having been damaged in the drying perhaps, it is wished to color it, a kettle of dye stuff is substituted for the hot water and the bleaching is dispensed with.

After having been dampened, slit from end to end, and flattened out by being drawn over the

back of the scissors, each straw is ready for what is technically termed "machining." The "machine" is rather a primitive affair, but little deserving the dignified name which it has received. The essential part of it is a series of sharp steel teeth inserted at regular distances on a slip of wood, over which the flattened straw is drawn. These teeth split the straw into a series of "splints," wider or narrower according to the distance between the teeth. There is a separate machine for each "number."

Much of the work heretofore has been done by children, and in the plaiting of the straw they continue to find scope for their industry. In this pursuit they were more especially employed to advantage in the early days of straw braiding, when to have a large family was rather a blessing than otherwise, since, with the high prices then given for braid, the children could frequently show as the results of their labor many of the comforts and luxuries of the farmer's house. The braid may be formed of either single straws or of double ones, *i. e.*, of two with their inner surfaces laid together. In the first instance the polished outer face of the straw will alternate with the dull inner surface, forming the so-called "split straw" braid, and in the second case the braid will have the uniform, glossy appearance which characterizes the "Patent English Dunstable." We are speaking of domestic braids. There are foreign braids, as the "Canton," "Panama," and "Leghorn," which are made up of unsplit straws. From the number of strands used the braid receives the names "seven," "eleven," "fifteen," etc., being the finer of course, for any definite width, in proportion as the strands are more numerous.

The braid is by no means yet ready for the sewer, but, having been bought up in its rough state by the braid collectors, it is turned over to those whom we may call the finishers. Having been tied in bundles, the braid is placed in a barrel and thoroughly washed. After having been partially dried, it is reeled, in order to bring it into loose and open skeins convenient for bleaching. The skeins are hung up while yet damp in the smoke-house, and allowed to remain there during one "smoke." On the floor of the smoke-cupboard is placed a shallow vessel filled with pulverized brimstone. This is set on fire and the cupboard tightly closed. The fumes of the burning sulphur (sulphurous acid) ascend to where the straw is hung and bleach it. The cupboard is kept closed for ten hours or so, the fire, either from lack of fuel or air, goes out, and the straw has passed through one "smoke." After having been smoked the braid is hung in the air, in order that the action of the sun may "take the yellow out" to a further extent. In a few hours it arrives at the desired whiteness and is ready for the trimming. This process was formerly performed by hand, and the poor and unbraided ends of straw were tiresomely cut off with shears. A slight improvement was made upon this manner of doing

the business when a razor was used in the same operation, the blade being fixed and the braid drawn under it. Of late years, however, a machine has been perfected by which one man can trim nearly four thousand yards of medium quality braid in a single day—an amount of work which it formerly required a good share of a week to perform. The braid, in passing through the machine, has been measured, and is now ready for being tied into the long flattish bundles in which it remains until ready for use. These bundles contain braid of uniform style; for thus early in bonnet-making has the system of numbering goods commenced, and during all the processes described the different qualities of braid are kept entirely distinct. The braid is now ready for the sewing.

There was a time when the manufacture of bonnets was a purely domestic affair. The straw was grown, prepared, braided, and sewed by the same family, and the bonnet stiffened with common starch and ironed with a common flat. But as the days of homespun have passed away, so have these days of home-made bonnets. Although no great invention has been produced to mark a progressive leap in the manufacture of straw bonnets—although the machinery now used is simple and not large in quantity, yet improvements have been gradually taking place, until now every operation has been so systematized that we have bonnet-factories as truly as cotton-factories—factories containing a great living machine, each portion of which has peculiar functions and is fitted for certain parts of the work. These factories have particular localities where they are most fully developed, or perhaps it would be better to say have a particular locality; for, aside from two establishments in Connecticut and two or three in New York city, they are all confined to Southeastern Massachusetts. Here we find a dozen towns, relying upon not quite a score of bonnet-factories for their principal means of support—towns in which straw is queen as truly as cotton is king in many other of our manufacturing villages. Twelve thousand persons would be a fair estimate of the number employed by these establishments, and from these are sent away annually nearly eight million bonnets and hats.

The manufacture of straw bonnets is confined to this section of New England, because it was here that the American branch of the business originated. In 1798 Miss Betsey Metcalf, of Providence, Rhode Island, now Mrs. Baker of West Dedham, Massachusetts, saw an imported Dunstable bonnet in a Providence store, and straightway wished one like it. Taking some oat stubble from a field where her father's laborers had been reaping, she split the straws with her thumb-nail and made her first attempts at plaiting. After several failures she succeeded in imitating the braid of the admired affair in the shop, and made herself a bonnet. Thus the ingenious girl, only twelve years of age, acquired the honor of being the first American manufacturer of straw bonnets. She is now an

old lady of seventy-eight, and still braids, having presented us with a specimen of her handiwork, a beautiful straw ornament, on a late visit to her. Many persons urged her to get a patent on her process of braiding; but being then, as now, quite tenacious of her reputation as a Christian, she said *her* name should never go to Congress. A fac-simile of Mrs. Baker's first bonnet is preserved in the rooms of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry.

After braiding was once commenced it rapidly developed itself. Mrs. Baker taught her friends, and they taught theirs. The ladies were delighted that they had found an art by means of which they might further adorn themselves. Braiding was carried to the school-room; the meetings of church sewing-circles were transformed into braiding bees; ladies had their little straw bundles with them almost every where, and straw plaiting became, as it were, the crochet work of the day. The new invention suffered the common lot of all improvements, and was not without its enemies. By some it was thought to induce pride, and by others to be the precursor of famine, because it occasioned the cutting of the straw before the grain was ripe. Even as late as 1825 a Dr. Stanley wrote an "Essay on the Manufacture of Straw Bonnets," in which he laid all kinds of evil results at the door of straw braid, closing with some "moral, political, miscellaneous, and concluding remarks." Notwithstanding so great an opposition to it the majority of the ladies were in favor of the new art, and, of course, straw braiding daily increased in importance as a branch of manufacture. At first Mrs. Baker was a monopolist in the business, having orders sent her from forty miles away; afterward it became customary for the straw braiders to take the bonnets they had made to the village along with butter, eggs, etc., and exchange them for the various articles to be obtained at a country store. As the business increased straw bonnet merchants became an institution; later still "sewing halls" were established, and these last have gradually grown into the large establishments of to-day.

Among all the "straw towns" of Massachusetts is a not very large yet quite enterprising



MRS. BETSEY BAKER.



UNION STRAW WORKS, FOXBOROUGH, MASS.

one, in which straw bonnets are made to a far greater extent than in any other. Foxborough is a beautiful town, situated on the highlands between Massachusetts and Narraganset bays, twenty-four miles from Boston, and less than twenty miles from the original seat of the straw bonnet manufacture. There were formerly several bonnet factories here, but they are now all united in the "Union Straw Works," which were established by the Messrs. O. and E. P. Carpenter in 1853, and which constitute the largest manufactory of the kind in either this country or Europe. Some idea of its magnitude may be formed when it is stated that the number employed in it (exclusive of braiders) is more than 3000 (800 within and 2500 outside the factory building), and that the value of its goods annually manufactured is two million dollars. Inasmuch as the immense business done here requires that every operation should be strictly systematized, we can not better get an idea of the processes through which the braid goes in order to become a bonnet than by tracing its progress through this establishment.

Consider the writer as your guide, if you please—for it would not be easy to traverse this three and four story acre of rooms without one—and he will endeavor to answer all questions. The numerous "No Admittances" placed upon the doors of the establishment are not in this case meaningless, but with a permit from the office we may safely begin our perambulations without fear of ejection.

We will commence our tour at the Stock

Room. The counters along its sides are covered with piles of braid, nineteen-twentieths of which is imported. Here is some from Italy, here a lot from Switzerland, and near it some from Germany; France and England have their straw delegates here; South America sends her representatives to this congress of straws; and even the Chinaman introduces his member from the Celestial Empire. We hear the workmen who are arranging the braid use a mixture of geographical and other names as they talk of "Pedale," "Fancy Hair," "Manilla Split," "Patent," "Luton," "Argovia," "Florence," "Canton," "Milan," etc., and conjecture rightly that they are speaking of the members of this international assemblage of straws. A portion of the Canton braid is imported from China in the shape of large, ungainly hats, the flat sides of the braid being sewed together, and each hat containing material enough for several bonnets.

We will then pass to the next, the Manufacturer's Room. Here we are confronted by a long row of latticed bins, in which the braid is arranged, ready for the use of the "manufacturer;" or, in other words, the one who carries out the stock. In order to understand what is meant by "carrying out" as here used, it must be noticed that the building in which we have supposed ourselves to be is used for hardly any thing else, save the finishing up of the work, which is made ready for the finishing process in many a family throughout the region within twenty miles of the factory. To these families the braid is carried out, and after a week or so

brought back in the shape of bonnets. Each "manufacturer," or stock-deliverer, has in the room we are visiting his bin of braid; here he supplies himself with the little cloth tickets, or "numbers," to be used by the sewer, and with large skeins of a peculiar thread, which is made of Sea Island cotton expressly for the bonnet manufacture. Having loaded his covered wagon with all articles needed, and fastened a large bag for bonnets to the rack behind, he is ready for his departure for Attleborough, Dedham, Taunton, or some other one of the eighteen or twenty towns visited by the stock deliverers of the Union Straw Works, whither we will accompany him.

Arriving, after a few hours, at the scene of operations, the carriage is stopped at one of those story-and-a-half houses so common in Massachusetts, and we alight. Entering the cottage, we find a home scene peculiar to this part of the country. From the youngest to the oldest all are engaged in the straw business. To be sure, the little one is not of much help, as she puts the straws in disorder, watches every motion of her sister, and bothers her with questions; but said sister, the girl of ten years, is quite useful as she sits on her cricket and braids her daily stint. The mother plies the needle merrily as she, with flying fingers, forms the tip, laps braid upon braid as she sews spirally around it, and makes a splice when necessary; while the old grandmother, nearly seventy, a somewhat slower worker, manages to make a bonnet in no way inferior to that of her young competitors. In the laps of the sewers sit Plaster of Paris model

blocks, the quite convenient substitutes for the paper patterns formerly used for regulating the shape of the growing bonnet. Upon these blocks the partially-completed bonnet is frequently fitted, in order to see if it comes to the proper marks, and if it is "*made*" in the right shape without requiring to be pulled into it.

The driving up of the "straw cart," with its coat of arms, a bundle of rye painted upon the panel, has been the signal for the sewer to bring out her bonnets from their receptacle, and when we enter she has them all ready for delivery to our companion. He inspects them to see if the numbers denoting the size, style of braid, and sewer, have been properly placed at the tip, having an eye also to the workmanship; gives credit on his book for the work done, and retires with his load to the cart for more stock. He does not effect his retreat, however, without being urged by the lady to give her the best and finest straw he has; for not only can she generally make more in sewing this, but, with a lady's taste, she finds it much pleasanter to work on a fine article, which shall look nice when done, than upon a coarse affair which she would be ashamed to wear herself. Of course our friend, the stock deliverer, is bound to comply with her request, or at least to seem to do so, and to have all of his sewers for special favorites. Bringing in a few pieces of braid of twenty or sixty yards each, with a sufficient quantity of thread to sew it and numbers to match, he charges the same upon her book and starts for the door.

We have already reached the carriage, but he



NEW ENGLAND BONNET MAKERS.

is not with us. Ah! he has turned back to put his head into the room and give the usual injunction, "Be sure and have the stitches short on the outside!" Thus he leaves the sewer, who will be in a continual worry until he makes his next appearance for fear that amidst the ever-changing fashions she shall next week have to commence work on a new block, just as she has become accustomed to the one in accordance with which she now makes her bonnets.

As we ride along with the stock deliverer on his visits to his "lady friends," he gives us some particulars concerning the sewing of the braid. We learn that it takes about three hours to sew twenty-five yards of medium width braid, the quantity required for a bonnet, but that the sewer is paid according to the number of yards she sews without special reference to the number of bonnets made. By reference to a copy of the "Rules" which he has the kindness to show us, we find that the braid must not be sewed wet or damp (often transgressed), that the thread must be unwaxed and tightly drawn, that "back stitches" not exceeding half an inch in length are to be taken, and that clean hands while at work are insisted upon.

We have imagined ourselves to be in company with the stock-deliverer. We have obtained a glimpse of the manner in which the straw is sewed, and since our purpose has thus been accomplished, let us avoid the tedious, all-day ride, with its frequent halts, to which the stock-deliverer is doomed, and, reversing the course of our journey, consider ourselves back again at the Union Straw Works.

We are in the Receiving Room, the place where the bonnets are deposited after coming from the hands of our late companion. Here let us take heed to our steps lest we trample upon the bonnets and hats which lie about loosely upon the floor, seemingly in the greatest confusion. Bonnets of various colors, wholly regardless of general notions with regard to keeping the races distinct, seem to mingle in all but perfect disorder, while the white, black, and copper-colored join hands in brotherly love. Workmen are engaged in sorting and registering the bonnets and placing them in racks. Order having thus been brought out of confusion, a part of the bonnets are sent to the Dye House, while yet another portion is forwarded by families and detachments over the miniature railway which connects this part of the factory with the rear, and are disembarked at the Bleach House.

The passage way to the Smoke House has its unpainted wooden walls strangely discolored, and the further we proceed the more intensely comes the smell of brimstone to our nostrils, but on entering the precincts we find merely several long alley-ways, with their sides made up to a great extent of doors opening into large smoke closets. Bleaching having been temporarily suspended, some of these closets are open: let us look into them. On the floor are shallow pots of brimstone; above these, and on both sides of

the apartment, are six tiers of rope-bottomed, berth-like fixtures, which serve to give to these closets the appearance of double state-rooms on a steamer. The bleachers are quite likely fellows in white aprons, and quite obliging as they show us around and describe the *modus operandi* of their department. And yet, after they have fully described the process which the bonnet here goes through, a certain air of mystery still surrounds it. That the bonnets are smoked for several hours once at least, and often twice, is quite evident, but when we come to inquire what is done to them in a room near by where we notice certain dipping operations going on, we are put off with some talk about whitening the bonnets, "acids," "alkalies," etc., which leaves us as much in the dark on the subject as ever. Questioning still further as to the operations here performed, and the materials used, we are frankly told by the mystic mixture-man that he and his brother workmen alone understand the process; that the Union Straw Works can not just yet afford to part with one of the secrets which renders their work famous, and that, furthermore, he has been placed under heavy bonds not to reveal it.

Having taken a hasty glance at the Drying Yard, where thousands of bonnets sun and air themselves on long rows of upright pegs, we will proceed, "by rail" if we like, to the Sizing Room. We will not delay long at this point, for it will take us but a moment to comprehend the operation performed here, to notice the stiffening of the bonnets with a thin solution of glue. While one workman, the "dipper," baptizes bonnet after bonnet in the galvanized iron "font" before him, his official assistants wipe lightly off the glue drops which have collected, and the bonnets are passed through a Receiving Room to the Blocking Room above.

Up to this time, save perhaps when first coming from the hands of the sewers, the bonnets have been characterized by a shapelessness far removed from their final beauty. The mysterious dipping, the day's rest in the berths of the brimstone closet, and the gluey baptism have combinedly left them in such a condition that no one but a "straw man" would ever suppose it possible to transform such affairs into any sort of an article of dress, much less into a head covering for a lady.

But in the Blocking Room, which we now visit, the bonnet commences a steady approach toward its final shape. Beside the counter which surrounds the room stand numerous workmen, each with several plaster model blocks before him. On these blocks the still damp bonnets are fitted, not a little pulling and judicious pounding being sometimes required to get them into shape, this being especially the case when the sewer, in disobedience to her rules, has allowed a carelessly formed bonnet to pass. Having been made to come up to the prescribed mark upon the block the bonnets are pinned there and set away upon numerous racks, placed over steam pipes, to dry. Afterward they are taken from



PORTION OF A PRESS ROOM.

the blocks and are ready for the next operation. This room being so uncomfortably warm, the thermometer standing at nearly 80° , we are quite willing to quit it and seek another.

The next in order is the Press Room. On entering this we find that we have, figuratively speaking, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for if the Blocking Room was hot, this is hotter. Coats and vests are discarded as burdensome, and, it being a fair day, every window is thrown open. If we investigate the cause of this heat we shall find that it proceeds principally from the hot flats used by the many workmen here engaged in pressing bonnets. "But where are the bonnets?" the reader exclaims, as he examines the partial view of one of the Press Rooms given above. In answer to this very natural question it may be well to notice here that the establishment which we are visiting, manufactures, in its triple set of apartments, not only bonnets but both ladies' and gentlemen's hats. Save that a different shaped block is used in each case, these three forms of head-covering are made in very similar manners. To such an extent, indeed, is this true that we have not hesitated to present engravings of rooms in the hat departments, when we could thus more conveniently and better illustrate our subject than by prohibiting our artist's camera from entering any apartments save those devoted to bonnets. In the Press Room we are called upon to particularly observe the minute division of labor which is made a specialty by the proprietors of this establishment, and which

is every where noticeable in it. We see the bonnet, during the simple operation of pressing, passing through three different hands, the tip, head, and front being pressed by different persons. So thoroughly, indeed, are these three processes separated that the "tip man" could no more perform the labor of those coming after him than the printer's imp could fill with dignity the editorial chair. In each operation the bonnet is placed upon a special wooden block, and pressed by means of a peculiar machine. The machines are similar, however, inasmuch as they all consist of a kind of turntable, upon which the block is placed, and which moves under a flat of several pounds weight. This flat is pressed down upon the bonnet by the application of the foot to a lever, connecting by a rod with the top of the machine. This is the usual manner; heavy hand flats, with handles at each end, are sometimes substituted, however, and the bonnets pressed upon blocks which allow of but little turning. With surprising rapidity the experienced presser places the bonnet upon the block of his machine, lays the damp cloth over it to prevent scorching, stands upon one foot, brings his flat to bear with the other, with one hand gives a few revolutions to the turn-table, with the other guides the flat as it smooths the bonnet, and then, with his portion of the work performed upon it, passes it on to undergo the next operation. Opening out of the Press Room, and separated from it by iron doors, is a yet hotter locality, the Heating Room, containing large fur-

naces in which numerous cubical pieces of iron are transformed into the red-hot cores used in the hollow pressing-flats.

We will follow the bonnet, now smooth and shining, to the Wiring Hall. This is the pleasantest room we have yet visited, not only from its situation, but also on account of its occupants. Heretofore, in our journey through the factory, we have met only with men, but in the Wiring Hall we are to find the other sex. Even before reaching it we know this to be the case; for through the halls leading to it we hear the music of female voices, and as we draw nearer recognize the patriotic strains of "Hail Columbia." Yes, the "girls" (as the female operatives are always called) are really singing! Let none of our precise crusty old manufacturers be horrified at the idea, and assert that the work can not be half done when the mind is diverted from it by such "carryings on." Let any one of them examine the workmanship and see if it is not quite as good in quality as that which comes from the drudges under his supervision—those rightly-called "poor factory girls," who are by him debarred from thinking of any thing from morning till night save the toilsome labor in which they are engaged. Having found, as he certainly will, that light-heartedness and good work are not mortal enemies, let him relax the oppressive rules which have previously crushed out the vivacious spirit of his operatives, and hereafter act upon the principle that the knight of St. Crispin who whistles will make the best shoe. But this is no place for moralizing. The

"girls" are seated in couples at peculiar worktables, upon which are stands for bonnets, and in which are drawers for wire, thread, etc. In this room the thread-covered wire is sewn, as a stiffening, around the edge of the bonnet; the paper lining, to prevent the goods from sticking together when packed, is stitched into the crown; and a fancy ticket for price marks, with "Superfine" at the top and the wirer's number at the bottom, is placed upon one side. During these processes, which are rapidly gone through with, the bonnet gets much out of shape, and has to be sent to another room for the purpose of receiving the final touch. Here, in the Shaping Room, it is placed upon a block, by a pinch here and a pull there has its symmetry restored to it, and is finally complete.

We now proceed to the Packing Room. Here it might be supposed that considerable assorting would be required before the price could be fixed to the goods, and they be made ready for sale and for shipment; but such is far from the truth. During the various processes of manufacture, from the braid to the bonnet, one grade of goods has been kept entirely distinct from the other; and as the completed bonnets come by hundreds and thousands into the Packing Room, "Lot 999" is just as distinct from "Lot 1000" as if one had been made in Boston, the other in New York. Every thing, in fact, with regard to the manufacture of the goods has been so systematized, through subdivisions of labor and through systems of accounts, that not only can the final cost of any class of goods be readily determined,

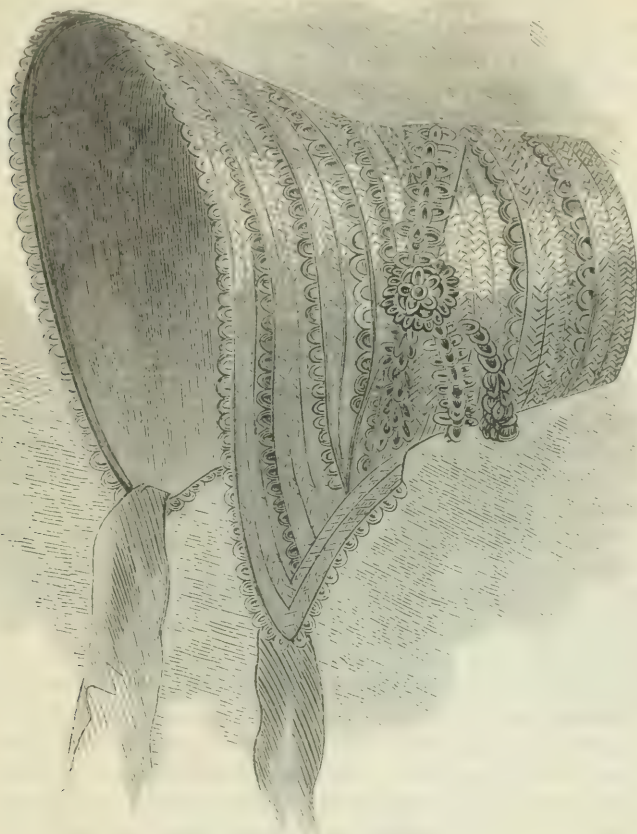


PORTION OF A WIRING HALL.

but the cost of each individual bonnet can at once be ascertained to the fraction of a cent in any department where it may be found. But little else is required then in the Packing Room

than to show customers the goods, slip the bonnets into boxes from the large pile always in readiness, and send them off.

While in the Packing Room the sight-seeing reader could not but have been tempted to ask where so many boxes came from. Should he walk a short distance across the Common he would find, nearly buried in logs and boards, an old church, one in which the writer, many years ago, listened with childish impatience to long sermons, ate carraway, and slept. Having been more than doubled in size this old church is now a box manufactory, or, in the town parlance, the "steam-mill." The congregation daily attending here consists of about thirty persons. Through the agency of these about a million feet of lumber are annually converted into forty thousand cases, and from seventy-five to a hundred tons of straw board meet with a change into handboxes, all for the use of this single straw bonnet factory. Such is a part of the results that have grown out of little Betsey Metcalf's First American Straw Bonnet.



FIRST AMERICAN STRAW BONNET.

HEREAFTER.

O LAND beyond the setting sun!
O realm more fair than poet's dream!
How clear thy silvery streamlets run,
How bright thy golden glories gleam!

Earth holds no counterpart of thine.
The dark-browed Orient, jewel-crowned,
Pales as she bows before thy shrine,
Shrouded in mystery so profound.

The dazzling North, the stately West,
Whose rivers flow from mount to sea;
The South, flower-wreathed in languid rest,
What are they all compared with thee?

All lands, all realms beneath yon dome,
Where God's own hand hath hung the stars,
To thee with humblest homage come,
O world beyond the crystal bars!

Thou blest Hereafter! Mortal tongue
Hath striven in vain thy speech to learn,
And Fancy wanders, lost among
The flowery paths for which we yearn.

But well we know that fair and bright,
Far beyond human ken or dream,
Too glorious for our feeble sight,
Thy skies of cloudless azure beam.

We know thy happy valleys lie
In green repose, supremely blest;
We know against thy sapphire sky
Thy mountain peaks sublimely rest.

And sometimes even now we catch
Faint gleamings from thy far-off shore,
And still with eager eyes we watch
For one sweet sign or token more.

For oh, the deeply loved are there!
The brave, the fair, the good, the wise,
Who pined for thy serenest air,
Nor shunned thy solemn mysteries.

There are the hopes that, one by one,
Died even as we gave them birth;
The dreams that passed ere well begun,
Too dear, too beautiful for earth.

The aspirations, strong of wing,
Aiming at heights we could not reach;
The songs we tried in vain to sing;
The thoughts too vast for human speech;

Thou hast them all, Hereafter! Thou
Shalt keep them safely till that hour
When, with God's seal on heart and brow,
We claim them in immortal power!

MRS. GISBORNE'S WAY.

THE wintry sunbeams fell one morning in a slant sheet through the blue smoke that filled the kitchen, a whole flight of them dipping directly into the frying-pan, where, in sizzling enjoyment, swam the roundest and richest of delectable dough-nuts.

Mrs. Gisborne stepped and dropped the painted curtain. "I sha'n't have the sun putting out my fire!" she said. And this, in fact, was the motto according to which she had governed herself through life, and every body else as well. Any higher luminary had always sung second to her own interior lights of hard sense and practical policy. A trait, however, that, so far as this world is concerned, did not impair her usefulness. It had been the severest trial of Mrs. Gisborne's experience that her daughter Kate inherited just enough of her own stamina to be quite as willful, after her peculiar fashion; and that, instead of being the careful housewife that some of her neighbors boasted in their daughters, she spun more street-yarn than her ancestors had ever footed in the course of their united lives, attended ismistic lectures on the nights of evening meeting, forsook that safe old-fashioned receptacle of wisdom the almanac for nauseous novels, and on no condition whatever would consent to frying dough-nuts. On this last point Kate was fortified, all modern ideas as well as many ancient prejudices coming to her support against the porcine root of the matter; and, armed with axioms, she reasoned that the devils once driven into the herd of swine had found such abode so congenial that they had ever since made it their resting-place. In point of truth, though, neither of the two elder ladies of the family of three were particularly fond of the edible in question: it was the veneration for good old generations that still laid them a sacrifice on the altar of discord; perhaps also a leniency toward the new, for it was to be remarked that, abstemious as were the two first-mentioned persons, these dough-nuts always disappeared in a rather precipitate manner. Aunt Nancy used to say it was done by mesmerism, that being a ghost she had never laid; but Kate said it was the old miracle over again, at which her mother, shocked by her profanity, ventured a little of her own, and declared that though not of the sort Kate affirmed, nevertheless there doubtless was devilry in it. Just now, being the sore subject, these dough-nuts, simmering so unconsciously in their round-faced, puffy good-nature, brought up all the ills of life to Mrs. Gisborne's ken again, and while her fire should brighten she sank upon a seat near the window opened for the smoke's escape, and, vigorously as she complained to herself, wiped her warm, rosy face with a corner of her apron. Here was she balked of her way. Mrs. Gisborne meant to have her way if it took her life. There was Kate at this moment probably in the Castle of the Pyrenees, a hundred feet underground with the Lady Victoria, she thought, while her Aunt

Nancy was putting the patches on the table-cloth, and while her mother was grilling over the stove; and, warming on this anthropophagical hint, her heart burned over Mrs. Mudge's girls, and she had half a score, each one of them rubbing, scrubbing, scouring, choring, in a perpetual gala of business, and any one of them a capital look-out for whatever man should fancy her. And thereat the crowning grievance exalted itself. There was Kate, instead of contenting herself in her station, and taking up with a wholesome mechanic, as her mother had done before her, a man who loved her like his life—there she was with all her silly head turned by the attentions of Simon Symonds, and with the idea of being a lawyer's lady. Kate indeed might become a fine personage in time if she attained her ends; but so far above her beginnings that her mother would have to scrape her feet too carefully at her door ever to take any comfort in her house. No, that was not to be. Mrs. Gisborne shook her head afresh, and meant more than ever to have her own way in a matter so important to her own happiness as that. That her way, to all appearance, was not Kate's way, made small matter; for her way was Reed Dunroy—somebody she could crack her jests with when she chose, and, as she assured Aunt Nancy, not a bit of a gentleman! Meanwhile, whatever steps Mrs. Gisborne meant to take in order to have her way, or Kate hers, or Reed Dunroy his, Providence, which appears to forget our spiders'-webs in the great orbit-work of the universe, made them all unnecessary, and laid the corner-stone of their structure with the key of another's arch.

Yet with all Mrs. Gisborne's grumble, Kate was hardly the wretch that the mother's momentary exasperation made her appear. She was opposed on principle to dough-nuts—but put before her in the flesh, how could ravenous young blood resist the savory morsels? If Aunt Nancy patched the table-cloth, Kate had ironed it; and if her mother mended the fire, Kate had brought in the coal. It was Kate herself who made the tins so that the sun could see his own face therein, made the floors white as the even drift, and every Monday before sunrise had her strong arms in the washing-tub—

"Round glittering arms, plunged elbow-deep in suds,
Like wild swans hid in lilies all a-shake."

The trouble was—and there was Kate's error—she made no stir about it all: she ought to have brushed about like a turbine-wheel or a Mudge girl. Then, too, the lectures were attended not so much from a strong-minded motive as for a place of rendezvous and a good time; and if drops of wisdom would creep in the girl was not to be blamed. And as for the two lovers, Nature had made her a coquette, her mother had made her ambitious, and if the one's ambition ran in a different channel from the other's, that was owing to the age. Which of the two suits she preferred perhaps she had not asked herself seriously; or, if she knew, had silenced the inner voice that told her. If she had

sat down to consider it, it is possible that the open, manly face and sparkling eyes of Reed Dunroy would have made her heart tremble just enough for her to shut her hand over it; yet, on the other side, there would have been Mr. Symonds's position and learning. She could see Mr. Symonds's wife, in her mind's eye, going into the Lyceum, and Colonel This and Doctor That rising to give her a chair, to bring her a seat, to murmur a greeting; but Reed Dunroy's wife would slip into one of the lower rows, and nobody would turn his head; to be sure she would snuggle up close to Reed, and he would put his arm over the back of the settee, and they would laugh or listen as they chose. In which of the two plays she preferred to play her part she would not have liked to decide; both had their enticements. Mr. Symonds, to be sure, was not a very fine figure of a man; but then who wanted beauty in a lord of creation? Were not Reed Dunroy's good looks nearly as factitious a circumstance as Simon Symonds's learning was? Had they any more to do with the soul beneath them than the other had? Something would have answered yes, if Kate had not half wished to be deaf upon that side. If her mother had not pressed Reed's suit with too much avidity, after all was said, perhaps it would have needed no pressing. If Mr. Symonds had not pressed his own with too much avidity, it might not have occurred to Kate to throw out her line in play to find herself likely to be caught at last by her own bait. As it was, she hesitated, and the woman who hesitates being lost, according to the adage, it is safe to presume then that Kate was—lost, that is, to one of the lovers: but to which one of them it was not easy to say, especially while she herself was so unconscious of her fate. If she summed up decidedly her conclusions concerning it at all, she thought she was going finally to Reed Dunroy, and had hankerings after wealth and station with Mr. Symonds. A careful observer, who prided himself upon knowing all about such matters, might think differently, and be sure she was going to Mr. Symonds, to have hankerings after homely comfort with Reed Dunroy.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gisborne sat on her yellow chair and wiped her face with the corner of her apron. And while she thus consoled with herself a hand entered the open window, rolled up the painted curtain, tied its two tassels together, and then reposed with its mate on the frosty sill outside, while out of the keen, crisp weather its owner smiled in upon the heated kitchen and the florid matron.

"Why, Reed, you rascal, how you frightened me!" cried she.

"Rather had the *start* of you, eh?" said a round, cheery voice. "Jumped up as if you were on a *spring*."

"Now you quit your jokes!"

"Swap 'em for nuts?"

"You'll never be a man of dignity, Reed."

"Little out there. Just been sworn in special policeman."

"What's that for?"

"Dollar and a half a night."

"Pshaw! I mean what occasion is there just now?"

"None in particular. Since the army got demoralized it's kind of spread."

"What has?"

"And as I always *was* in mischief, you know—"

"You don't like to get your hand out!"

The last speaker was a new arrival, standing on the lowest step of the flight of stairs that opened down into the kitchen, leaning with both hands upon a broom, and wearing on her hair a gay bandana kerchief with the knot tied in two wings, like the petasus of Mercury, over her forehead, the better to protect the bright locks beneath from dust. Beneath this unique array a pair of golden-hazel eyes, large and luminous, lit up two pink cheeks, flushed at this moment (either from the cold of upper regions or because so many people are looking at her) from apple-blossom tint to damask rose, broken into dimples by the mischievous red lips, whose curves in turn were broken into smiles over the prettiest pearls of tiny teeth that ever guarded a saucy tongue. It was no wonder that at sight of the vivid picture in the dark frame-work of the stairway, for a second Reed Dunroy's eyes fell with just the least visible tremor. Then he looked up again bold as lover need be, and twice too much at ease. It was ridiculous that such an atom as this should make a stout man shake.

"Oh, how cold it is!" shivered she. "Just think of my sweeping the chambers such a day as this! Did you ever hear an icicle chatter? I'm blue all through!"

"Which is a new name for rose-color," remarked Reed.

"Oh, is that you? Why don't you come in, Reed, and shut the window? This breeze is straight from the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen."

"Was just asking after you, Kate."

"Oh! I thought you came for the nuts."

"So I did. Nuts to me."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Gisborne, as Kate did not choose to do so.

"There's going to be a sleighing party over the river to-night, and a supper and dance at the Brooks'."

"Yes, I know," replied Kate. "I hope there'll be a thaw first before night."

"So do I, by George!" interluded Reed, with meaning.

"For I promised Mr. Symonds to go with him," said the damsel, in conclusion.

"Well," said Reed, coolly, "I thought I'd see whether you were going or not, because if nobody'd asked you I'd take you myself!"

"I'm obliged to you. Mother, I should think you'd offer Reed your nuts. Any body that's so very polite!"

"Mercy on us! they're not fit to eat—they'd burn his mouth."

"No danger of any thing's burning my mouth in this house!" said Reed.

"I should think that speech would make your ears burn!" cried Kate.

"Well, well! Instead of burning my mouth it's watering it at present."

"My nuts!" exclaimed Mrs. Gisborne. "I do believe they've soaked fat! Yes, they—now that's too bad—no, they haven't," breaking one open. "There, Reed, if you can eat them, you know you're welcome, I'm sure!" setting a dish before him on the sill.

"No, thank you; I was only fooling. Just been lunching. So you're going with Symonds, Kate? It seems he won't be nonsuited. Well! But you're coming home with me."

"How absurd you are! How can I come home with you if I go out with him?"

"To be sure! Change partners and all hands round. Fate finds a way. Well, if we were all lawyers there'd be no special police. Where you off to now, Dinah?"

"About my business;" and the bright face and the brilliant head-dress were whisked away.

Mrs. Gisborne was laying out a fresh supply of the raw material, but paused a moment to lean on her rolling-pin and exclaim,

"She don't deserve you, Reed, and that's a fact! You're a simpleton to dangle round her so. Why don't you make up to Abby Mudge—a girl that'll make a decent wife, and thank you for asking?"

"Don't want a wife that's so mighty willing. Besides, if you like the truth, old lady Mudge is not the widow Gisborne."

"Dear me! Likely story, that! As if 'twould make any difference to you whether I was black or white so long as Kate was my daughter!" said the pleased good-wife.

"Well, you are amazing bright, Mother Gisborne. Blood's thicker'n water, and that's a fact. Harkee! don't you fret till I do. And as for this snarl, I've got the right end of the thread in my hand. And as for her, if I only make up my mind to go, I'll drive her home to-night if I have to knock every tooth in his head down old Symonds's throat."

"That's you, Reed! I declare you do hearten one. Have Mr. Symonds for my son-in-law, and not dare to say my soul's my own the rest of my days? Not I! Your way's my way. And I'll have my way before another year ends, so sure's I'm alive!"

Reed laughed and nodded, and wondered what the little woman was up to. "There, now," said he, "your kitchen's clear of the smoke, and you'll be taking a chill with this sash lifted, if it is to leeward. The wind's coming up right smart for a cold snap equal to any Grinnell Expedition!" And contriving to close the window from the outside, and stamping his boots sturdily to rouse the feet that had cooled to a somewhat low temperature in the snow, the young man took himself off with a cheery, laughing good-by, entirely unconscious that Miss Kate was peeping at him from behind the shade

up stairs, quivering the while like a poplar leaf.

"He does walk as if the earth did his feet good," acknowledged she to herself, between her chattering teeth—"real round, ringing tread, as if God made the earth for him to use. I don't know!"

What it was that Kate didn't know she didn't utter. But putting a shawl round her, she sat down to look over Mr. Symonds's note, and the present that it had accompanied of a gorgeous album, conspicuous on whose fly-leaf stood the worthy himself, and which she had not yet dared to show her mother, and encounter her ridicule of its first adornment. "Just flapping his arms to crow, Kate, isn't he?" she could hear her saying. The occupation, however, was of short duration, for the stinging cold obliged her to restore the marvel to its wrappings, and hurry down to one of the firesides with her knitting; and, like a chicken nestling under the wing, she preferred her mother's stove to Aunt Nancy's, though she knew a good quarrel would ensue.

"Well, Kate," said her mother, "I hope you're content after having insulted Mr. Dunroy the way you have."

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, you!"

"Does he complain?"

"Complain! I rather think he's found out that he has something better to do. I don't believe you'll be troubled with him again in a hurry."

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," said Kate, growing a trifle pale in spite of herself.

"So you can take up with your little, dried codfish of a lawyer! I've never seen any one find such delight in hurting people's feelings before."

"Then I've increased your stock of useful information, Mrs. Mother."

"You wicked girl! I do believe the Evil One's in you as much as ever he was in Mary Magdalene! There, take the fork and turn those."

"Much obliged. It takes one's mother to call one names."

"What do you mean, Miss?"

"And one can't retort, because if they do the ravens of the valley shall pick out their eyes, and the young eagles shall eat them."

"Quoting Scripture in that spirit!"

"Now, mother, why can't you let me be? You're making me tired to death of the sound of Reed Dunroy's name."

"And I'm tired to death already of the sound of Simon Symonds's!"

"You seldom hear it but from your own lips."

"Be quiet, you barefaced girl!"

"Just as you say." And Kate proceeded to turn the nuts, with a red cheek and an eye that said, plainly as words, "I vow, if it wasn't such a really disagreeable thing to do, I'd go and

marry Mr. Symonds to-day, just to spite every body!"

In reality the girl already had an odd little liking for the lawyer, as people can not avoid having for one who is particularly civil to them, keeps his flattery just on the edge of courtesy, as if even further adulation would be sincere, and who seems to have stooped from a height in order to meet them at their level—and Kate was yet too young to perceive the intrinsic demerit of the man's character—for every woman at twenty-five must remember what a fool she was at eighteen. As it was, Mr. Symonds and his advantages dazzled her: he had money laid by, he had served as County Commissioner, and he was already spoken of as Judge of the Police Court. It is true he was forty years old, and Kate not the half of it; but then he did not look it. It is true he was a born ferret; but then Kate took that for his talent and acuteness. To her he was a member of aristocracy, and a thing that went far to neutralize all her mother's backbiting was the evident consciousness which the good woman had that she was all the time making a sacrifice of worldly superiority to more imponderable merit.

The enforced silence had reigned over the kitchen several minutes, when a timid tap was heard upon the outer door.

"Come in!" cried Mrs. Gisborne, testily, and something pulled at the latch and gave it up, and the place of the rattle was taken by a kind of weak sob.

Kate sprang to the door, and out of the blistering cold drew in a small girl, thinly clad, and shuffling along in a man's boots. She was purple, and nearly perishing with the weather. As soon as the child felt the penetrating warmth within, and saw the kind, young face bending over her, she sank in a little bundle upon the floor, and, something within her unsealing, her head fell on her knees, and she cried as if her heart would break. To her small vision matters were at their very worst; the cold had chilled the very vitality of her soul; her heart swelled and bounded and died in sobs—she was full of despair.

"Oh, mother!" cried Kate, forgetting feuds, "I do believe she's frozen. Just see how white her fingers are!"

"Get a basinful of snow and rub them. Frozen! Nonsense; she's starved."

"Starved, mother?"

"Yes. Frozen and starved too. What's your name, little one? Can't you speak? Here, Nancy, bring me a glass of cider, quick, please!"

Miss Nancy bustled in like a breeze directly, cider in hand, and would have poured it all down the little throat; but the prudent sister-in-law allowed only one pungent draught, while Kate rubbed the white fingers red in the snow, drew off the cavernous boots, found the feet frost-bitten, and proceeded to serve them likewise.

"Ah! ah! how they do burrrn!" cried the

child, proclaiming her nationality, and catching up the injured member, while Kate began to work upon the other.

"Where do you live?" now inquired Aunt Nancy, as if the cider gave her a prerogative to know.

"Oh, m'am, I lives in the little house on the wharf, behint the great grain storr."

"I don't remember such a house," said Mrs. Gisborne, administering a second draught.

"Sure 'twas his shed, and he hauled it down to the wharf, and me mother rented it—barring she's paid no rent this three months. And she's warned out to-day," said the child, blowing on her burning fingers, "and it's meself's not knowing where in the wide world we'll be going!" And with the thought, the atom seemed to assume the responsibility of the whole of her house.

"What did you tell me your name was?" asked Kate.

"Nora Considine, Miss—if it do be me at all!" fresh tears flowing.

"Then your mother is Mrs. Considine."

"That same."

"I thought she'd gone off to the Mills."

"But the Mills is shet, and she came back. And we do a bit of washing and arrants and such, since."

"But where's your father?" asked Aunt Nancy, in spite of Kate's warning twitch.

"He's in his grave, m'am," said the child.

"Oh, to be sure! Oh, I never thought! Oh, I really—"

"Here, Nora, you just sit up on that chair," interrupted Mrs. Gisborne, "and see how you like that broth." For she had hastened to warm up a saucepanful of yesterday's soup. The child voraciously obeyed, much hindered by Kate's manipulations in pulling over her feet some thick woolen stockings whose superfluous length was turned down in a pair of her own shoes discarded years ago by reason of growth. The little girl staid her hand, spoon in air; this done, put out her feet and surveyed them. "Oh, Miss," said she, looking up with her flushed face and tear-washed eyes, a laugh breaking all over them, "you do be real good to me!" At which Kate set out to cry herself, and Mrs. Gisborne stirred round in much commotion to get her spider off the stove, the contents of which were scorched to a crisp.

"Well, dear," said Aunt Nancy, when she had kindly watched the last spoonful into the guest's mouth, "what did you come for?"

The child got down on the floor, so that one could see what a mite she was, and made a queer little bob of a courtesy. "Thanking you, m'am, I have what I came for, and more," said she.

"And don't you want to take something home?"

"I wouldn't be asking for more at one house!"

"But here's the rest of the soup—if you'll bring back the kettle," added cautious Mrs. Gisborne.

"Thank you, m'am. An' I will that."

"'Twill warm your little brother—you have a brother?"

"Five of them, m'am!" And she burst out crying again.

"Hush, hush! The more the merrier," cried Mrs. Gisborne. "Are you so badly off?"

"Och, m'am! Oh, howly saints! There's not that much in the house till ate!" and she expressed the larder's emptiness by her tiny, bare palm. "We've had the praties till the day; an' I fried them intil some wather for the b'ys, for a change like; but, pah! they were that nasty we could hardly bide them. An' 'twas the last!"

"Never mind! Something 'll turn up. Providence takes care of—" Mrs. Gisborne came near availing herself of a proverb, and announcing the guardianship of Heaven over the lame and the lazy, and them that won't work; but glancing at the child's face for a moment made a less general application, and hurried into the pantry, where various viands reposed awaiting the day of picked-up dinners. "There!" said she, depositing the broken meats in the child's basket. "I meant this cold joint for our own dinner to-day; but—"

"Sure, m'am, I'd not be afther robbing ye that gate."

"Oh, we'll get something else. There's bread. And here's some tea for your mother."

"An' 'twill put her on her legs again!"

"There's a little sugar. Not much. It's a quarter of a dollar a pound now. I'd give you the dough-nuts if it wasn't for my—"

Kate instantly swept the contents of the colander into Nora's basket.

"Thank ye kindly, m'am. God bless ye, Miss. Me mother 'll be afther wondering about me. I'll bid ye good-day," said the staid little creature. And picking up the old boots she had worn in, gathered her treasures, saying, "I'll be sure to bring the kettle back to-morrow, m'am," and trudged away.

She could by no means understand what a gulf of chance lay between her and to-morrow.

The house behind the store on the wharf was a quarter of a mile off; the cold was stinging, the wind blew a searching blast. But, warmed and of good heart, Nora took her way. She was thinking so happily of the glee with which little Michael would peep into the kettle, when she just lifted the lid a bit, and then look up at her with twinkling eyes; she had no doubt he would whip his naughty fingers in before she could reach the spoon. And then the tea—if only Johnny had brought back some chips, her mother should have it straightway—and 'twould hearten her who had been so long without her little drop! Then she saw the other boys, each with a dough-nut—unheard of luxury—ringing his finger; and, thinking of it, she softly put her hand under the cloth in her basket and drew out one of the articles in question for herself. But just as the first big bite told her how

superlatively nice the rest was going to be, a double sleigh came dashing down the street, filled with the driver and a merry mass of children hastening home from school to comfortable homes, and beside it raced and gamboled an enormous Newfoundland dog full of frolic and fun. Now a dog of any description was Nora's horror, but such a mountain of a dog was as bad as a whole menagerie let loose, and though upon the sidewalk, she hastily drew up and made herself as much a part of the fence as possible till he should have gone by. Unlucky movement; Shag saw only sport in it, bounded upon her as he passed, tumbling her in the snow, snapping up her bit of dough-nut, nosing a moment in her basket, galloping off at full speed after his gay companions.

Somebody picked Nora up—a young man with an open face and hearty voice, but who looked as if nevertheless some brightness was on the point of deserting him—set her on her feet; asked if she were hurt, for she shrieked with fright; helped her gather up her fragments. Here was the tin kettle, there was the cover—what was that dark spot sinking into the snow? Oh, the soup! the soup! She would not believe it till she had searched the vessel, and shaken it upside down. She began to scrape together the scattered tea-leaves—her sugar was safe—the young man scrambled with her for the dough-nuts as if he knew where they came from—but where was the cold joint of meat? A mile off, held high in air between the stout jaws of the Newfoundland! Nora put her hand over her eyes, and hurried off blindly without a word of thanks. Still it might have been worse, and overcoming her burst of ingratitude she reached home.

Certainly her mother got off the bed and whipped her for spilling the soup, after which she thought wisest not to mention the joint; and when Johnny returned with some chips and shavings, the smart being over, she made the tea for her mother, and they all cowered together for a breath of warmth over the feeble blaze, and ate the dough-nuts with teeth that chattered in their sockets. Among seven it was not a very bountiful repast, though the sole one of the day and almost of the day before, and Nora had none, because she had already partly dined.

They were in this condition, except that hunger had begun again, when the landlord entered at about the middle of the afternoon, having already twice warned them out.

"You are not going, I see?" said he.

Mrs. Considine, loud-voiced and angry, assured him she had no intention of the kind on such a day as this.

"Very well," said he. "If you will not go the house must."

Mrs. Considine laughed a scornful laugh, and wrapped her cloak about her, and covered little Michael's feet with the warm ashes—one man could not very well take off the house on his back like a snail. The allusion was apt, for the landlord was a cold-blooded creature of slow

movement, and Mrs. Considine, for all her misery, chuckled over it a moment, pleased with her wit. The chuckling was brief, and died in perplexed anger. The man had proceeded to the window opening on the river, loosened the sides, and removed the sash, upper and lower. The wind poured in a gushing torrent of icy air. So deftly and so quickly did he do it, that, if he had not claimed to be a gentleman, you would have thought him to the manner born. Then it flashed over the mother what the enemy was about. For an instant's while Mrs. Considine dreamed of measuring weapons with him, but a couple of glances told her she was no match for that wiry strength, and she lighted her dudeen with the sole remaining match, and smoked away in contemptuous silence, while the blue children huddled in a trembling group. One window finished, the visitor proceeded to the other, and then leisurely removed the stair-door from its hinges, there being but two divisions of the building, one above and one below. This door being unhung, he placed it aside till he should return, and prepared to descend with the four window-sashes. It was rather a hazardous thing to do in the presence of a wild Irishwoman maddened by spirit or the want of it; by cold, famine, fear, and outrage. He paused a moment on the brink to adjust his burden more conveniently; the next instant Mrs. Considine had rushed forward, her foot was high in the air, and he was lying at the bottom of the stairs in the midst of a tumult of shattered sashes and panes broken to a thousand flinders.

The mighty fallen rose at last, and wiped away the ooze from his stained temples, his purpose only deepened by the loud laugh of derision that resounded from above. He freed the single sash below, unhinged the door, carried both off, and hid them beneath a pile of boards. The other door he dared not return for; Mrs. Considine waited in vain with her squared fists for him to do so; then she sent Johnny and Nora upon a reconnoissance. The foe had vanished; with him all trace of window and door; neither Johnny, nor Nora, nor Matt could unearth the hidden quarry.

That certified, they set the remaining door up against one window-place, and put the old chest of drawers to secure it. Then the mother trundled out one sleeping-place, and shook up its straw; she had bought the potatoes of the day before with feathers from the other one. "Come to bed, children," said she, at last. So three at the head, and two at the foot, and two in the one beneath, still wrapped in the clothes they had worn all day, this miserable household went to bed, finding no mercy in the heart of man, but regally lighted off through the great bare door and window by heaven's red torches in the early sunset light of Christmas-eve.

Meanwhile Kate Gisborne looked through the casement of the cozy sitting-room, and wondered if it would not moderate by nightfall; she had heard say the wind went down with the

sun; but here it was still careering straight from frigid ice-belts, or had the vane frozen on its rod? How was she ever going to drive to the Brooks' through such an atmosphere, and with that wire of a man beside her? The thought that came up, in contrast, of Reed Dunroy's strong, warm, protecting arm, though she refused to think it, vaguely made things seem all the colder and more impossible.

The red sunset was gone; a heavy blue bank of cloud, brooding full of mystical auroras to flash over the midnight drive home, covered the northern heavens; the spire of the neighboring church, like a sculptured flame, rose white as if transfigured against that supernatural violet sky, with its golden chanceler crowing down the wind. The air held an icy principle, as if its very elements were congealed, and it seemed as hard to draw fluid breath from it as from some transparent jewel. The steam of the horses that went by seemed to hang in a little frozen cloud about their distended nostrils; the drivers slung their arms together steadily. Within, the anthracite in the grates covered itself with a white ash, as if verily blistered by the cold itself. There was a raw edge to existence on that keen twilight; nobody expected to sleep either sound or warm that night, with the wind wedging through every seam, and sifting through the very furze of the soft-piled blankets; no thaw, and no sign of one.

So Kate sat discontentedly down to the hurried evening meal; and, such is the capricious feminine spirit, but that she knew Reed Dunroy was doing it for her, could have found it in her heart—it being so cold a night—to kindly wish Mr. Symonds in a warmer region. But she was a wicked little girl, as her mother said.

While cloaks, and shawls, and furs were being rummaged together in the Widow Gisborne's domicile; soap-stones heating, and overshoes toasting, and tart tongues declaiming against the folly of sleighing upon such a night at all—for, when all was said and done, Miss Kate was the pivot about which the house turned; while all this went forward, Mr. Symonds sat in his comfortable bachelor-apartment till the sleigh should be brought round, and slowly sipped a glass of something that had a ruby color and a tingling tang. It was not his fault that the room was comfortable; another had made it so. If it had cost less when uncomfortable, he would doubtless have had it that way, although in a cheap line he was given to small self-indulgences. As it was, the shutters tightly closed, the shades dropped, the long crimson curtains falling over crack and crevice till they lay upon the carpet, the thick rug that curled about his feet, the soft air of the furnace-heated house; and, lest that should be too little with the mercury like to freeze in the bulb outside, as one might say, the crackle of the sea-coal fire upon the hearth, and its sparkle in every thing whose depth or surface could reflect an angle of light, altogether made as rich and snug a picture as heart could wish. It was a little spoiled, it must be ac-

knowledge, by this spine of a creature that sat there enjoying it, yet never seeming to warm into humanity with all the cordial combination of color, heat, and light. One might wonder how he would like to leave it, and explore the Arctic terrors of the night without in company with Miss Kate Gisborne; but pretty Kate Gisborne was color and heat and light herself, and with her Mr. Symonds was just as much in love as it was possible for an atomy without a drop of red blood in his frame to be in love with any body. There came a voice outside; the horse shook off a spray of frosty bell-notes; Mr. Symonds rose, brushed the lank hair over the plastered wounds upon his temples, bound the heavy scarf over his face, indued his over-coat, and threw round him the great cloak lined with otter; and in a few minutes, with Kate hooded and furred beside him, beneath Afghan, leopard-robe, and fox-skin—all the first mile of the four her laugh ringing defiance to the weather—they went swiftly sliding up the long winding street; past the grain store on the wharf and the little house behind it, with desolation looking from empty threshold and lintel; over the bridge and along the meadow-road, till the jangle of the silver bells was lost to any listener in the crack and split of the broad sheets of river ice and all the weird noises of the vast winter night.

It mattered little to Kate that the girls assembled in the dressing-room at the Brooks' that night laughed and told her that she came with a fox under a fox-skin—she remembered that Reed had declared he would go home with her; and keeping her own counsel, she only hoped in her naughty soul that he would keep his promise—without confessing to herself that thus she hoped. So she calmly laid aside the multitudinous wraps, perhaps half wondering if they'd dare to make so free with the lawyer's lady by-and-by as now they did with Kate Gisborne. For all that, the lawyer's lady would never look any prettier, the glass told her, than the little maiden did this night in her gown of soft maroon-dyed wool with the white swan's-down at throat and wrists, the gold net on her gold hair, the rose on her cheek, the light in her eye. She just drew herself up one grain more proudly at conjecture of what Reed Dunroy would think when he saw her; and then wondering who had come with Reed, she took at the door Mr. Symonds's arm into the long dancing-hall of the inn. Mr. Symonds was a gallant man; he eyed the fair thing by his side from the gleam of her bright hair to the pointed tip of her airy foot. Then bending toward her ear he repeated, in a low tone:

"She wears the colors I admire,
She moves the way that I prefer;
She smiles, and day has lost its fire;
She sighs, and balmy breezes stir.
For me she makes the sunbeams tire,
And night is sweet because of her—
Oh sweet the storm and sweet the shine!
But am I hers, or is she mine?"

And while he rhapsodized over the verse that

some curious chance had left in his memory, Kate silently looked about her. Reed Dunroy was not there. Moreover, Reed Dunroy did not come. The violins began to scrape themselves into tune against the base of the violoncellos, the horns began to blow their golden breath upon the air, the flutes warbled and twittered, the little drum rumbled and rolled, and then the band broke out into merriest music, and the floor bent and sprung and danced itself with the swing of the dancing clusters. No foot in all the whirl was so light as Kate's, yet, somehow or other, she had no explanation of it unless the chill had somehow penetrated her—no heart so heavy. Where could Reed Dunroy be? All the girls that she knew were here, each with their attendant; Mr. Symonds found himself that night where pursuit of Kate had led him, not among the most aristocratic of the city certainly, but with as honest, happy people as a place could show. But Kate was not of them in that respect to-night. Of course she was not honest in walking one way and looking another. Of course she was not happy in seeking a shadow at the door that refused to fall. As she danced her glittering eyes ranged the room, through all the music she listened for a footfall, then caught herself back indignantly and danced with wilder gayety. Had Reed driven into the river? Pshaw! there was no crack wide enough to take him. Had he met with any accident? had he thought better of his threatened purpose? was he just dallying so that she might miss him more? She would let him see how much that had troubled her! And like the Vicar's daughter, her foot grew "as pat to the music as its echo." Then came the grand march down to supper—and still no Reed Dunroy. Mr. Symonds, as he led her down, could have told her in a breath all she wished to know: first, that Reed could not come alone, it being against the rules, and would not bring another; second, that he had found something better to do; and, third, that because it was faster and surer than others, he had lent Mr. Symonds his horse, and did not care on such a night to travel the distance afoot. Before the night was over, and while in a shiver of disgust, she heard her health drunk with Mr. Symonds's name: Kate found herself silently fearing that the waywardness which had accepted this man's escort to-night was something she would have leisure to regret during the whole of her remaining years. Nevertheless, Mr. Symonds was a man of note. With what respect they all turned toward him, how they received him into their sport, flattered by the condescension, though democracy and republicanism made them hold themselves erect as he, and only the least trifle in the world restrained by knowledge of his learning and ability. Every situation has its drawbacks—the only drawback to one with Mr. Symonds was Mr. Symonds himself. Kate plucked up her heart and grew gay again as any, and in buoyant mood they all muffled themselves at length and set out upon their homeward way, the soap-stones warmed, the robes tucked in,

and behind them the band blowing out its melodies upon the crystal night till cold chilled the fingers and stiffened the lips and silenced the tune, and left no music but the wrangling, leaping bells. Over them the Northern Lights shot their swift spears, lancing lustre across the shaking stars from east to west, a shining, shifting shimmer of spectral fire dipping toward them every now and then till they shrank as if a ghastly air from the other land had stooped to brush the foreheads already cold as brows of polished marble. So curtain 1 in splendor they swiftly dashed through the night like the very wind itself.

In the doorless, windowless house on the wharf behind the great grain-store, in the city to which this gay troop hastened, that self-same wind all this time was pouring a tide of ambient iciness.

Blast after blast the trembling children, clutching together there beneath the scanty clothes, heard each one rise. Far, far off, like a wave one sees against the sky, they could fancy the white edge of that gust dividing the dark night. On it roared, gathering its hordes by the way, rearing till the heavens retired, plowing up the cold salt sea beyond, sweeping over the mile-wide ice-field of the frozen river, falling on the tiny shanty like live thunder, and tearing across them, as they clung to each other, in one terrible tempest of deadly piercing cold.

And with every blast they cowered and groveled closer; and the long shivers coursed over their frames and stiffened into shudders and seemed to coat them like a casing of sleet. Huddled together they felt, to one another's touch, already like the cold, white limbs of corpses. The very marrow of their bones was ice. They breathed a gelid air, and every breath brought pain.

Then all that hollow roar out of the black and immense regions of the atmosphere, sounding close about them, the supernatural sense of mighty powers, of awful agencies, unwhispered terrors, all that slow shaking awaiting of the shock, all that bareness to the gale and to the darkness, all that frigid horror overwhelmed them and palsied them; all that wide, intense passion of dread that only cold can inspire fell upon them and benumbed their souls; and as the icy chill searched deeper and deeper, and mingled with the innermost life itself and withered it, they grew torpid and foolish and bewildered, and with their expanded brains ceased at last to feel any longer the stings of either cold or fear.

Nora lay in the trundle-bed with little Michael in her arms. When the evening Christmas bells at the church had begun to peal out a merry rout and rabble of ringing through the crisp crystalline air, each note cut short with a metallic echo on the frost-filled sky, little Michael had begun to cry. The Christmas bells brimmed him with sorrow and sadness. He put his head in Nora's neck, and when she hushed him, still softly

sobbed away to himself. Then noiselessly she rose, took off her frock and folded it about him, and lying down again close beside him, lifted his hands—bits of ice they were—and put them in her little bosom, and gathering him in slender arms again, lent him all the warmth that was left in her tiny body. Thus held so close in Nora's grasp, and all the thin clothes wrapped so about him that only the short curls of his hair were stirred by the wind of the black river, little Michael fell gently away into the embrace of a ruddy, rosy company of dreams.

"Are ye warrm, Nora darlint?" whispered Johnny, in a subdued tone, as if the awful night should hear.

"A little," shivered Nora, between her set teeth.

"It's not that am I. Cowld as the ice in the heart of him—that man! I wish you'd talk, Nora," said Johnny. "It do be so dark! Jist spake till us about the Banshees, or tell the tale of the great angels wid their silver wings."

Then Nora, looking up through the vacant casement, where, out of the bleak space of universal gloom, the invisible wind came rushing, saw one great star hanging there and trembling like herself, and in the strange rarefaction of her thoughts, where all things swam with unreal portents, there shaped itself the drama of the star.

And with her delicate thin voice she told the little listening wretches how once that star they could all see was one of the Little People, and wandering on the edge of a meadow too soon after sunset, it suddenly slipped into the great sky. It cried at first, and then with its tears it began to shine and shine; and when its folk missed it from the heart of the yellow cowslip they saw it looking softly out of the bright deep of the west, and they all began to lift up their little hands to pull it down again; but the great sky went drawing off and off, and drew it over the edge of the earth with it: and the next night it was a star. And it was the time," said Nora, "that the little brown bird begins to sing in the hedge, at home in the old country. Then every night, after a while, the star lingered longer in the heavens, and gathered all the evening light into itself, and the Little People used to flock beneath it and toss up whole armfuls of the fragrance of the flowers; and in return it lent them the evening dew. Then at last the winter weather came, and the Little People were all asleep at the roots of the lilies and violets; and the sweet brown bird sang no more, but had bunched up its feathers in chill and blown away with the rose-leaves. And the young star set out to walk through frozen fields and among a strange people whose language it did not know. And there came a great wind roaring on its way, and it shook the young star, who shivered and trembled and fluttered with fear, but could not shake it out of the sky. For it held on. Because it knew its folk all were hidden under the snow upon the fields; and it could hear, besides, high up in the air, the clear, loud ringing

of the Christmas bells that night. But the path it traveled was so dismal that the young star could not see to take a step, and it was all alone; and at length it paused a moment and looked down. And it looked in at a great open window-place far away upon the outside of the world, and saw some poor children quaking with the cold—oh, such sad and dreadful cold! And the star thought how it had rays that it could send out, wide yellow rays, such as the sun has when he soaks the purple leaves of the wild flag in the swamp till they burn and glisten; and it said, 'I will try and warm these poor children.' And its heart beat with pity so that one could see it. So it hung there, and filled itself with the soft fire it had, and made itself warm, and kept stripping off the beautiful rays it had, and throwing them down through the black, empty window-place, that they might cherish the poor children. For they had no fire upon their hearth, and nothing but the roof above them. But the star had no right to stay, even for that; it was not set down in its part; it should have gone on step by step, as it could, till the kind sun had come to light its way. And while it shone there it began to feel a strange cold brightness come to and fro before it, like ghostly gleams of unseasonable dawning in the dead of dark. And the star looked, and lo! the great spirits with the broad swords were upon it, swooping in speed, wheeling nearer the shining blades, and clapping the awful wings before their eyes as they came. And in haste the star started up to go, still stripping off the rays as it went, to throw abroad. And all at once it shivered and shook and fluttered with fear again, and the glow of the vast wings flew upon it and covered it, and the star trembled and turned and fell out of heaven."

"And what became of her, Nora, darlint?" questioned Johnny, feebly, when the voice was still. But Nora did not reply.

"What happened till her, honey? Can't ye be saying?"

But Nora said no more.

"Sure it's there she do be twinkling in the windy all the time, like a great jewel to hang on the forehead of the blessed Mother of God. Oh, it's sick I am!" cried Johnny. "I'll be trying to kape down my stomach till the cramps takes me, an' the heart is jumping in the throat of me! Spake again, Nora! Bejazes, are ye going to spake to me no more at all, at all?"

And, as the silence reigned, with the whole strength that he had the boy set up a hoarse, intermittent cry.

How long and at what intervals Johnny had called and cried he never knew.

But suddenly—it might have been at two o'clock of the morning—a lantern's light flared over him, and a voice, resounding in as spirited an oath of utter amazement, compassion, and consternation as could be uttered and compressed in one, made the iced air ring again.

"What's your name, boy?" cried Reed Dunroy.

"Freezing to death!" said Johnny, reiterating his cry of the last hour or more.

"Here, taste this, then," said Reed, peremptorily. "How many are there of you?"

"The place do be full of sperrits," quavered he, as the lantern-slide fell and let the cold aurora fill the air with a shining glory again.

"Take another pull; that'll put the spirits into you. Here, mates!" And at the word three or four men came up the stairs. "Janvrin, you're the stoutest, take the woman. She's torpid. I reckon they all are but this chap in such a dashed ice-house. There's an armful apiece for the rest of you. Now, my little man, you've found your feet. There's a fire in the watch-house at least."

"I'll not be going to the watch!" whimpered Johnny.

"But there's a fire there, and there'll be blankets and things to eat presently," said Reed, coaxingly. "What's this bed? Here's somebody comfortable enough;" and he lifted the youngest boy from under Nora, where, the sweet dew of sleep making his curling locks heavy, he lay all flushed and rosy and warm with life. As the young man lifted him something rolled away from its hiding-place in the little clothes, and he picked it up, looking at it in a perplexed way till he remembered the child whom he had set to rights in the morning after her tumble in the snow.

"I'll be blest," said he, "if that's not one of Kate's nuts. She knows 'em then. She'll help about 'em. Somebody must. It's an infernal shame in a town like this! There, urchin, you take little Pat along."

"He was kirstened Michael, Sir."

"Well, Michael, you take the urchin, and hurry up after the men," said Reed, pushing him on. "I'll take the little girl myself. God! she's ice. Here, child! Here, child!" And he began to pour his restorative over the stony lips, and to rub her hands and forehead with its precious drops. "Wake up! wake up!" he cried. "She's clod-heavy. She's a log. She's frozen to death!" And tearing off his great buffalo-robe over-coat, he wound it again and again about her, and half running, half leaping down the stairs, was in the street.

The watch-house was no place in which to revive this delicate child. Where should he take her? Mrs. Gisborne would be sitting up for Kate. Just as the thought struck him a sleigh came rapidly dashing down the street, a mile ahead, it seemed, of all the others. Reed darted forward with a cry. Mr. Symonds raised the lash. But at the voice and the uplifted arm the horse knew his master, and staid himself, with quivering flanks and obstinate head, till Reed had thrown himself in with his load and seized the reins, when he flew forward at a speed Mr. Symonds had not dared ask of him. They stopped at Mrs. Gisborne's door. Reed tossed down the reins over the dasher and sprung out, heedless of who followed, and entered the open door. Mr. Symonds played the courteous gal-

lant again, and then, filled, it must be confessed, with curiosity, covered the horse with the blankets and stepped in after Kate.

The great buffalo over-coat was thrown upon the floor; Mrs. Gisborne was kneeling on one side, Reed upon the other, between them, half undressed and white as a piece of alabastrine sculpture, lay a little dead girl.

Kate looked from one to another, as if some terrible dream suddenly oppressed her, and instead of the genial warmth and welcome she had expected, an arrow of chill pierced her heart. She drew back as if her foot had faltered on the brink of her own grave.

"It's no use, Reed," said Mrs. Gisborne. "There's no life here. There hasn't been any this two hours. The very blood is frozen in her veins. She's a clod of ice. A poor little clod of the valley. The valley of the shadow of death. Oh, poor thing! poor thing! what if it had been my Kate?" And the mother took little Nora in her arms, rocking to and fro upon the floor.

"Where did you find her?" asked Mr. Symonds, then, very much constrained by such a scene and fidgeting to be gone, yet scarcely knowing how to retire.

Reed wheeled upon him and faced the man.

"I found her," said he, with a pealing voice, "in the shanty behind the grain store on the wharf, whose owner had removed the doors and windows. I heard a child crying as I went home from duty to which I had been summoned, saw something odd about the place, went in, and found the villain's work. When he confronts this little soul," said the indignant Reed, "if there's any justice in things, he'll find a place not where he can freeze, but where he'll burn! To-day though, Mrs. Gisborne," continued he, turning to her with an air of the most supreme and superb contempt for his subject, "he was probably kicked down stairs for his pains, if blood and glass at the foot of the stairs can tell any story. And that is why he wears his face harlequined with court-plaster at this moment!"

Kate looked up in sudden astonishment. Mr. Symonds, in the war-paint of his gashes and their plasters, slunk away.

"Oh hush! hush!" she dryly sobbed, putting out her trembling hands. "I have been sitting beside a murderer all this night!"

As Kate's lip closed Mr. Symonds was sure of his fate. He darted upon Reed a look as full of venom as an asp's; but Reed in a transport of rage shook his fist in his face, and then seizing him by the shoulder shoved him through the door. The horse, left untied, had trotted off to his stable. "Taste what you gave!" cried Reed, and shot the bolt.

Mrs. Gisborne took the piteous pallid image away then to dress it for its supreme repose, while Kate hastened to bring down the garments of her own childhood that had been long since put away unsoiled. It was soon done, though reverently, for the little temple, though deserted by its deity, was still sacred. Then Mrs. Gisborne went and brought Reed back with her, what

time Kate lighted a little taper at her head, as the child would have liked to have it.

All the room was dark save that one spot of light, and it fell upon the child's patient face, on the little hands crossed over the breast, and made the forehead shine out of the surrounding gloom like the star she had seen that night in heaven. Reed went gently to Kate's side, and gently after a moment his hand stole over hers. The gate of the great eternities was open before them as they stood, so that they seemed to see the spirit of little Nora fleeing through it; and there in the presence of such immutable witness as the open gate allowed, as if their hearts at last were bare to each other as to God, Reed's seeking eyes asked a silent question, and Kate's returned a silent answer.

It was an April afternoon some four months after this. The ice had left the river, the snow had melted from the hills, the sod on little Nora's grave was green with warm velvet verdure and sprinkled with sunbeams, the soft wind every where crept heavy with fragrance.

A coach which Mrs. Gisborne had tearfully declined to enter, renewing her protestations long after its departure, had come and borne Aunt Nancy away in festive attire. Kate had loitered down the back stairs and walked off, at last, blushing under her silver-gray veil, and arm in arm with Reed Dunroy—Reed Dunroy, who was looking far finer than working days allow, and was wearing a white rose in his button-hole. Mrs. Gisborne meanwhile knit and rocked herself with fury. It seemed a long afternoon to her, choking down her happy bubble of excitement under the phlegmatic demeanor that she aspired to wear unbroken, but was in reality only the lapse of half an hour before Aunt Nancy's chariot whirled up to the door again, and that lady blustered in, full of how it went off.

Mrs. Gisborne was cutting cake into square pieces of nightmare then. She left off a minute while Aunt Nancy went to lay aside her bonnet, and Kate stole in, just as she went out, shy and scared and blushing, and laid a little hand beside her mother's on the table, and silently suffered her to see how its ring glittered fresh from the priest's blessing. Somebody coming behind her then, raised the hand and kissed the ring. Mrs. Gisborne surveyed them both herself with mild satisfaction, but discreetly at that point deposited a generous piece of her barbarous dainty in the little greedy palm of Johnny Considine, long since promoted to the rank of Reed Dunroy's equerry, and now standing beside her, very busy with a pair of eager eyes.

"Wedding-cake is so much nicer than doughnuts!" said she, with merry meaning in her mother's malice. "Ah, Kate! I'm older than you. I never set out but I carried a thing through. Yes, yes," said she, finding it impossible to repress one little crow of triumph, "Mrs. Gisborne's had her way, and now Mrs. Dunroy shall have hers the rest of her life. Reed said you would come home with him that night!"

OCTOBER.

THE swollen grapes upon the vine
Seem bursting with their purple wine,
And underneath the scattered leaves remind me of the year's decline.

A languor fills these Autumn days,
And mellowed shine the sun's soft rays;
Beside the stream the golden reed with listless motion idly sways.

Her silver threads the spider weaves;
Ungarnered stand the yellow sheaves;
And burn like tongues of lurid flame the glowing maple's crimson leaves.

Like ships becalmed the white clouds lie
Along the dim horizon sky,
And flocks of birds that southward roam on restless wing go sailing by.

Down looking from this wooded steep
I see the sinuous river creep
Past sheltered farms; and far away, cloaked with pale mist, the mountains sleep.

How different seems this painted scene,
Decked like a gorgeous Indian queen,
Than when I viewed it last clothed in the Summer's shining robe of green.

Then had the flags of war not flown,
The charging trumpets had not blown,
Nor out of smiling Peace had then the jarring crash of battle grown.

The winds that kissed the bearded grain
Passed not o'er mangled heaps of slain;
How strangely like the hue of blood is yon bright blossom's crimson stain!

The clouds which then from heaven looked down
Saw not the close beleaguered town—
Saw not upon the circling heights the grimy-throated cannon frown.

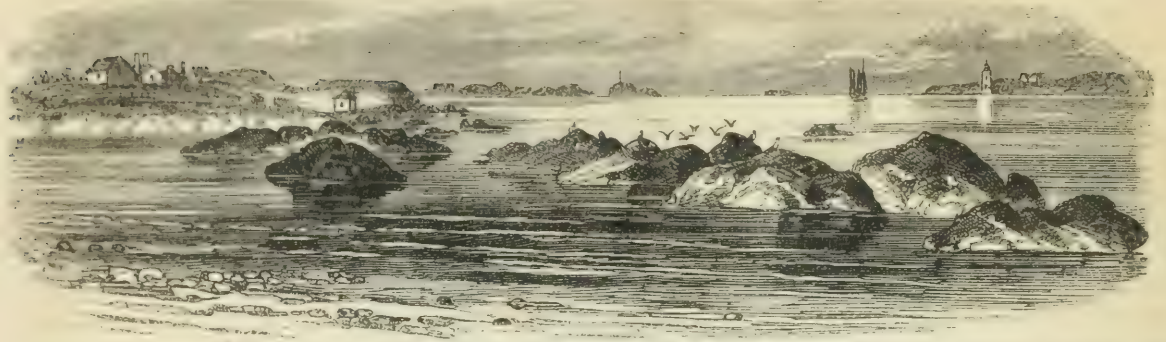
Nor heard from battle-plains arise,
Uplifted to the shuddering skies,
The ringing shout, the feeble moans, the piercing, anguish-laden cries.

Three times have burned the maple leaves,
Thrice have we bound the ripened sheaves,
And still the blood-red tide of war with restless surging motion heaves.

With even steps come round the years
Despite our smiles or bitter tears;
With Spring the purple violet blows; the yellow leaf with Fall appears.

Our yearning hearts await the day
That yet shall shine with purest ray,
When from our stricken land this troublous cloud of war shall pass away.

Then shall this night of sorrow cease,
And into broadest noon increase,
And guilt and cruel wrong shall fade, and Freedom dawn with lasting Peace.



HARBOR OF MARBLEHEAD.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

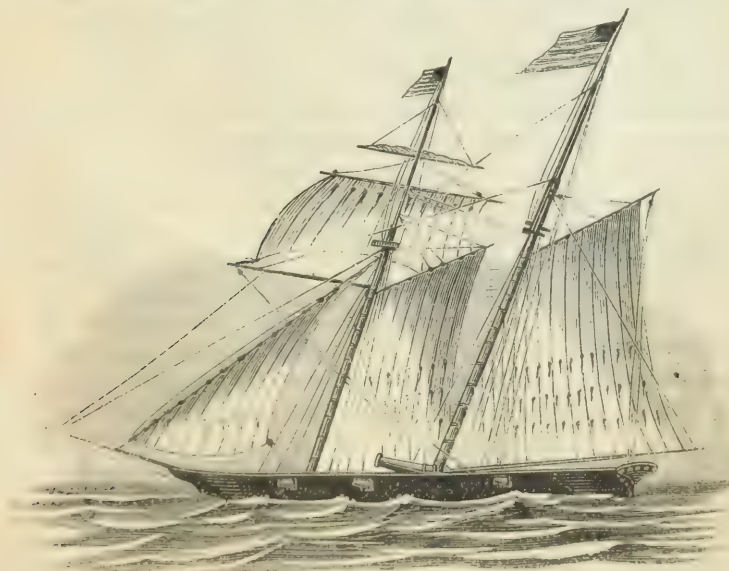
XI.—PRIVATEERING.

ALLUSION has been made occasionally to privateering, or legalized piracy, as practiced by the belligerents during the war we are considering. A full history of that important branch of the United States naval service during that war would occupy two ponderous volumes. I propose to give a general outline of the most prominent events of that service in a single chapter. Privateering was sanctioned at that time by the laws of nations and the general sentiment of mankind; and considerations of expediency recommended that system of war for a nation like the United States, having but a feeble navy, when contending with a nation like that of Great Britain, having not only a powerful navy but a widely-extended commercial marine. Yet there were many persons eminent in public affairs whose consciences could not sanction a system which would seem to place the patriotic American seaman on a level with the marauding buccaneer. The pen (and the prestige of the name) of Thomas Jefferson was employed in the task of reconciling the people to a measure which, it was perceived, would add immense power to the force of the United States Government.

Jefferson argued with his usual vigor and ef-

fect. "What is war?" he asked. "It is simply a contest between nations of trying which can do the most harm," he answered. Again he asked and answered—"Who carries on the war? Armies are formed and navies manned by individuals. What produces peace? The distress of individuals. What difference to the sufferer is it that his property is taken by a national or a private armed vessel? Did our merchants, who have lost nine hundred and seventeen vessels by British captures, feel any gratification that most of them were taken by their Majesty's men-of-war? Were the spoils less rigidly exacted by a seventy-four gun ship than by a privateer of four guns, and were not all equally doomed? In the United States every possible encouragement should be given to privateering in time of war with a commercial nation. We have tens of thousands of seamen that without it would be destitute of the means of support, and useless to their country. Our national ships are too few in number to give employment to one-twentieth part of them, or retaliate the acts of the enemy. By receiving private armed vessels the whole naval force of the nation is truly brought to bear on the foe; and while the contest lasts, that it may have a speedy termination, let every individual contribute his mite in the best way he can to distress and harass the enemy, and compel him to peace."

—So argued and wrote Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party then administering the national government, about a fortnight after the declaration of war against Great Britain. Congress had already, in the act declaring war, sanctioned the business of privateering by authorizing the President to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions, or letters of marque and general reprisals, in such a form as he should think proper. The President was not tardy in issuing such commissions and letters; and Congress from time to time legislated in favor of privateers. Very soon swift-



CLIPPER-BUILT PRIVATEER SCHOONER.

sailing brigs and schooners were fitted out in New England ports, and with those of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, went out on the high seas in search of plunder, first along the coasts of the United States and among the West India Islands, and afterward in European waters. Before the middle of autumn New York and Baltimore alone had sent out forty-two privateers, many letters of marque, and quite a large number of armed pilot-boats. The former usually carried from six to ten guns and forty or fifty men each besides officers, all armed with muskets, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. The pilot-boats usually carried a single long gun, mounted on a swivel in the centre, and this was called "Long Tom." They also carried about fifty men each. These vessels were all commissioned to "burn, sink, and destroy" the property of the enemy wherever it might be found, either on the high seas or in British ports. The apprehensions of the better informed classes of England, that Great Britain had more to lose than gain by a war with the United States, were soon realized, and the disappointment and chagrin of the Ministry could not be concealed.

Salem in Massachusetts, which became famous for the privateers during the war, seems to be entitled to the credit of having received the first prize captured by a private armed vessel of the United States after the declaration of war. This occurred on the 10th of July, or about three weeks after that declaration, when the armed schooner *Fame*, Captain Webb, brought into that port a captured British timber-ship of three hundred tons burden, and another of two hundred tons loaded with tar. On the same day the privateer *Dash* of Baltimore, Captain Conway, bound on a cruise, entered Hampton

Roads and there captured the British Government schooner *Whitney*, Lieutenant Maycy, who was bearing dispatches from London to Washington.

On the 14th of July a staunch privateer of Gloucester, Massachusetts, named the *Madison*, fell in with a British transport ship from Halifax bound to St. John's. She had been under convoy of the *Indian*, a British sloop of war, which had just given chase to the *Polly* and *Dolphin*, two American privateers. The *Madison* pounced on and captured the transport, which, with the cargo, was valued at \$50,000. She was sent into Gloucester. On the following day the *Indian*, after chasing the *Polly* for some time, manned her launch and several boats, and sent them to capture the fugitive. The *Polly* resisted so gallantly that she caused the launch to strike her colors. By this time the *Indian* was almost within gunshot, when the *Polly* took to her sweeps and escaped. The *Madison* soon afterward captured a British ship with twelve guns, name not given, and the brig *Eliza* of six guns.

On the 18th of July the letter-of-marque schooner *Falcon*, of Baltimore, armed with four guns and sixteen men, fought the British cutter *Hero*, five guns and fifty-five men, on the coast of France, for two hours and a half, and drove her off. On the following day the *Falcon* was attacked by a British privateer of six guns and forty men. She resisted for an hour and a half, when, her captain being killed and several of her crew wounded, she struck her colors and was taken into a Guernsey port. The first prize that arrived at Baltimore was a British schooner laden with a cargo of sugar valued at \$8000. She was captured by the *Dolphin*. This was on

the 26th of July. A little more than a month had elapsed since the declaration of war, yet within that time such displays of American valor had been made on the sea that the British began to feel some respect for their new foe on that element. During the month of July more than fifty vessels were taken from the British by American privateers, and brought into the harbors of the United States.

Toward the middle of July seven privateers sailed from Baltimore on a cruise. One of them was the swift clipper-built schooner *Rossie*, fourteen guns and one hundred and twenty men, commanded by the veteran Commodore Barney. His manuscript Journal of that and a second cruise lies before me, and bears evidence that it was one of the most exciting voyages on record. He sailed from Baltimore on the 12th of July (1812), left Cape Henry on the 15th, and cruised along the eastern coast of the United States for forty-five days without entering port. He was almost daily capturing English vessels, chasing and being chased, and informing all American vessels that fell in his way of the beginning of war.



COMMODORE BARNEY.

Nine days after he left Baltimore, July 22, Barney fell in with the brig *Nymph*, of Newburyport, and seized her for violating the non-importation act. On the following day the *Rossie* was chased by a British frigate, which hurled twenty-five shots after her, but without effect. The *Rossie* outsailed the frigate and escaped. Six days afterward, July 30, she was chased by another frigate, and again outsailed the pursuer. On the following day Barney took and burned the ship *Princess Royal*, and the day following took and manned the ship *Kitty*.

On the 2d of August Barney took and burned the brigs *Fame* and *Devonshire* and schooner *Squid*; and on the same day he captured the brig *Two Brothers*, put on board of her sixty of his prisoners, and ordered her as a cartel to St. Johns, New Brunswick, to effect an exchange for as many American prisoners. Barney sent his compliments to Admiral Sawyer, the British commander on the Halifax station, desired him to treat the prisoners well, and assured him very coolly that he would soon send him another ship-load of captives for exchange. On the next day he took and sunk the brig *Henry* and schooners *Race-Horse* and *Halifax*, captured and manned the brig *William*, and added forty prisoners to the number on board the *Two Brothers*. On the 9th of August he captured the ship *Jenny* of twelve guns after a brief action, and on the following day he seized the *Rebecca* of Saco from London for a breach of the non-importation law. On the 28th he seized the *Euphrates*, of New Bedford, for the same reason, and on the 30th of August he ran into Narraganset Bay and anchored off Newport. During his cruise of forty-five days he seized and captured fourteen vessels, nine of which he destroyed. Their aggregate capacity amounted to two thousand nine hundred and fourteen tons, and they were manned by one hundred and sixty-six men. The estimated value of his prizes was \$1,289,000.

Barney remained in Newport until the 7th of September, when the *Rossie* started on another cruise. On the 9th she was chased by British ships of war, but by superior speed she soon left them out of sight. On the 12th she was chased by an English frigate for six hours, when she too was left so far behind that she gave up the pursuit. Four days afterward she fell in with and captured the British armed packet *Princess Amelia*. They had a severe engagement for almost an hour at pistol-shot distance most of the time. Mr. Long, Barney's first-lieutenant, was severely wounded, and six of the crew injured but not so badly. The *Princess Amelia* lost her captain, sailing-master, and one seaman killed, and the master's mate and six seamen were wounded. The *Rossie* suffered in her rigging and sails but not in her hull, while the *Princess Amelia* was terribly cut up in all.

Barney had just secured his prize when he fell in, on the same day, with three ships and an armed brig. From the latter the *Rossie* received an eighteen-pound shot through her quarter, which wounded a man and lodged in the pump.

She dogged the three vessels for four days in hopes of seeing them separate, thus affording her an opportunity to pounce on one of them. They kept together, and Barney gave up the game. On the 23d he spoke the privateer *Globe*, Captain Murphy, of Baltimore, and the two went in search of the three ships, but could not find them. On the 8th day of October, while they were sailing together, they captured the British schooner *Jubilee* and sent her into port. On the 22d Barney seized the ship *Merrimac* for a violation of law. She was laden with a valuable cargo. On the 10th of November he returned to Baltimore. The result of his two cruises in the *Rossie* was 3698 tons of shipping, valued at \$1,500,000, and two hundred and seventeen prisoners.

The *Dolphin*, of Baltimore, Captain Stafford, was a successful privateer. She carried twelve guns and one hundred men. The first prize sent into Baltimore after the declaration of war was hers; and other ports received her captures. She entered Salem, Massachusetts, on the 23d of July, after a cruise of twenty days, during which time she had taken six vessels without receiving the least injury. She was repeatedly chased by British cruisers, but always outsailed them.

Captain Stafford was remarkable for kindness of manner toward his prisoners. Such was its power that, on several occasions when he was compelled to use sweeps to escape from the English men-of-war, they volunteered to man them.

The privateer *Globe*, of Baltimore, Captain Murphy, carrying eight guns and about eighty men, went to sea on the 24th of July in company with the letter-of-marque *Cora*. On the 31st of that month she chased a vessel about three hours, when she was within gunshot, and commenced firing. The fugitives hoisted British colors, and returned the fire from her stern chasers, consisting of two 9-pounders. The *Globe* could only bring a long 9 midships to bear during an action of about forty minutes, for it was blowing very fresh and the enemy crowded all sail. The *Globe* finally gained on her, and commenced firing broadsides. Her antagonist returned broadside for broadside, until the *Globe*, getting within musket-shot distance, fired deadly volleys of bullets. After a brisk engagement of an hour and a half at close quarters the British vessel struck her colors. She proved to be the English letter of marque, *Boyd*, from New Providence for Liverpool, mounting two guns. No person was injured in either ship. The *Boyd's* boats were destroyed, and she suffered much in hull and rigging. The *Globe* suffered in sails and rigging, but was able, after sending her prize to Philadelphia, to proceed on her cruise. On the 14th of August she captured a British schooner of four guns laden with mahogany; and a few days afterward she arrived at Hampton Roads, accompanied by a large British ship carrying twenty-two guns, richly laden and bound for Glasgow, which she cap-

tured not far from the Bermudas. Having secured her prize in port the *Globe* started immediately on another cruise.

The *Highflyer*, Captain Gavit, of Baltimore, was another successful cruiser on private account. She was armed with eight guns and manned by one hundred men. She left Baltimore early in July, and on the 26th captured the British schooner *Harriet*, in ballast, but with \$8000 in specie on board. On the 19th of August, while in the Gulf of Mexico, Captain Gavit discovered the Jamaica fleet of merchantmen and gave chase. He soon perceived that they were convoyed by a British frigate. That vessel gave chase to the *Highflyer*. The latter outsailed her, and on the 21st pounced upon the *Diana*, one of the fleet, and captured her. She was of three hundred and fifty tons burden, and loaded with a valuable cargo of rum, sugar, coffee, etc. Gavit took out her crew and sent her as a prize to the United States.

On the following day the *Highflyer* fell in with and engaged two other British vessels at half gunshot distance, giving them about sixty shot. The breeze was too stiff to allow safety in boarding them, and so he hauled off and left them. These were the *Jamaica* of Liverpool, and *Mary Ann* of London, the former carrying — guns and twenty-one men, and the latter twelve guns and eighteen men. On the 23d the *Highflyer* fell upon these vessels again, the wind having moderated. Her people, after a severe cannonading and musket-firing from both sides, boarded the *Jamaica* and captured her. The *Mary Ann* struck her colors at the same time.

During the action Captain Gavit was shot through the right arm by a musket-ball, and one of his seamen was wounded in the cheek. These were the only casualties, excepting the damage (which was considerable) done to sails and rigging of the *Highflyer*. Her antagonists were severely bruised, and several of the seamen were wounded. Both ships were richly laden with the products of the West Indies.

On the 1st of August the privateer *Yankee*, carrying ten guns, while cruising along the coast of Nova Scotia, fell in with the letter-of-marque *Royal Bounty*, also carrying ten guns. She was a fine vessel of six hundred and fifty-eight tons, and manned by twenty-five men. The *Yankee* had the advantage of the wind, and bearing down upon the weather-quarter of the *Royal Bounty*, gave her a division broadside, which made her quake in every fibre. Making a quick movement she gave her an entire broadside, which was returned with spirit.

The marines of the *Yankee* were mostly sharpshooters, and the execution was terribly galling. At the same time the ship was well managed, and her great guns were making havoc with her enemy's sails and rigging. The *Bounty's* helmsman was killed, and she became so unmanageable that, after fighting an hour, she was compelled to surrender. She was terribly wounded; all her boats were stove; and no less than one hundred and fifty round shot, of various kinds,

went through her rigging and sails, or lodged in her hull and spars.

The schooner *Shadow*, Captain Taylor, of Philadelphia, had a severe encounter with the British letter-of-marque *May*, Captain Affleck, from Liverpool bound to St. Lucia, carrying fourteen guns and fifty men. At noon, on the 4th of August, the *Shadow* discovered the *May* and gave chase. It continued until almost sunset, when an action was fought. At six o'clock, when the vessels were within gunshot of each other, the *May* commenced firing from her stern guns. The action was commenced at seven, and at half past seven the *May* hoisted a light in her mizzen rigging. The *Shadow* then hailed her, and Captain Taylor ordered her to send her papers on board of his vessel that he might examine them. This was only partially complied with. Taylor instantly sent a boat's crew to the *May* with a demand for the instant surrender of all the papers. The British captain refused. He sent a note to this effect to Captain Taylor, stated the character and force of his vessel, and informed him that a change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Orders in Council had been rescinded. Again Captain Taylor demanded Affleck's papers, and again they were refused. At half past eight o'clock the action was renewed. The night was squally and dark. The vessels kept near each other, occasionally exchanging shots, and in the morning early they commenced a severe fight. Captain Taylor was shot through the head and instantly killed; and the *Shadow* was so much damaged that she withdrew, and by superior sailing escaped and returned to Philadelphia.

On the 3d of August the schooner *Atlas*, Captain David Maffit, attacked two British armed ships at the same time. After an engagement of about an hour the smaller vessel of the foe surrendered, and the fire of the *Atlas* was wholly directed upon the larger one. Suddenly the smaller one, notwithstanding her colors were down, again opened fire; but the *Atlas* soon silenced her, and in less than one hour and a half from the time of attack both vessels were captured. They proved to be the ship *Pursuit*, 16 guns, and a complement of 35 men, and the ship *Planter*, 20 guns and 15 men. They were both stored with valuable cargoes from Surinam, and bound to London. They were sent to the United States. The *Atlas* was badly damaged in the contest.

At about this time the privateer *John*, Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, of Salem, returned to that port after a cruise of three weeks, during which time she made eleven captures, some of which were sent into Marblehead. All along the coasts of the United States and the West Indies the American privateers were now exceedingly active. None were more so than the *Paul Jones*, Captain Hazard, of New York. Within a very short space of time she captured fourteen vessels near the island of Porto Rico, some of them of considerable value; and she obtained a crowning glory by the capture, early

in August, of the British ship *Hansa*, 14 guns and 20 men, sailing from Gibraltar for Havana, with wines and dry-goods valued at \$200,000. This was accomplished after a contest of half an hour.

One of the boldest of the privateersmen was Captain Thomas Boyle, of Baltimore, who sailed the *Comet*, of 14 guns and 120 men. One of his earliest exploits in the *Comet* was the capture, in August, 1812, of the British ship *Hope-well*, carrying 14 guns and 25 men. She was bound from Surinam for London with a cargo valued, with the ship, at \$150,000. The two vessels had an obstinate combat, but the *Comet* was the victor. The prize was sent to Baltimore. Of the *Comet* and her Captain we shall have more to say hereafter.

Another active and successful Baltimore privateer was the *Nonsuch*, Captain Lesely, armed with 12 guns and carrying about 100 men. She was one of the famous "Baltimore clippers." On the 27th of September, when cruising near the island of Martinique, she fell in with a British ship mounting 16 guns, with about 200 troops on board, and a schooner mounting six 4-pounders, and manned with a crew of about 50 or 60 men. The *Nonsuch* ran in between the two vessels, within pistol-shot of each, and commenced a hot contest, which lasted three hours and twenty minutes. It was a fierce fight. The guns of the *Nonsuch* (carronades) became much heated by continual firing. Their bolts and breachings were carried away, and they were all dismounted. Captain Lesely now determined to board his antagonists, but the damage done to the rigging of the *Nonsuch* so disabled her that he was not able to bring her alongside for the purpose. In consequence of this disability the two vessels escaped, but not without severe punishment. The larger ship was much damaged in hull and rigging, and lost 23 of her men killed and wounded. The schooner was also much damaged. The performance of the *Nonsuch* was called by the journals of the day, "gallant but unprofitable conduct." The British spoke of the attack upon them as "exceedingly brave." Several persons of distinction on these ships were injured.

The privateer *Saratoga*, of New York, Captain Riker, armed with 18 guns and 140 men, was a successful cruiser. In the autumn of 1812 she captured the ship *Quebec*, 16 guns, from Jamaica, with a cargo valued at \$300,000. In December following she had a desperate fight off La Guayra, Venezuela. It was on the 10th of that month, and she was then in command of Captain Charles W. Wooster. She entered the port of La Guayra on the 9th, but was warned off, the authorities being neutral. Going out of the bay, she captured a vessel with goods worth \$20,000; and at nine in the morning on the following day, after the clearing up of the fog, she fell in with the brig *Rachel*, from Greenock, Scotland, which mounted 12 guns and carried 60 men. They were in sight of the town, and almost the entire population, from

the beggar to the commander, turned out to see the conflict from the house-tops. The combat was quick and furious. It resulted in victory for the *Saratoga*, whose loss was only one man slightly wounded. The *Rachel* suffered much. The second mate was the only officer alive after the action.

Such is a brief record of some of the most prominent events in the history of American privateering from the declaration of war in June, 1812, until the close of the year. The record is of a small portion of the swarm of private armed vessels which were out at the beginning of 1813. These were harassing British commerce in all directions, and affording powerful and timely aid to the little navy of the Republic. The business was recognized as legitimate, useful, and practically patriotic. Merchants and other citizens of the highest respectability engaged in it, and Congress passed laws to encourage it by the allowance of liberal privileges, making provision for pensions for those engaged in the service, and for the families of those who might be lost on private armed vessels, etc.

The history of American privateering in 1813 opens with a letter from Captain Shaler, of the private schooner *Governor Tompkins*, which was armed with fourteen carronades and one Long Tom, and manned by about a hundred and forty men. She was built in New York, and was first commanded by Captain Skinner. Shaler wrote on the 1st of January that on the 25th of December he chased three British vessels, which appeared to be two ships and a brig. The larger he took to be a transport and ran down to attack her, when he found himself within a quarter of a mile of a large frigate which had been completely masked. He boldly opened fire upon her and received a terrible response. Of course he could not sustain a contest with such overwhelming odds, so he spread his sails to fly. He was successful. "Thanks to her heels," he said, "and the exertions of my brave officers and crew, I still have the command of her." He got out all of his sweeps, threw overboard all the lumber on his deck and about two thousand pounds of shot from the after-hold, and at half past five in the evening had the pleasure of seeing his pursuers far behind heaving about. The *Tompkins* lost two men killed and six wounded. One of the former, a black man named Johnson, "ought to be registered on the book of fame," Captain Shaler wrote, "and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue." A 24-pound shot struck him in the hip and took away all the lower part of his body. In this state the poor brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates, "Fire away, boys, neber haul de color down!" The other man killed was also colored, and wounded in a similar manner. "Several times," says Shaler, "he requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of others. While America has such sailors she has little to fear from the tyrants of the occasion."

We have already spoken of the *Comet*, of Bal-

timore, and her brave commander Captain Boyle. She sailed from that port late in December, 1812, passed through the British blockading squadron on a dark night, and went on a cruise toward the coast of Brazil. On the 9th of January, 1813, she was off the harbor of Pernambuco, and Boyle was informed by a coaster that some British vessels were about to sail from that port. The *Comet* watched until the 14th, when, a little past noon, four sails appeared. Boyle waited until they were well clear of the land and then gave chase. The *Comet* was a swift clipper and soon overhauled them; and at seven in the evening, having prepared for action, she hoisted her colors, and made for the larger of the four ships, which proved to be a Portuguese brig, mounting twenty heavy guns (32-pounders), and manned by one hundred and sixty-five men. She was convoying three English merchant-ships laden with wheat, and warned Captain Boyle not to molest them. To this injunction Boyle replied that his commission authorized him to capture them if he could, and that the Portuguese marine had no right to interfere.

All the vessels were now crowding sail with a stiffening breeze. The *Comet* shot past the others, summoned the Englishmen to heave to, and assured them if they did not he would open a broadside upon them. The Portuguese gave chase to the *Comet*. The latter tacked, came alongside of the merchantmen at half past eight o'clock in the evening and so distributed a heavy fire that she wounded all three.

The Portuguese suffered severely in the contest which followed, for the quick movements of the clipper gave her great advantage of position. The combat continued until an hour past midnight, when the moon went down and the night became dark and squally. In the mean time the merchantmen had surrendered, and one of them was taken possession of by Boyle. At dawn the Portuguese brig, with the other two English vessels, fled for Pernambuco, while the *Comet* and her prize, the *Bowes*, proceeded homeward. She soon afterward captured the Scotch ship *Adelphia*, and outsailed the famous British frigate *Surprise* that gave chase.

On the 6th of February the *Comet* captured first the brig *Alexis*, of Greenock, and soon afterward an armed brig which formed part of a convoy for nine merchantmen from Demerara. At the same time another man-of-war called the *Swaggerer* appeared. Boyle was anxious to get his prizes off, and he amused the brig until that desired end was accomplished. In the mean time he added the *Dominico*, a Liverpool packet, to his list of prizes. When they were fairly on their way he turned his heels upon the *Swaggerer* and soon outsailed his pursuer. At three o'clock in the afternoon he captured the schooner *Jane*, and before sunset he lost sight of the *Swaggerer* entirely.

Soon after this encounter Boyle turned his face homeward, and on the way met and fought a terrible battle for eight hours with the British

ship *Hibernia*, eight hundred tons, twenty-two guns, and a full complement of men. The *Comet* lost three killed and sixteen wounded. The *Hibernia* lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. The *Comet* put into Porto Rico for repairs, and the *Hibernia* into St. Thomas. Both were much injured. The *Comet* arrived at Baltimore on the 17th of March.

Boyle was not long on land. His next cruise was in the beautiful *Chasseur*, a privateer brig, elegant in model and formidable in men and arms. She was the fleetest of all vessels, and the story of her cruises is a tale of romance of the most exciting kind. She seemed as ubiquitous as the "Phantom Ship." Sometimes she was in the West Indies, then on the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and France, and then in the Irish and British Channels, spreading the wildest alarm among England's commercial marine. So much was she feared in the West Indies and the islands of the Caribbean sea, that the merchants there implored Admiral Durham to send them "at least a heavy sloop of war" to protect their property. The Admiral immediately sent them the frigate *Barossa*, which the fleet *Chasseur* delighted to tease.

The *Chasseur* captured eighty vessels, of which thirty-two were of equal force with herself, and eighteen superior. Many of the prizes were of great value. Three of them alone were valued at \$400,000. She seemed to sweep over the seas with impunity, and was as imprudent as she was bold. On one occasion, while in the British Channel, Boyle issued a proclamation as a burlesque on those of Admirals Warren and Cochrane, concerning the blockades of the ports of the United States, in which he declared "all the ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, outlets, islands, and sea-coasts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in a state of vigorous blockade." He assured the world that he possessed a sufficient force (the *Chasseur*) to compel obedience. This proclamation he caused to be sent in a cartel to London, with a request to have it posted up at Lloyd's Coffee House.

We have already noticed some of the earlier operations of the *Dolphin*, Captain Stafford. On the 25th of January, 1813, she fell in with a large ship and brig off Cape St. Vincent, and, as was common with the more daring American privateers, engaged them both. After a severe fight they were captured and sent to the United States. They were richly laden, and were valuable prizes. The wounded Captain Brigham, of the British ship (*Hebe*, 16), thought his capture "extronary." He did not expect to find a damned Yankee privateer in that part of the world; and when assured by Stafford that they would appear in the Thames by-and-by his eyes dilated with mute wonder. Stafford's kind and good nature won Brigham's heart, and, in a card published on his arrival in Boston in February, he thanked the commander of the *Dolphin* and his associates for their attention, and saying, "Should the fortunes of

war ever throw the Captain or any of his crew into the hands of the British, it is sincerely hoped he will meet a similar treatment."

We again find the *Saratoga*, Captain Woolsey, on her destructive errand in February, 1813. On the 9th of that month she captured the *Lord Nelson* of 600 tons, and one of the finest vessels in the British merchant service. She was sent into New Orleans. At about the same time the *Saratoga* captured the British packet *Morgiana*, eighteen guns. The *Saratoga* had just been chased by a British frigate, and had been compelled, in order to lighten her to increase her speed, to throw overboard twelve of her guns: she had only four to attack the *Morgiana* with. Her armory was replenished with several of the fine brass pieces of the captured vessel, and the prize was sent to Newport with her Captain. The kindness of the prize-master was so conspicuous that the Captain of the *Morgiana* thanked him in the Newport papers.

On the 15th of February, 1813, the letter of marque *Lottery*, of Baltimore, armed with six guns and manned by thirty-five men, had a desperate fight in Chesapeake Bay with nine British barges containing two hundred and forty men. She fought them an hour and a half, during which time it was believed that more of the foe were killed than the number of the whole crew of the letter of marque. At length Captain Southcote, commander of the schooner, was severely wounded, and the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, boarded the vessel, hauled down the colors, and made her a prize.

At about this time we find the privateer *Yankee*, whose exploits we have already observed, entering the harbor of Newport after a cruise of one hundred and fifty days, during which time she had scoured the whole western coast of Africa, taken eight prizes, made one hundred and ninety-six prisoners, and secured as trophies sixty-two cannon, five hundred muskets, and property worth about \$300,000.

The merchants of New York fitted out no less than twenty-six fast-sailing privateers and letters of marque within one hundred and twenty days after the declaration of war, carrying almost two hundred pieces of artillery, and manned by over two thousand seamen. Among the most noted of these privateers was the *General Armstrong*, a moderate-sized schooner, mounting a Long Tom 42-pounder and eighteen carronades. Her complement was one hundred and forty men, and her first commander was Captain Barnard.

Early in March, 1813, the *General Armstrong* was in command of Guy R. Champlin, and cruising off the Surinam River, on the coast of South America. Early on the morning of the 11th she gave chase to the *Coquette*, a British sloop of war, mounting in all twenty-seven guns, and manned by one hundred and twenty-one men and boys. Between nine and ten o'clock the vessels were within gunshot and commenced a brisk engagement. Convinced, by observation, that his antagonist was a British letter of marque, Champlin and his men agreed

to board her, and for this purpose they ran the *Armstrong* down upon her. When too late to retreat they discovered her to be a much heavier vessel than they imagined. The two vessels poured heavy shot into each other, and for almost an hour the fight was fierce and obstinate, within pistol-shot distance. The *Armstrong* was severely injured, and her Captain received a ball in his shoulder, but continued some time on duty after the wound was dressed, and from the cabin gave orders until his vessel was fairly out of the clutches of the enemy. By the vigorous use of sweeps the *Armstrong* escaped under a heavy fire from the *Coquette*. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and his skill in saving his vessel, the stockholders, at a meeting held at Tammany Hall on the 14th of April, presented Captain Champlin an elegant sword, and voted thanks to his companions in the combat. We shall meet the *Armstrong* hereafter.

The *Ned*, Captain Dawson, a New York letter of marque, arrived at that port ten days after the sword presentation to Champlin, and brought with her the British letter of marque *Malvina*, of Aberdeen, mounting ten guns. The *Ned* captured her after an action of almost an hour. Her captain was killed, and in the combat the *Ned* had seven men badly wounded. The *Malvina* was laden with wine from the Mediterranean, and was a valuable prize.

Another successful privateer, owned in New York, was the *Scourge*, Captain Nicoll. She mounted fifteen guns, and sailed from that port in April, 1813, for a long cruise in European waters, and was frequently in concert with the *Rattlesnake* of Philadelphia, Captain David Maffit. The latter commander went into the business at the beginning of the war, with the *Atlas*, and continued its pursuit until the close of the contest in 1815. The *Rattlesnake* was a fast-sailing brig of fourteen guns.

Captain Nicoll was often absent from the *Scourge* while on the coast of Norway, because he found it more profitable to remain on shore and attend to the sale of prizes brought or sent in, while his first officer skillfully commanded her in cruises. The *Scourge* made a large number of captures on the coast of Norway, and they were nearly all sent into Drontheim and disposed of there. The aggregate tonnage of prizes there and then disposed of, captured by the *Scourge* and *Rattlesnake*, was about 4500. The trophies were sixty guns. On her homeward passage from Norway the *Scourge* made several captures. She arrived at Cape Cod in May, 1812, having been absent little more than a year. During her cruise she had made four hundred and twenty prisoners. Her deeds made her name an appropriate one, for she scourged British commerce most severely.

The *Yankee*, already mentioned, left Newport on a cruise on the 23d of May, 1813. A month afterward, when off the coast of Ireland, she captured the British cutter sloop, *Earl Camden*, valued at \$10,000. Eight days afterward she

captured the brig *Elizabeth*, valued at \$40,000, and the brig *Watson*, laden with cotton, valued at \$70,000. On the 2d of July she took the brig *Marine*, with a cargo valued at \$70,000. All of these prizes, worth in the aggregate about \$200,000, were sent to French ports for adjudication and sale. The work was accomplished in the space of about six weeks. The *Yankee* returned to Providence, Rhode Island, on the 19th of August, without having lost a man during the cruise either killed or wounded.

The records of privateering during the summer of 1813 present one dark chapter, in the deed of a desperate wretch named Johnson, who commanded the *Teazer*, a little two-gun vessel that went out from New York with fifty men. When that vessel was captured by one of Admiral Warren's fleet, Johnson was released on his parole. Soon afterward, without waiting to be exchanged, he entered as first lieutenant on board another privateer named the *Young Teazer*. In June, 1813, she was closely pursued by an English man-of-war. She was likely to be overtaken, and Johnson knew that death would be his fate should he be caught. Dawson called his officers aft in consultation, and while they were debating on the subject one of the sailors called out to the captain that Lieutenant Johnson had just gone into the cabin with a blazing fire-brand. The next instant the *Teazer* was blown into fragments. Only six of all her people escaped destruction. The captain, Johnson, and all the others had perished in a moment.

Toward mid-summer, 1813, an affair occurred off Sandy Hook, New York, which created a great sensation. It properly belongs to the history of privateering. Commodore Lewis was then in command of a flotilla of gun-boats on that station, and the British man-of-war *Poictiers*, 74, was cruising in those waters. She had for tender the sloop *Eagle*; and early in July Lewis sent out a little fishing-smack named *Yankee*, which he borrowed at Fly Market, in New York, to capture this tender by stratagem. With a calf, a sheep, and a goose secured on deck, and between thirty and forty well-armed men below, the smack stood out for sea, with only three men on deck in fishermen's garb, as if going to the fishing-banks. The *Eagle* gave chase, overhauled her, and seeing live-stock on board, ordered her to go to the commodore. The watch-word "Lawrence!" was given, when the armed men rushed to the deck and poured a volley of musketry which sent the crew of the *Eagle* below in dismay. Sailing-master Percival, who commanded the expedition, ordered the firing to cease, when one of the *Eagle's* company came up and struck her colors. The surprise was so complete that her heavy brass howitzer, loaded with canister-shot, remained undischarged. Her crew consisted of her commander, a midshipman, and eleven seamen. The two former and a marine were slain. The *Eagle* and prisoners were taken to the city in view of thousands of the citizens, who were on the Battery celebrating the anniversary of the

National Independence. They were received with shouts, salvos of artillery, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the ringing of bells.

A month after the capture of the *Eagle* the privateer schooner *Commodore Decatur*, Captain Diron, of Charleston, South Carolina, carrying seven guns and a little over a hundred men, had a desperate encounter with the British war-schooner *Dominica*, Lieutenant Barrette, carrying sixteen guns and eighty-eight men. The *Decatur* was cruising in the track of the West India traders on their return to England, and on the morning of the 15th of August gave chase to a ship and schooner. At about one o'clock in the afternoon they were so near each other that the schooner fired a shot at the *Decatur*. The latter was immediately prepared for action, not with heavy guns alone, but with implements for boarding. Diron intended to run down near his adversary, discharge all his guns, great and small, and then board her under cover of the smoke. This was not immediately accomplished; for the *Dominica* was on the alert, and manœuvred so as to give the *Decatur* some damaging broadsides. Twice her crew attempted to board her antagonist, but failed, and the contest was kept up with cannon and musketry. Finally, at about half past three o'clock, the *Decatur* forced her bowsprit over the stern of the *Dominica*, and her jib-boom penetrated the Englishman's mainsail. In face of a murderous fire of musketry the *Decatur's* men, led by First Prize-master Safith and Quarter-master Washburn, rushed from her bow along the bowsprit, boarded the enemy, and engaged in a most sanguinary fight hand to hand, with swords, pistols, and small-arms. Both parties fought with the greatest courage and determination. The decks were covered with the dead and wounded. The colors of the *Dominica* were hauled down by the boarders, and she became the *Decatur's* prize. The *Dominica* lost sixty-four killed and wounded. Among the former were the captain, sailing-master, and purser. The *Decatur* lost twenty killed and wounded. Diron started with his prize for Charleston, and on the following day captured the *London Trader*, bound from Surinam to London, with a valuable cargo. She reached Charleston in safety with both prizes.

In the autumn of 1813 Captain George Coggeshall, whose History of the American Privateers has been frequently consulted, commanded the letter-of-marque schooner *David Porter*, of New York. Late in October she was lying at Providence, Rhode Island, where the *President*, Commodore Rodgers, was blockaded. In a thick snow-storm, on the 14th of November, and under the cover of night, the *Porter* passed the blockading squadron and put to sea. She reached Charleston, her destined port, in safety, where she was freighted for France with sea-island cotton, and sailed for "Bordeaux or a port in France" on the 20th of December. In the Bay of Biscay she encountered a terrible and damaging gale, but weathered it; and on the 20th of January entered the port of La Teste. Cogges-

hall sent his vessel home in charge of his first officer, and remained in France some time. The *Porter* captured several prizes on her way to the United States.

We have noticed the arrival at Hampton Roads, with a large British ship as a prize, of the privateer *Globe*, of Baltimore, and her departure on another cruise. She was successful in the capture of prizes, but did not meet with any fair test of her sailing qualities or the valor and skill of her men until November, 1813. On the first of that month, while cruising off the coast of Madeira, she fell in and exchanged shots with a large armed brig, but considered it prudent to keep a respectful distance from her. She then proceeded to the offing of Funchal, where, on the 2d, she chased two vessels in vain; for night came on, dark and squally, and she lost sight of them.

On the 3d the *Globe* again chased two vessels, and at eleven o'clock was so near them that the larger of the fugitives opened her stern guns on her pursuer. A severe action ensued, when, at noon, the crew of the *Globe* attempted to board her adversary. They failed. Their vessel was much damaged, and while in this condition the other vessel came up and gave the *Globe* a terrible raking fire, which almost disabled her. Yet her crew fought on at close-quarters, and at half past three o'clock the larger vessel was compelled to strike her colors. The other was pouring in broadside after broadside within half pistol-shot distance. The *Globe* was reduced to an almost sinking condition, yet she managed to give her second antagonist such blows that she too struck her colors. She then hauled to windward to take possession of the first prize, when that vessel hoisted her colors and gave the *Globe* a tremendous broadside. She was compelled to haul off for repairs, and the two

vessels, believed to be severely injured, sailed slowly away. They were packet brigs, one mounting eighteen and the other sixteen cannon, mostly brass. The *Globe* lost eighteen men killed and fifteen wounded in this desperate encounter.

During the first eight or nine months of the year 1814, although the American private armed ships were active and successful, there seems not to have been any performance by them that deserves the name of a naval action. This monotony of quiet business was broken in September, when the privateer *Harpy* fell in with the British packet *Princess Elizabeth*, and captured her after a short but sharp conflict. The *Elizabeth* was armed with ten guns and manned by thirty-eight men. She had on board the Turkish ambassador for England, an aid-de-camp to a British general, a lieutenant of 74 line-of-battle ship, and a large number of other passengers. Ten casks of wine and some of the cannon were transferred to the *Harpy*. The remainder of her armament was thrown overboard, and the ship was ransomed for \$2000, when she was allowed to proceed on her voyage.

The most desperate and famous combat recorded in the history of privateering during the war was that maintained by the *General Armstrong*, of New York (whose earlier exploits we have already noticed), Captain Samuel C. Reid, in the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azores Islands of that name, belonging to Portugal. It occurred on the 26th of September, 1814, while she lay there at anchor in a neutral port. She was attacked by a large British squadron under command of Commodore Lloyd. The attacking vessels consisted of the flag-ship *Plantagenet* 74, the frigate *Rota* 44, Captain Somerville, and the brig *Carnation* 18, Captain Bentham, each with a full complement of men. The *Armstrong* carried only seven guns and 90 men, including her officers.

In flagrant violation of the laws and usages of neutrality, Lloyd sent in, at eight o'clock in the evening, four large and well armed launches, manned by about 40 men each. At that time Reid, suspecting danger, was working his vessel under the guns of the Castle. These and the cannon of the privateer opened fire almost simultaneously, and the launches were driven off with heavy loss. The first lieutenant of the *Armstrong* was wounded and one man was killed.

Another attack was made at midnight with 14 launches and about 500 men. A terrible conflict ensued, which lasted 40 minutes. The enemy was repulsed, with a loss of 120 killed and 130 wounded. At daybreak a third attack was made, by the brig-of-war *Carnation*. She opened heavily, but was very soon so cut up by the rapid and well-directed shot of the *Armstrong* that she hastily withdrew. The privateer was also much damaged. It was evident that she could not maintain an-



SAMUEL C. REID.

other assault of equal severity; so Captain Reid, who had coolly given orders from his quarter-deck during the attack, directed her to be scuttled, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. She was then abandoned, when the British boarded her and set her on fire. It is a curious fact, that while the British lost over 300 in killed and wounded during ten hours, the Americans lost but two killed and seven wounded.

In addition to the glory won by the bravery of this resistance to the British squadron, Captain Reid and his gallant men deserve the just credit of having thereby saved the city of New Orleans from capture. This squadron was part of the expedition then gathering at Jamaica for the purpose of seizing New Orleans, and the object of their attack on the *Armstrong* was to capture her and make her a useful auxiliary in the work. She so crippled her assailants that they did not reach Jamaica until full ten days later than the expedition expected to sail from there. That expedition waited for Commander Lloyd, and, when it finally approached New Orleans, General Jackson was approaching to make competent arrangements for its defense. Had the fleet arrived ten days sooner that city would have been an easy prey to the British, for it was utterly defenseless until that General arrived with his troops.

The Portuguese Government demanded and received from that of England an apology for this violation of neutrality; also restitution for the destruction of Portuguese property at Fayal during the action. That Government also demanded satisfaction and indemnification for the destruction of the American vessels in their neutral port. This England refused, and from that day to this the owners of the privateers and their heirs have never been able to procure indemnification for their loss, either from England, or Portugal, or from their own Government.

The defense made by the *Armstrong* and the circumstances of the attack produced a great sensation throughout the United States. Captain Reid was justly praised as one of the most daring of American naval commanders, and he received varied honors in abundance. The State of New York gave him thanks and a sword, and he was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm on his return to the United States.

The New Yorkers sent out a splendid vessel of 17 guns and 150 men, called the *Prince de Neufchâtel*, in command of Captain Odronaux. She was a very fortunate privateer. During a single cruise she was chased by no less than seventeen armed British vessels, and escaped them all; and she brought to the United States goods valued at \$300,000, with much specie. On the 11th of October, 1814, she encountered five armed boats from the British frigate *Endymion*, off Nantucket. The *Neufchâtel* was then very light-handed, having, when the fierce battle that ensued commenced, only 36 men at quarters. Early in the forenoon the engagement began. The boats were arranged for the

assault, one on each side, one on each bow, and one under the stern. Within the space of twenty minutes the assailants cried for quarter. It was granted. One of the boats had gone to the bottom with 41 of 43 of her crew. The whole number of men in the five boats was 111, a large portion of whom were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The privateer lost 7 killed and 24 wounded. She returned to Boston on the 15th of October. The *Neufchâtel* was afterward captured and sent to England.

At this time the terror inspired by the doings of the American privateers was intense. The British began to seriously contemplate the probabilities of the complete destruction of their commerce. Fear magnified their numbers, powers, and exploits. Meetings of merchants were held to remonstrate against their depredations. It was asserted that one of these "sea devils" was rarely captured, and that they impudently bid defiance alike to English privateers and stately 74's. Insurance was refused on most vessels, and on some the premium was as high as 33 per cent. "Thirteen guineas for £100," said a London journal, "was paid to insure vessels across the Irish Channel! Such a thing never happened, we believe, before." The Board of Admiralty and the Prince Regent were petitioned for aid in checking these depredations; and the Government was compelled, because of the state of public feeling, to give assurance (which they had not power to support) that ample measures should be taken for the protection of British commerce.

We have referred to the impudence as well as boldness of the American privateers. A small one, belonging to Charleston, mounting six carriage-guns and a Long Tom, appropriately named *Saucy Jack*, affords an illustration. She was every where, and being clipper-built and skillfully managed, was too fleet for the English cruisers. On one occasion, when cruising off the west end of St. Domingo, she chased two vessels—it was on the 31st of October, 1814, at midnight—and when near enough, at one in the morning, she fired upon them. On coming up it was ascertained that one of them carried 16 and the other 18 guns. Nothing daunted by this discovery, she boarded one of them at seven in the morning, when it was found that she was full of men and a war vessel. The boarders fled back to the *Saucy Jack*, and the little privateer made haste to get away. The two ships chased her, pouring grape and musket-balls upon her, but within an hour she was out of reach of even their great guns. She lost 8 men killed and 15 wounded. Her chief antagonist was the British bomb-ship *Volcano*, with the transport *Golden Fleece*. One of the lieutenants and two of the seamen of the *Volcano* were killed, and two were wounded.

On Sunday, the 1st of May, the *Saucy Jack* captured the fine English ship *Pelham*, carrying ten guns and thirty-eight men. She was bound for London from a West India port, and had a cargo valued at \$80,000.

The schooner *Kemp*, of Baltimore, was a very successful privateer. She was commanded by Captain Jacobs, a small, active man, who was both brave and humane. At the close of November, 1814, she sailed on a cruise in the West Indies, from Wilmington, North Carolina. On the 1st of December she chased a squadron of eight merchant-ships in the Gulf Stream, under convoy of a frigate. The frigate in turn gave chase, but the *Kemp* dodged her in the darkness of the ensuing night, and early the next morning she again gave chase to the merchantmen. At noon the following day she found them drawn up in battle-line; and at two o'clock they bore down upon the privateer, each giving her some shots as they passed. She reserved her fire until by a skillful movement she broke through the line, and discharged her whole armament into the enemy. This produced the greatest confusion, and within an hour and a half four of the eight vessels were the prizes of the *Kemp*. She could have taken the whole, but she had not men enough to man them. The other four proceeded on their voyage. The convoy frigate all this time was absent, vainly looking for the saucy privateer! The prizes, which gave an aggregate of forty-six cannon and one hundred and thirty-four men, were all sent into Charleston. It was a profitable cruise of only six days.

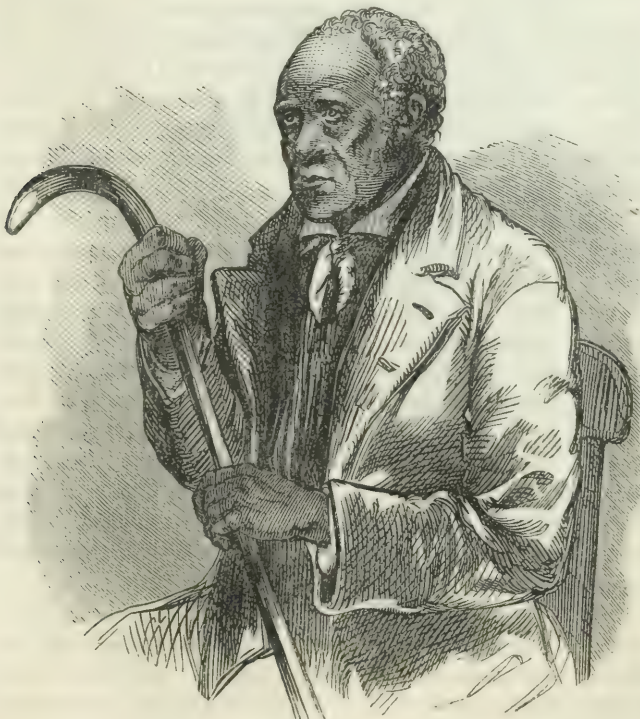
The *Monmouth* privateer, of Baltimore, about the same time was dealing destruction to British commerce off Newfoundland. She had a desperate encounter with an English transport-ship with over three hundred troops on board. Her superior speed saved her from capture.

Another successful Baltimore frigate was the *Lawrence*, of eighteen guns and one hundred and eleven men. During a single cruise, which terminated at New York on the 25th of Janu-

ary, 1815, a month before the proclamation of peace, she captured thirteen vessels. She took one hundred and six prisoners, and the aggregate amount of tonnage seized by her was over three thousand tons. One of the original crew of the *Lawrence* was a colored man named Henry Van Meter, whom I met at Bangor, in Maine, near the close of 1860, and made the annexed sketch of him. He was then ninety-five years old. He had been a slave to Governor Nelson, of Virginia, during the Revolution. He was afterward owned by another master, and was in the army of General Wayne. He was captured in a privateer off Lisbon, and was in the prison at Dartmoor, in England, when the captives were massacred there by the guard. The *Macdonough*, of Rhode Island, had a severe fight with a British ship, whose name is not recorded, on the 31st of January, 1815; the action commenced at musket-shot distance at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. The tremendous musket fire of the enemy caused the people of the *Macdonough* to suspect her of being a troop-ship. Such proved to be the case. She had at least three hundred soldiers on board besides her crew. The *Macdonough* suffered terribly in sails and rigging and loss of men; for her antagonist, in addition to the overwhelming numbers of men, carried eighteen 9-pounders. She succeeded in escaping from the British vessel, and reached Savannah on the 7th of March.

The war ended early in 1815, but it was some time after the proclamation of peace had been promulgated before all of the fifty privateers then at sea were apprised of it, and many captures were made after the joyful event occurred. One of the latest arrivals of successful privateers was that of the *Amelia*, of Baltimore, in April, 1815. She had a full cargo of valuable goods. During her cruise she had captured ten British vessels. Some she destroyed, others she sent into port, and one she gave up as a cartel for her prisoners. She carried only six guns and seventy-five men. The vessels she captured amounted in the aggregate to almost two thousand three hundred tons, and her prisoners numbered one hundred and twelve. Her trophies in arms were thirty-two cannon and many muskets. She was frequently chased by English cruisers, but her fleetness allowed her to escape.

In this outline sketch of American privateering during the second war for Independence notice has been taken of only the most prominent of the vessels which actually sustained a conflict of arms on the ocean of sufficient importance to entitle the act to the name of a naval engagement. The record shows the wonderful boldness and skill of American seamen, mostly untaught in the art of naval warfare, and the general character of the privateering service. Nothing more has been attempted.



HENRY VAN METER.

The full history of the service, as it lies, much of it, unquarried, in the newspapers of the day and the manuscript log-books of the commanders, exhibits marvelous action and results.

After the first six months of the war the bulk of naval conflicts was carried on upon the ocean, on the part of the Americans, by private armed vessels, which "took, burned, and destroyed" about *sixteen hundred* British merchantmen, of all classes, in the space of three years and nine months, while the number of American merchant vessels destroyed during the same period did not vary much from *five hundred*. The American merchant marine was much smaller than that of the British; and owing to embargo acts, and apprehensions of war for several months before it was actually declared, a large portion of the former was in port when war was declared. Many vessels were taken far up navigable rivers for security against British cruisers or marauding soldiers, while others were dismantled in safe places.

The American private armed vessels which carried such disasters to British commerce numbered two hundred and fifty. Of these forty-six were letters of marque, and the remainder were privateers. Of the whole number one hundred and eighty-four were sent out from the four ports of Baltimore, New York, Salem, and Boston alone. The aggregate number sent out from Philadelphia, Portsmouth (New Hampshire), and Charleston was thirty-five. Large fortunes were secured by many of the owners, and some of them are enjoyed by their descendants at the present day. The practice of privateering is growing in disfavor more and more every year; and the Government of the United States, with a Christian spirit and enlightened public policy, has been for a long time endeavoring to form a league with the other great Powers of the earth to repeal the law of nations which sanctions it. Divested of all its specious habiliments of necessity, expediency, and law, it stands revealed in all the naked deformity of black PIRACY.

DOBBS'S HORSE.

ABOUT five years ago Theophilus and I prepared to realize the dream of our married life. We purchased a cottage in the country.

This was nearly the last round of the ladder of circumstances which had sprung, in all its vast proportions, from a pearly little speck of ivory that made more stir in coming into this world than the most enormous tusk ever thrust by elephant into an Indian jungle. I need not add that it was our Philly's first tooth.

Philly, christened Theophilus after his father, stood third on our family record. Being the first male item, he was of course invested with peculiar interest. Indeed, to our discerning eyes he at once evinced traits which lifted him far above all other babies in the created world. And now the dear little fellow was teething.

What wonder that, as Philly, growing paler

and weaker every day, kicked and screamed his protest against the existing order of things, Theophilus became less pompous concerning him, and finally bowed his head meekly at my announcing one morning at breakfast that "something must be done at once." Every wedded man, unless his *dura mater* presents that abhorred condition a vacuum, knows very well what "something must be done" means when his wife says it. It means penetration. It means compliance. It means that all the hints lately sown on his unsuspecting mind are expected to suddenly burst into full flower. Therefore, when Theophilus heard me say that *something* must be done, he at once responded,

"Well, my dear, I suppose we shall have to try country air—the child is certainly failing."

The point was gained. My hints had bloomed. But this was only a bud, and I wanted the full-blown flower. So I remarked—with the air of a woman who had other things to think of—that he was right; the baby *was* failing, and, as far as my experience went, I thought that a country hotel or boarding-house would soon finish him.

"Then what is to be done?" cried Theophilus, thoroughly alarmed, and in a highly receptive condition.

Lifting the lid of the coffee-pot, and peering into it with intense interest, I remarked, abstractedly, that when people wished to go to the country, and had objections to boarding, they generally hired a cottage or something of that kind.

Now, one need not have gone through Euclid or studied Whately to know how this little breakfast scene finally resolved itself into a tiny country-box, packed with the entire Smith family, or, to speak more accurately, with our particular branch of it.

Our country-box was not exactly "the thing," because, to be candid, Theophilus was not, pecuniarily speaking, in a position to purchase just such a place as we desired in addition to our city expenses. Still it was a cottage; and our imaginations soon festooned its porch with coming vines, and rejoiced in the proposed lawn, where our little ones should roll "like tumbled fruit." The advertisement which had originally attracted us toward the place had described it as being well stocked with trees of every description. In fact, we purchased it mainly on the representations of this same advertisement. Theophilus had time to pay it only a flying visit after business hours, and as, according to the owner, there were no less than "six other gentlemen" eager to pounce upon the prize, we really did not dare to deliberate.

Accordingly, Theoph hired a man-of-all-work, and before dispatching him to the scene of action, gave him a list of written orders, foremost among which were special instructions concerning the aforesaid vines and lawn. There was to be a fine vegetable patch in the rear, and, as far as I could make out from the chart laid out by Theoph, the space between lawn and

kitchen garden was to be filled with roses, honey-suckles, shrubs of all kinds, and showy annuals of every hue imaginable.

"Won't it be delightful, Theoph, for us to sit out under the vines when you come up from town in the afternoon—so different from that bleak piazza at Stamford; and while the children are rolling and chasing each other about the lawn, we can read and talk to our heart's content. Oh, it will be grand!"

Theoph kissed me, and said in his cheerful way that the very prospect made me look bright and rosy again. But he shook his head gravely when he heard Philly's feeble cry, and asked why in the world we couldn't go there at once. The gardener's wife must have the cottage all cleaned by this time, he said, and I had nothing to do but to pack up and go.

With the moths already flying about, it was trying to a woman with five Brussels carpets and all the parlor curtains and furniture on her mind—to say nothing of the summer's shopping—to hear the grand business of moving into the country for a summer spoken of so cavalierly; but I conquered the outraged spirit within, and even entered into an amicable consultation with Theophilus concerning the amount of furniture to be transferred to our five-room cottage.

His counsel was invaluable. Better to take up almost nothing in the furniture line, he said. We needed only to fit out a comfortable sitting-room—something a little tasteful, you know; four or five bedrooms for the family; a dining-room of some sort; and—oh yes!—a spare room by all means, for he meant to have Dobbs up there half the time; and, above all, plenty of kitchen equipments, for if there was any thing in the world he *did* hate it was a half-way dinner.

Striving to look as much like St. Cecilia as possible, and yet retain an impressive cast of countenance, I ventured to suggest, at this point, that there were but four rooms in the house besides the kitchen.

"No!" exclaimed Theophilus, staring innocently.

"I have counted them, my dear," I replied, with concentrated quietness of tone.

"You've counted them wrongly then, my love."

"Now, Theoph, do be reasonable. There's the large sitting-room on the first floor—you certainly don't call the crockery closet between it and the kitchen a room?"

"No," said Theophilus meekly, at the same time holding up the first finger of his left hand to represent the sitting-room.

"Then on the second floor there's the small bedroom for Ellen over the hall."

Up went another finger.

"Well, the little room makes two; then there's the large front one, where the ceiling was bro—"

"By George!" cried Theoph, dropping his patent tally in a twinkling, "there's Dobbs!"

Alas! Dobbs was indeed crossing the street.

My husband was soon in the hall holding the front door wide open.

"Hallo! old fellow, how are you?" cried a hearty voice.

"All right, thank you. Walk in, walk in!"

Then there was a slight shuffling of boots on the oil-cloth, and in the next instant I heard the parlor blinds thrust violently open.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Dobbs, "that is something like. Now one can see out. Why in the world, Smith, do all you married men keep your parlors so dark?"

Whatever Theoph's reply may have been it is to this day locked in the bosom of Mr. Dobbs, for Philly required strict attention just then. The question made a deep impression upon me, however; and after that I took care to have the parlors rather lighter than formerly.

Why Mr. Dobbs should have been so fond of Mr. Smith, and why Mr. Smith so doted on Mr. Dobbs, are questions that I never expect to solve while in the flesh. To spiritual ken the mystery may be revealed clear as day. So I must be patient, and content myself by remarking that, in all the annals of masculine friendship, I have never met with so remarkable a case.

Mr. Dobbs was good enough in his way, but no more like Theoph than I to Hercules. In the first place, he was one of the restless sort, or, as he forcibly expressed it, "always on the go." He was a superb gymnast too; Theoph never moved a muscle unnecessarily, and looked forward to a heaven of perfect rest. Mr. Dobbs was soothing and conciliatory, Theophilus was an inveterate tease. Mr. Dobbs had a peculiar distaste for children; Theoph had doted on them since his own toddlehood. Mr. Dobbs was never unconquerable; Theoph's stubbornness when fairly aroused amounted to inspiration. Theophilus was extremely fond of music; Mr. Dobbs wished that the heavenly maid had died young. Dobbs delighted to shock one with his moral and social heterodoxy; Theoph was a model of propriety. Theoph was fastidious, too, in his personal habits; Dobbs was careless to a fault. Theoph reveled in the choicest literature; Mr. Dobbs never read a line if he could avoid it.

Yet, I repeat, these two men clung to each other with a love marvelous to behold. The friendship of Damon and Pythias was as nothing compared to it; for the two Syracusans were willing only to die for each other; and these were willing to live in friendship in spite of differences of opinion and taste.

Therefore when Theophilus first discovered there would be no spare room for his dear Dobbs, he stood transfixed with dismay and a sense of desolation. But Dobbs, nothing discouraged, assured him it was a matter of no consequence at all; he could be stowed away any where—in the barn, under a hen-coop, on the kitchen dresser for that matter.

"But," exclaimed my spouse, forgetting proprieties in his despair, "there isn't any dresser, hang it!"

"Well," rejoined Dobbs, soothingly, "there'll be a sofa, or a table, or we'll swing a hammock somewhere—never fear, man."

We were in our country-box at last, and before we were fairly "settled" Philly began to show decided signs of improvement. That was the main thing, of course. But how shall I describe the sense of disappointment with which we gradually awoke to the conviction that our imaginations had been far more fertile than our land. That the vines and flowers which had sprung up so profusely there were of exceeding slow growth in actual soil? The "trees of every description" were so young and tender that they were visible only from particular points of view. Bare was our porch in June, and but for a neighbor's hint bare it would have remained. Our gardener's vine was one of the "slow and sure" kind, warranted to cover the lattice in five years; whereas Theoph and I were hardly willing to wait as many days.

The hint proved cheering, however; for with our new neighbor's assistance we planted morning-glory seed on one side of the porch and Madeira roots on the other; and, I am happy to say, Theoph and I did sit under the shadow of its vines before the summer was over—that is, when the mosquitoes allowed us the privilege.

As for the velvety lawn—if a wide expanse bearing six stones to each blade of grass constitutes a lawn, we had one with a vengeance. The flower-garden also fell short of our anticipations, certainly as far as luxuriance was concerned. Most of the "showy annuals" were like their modest sisters alluded to by Gray: they "blushed unseen," if they ever blushed at all, for we never saw any thing but their tombstones, or rather the labels which, at the time of planting, Mike had carefully erected over the grave of each particular variety.

The kitchen-garden was more promising, and that was of the most importance, after all. For what, as our neighbor, Miss Kimso, observed, are so delightful as pure, sweet, country vegetables, fresh from "your own vines and fig-trees?" This remark must be taken with mental reservation, for it was a peculiarity of Miss Kimso never on any account to use a quotation correctly, though she was overflowing with them at all hours and upon all occasions.

Blithe and agile, apparently nearing her fortieth summer, with light curls falling, "in a spring-like way," on either side of a face over which Time had tenderly drawn his finger, pressing hardest round the mouth and eyes, she diffused an electric influence that had light rather than life in it. Her short, quick footfall impressed one with a sense of the instability of things generally. If there was strength any where it was in her eye, but it was the strength of banded sentiments rather than of thought—of kindness rather than of sacrifice. That a warm heart was fluttering somewhere in her wisp-like little body we soon had ample proof. From the evening of our arrival, when she ran

over with a kettle of hot tea and a dish of buttered biscuit, saying, by way of apology, that she was a stranger, but "were we not all men and brothers?" we felt that we should like her, whatever might be her peculiarities.

After a while we began to feel quite comfortable in our new abode. The servants ceased to complain that the place was "so dreary-like." As for the children they were in Elysium, and reveled and romped from morning till night. Here and there a flower bloomed on some solitary spike, and a faint greenish hue broke out in spots over our lawn. The tree, too, was an unfailing source of joy and admiration; and Miss Kimso's cow, with a tinkling bell swinging from its neck, served to give a rustic charm to the scene. Besides, the birds exerted themselves when they found we were not dull-eared country-folk, and crickets and katydids gave a pulse to the very air we breathed. Theoph had smuggled a great trunkful of books among the baggage, and was never at a loss—though the children's muddy shoes and their freckled little noses distressed him exceedingly.

The crowning joy of all, however, was our horse and rockaway. Theophilus and I had held many a consultation before we decided upon this piece, or rather these pieces, of extravagance. But there was such a snug little barn on the premises, and Philly needed the rides so much, and—in short, we wished it; and when did any one ever cultivate a wish without producing a plentiful crop of good reasons in its favor?

I may inform the trusty reader that our rockaway was second-hand; as good as new, however, or even better, if the representations of Messrs. Jacobs and Co., carriage-dealers, are to be relied upon. The horse was represented to be a rare mixture of physical perfection and all the cardinal virtues. Certainly a prettier, more graceful animal never trod in harness. He had such grand ways too; would paw the earth with impatient hoof, and curve his neck as though he felt the blood of old Bucephalus coursing in his veins. The daintiness of his appetite was charming; and for a while our great pastime, whenever he was brought to the door, was to pull up spears of grass for him, and put lumps of sugar, one by one, into his lordly mouth. I used often to lay my cheek against his warm neck, and fancy myself Di Vernon, until one day Mike startled me with,

"Have a care, or he'll be steppin' on yer foot, mum! He was near takin' the toes off meself this mornin'!"

I sprang back, knocking Julie and Nelly over in the act.

"Why, Mike, you don't mean to say that there's any thing vicious about him, do you?"

"Well, indade, mum, perraps he's not afther knowin' that your fate's any tinderer thin his own is," he answered, adjusting the harness as he spoke; "and the flies has him oneasy like. Would ye be wantin' me to drive, mum, or is the gentleman intendin' to go?"

"I shall drive," answered Theophilus, stepping from the porch.

When we were all in—two on the front seat, and two on the back—Mike retreated a few steps, and, without raising his eyes, said,

"Would ye be stoppin' at the village, Sir?"

"Yes," replied Theoph, tightening the reins. "Why?"

"There's hay a-wantin', Sir, if ye'd plaze spake till them about it down to the bridge."

Theoph nodded, and off we started. The horse went beautifully, and his driver was in high spirits.

"There's a stride for you!" he exclaimed, after a moment's silence. "Free as air, isn't it?"

After we had stopped at the village post-office, attended to a little marketing, and left an order for the hay, Theoph turned the horse's head homeward.

"I say, Em, this is a glorious animal! I can sell him in the fall for double his cost. Why in the world Jacobs let me have him for a hundred and fifty I can not conceive!"

"He belonged to Jacobs's brother, you remember, who was going unexpectedly to California," I said.

"Yes," returned Theoph; "but Jacobs was probably ignorant of his worth. He said he knew nothing at all about horse-flesh. He's descended from the famous Black Prince, you know."

"Who?—Jacobs?" I asked, in astonishment.

"No; the horse. It strikes me, Emma," continued Theophilus, between his teeth, "you're inclined to be rather facetious this morning."

"Oh, not at all, darling! go on. I love to hear you talk about the beautiful creature—"

"Who?—Jacobs?"

Of course I pouted now. Theoph would have been quite restored to good-humor by his own joke had not the horse's tail become hopelessly entangled in the lines at this moment.

"That rascally Mike has forgotten the fly-net again! The fellow is too careless for any thing!"

"It is provoking," I assented, amiably, "especially as I called to him, while he was harnessing the horse, not to forget it."

One bright morning in June it occurred to me that there could not be the slightest possible harm in my taking the nurse and children to the village myself. The rockaway was in perfect order, and Prince was so gentle that, as Jacobs had said, a baby could manage him. Besides, Miss Kimso would be delighted to accompany me; she knew all about driving, and would attend to the horse while I was in the store.

Accordingly our party was soon ready to start. Miss Kimso and I were on the front seat, and Ellen the nurse, Philly, and the two little girls were compactly stowed away in the rear.

It was a lovely day, and we enjoyed our ride to the utmost. Philly actually crowed with delight; and his sisters, when they ceased complaining that they were "so cowed," laughed and sang with glee.

A pleasant letter from my dear friend Mary C—— was handed me at the village post-office; our purchases were made; and we were turning out of the village when, suddenly, an unusual sound in that region broke upon us—the sound of a brass band in the distance playing that inspiriting air, "The Campbells are coming." It came from a showy-looking wagon moving slowly toward us. The effect was really charming. Nelly cried, "Soljers, soljers!" and but for the nurse would have fallen from the rockaway in her excitement. I chirruped to Prince, and gave myself up to the pleasure of the moment.

The notes grew more distinct. Flags were waved merrily from the approaching wagon, and Master Prince stood stock-still, and pricked up his ears.

"Ah!" said Miss Kimso, rolling up her eyes, "'Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast:' let him listen."

Prince *did* listen, and listening, he concluded to accompany the music with a merry dance. He pranced, he ambled, he chasséd, and, finally, he stood on his hind-legs and bowed to an imaginary partner before commencing the grand galopade.

Ellen and the children screamed, Miss Kimso clutched at the reins, and I, in the flash of a second, remembered every cross word I had ever said to Theophilus.

In an instant two men had the descendant of the Black Prince by the head, and were speaking soothingly to him.

"Whoa boy! whoa boy!"

His Royal Highness, after a few more flourishes and fantastic turns, subsided into a pathetic tremble.

"Jim," said one of the men in a low tone, "there's one of them blasted circuses a-comin'; you'd best drive the ladies home. It's Miss Smith, you know, the Yorkers that bought Weeks's cottage. Couldn't that young woman there on the back seat walk home?" he continued, looking toward me and raising his voice. "It ain't more'n a mile an' a 'alf."

"It's *two*," muttered the other man, raising his hat, and scratching his head as he spoke; "it's a good two."

Ellen was only too glad to get out.

"An' will I carry the child, mum?" she asked, composing her skirts with one hand while supporting Philly, professionally, with the other.

"Oh no, he's too heavy!" cried Miss Kimso, jumping nimbly over the back seat. "Here, hand him to me, the sweet, budding innocent. I'll take good care of him."

Jim sprang in beside me and drove off cautiously amidst a shower of "Thank you's" from Miss K. and myself.

Just before we came to a bend in the road Master Prince began to prick up his ears again. Jim gave me the reins in a twinkling. "Good land!" he exclaimed, jumping out and seizing the animal by the head—"he smells somethin' a-comin', depend on it!"

Indeed he did; two great elephants, and a

party of horsemen. We could see them distinctly now.

"Keep yer seats, ladies! There ain't no danger!" panted Jim, as the horse's head gave him arm some pretty vigorous jerks. "There, whoa boy! whoa! whoa!"

Strange to say, Prince faced the elephant more bravely than he did the music. He twitched and trembled all over at first and seemed ready to drop with fear; but the man's voice and touch gradually reassured him.

It was an old elephant and her young one. What wonder that a poor little horse should quiver and start beside that mighty bulk with the stealthy, ponderous tread!

The young elephant stalked closely by its mother, and, by the senseless flourishes of its smooth trunk and the twitches of its stumpy little tail, betrayed the youthful spirit that time and worldly cares had quite subdued in its parent.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Julie, as soon as her astonishment would allow her to speak, "Oh, mamma, *do* look! see the dear, little, baby elephant: isn't he, too, cunnin'?"

"Yes, dear, very," I responded, abstractedly, looking anxiously at Prince, who was about one-third of the "dear little" creature's size.

We reached home without any further mishap. Theophilus and Mr. Dobbs had come up by an early train and stood by the gate to welcome us.

Theoph gave one of his queer looks as he spied the coatless youth beside me, but Dobbs took in the thing at a glance.

"Good-day, Madame! Horse has been a little fractious, hey?"

The next day, after dinner, Theophilus proposed a ride. "Will you go, Em?" said he.

"Not to-day, dear, thank you! I have lost my confidence in Prince somewhat."

"Nonsense, Em. I'd like to see the horse I can't manage. Besides, one doesn't meet elephants in this latitude every day. Put on your things, love, we'll drive to Eagle Rock."

Llewellyn Park and Eagle Rock were always conquering temptations with me. While I stood in front of the glass, between the windows, putting on my bonnet, I saw our hired man drive Prince to the door. The beautiful creature looked so gentle, and pawed the ground so reflectively, that my foolish fears were gone in an instant. I called out of the window to my spouse,

"Shall we take Philly, dear?"

"Certainly, by all means," he replied, "if the little dumpling is not too heavy for you."

"I'll hold her," called up Mr. Dobbs, looking utterly wretched in an instant.

"Oh no!" laughed Theoph, "let the nurse come also, Em. There is plenty of room." Then I heard him say in an under-tone to his friend,

"How often must I tell you, Dobbs, that the baby is a boy? Theophilus Smith, Junior; now, don't forget it again."

"Beg his pardon, really; but you see the name, 'Philly,' misled me. I thought it was Phillis. The rest of the children are all girls—ain't they, Smith?" he asked, in a tone of deep interest.

We were off at last. Prince, thoroughly penitent, never went better. If any thing, he showed scarcely enough spirit, for Theoph and I were very proud of him, especially as people in the neighborhood began by this time to know who we were.

"He's a free goer, Smith," said Mr. Dobbs, regarding him critically. "Hallo! he don't interfere a little in the hind-legs—does he?"

"Of course not," rejoined Theoph, scornfully. "Why, look at him, man! There's not a sounder set of legs any where. Did you notice his breadth of chest?"

"No; but I see he's uncommon high in the flanks. He'd make a racer, Smith, that horse would!"

Theoph grew radiant.

"Give him the reins, Smith. George! what a neck he has! He's kind, too, depend upon it. Not one animal in a hundred but would have run like all creation, coming suddenly upon an elephant in that way."

"Certainly," assented Theoph, becoming ecstatic, "I don't want any better test than that. You could walk him up to a whole menagerie, Sir!"

Just then we heard a shout, and a great muddy white pig came dashing through a farm-gate.

I have a vague remembrance of clutching wildly for the baby; of seeing Dobbs high up in the air; of my cheek being dragged heavily against the gravel, and of scrambling to my feet just in time to see Prince dashing off madly in the distance with our rockaway, minus top and passengers.

What bundle was that lying heavily on the bushes beside the road? Theoph was picking it up. It was Philly! Paralyzed at the sight, I managed to gasp out, "Oh, Theoph, is he dead?"

"No, all right!" he shouted, clasping the terrified little creature to his heart. "There's not a scratch on him, thanks to those good bushes!"

"Hollo, Smith!" exclaimed a dusty figure sitting in the middle of the road; "allow an old sinner to correct you. I'd give a little credit to Providence, if I were you."

"Dobbs, my dear fellow, you all safe, too? Yes, indeed, we have reason to thank Providence!" he exclaimed, fervently.

"For which, the escape or the accident?" asked the incorrigible Dobbs, getting up slowly and knocking the dust from his clothes.

"For both," returned Theoph, solemnly. "Good gracious, Emma, look at your cheek!"

I couldn't very well look at my cheek, under the circumstances, and as I certainly felt no sensation there, I scarcely noticed his exclamation in my excitement, but ran over to Ellen, the nurse, who sat upon the grass looking wildly about her.

Theophilus and Mr. Dobbs stood her upon her feet and worked her arms like pump handles. There were certainly no bones broken. Yet she seemed bewildered and unable to walk.

"Oh, Theoph, dear, she is injured internally!" I cried, in distress. "One of you must run to Orange for a doctor."

"How! Fathers! where am I?" broke forth the poor girl at last.

"You're all safe now, Ellen," I replied, kneeling beside her and putting my arm tenderly round her shoulder. "We have been thrown from the carriage. See, here's dear little Philly—don't you know him?"

Theoph held the baby on her lap. In an instant she caught him in her arms, and kissed him over and over again, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Och, me darlin'! me darlin'! Is it kilt ye are? Ah, my poorty baby! Bad look to the murtherin' baste thin!"

We knew she was all right now. This point settled, I suddenly felt a great tingling in my left cheek. Mr. Dobbs and Theoph were talking together. I heard the latter say, hurriedly,

"Yes, you may try—somebody has probably caught him before this. I must stay and attend to Em."

By this time there were a few persons around us. One fleshy lady, bearing a pitcher of water and a bundle of rags, who declared it was "the most mirac'lous accident she ever heard of"—two teamsters, and a sprinkling of deeply entertained children.

The men were soon busily examining the remnants of our rockaway-top; lifting broken bits of iron, wood, and any amount of leather and torn cushion arrangements.

"If it hadn't a bin sich a rotten old thing it would a gone harder with you," observed one of the men, sententiously, to my crest-fallen Theophilus.

"Yes, it must have went all to pieces at the first go," remarked the other teamster, reflectively.

The fat lady conducted our dilapidated party to her cottage near by, and in true Oriental style gave us water, and bade us wash and be welcome. My cheek proved to be badly scraped; but Theophilus, bless his heart! is the tenderest nurse in the world, and soon made me comparatively comfortable.

Our habiliments, though, were past repair. Such looking objects as we were! My "love of a bonnet" was a hopeless wreck. As for Theoph's clean linen "duster" it was past redemption by either soap or needle. Ellen was all excitement, and remembered the accident in its minutest particulars.

"Och! indade, ma'am," she repeated again and again, "but it was areful. I saw the horris give one lep, and thin over we wint all forninst the other! but I never onst let go the dear child, ma'am, but jist held on till him through it all. If ye'll belave me, ma'am, I gathered his very cloak around him—so I did!"

After putting our hearts all aglow with the thought that God's children were good and kind to each other after all, our adipose friend sent us home in her only vehicle—a farm wagon filled with clean straw.

To our astonishment, as we neared the house, we saw Mr. Dobbs and the man rubbing down Prince, who, steaming and panting, stood near a cart-like looking affair that proved on inspection to be the remains of our lovely, "better-ash-new" rockaway. He had dashed in with it at a furious rate, much to the consternation of our home force.

A lame, aching party were we the next day. Mr. Dobbs was sorely bruised, and couldn't think of going to town. Theoph and Kelly, our hired man, took Prince back to Mr. Jacobs and entered their complaint.

All the satisfaction they could get was that "he vash not a horsh-dealer—it vash his brudder's horsh—he know notting 'bout him—his brudder vash gone to Canadah—"

"You told me California," interrupted poor Theoph.

"Vell, vat if I did?" retorted Mr. Jacobs, in no way disconcerted. "My brudder vill go to both country 'fore he come home. You ax me take de horsh off you hand? Vat for? I no vant him. A horsh run vay vonce he ish no vorth zat" (snapping his fingers).

Just as Theoph, after a despairing protest, was about to leave the spot in disgust, accompanied by Kelly and the Prince, Jacobs called him back.

"I tell you vat I vill do, and I can do no more. I can not give you pig price for runavay horsh; he ish not vort twenty dollar. But I vill do zis. You say you carriage all broke: vell, I vill give you good coupé, most so good ash new, for him; vat you say to zat, hey?"

At first the offer was rejected with disdain; but, finally, my Antonio, not having his *Portia* there to attend to the case, let it go by default. The (horse) flesh fell to *Shylock*, and the coupé was sent to "Flowery Grove" by the evening train.

The only excuse Theophilus gave on his return to that prematurely-named spot was that he could not conscientiously sell the animal to any one else; and he knew carriage number one was past repairing. As to another horse he really did not know how in the world he could spare the cash to get one just then, but he would try to manage it somehow.

At this point Damon came to the rescue of his *Pythias*.

"Smith!" he exclaimed, springing from a recumbent position, and slapping Theophilus on the shoulder, "have I been asleep! Why in the world didn't I think of it before? There's just the very animal you want, over in Westchester County, waiting for you to come and take him!"

Theoph stared hopefully, and Mr. Dobbs continued: "Just the very thing, I tell you. A good, sound family horse—not young, but all

the safer for that. Has been a splendid-looking creature in his day; but the people up there have let him go down a little. All they care for is to get the price of his board. I have had my misgivings of late that it's not exactly the right place for him. All you need do is to have him brought here at once. You will soon get him in high condition, and may have the full use of him for his keep. There you are, my man! Hold! I'll *give* him to you, though there's not another man in the world that should have him.

Pythias thanked him heartily, and declared that he thought, under the circumstances, it would be about the best thing for both sides.

"Certainly it would, my boy, certainly it would," said Damon, tumbling back again on the sofa, "we'll have him here at once."

As an interested spectator to the scene I could not help wondering why Mr. Dobbs, who evidently was not burdened with a surplus worldly treasure, should have assumed the expense of keeping a horse in this manner. Theophilus relieved me by asking the question point-blank.

Mr. Dobbs replied rather gruffly,

"He belonged to my mother—" and closed his eyes with pretended drowsiness. I saw his lip tremble, though, and from that hour have loved him in spite of his queer notions.

The horse was on a farm in Westchester County, near the old cottage where our friend had lived through his happy childhood, and where his parents had, within a year of each other, fallen into their last sleep. A simple marble slab in the village church-yard, bearing the inscription "Father and Mother," marks their resting-place. My tears fell one bright day last autumn when an old woman living near the spot pointed out the grave, and told me that she saw a tall gentleman with waving brown hair plant the ivy and roses there with his own hands.

Great was my surprise, on the second day after our upsetting, to receive a note from Theophilus saying that he would not be up that night, and that he wished Mr. Dobbs, "lame or not, to come down, without fail, by the first train!" "No cause for alarm," the letter added; it was "only a business affair requiring immediate attention," etc.

On the next evening Theoph came back alone.

"Well, Em," he exclaimed, while kissing all three of the children at once, as nearly as practicable, "Dobbs is off!"

"Off! where?"

"Why, he's gone. Gone to California. A splendid opening for him turned up yesterday. He saw the parties last night, and was off this afternoon at a few hours' notice. The energy of that man is prodigious!"

"How long will he be away?"

"Oh, perhaps three months, perhaps a year; can't tell. Where's Kelly? Down in the village?"

"Yes. Why?"

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"I shall have to send him to Westchester by the first train to-morrow morning. Dobbs's horse is to be brought down."

"That is good news!" I exclaimed, quite delighted. "But how did you have an opportunity to make the arrangements?"

"Oh, Dobbs thinks of every thing. You never saw any thing like it. Just before he started he handed me this letter, which he says will make it all right with Fowler, the man who has the horse. The last thing he said as the boat let go was, 'Take care of old Charley, my boy. "Love me, love my dog," you remember.' And then he waved his handkerchief and was off."

All the next day our household, Philly excepted, were in a fever of expectation; and when six o'clock came (the time when Kelly and the horse were expected to make their appearance) the excitement was intense. Even Miss Kimso ran over to witness, as she said, the arrival of

"The gallant young man on a spirited steed."

The two little girls clapped their hands and ran about the lawn like bewildered chickens; and the cook, housemaid, and Ellen were constantly running in turn to the front gate, screaming, "There he comes! No, it's a wagon, sure." "Faith, he's bringin' *two* horses, mum. Oh no, it's the stage that's comin'!" At last Ellen cried out, in a tone of unmistakable certainty,

"An' by the powers, mum, here he is! Well, if iver I saw the like!"

Heralded by this announcement, Kelly (yelept "Pat" by his intimates) rode in state through the grand entrance, now officiously thrown open by Julie and the cook. Theophilus, who had been under the pear-tree reading Motley with dignified composure all the afternoon, threw down his book and came forward.

There we all stood, an eager group, every eye intent upon Charles and his rider. Kelly appreciated his opportunity, and tried for once "To witch the world with noble horsemanship." Alas! it was useless. Feeling that an apology was required he exclaimed, after jerking angrily at the bridle without producing any visible effect,

"Ah, Sir, divil a bit off uv a walk would he move for me the day! The craythure's bones is a'most through the skin, Sir."

At the peroration of this startling address he presented a side-view to the assembled spectators. The effect was electric. Theophilus looked tragic; Miss Kimso uttered an ejaculation of horror; Ellen and Kitty giggled; and the cook clapped her hands on her knees and laughed immoderately.

"Faith, he's a jewel, Sir," said Kelly, with a grin, sliding down from the animal's back and gaining courage from the sounds around him. "Upon me sowl, Sir, I'm thinkin' it's feedin' him on barrels they've bin, if seein' the staves betokens any thing."

"Silence!" exclaimed Theophilus.

"Will I take him yonder to the stable, Sir?" asked Kelly, sobered in an instant.

"Yes. Stay!" said Theophilus, with some hesitation. "Are you sure you've made no mistake—that you've brought the right horse?"

"Faith, Sir," answered Kelly, brightening, "it's meself axed that same question, Sir. But there wasn't, barrin' this one, another horris in it. Perraps the letther, Sir, will tell yez about it," he continued, as, after tugging at his pocket for a minute or so, he succeeded in producing a crumpled note.

"Yes, it's all right," said Theoph, after reading the missive and handing it to me with a hopeless air.

"Theoph, dear," I ventured, soothingly, as soon as we were alone, "we may as well take it as a joke. It's the funniest thing that has ever happened to us, so why not laugh at it?"

"Humph!" replied my spouse, stiffly. "If you can see any fun in our keeping that snuff-colored skeleton for the rest of his days you're very welcome. What in the world Dobbs was thinking of in saddling me with that lank, long-backed, high-hipped affair I can not conceive."

"But he had not seen him for some time," I urged, knowing that the best way to get Theoph in a good humor was to take his Damon's part. "He told us the horse would probably be in bad condition, you know."

"Yes, so he did. Let Dobbs alone for being fair and honest. Well, care and good feeding may possibly bring up the old nag after all. He said he *had* been a splendid animal, didn't he?"

"Certainly he did. Every body knows what a difference a little flesh makes with a horse. When once we get him good, and fat, and well-brushed, and all that sort of thing, he will be a different creature; and, after all, the great comfort is, he will be perfectly safe and reliable."

"There's a skeleton in every house," says some old croaker, I forget who, and sometimes one can't help believing that it is so. *Our* skeleton was most emphatically old Charley. Rubbing, brushing, combing, blanketing, feeding the creature were of no avail; a skeleton he remained. To be sure, when compelled to use him, we managed to conceal his anatomy by means of an elaborate fly-net, adding a sort of double night-cap arrangement which went over his ears, and, with its dangling tassels, gave a slightly animated effect. This arranged, Kelly, by tightening the check-rein so as to raise the long neck to a slight angle with the back, and plying the whip industriously, strove to keep up appearances while conveying us to church or to the village. Theophilus, who walked to and from the station every day, couldn't and wouldn't drive the creature; but Miss Kimso and myself sometimes, on rare occasions, assumed that responsibility. That it was a mortification both to the flesh and the spirit to do so I will not deny. But the baby needed mountain air; and Kelly, who was coachman, footman, stable-boy, gardener, and wood-cutter, all in one, could not always make it convenient to accompany us.

In simple justice, however, to the venerable

Charles, it must be stated that balking was not a frequent practice with him. As a general rule he jogged along at a regular gait, engrossed in brown study; and it was only when, apparently, the subject under consideration became too much for him that he stopped short, in order to take it up deliberately in all its possible bearings. I really did not dare to tell Theophilus of this little peculiarity, for fear my career as a whip should suddenly be ended by imperial command. With his high sense of honor and the claims of friendship I knew he would keep old Charley at any cost, and the luxury of another horse was not to be thought of for an instant. Poor Theoph felt the deprivation keenly, but he never hesitated when following, as he believed, the simple line of duty. He would be true to Dobbs, and Dobbs's horse, whatever might happen. Sometimes, from his high altitude, he would try to regard Charley as a real treasure, or, as his friend Sparrowgrass would say, "a most excellent thing to have in the country;" but this was carrying high-toned principle a little too far.

One afternoon my husband came from town by an earlier train than usual. I should have been alarmed, fearing he was ill, had I not heard him whistling "*Il Segreto*" as he walked up the path.

"Em!" he shouted, as he bustled into the cottage, "want to go to town to-night? I've taken seats at the Academy. They're going to have 'Lucrezia Borgia' for the last time this season!"

"Oh, Theoph!" I cried, in dismay, "how could you? You know I can not possibly leave the children."

"Yes, you can, my dear; I have made arrangements for Aunt Ann to come up by the half past five train on purpose."

"Oh, thank you, Theoph! What a dear, thoughtful creature you are! but—" And my heart sank at a thought which flashed upon me.

"But what?" asked Theoph, impatiently.

"My bonnet!" I faltered. "I have no bonnet!"

"No bonnet! Why what in the world did you wear to the village yesterday?"

"Oh that was a distressed old thing. My best one was ruined on that day—"

"What day?"

"Why the day that Prince ran away with us. Don't you remember?"

Theoph did remember perfectly, of course; but he wished to go to the opera, and so would not admit any thing in reference to the damaged head-gear. He flung the tickets upon the sitting-room table, and asked, with an injured air, what was to be done?

Suddenly his mood brightened. "I have it! Wear one of those worsted things such as you hang over the chairs in winter. What do you call them? Riddle—riddle—something?"

"Rigolette!" I laughed. "Yes, so I can. My rigolette will answer admirably; but—oh dear!—how can I wear it coming home to—"

morrow? No lady would wear such a thing, traveling, in the day time."

Theoph threw up his arms in desperation. "Well, if it's not easier to start a ship of war than a woman any time! There are hats in New York, I presume. You can buy one in the morning."

Prudence forbade the suggestion that ladies were also not in the habit of shopping by daylight in rigolettes. Trusting that somebody at Aunt Ann's would lend me a bonnet for the purpose, I hastened from the room, in fine spirits, to make the necessary arrangements for our departure.

In an instant Theoph called out, in a tone of despair,

"Em, it's no use! The next train doesn't stop at this station, and there is no other until nine o'clock!"

"Never mind!" I called back, leaning over the baluster. "The 5.30 train stops at Orange."

"But Orange is six miles off," groaned Theoph.

"What if it is?" I responded, cheerily. "Old Charley can take us if we start in time."

"Hurrah! so he can; and stop for Aunt Ann too at our dépôt on his return. Hurry, dear!"

Our turn-out didn't look so very badly after all when Kelly, arrayed in his best clothes, drove around to the door. That fly-net was certainly a great institution. After kissing the children a dozen times, and thanking Miss Kim-so for her kind offer to remain with them until Aunt Ann's arrival, we sprang into the coupé, and directed Kelly to drive with all practicable speed to the Orange Dépôt.

Charley seemed determined to do his best; and Theoph, leaning back complacently, remarked, "If we keep on at this rate we shall have time enough and to spare."

Before we had proceeded a mile, however, my unfortunate spouse suddenly clapped his hands on his pockets, looked blank, and gasped,

"There! I have left the tickets in the pocket of my other coat. Stop, Kelly; we must go back for them: there's ample time."

Kelly turned toward home, and Charley, well pleased at the change, started off at quite a lively pace. More for the sake of saying something than for any other reason I remarked that I thought I saw him throw them on the sitting-room table. Quick as a wink Theoph clapped his hands on his pockets again.

"No—all right—I have them. I remember now picking them up the last thing. Turn around again, Kelly."

Order easily given, and, one would suppose, easily obeyed. But alas! what can willing mind avail against obstinate matter? Kelly pulled one rein, clicked, shouted, and plied his whip—all to no purpose. He even stood up to give additional vigor to his strokes, then jumped out and took "the baste" insinuatingly by the head. Charles's determination was evident. Go forward he would; turn around again he would not.

"Then, by the powers!" exclaimed Kelly, seating himself with new energy, and lashing his horse forward, "but I'll get ahead of ye yet, yer varmint!"

"What are you going to do now?" cried Theoph.

"I'm going up a bit, Sir, to the next turn there by the churrich. If I can just kape his attintion till we get onto the other road it's all right wid yez yet."

Theoph looked admiringly at Kelly, and whispered something to me about "native wit;" but I was too much discouraged to listen.

The ruse succeeded. Charley turned down the next road during one of his fits of brown study, and was soon going once more, slowly but surely, toward the station.

After proceeding a few miles further we saw our train, far in the distance, hissing its way along like some great reptile.

"All right!" exclaimed Theoph. "We'll catch it yet, if this old bag of bones doesn't tumble down."

Now what decent, high-minded horse could be expected to stand such a remark as this?

Charles stopped short.

"Get up!" shouted Kelly, in a tone of alarm.

The distant train became more distinct.

"Get up, you baste!"

We could almost count the cars.

"Ge-et up!"

The smoke-pipe would soon be visible.

"Arrah! be gar! *whill* ye get up?"

Charles stood after the manner of a kitchen-bench—legs all out at an angle of forty-five.

"I'll tell ye what, Sir," said Kelly, laying down the lines, "There's nothin' for yez but ter get out an' walk. It's not near a half mile, Sir, and ye'd be there in time. They wait a good bit ter take on the wood."

Springing out with alacrity—for I was not going to miss the opera after all this trouble—I led the way resolutely, and Theoph followed.

"This is what I call seeking pleasure under difficulties," he panted, gaining my side as I hurried on.

"Yes, but it's worth it," said I; "we can rest in the cars."

And so we might have rested in the cars had not the locomotive, with a fiendish shriek, dashed out of the dépôt with the whole train just as we were within twenty feet of the platform.

Shall I enter into the details of that exciting six-mile walk homeward, or tell how we hastened in the hope that we might still find Charley *in statu quo*; how we had the agony of seeing him, in the distance, finally yield to Kelly's labors; how Theophilus called and shouted in vain, as the equipage rattled homeward hopelessly in advance of us; how we still flew on and trusted that Charley, who never ran so before nor since, would take a rest and enable Kelly to hear our beseeching cry; how, finally, we did overtake them just before we reached our own gate; and how Aunt Ann soon came

puffing up the road quite indignant that no carriage had been sent to the station to meet her? No. Rather let the reader fancy us sleeping sweetly and calmly that night after our unwonted exercise.

Let him also imagine my emotions when, in the dead of night, I was wakened by a mysterious thumping, apparently within three inches of my head.

I sprang to the floor. The window was open, but it was too dark to see any thing. Presently the thumping was repeated, and I heard Kelly's voice calling outside,

"Mr. Smith, are ye there, Sir?"

"What is the matter?" I called, terror-stricken.

"It's Mr. Smith I'm wantin', mum. The horris is very bad. Would ye ask him to come till the stable, mum?"

"Theoph! Theoph!" I cried, "wake up! Old Charley's sick!"

He gave a dismal moan at the name, but never stirred.

"Theoph" (shaking him vigorously), Theophilus! old Charley's sick—dying perhaps—oh *do* wake up. What would Mr. Dobbs say if—

"Dobbs be hanged!" muttered Theoph, glaring wildly at me. "There goes the train!" and he tumbled back on his pillow like a 40-pounder.

After rummaging frantically for the matches I lit a candle. By this time Philly was awake and screaming lustily. Theoph yielded to our combined efforts.

"What *is* the matter?" he asked, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "Is the baby sick?"

"No. Kelly wants you to go to the stable. I'm afraid old Charley's dying."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Theoph, leaping up with great alacrity. "If he is very bad we'll probably want whisky, or something of that kind, Em, and hot water. Perhaps four pails, too, so that we can soak all of his feet at once," he added, chuckling. In fact I never saw Theoph in better spirits, though he seemed resolved to do all he could to save the poor beast.

Soon after Theoph went out Kelly came to ask for the "dimmyjohn, ma'am."

"Och! but there's a hape in it!" he exclaimed, shaking it as he walked out.

Next, Theoph ran into the house for a long-necked bottle, with which to administer the whisky. We had quite a long search before we found one, especially as the draft blew out our candle three times. At last we were successful. I put on a big shawl over my double gown and went with Theoph to hold the lantern.

We found Kelly in excellent spirits, and more talkative than was his wont amidst

"The din and tell-tale glare of noon."

Poor Charley took the whisky quietly enough, though he had a kind of spasm afterward. His struggles were really frightful.

"Rub his legs, Kelly," said Theoph.

"Ah, be gorra, Sir," answered Kelly, obey-

ing after a fashion, "I wouldn't be after troubling meself about the craythur, Sir. It's dyin' he is, anyhow. Arrah! an' it 'll be an aise till his bones to be under the sod! Divil a wooden over-coat he'll be wantin', at all, at all!"

Being soon weary of this style of eloquence, I put the lantern upon the ground and returned alone to the house. Theoph followed in a few moments.

"Em," he called, "where can I find some wood? I shall have to make a fire and heat some water. Hadn't you better wake Bridget or Kitty?"

Rather than call up the poor girls, who had gone to bed "worn-out with their week's ironing," I assisted my comfort-loving spouse through this mighty performance, and smiled to hear him whistling "*Il Segreto*" as he thrust in stick after stick.

"How is Charley now?" I asked, as soon as the blaze was fairly started.

"Pretty bad; may get over it, though. We've given him a stiff dose of whisky; and I told Kelly to rub his legs (the *horse's* legs, Mrs. Smith) until I returned."

It seemed as if the water would never get hot. At last Theoph, by deliberately scalding his hand in it, satisfied himself that it would "do," and was about to start off with a pailful, when a shrill scream caused him to splash about a quart of the fluid upon the floor.

"Help! Murder! Thieves!" screeched a voice from the sitting-room.

"Oh!" laughed Theoph, "it's Aunt Ann. Go quiet the poor soul, Em, while I call Kelly to take this pail."

In vain "Kelly!" "Kelly!" rang out on the midnight air. No individual of that name made his appearance. Theoph told me afterward that, when in desperation he carried the hot water to the barn himself, he found Kelly on his knees hugging old Charley most affectionately.

"Ah, my honey," whispered Kelly, confidentially, to Charles, "but we've had the fine time thegither. It's long since I've had a drop like that to warrum me. By Saint Pater! but whisky's the stuff for a boy, anyhow!"

"You've been at the whisky, have you? you scoundrel!" exclaimed Theoph, lifting the demi-john and shaking it with unexpected facility.

"Come, get up! Do you hear?"

"Have I bin at the whisky, yer Honor?" replied Kelly, indignantly, as he raised his head from Charley's neck. "Och! is it dhrinkin' I would be, an' the poor baste a dyin'?" and Charley received another hug.

Theophilus may have had great trials during the remainder of that night. I do not doubt it. But that was no reason why he should have been so fearfully cross all the next day. Kelly was a model of penitence, and promised by all the saints on the calendar never to transgress again, "exceptin'," he added, "I'm left all alone twicet forninst a dimmyjohn wid the corrik out—and St. Patrick himself couldn't howld out agin the like o' that."

Charley did not die—not a bit of it. He was only, as his keeper said, “a little overdid.” In a few days he was quite himself again; and before the week was over I was tempted to travel *en voiture* to the village once more.

I am happy to say our Rosinante quite redeemed himself on the occasion. The only fright he gave me was in showing decided symptoms of lying down while Kelly was in the feed-store. To my great relief a good-natured negro boy came to the rescue.

After tugging a while at Charley's head, and giving him a mouthful of water, he volunteered a remark or two.

“Dat yere horse is weak, Miss Smith, he is—can't har'ly stan' up—dat's a fac, he can't—'pears to me dey ort ter gib him more ter eat.”

This was a little too much. As I had no other audience I ventured to inform the sable youth that the animal had always more food offered him than he would take.

“Den he wants powders—juss let dem gib him 'dition powders fur de ap'tite—dey'd foteh him up mighty quick.”

The result of this little dialogue was, that before long we purchased a package of Hadley's famous Condition Powders. Young Africa was right. They *did* give Charley an appetite. He became ravenous as a wolf; but not an ounce of fat appeared in consequence. As Kelly facetiously remarked, it was “a race with him, whether to get higher in the bone or lower in the flesh.” Even Bridget had her joke at his expense, and talked of borrowing him for a wash-board. Theophilus grumbled, and declared that it cost more to feed him than it would a span of ordinary horses; and finally I announced, that ride behind his miserable carcass I never, never would again.

Abandoning, therefore, all hope of using him for the present, his afflicted owner, paying well for the privilege, had him turned loose every day in an adjoining field. Theoph even examined the fences himself, to be certain that they were all secure; for he had just received a letter from his dear Dobbs, alluding to “old Charley” in affectionate terms.

Here the creature's first exploit was to deliberately rush upon a broken rail and injure himself so badly that we were obliged to send for a horse doctor. Accordingly, Kelly was dispatched on foot to a small brick house in the village, proclaiming itself, by sundry signs, to be the abode of one Sanders, veterinary surgeon, and also of one Amos Dodd, who made and repaired gentlemen's clothing in the neatest possible style.

It was mournful, after all, to see Kelly riding back with the “dochter” in a muddy gig, and to watch them standing near old Charley in solemn consultation. I felt as if there was a death in the family already. Dr. Sanders, however, bound up the injured leg, administered a pill of about the shape and size of the end of a potato-masher, and proclaimed his patient out of danger.

But no: Charles keeled over during the afternoon, and lay upon the grass whizzing like a capsized locomotive. Theophilus used some inelegant expressions while gazing upon him, and sent for Dr. Sanders again. After that the hot mashes that Kelly was forced to prepare in the kitchen (especially on baking days), the calls for flannel, Castile soap, rags, and hot water, to say nothing of the “dimmyjohn,” were enough to drive a woman wild. At last Charles grew better. His wounds began to heal. Kelly tethered him in the very centre of the field, and went about his work whistling, until one day when that sorely tried individual ran up to the house in high wrath.

“Ah, Mr. Smith, Sir, would ye come look at the horris?—whatever it is is the matter wid his leg—bad look to it! It's bladin' worse ner ever, Sir.”

Sure enough, Charles, feeling something itching unmercifully, and having no finger-nails, had used his teeth with effect. Dr. Sanders swore when he looked at him.

“That 'ere horse needs knockin' on the head more'n any thing else,” he observed.

“I can't do that,” answered Theoph, bitterly; “he's the gift of a friend.”

“Friend be d——!” was the irreverent comment. “I wouldn't give such a creetur as that standing room.”

To make a long story short, Charles repeated the biting process so often that Dr. Sanders declared “it wasn't any use for him to be running on this fool's-errand business any longer;” he “couldn't do any good to the beast unless he had him down to his own place.”

Theophilus was only too glad to have the patient removed, and Flowery Grove was accordingly relieved of his presence *pro tem*.

It was now late in August. Philly was getting on so well, all things considered, that our physician recommended us to remain in the country as long as practicable. Theoph hired a pretty good horse by the month, and every thing went on swimmingly, except that the coupé, after costing more than its value for repairs, was pronounced by competent judges to be “rather unsafe.”

Meantime letters came from Mr. Dobbs that filled the heart of Theophilus with delight.

“Dobbs would be comfortable—rich—in less than two years,” he said; and he “shouldn't be surprised, either, from certain hints, etc., if the scamp had formed an attachment down there, or rather if he were hopelessly ‘smitten,’ for there had not been time for any thing deliberate.” “It is strange, too,” he added, “that he does not reply to a solitary point in any of my letters. Oh! the rascal is surely in love!”

The conclusion of Mr. Dobbs's last letter, received in October, left no room for doubt in the matter:

“I shall start for New York by the next steamer,” he wrote, “for a short stay only. California must be my home for some years to come. And, Smith, old boy, I shall not start *alone*! The loveliest, sweetest, dearest

creature that God ever made will accompany me as my wife. We sailed out here in the same vessel, have known each other ever since, and, well—wait until you see her, that's all. Then, if you have any fault to find, fire away.

"If you are still at 'Flowery Grove' (ha! ha!), and you can get a room for us at Miss Kimso's, we shall be most happy to give you a week of our delightful company immediately after landing. By-the-way, old chap, why don't you write? Not a line from you have I received. Ruggles & Co. have turned out *prime*.

"Pat old Charley for me, and (beg her pardon for the juxtaposition, but love for that horse is my weak spot) present my warmest remembrances to your dear wife. She will love my Annie, I know. Adieu! Pray for your
Benedict. Yours, DOBBS."

"He will be here in ten days!" cried Theoph, ecstatically, as he folded the letter; "and here comes Miss Kimso. Now we can ascertain about the room."

Miss K. assented to the arrangement very cheerfully, though it was with great difficulty that we could prevail upon her to accept any remuneration. Theophilus was expatiating upon the virtues of his adorable Dobbs for our benefit, when Dr. Sanders, driving by in his dingy-looking gig, held up his horse to shout:

"Mr. Smith, you'd better send for that horse of yours. He's just eating his head off where he is."

"I'll send the man around this evening. And, Sanders—just let him have your bill at the same time, will you?" answered Theoph.

"All right!" shouted the horse-doctor as he drove off, leaving a cloud of dust behind him.

When Kelly brought old Charley home that evening (looking more bony and rickety than ever), and delivered the bill, I really was afraid Theophilus would say something wrong, he looked so desperate for an instant; but he evidently restrained himself.

"Eating his head off!" he exclaimed, at last, after gazing upon the startling bit of paper; "better say eaten the whole of his wretched carcass again and again."

In due time Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs made their appearance. As for Mr. Dobbs's wife, she was certainly a charming young person. We were friends from the very first. It was such a relief to see somebody else besides Theophilus worshipping Mr. Dobbs!

Before they had been with us an hour we were all, including Miss Kimso, clustered together near the porch, laughing and chatting like old friends.

Suddenly the countenance of Theophilus assumed a sardonic grin.

"Dobbs," said he, "I'm going to do something handsome. From this hour old Charley is yours again. Accept him as a wedding-gift to yourself and lovely young bride!"

Mr. Dobbs stammered forth his thanks, and declared he would be "right glad to see the noble old fellow again."

"Let the noble old fellow be brought forth!" commanded Theoph, in a tragic voice.

Kelly soon appeared, dragging the wedding-gift after him by main force.

Mr. Dobbs sprang to his feet.

"That's not old Charley!" he cried, as soon as his emotions would allow him to articulate; "that's—" And the gentleman doubled himself with laughter.

"It is old Charley, though," returned Theoph, positively.

"I tell you it is not," gasped Mr. Dobbs; "it's—oh dear! I shall die!—it's a horse that I sold long ago to Jim Fowler over in Westchester County for fifteen dollars!"

Theoph turned red, rushed into the house, and soon came out again with a crumpled sheet of paper.

Mr. Dobbs seized it, and read aloud:

"J. Fowler:

"DEAR SIR,—Wishing to have my old horse again, I inclose \$40, which, I believe, covers every thing. Please deliver him to bearer, and (to prevent mistake) return this letter with your receipt by same hand. In haste,

"Yours, respectfully, CHARLES G. DOBBS."

"That's straight enough, Sir, isn't it?" exclaimed Theoph, triumphantly. "Kelly brought it back with him on that same day, and here's the receipt. Kelly!"

"Yez, Sur."

"Didn't you get this horse from Mr. Fowler?"

"Sure, Sur—" began Kelly.

"Of course he did!" interrupted Mr. Dobbs. "They're all named 'Fowler' in this place. But it was *John* Fowler that had old Charley, not *James*. By-the-way," he continued, drawing a package from his breast-pocket, "I have brought some unopened letters with me. There were such stacks of them waiting for me when I landed that I've not had time to read half. Let's see. Ah, here we are! This looks like it." And he tore a yellow envelope asunder.

"Mr. Dobbs:

"RESPECTED SIR,—(this is it, sure enough)—'as your remittances have not come to hand since last April, I take the liberty to send my little account for your horse's board—which please to pay as soon as you can, as I have none too much on hand at present to settle my spring bills. Old Charley looks better now than any young horse in the place. He would fetch a price, if you could make up your mind to sell him. There's people asking me about him most every day. I've rented my house and stables, out and out, after this summer, but can get Charley in prime selling order in two weeks. Excuse me for asking, but I do wish I knew why you gave Jim Fowler, down the road, \$40 for that old nag of his. It was \$25 more than he gave you for him.

"Please settle the inclosed bill as soon as you can, and oblige, Your obedient servant, JOHN FOWLER."

By the time Mr. Dobbs ceased reading Theophilus was quite prepared to appreciate the joke. In fact we all laughed—Kelly roared—and even old Charley (?), who stood near, threw up his head, and made a sound wonderfully like ha! ha!

Theophilus spoke first:

"Dobbs," said he, "I have a proposition to make. There is an unpaid bill in this pocket from the horse-doctor who has attended yonder steed through various slight ailments. You have one for your Charley's board. We are both ignorant of their amounts. What say you to a blind exchange? Will you do it?" and he held out the folded bill at arm's-length.

Mr. Dobbs glanced once more at John Fowler's "little account." Then he put his hands in his pockets, and gave one long, penetrating look at "old Charley."

Finally he looked up. "No, Smith," said he, solemnly, "I couldn't do it; upon my soul I couldn't."

After this Charley drooped, and no wonder. He did not die after the usual manner of horses, but slowly shriveled away; and before we returned to town we laid him tenderly under our pear-tree.

A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

YEAR by year the far-away ends of the earth are made commonplace by the invasion of some Yankee trader or English filibuster, who straightway sets up a colony, introduces trowsers, brandy cock-tail, and the latest Paris fashions, and brushes away romance, and strangeness which makes romance. India is already English—as the Sandwich Islands are American—in manners and customs; and our children may travel around the globe without losing sight of the ugly black silk hat which ought to be the signal of civilization. Cuba is girt with railroads, whose engines go snorting up and down the ever-faithful isle; adventurous travelers go to Jerusalem in the early train, and telegraph from Jericho to London for a supply of clean linen; the Nile has been seen by so many that the hunter after novelties must turn up his nose at it; and between Du Chaillu and Speke and Livingstone there remains only a narrow tract of *terra incognita* in Africa, which some outrageous and impetuous Briton or Yankee will presently explore, and leave the world a waste of too well known platitudes to the next generation.

"There's nothing new, and nothing true, and it don't matter," said a misanthropic Briton; let us go back to the old, therefore. We know all about the world now; but no modern traveler, choke-full of information, is half so interesting as one of Purchas's old voyagers, who knew nothing—but believed much. And while we turn up our noses at a book about the India of to-day—and with reason, too, for it is sure to discuss the cotton question, and the indigo question, and the opium question, and the progress of common schools, and the advancement of learning, and the growth of the public debt, and the annual increase of wearers of trowsers and black hats—a book about India actually written thirty years ago, but only just published, gives us some hopes of a delightful hour.

We remember a poor sailor-boy who passed his earlier years in a vain search after monkeys. He went voyage after voyage; he saw a few unhappy quadrumanes, chained and spiteful, for sale here and there; but when he inquired after the forests full of monkeys, which his grandfather had told him of—no matter in what part of the world he asked—people shrugged their shoulders, and replied, "Ah, yes; there *were* such

things hereabouts once, but they're all gone long ago; monkeys are scarce now." Now, what an empty and foolish world it is, where monkeys are scarce! Consider the relation of this interesting animal to Christian civilization. He is the very antipodes, the opposite extreme, of the black hat; he abhors the sight of trowsers; brandy cock-tail does not agree with him; a Yankee is a monstrous creature, before whose appearance the poor beast flies, as though he knew by instinct that every Yankee carries a locomotive in his pocket.

Colonel Campbell went to India in 1830, before railways were yet firmly believed in; when Professor Morse had not yet happened upon the idea of the abominable electric telegraph; when yet the monkey was in his glory over a large part of the world. He went thither a young officer, a hunter—not a murderer, like Gordon Cumming—a naturalist, and therefore a close observer of natural objects. In Colonel Campbell's time there was no overland line; no short cut by steamer; men went to India in good, stanch, safe, kettle-bottomed sailing ships—tea-wagons they were sometimes called; and, if it was their first voyage, they were favored on crossing the equator with a sight of Neptune, and duly initiated into the mysteries of the sea.

"The ceremony commenced by Neptune asking me, through a speaking-trumpet applied close to my ear, 'How old I was'—'Why I had come to sea'—'Whether I had previously crossed the line,' etc.; and each time I attempted to answer having the enormous shaving-brush, covered with lather, stuffed half-way down my throat. Declining to answer only made matters worse; for the doctor was immediately called upon to restore my power of speech.' This he dextrously accomplished by digging his lancet into my foot, and completed the cure by cramming one of his abominable boluses into my mouth. My face was now copiously lathered and scraped, and my legs being tilted up, I fell backward into a sail filled with water to the depth of three or four feet. Blindfolded as I was, I fancied myself overboard, and struck out for my life. But my miseries were not yet ended. I was startled by a hoarse roar, and the two bears, who had been lying in wait for their victim, seizing me in their tarry paws, ducked my head under water, and bundled me about till I verily thought I should be drowned. At last I managed to tear the bandage from my eyes, upset one of the bears, and, jumping on his prostrate body, succeeded in making my escape. Being now one of the initiated, I was provided with a fire-bucket, and allowed to amuse myself by ducking the unfortunates who succeeded me."

Landing at Madras, they found the beach beset with clamorous natives, all eager to serve the new-comers, and all talking at once. "Salaam Sahib!—Master please to want Dobash?"—asked a sleek, well-fed butler, in scarlet turban and flowing white muslin robes—making a profound obeisance, and thrusting into my hand

a huge packet of written certificates of character, the greater number of which he had probably stolen or hired for the occasion. "I very good 'bootleer.' Plenty good character I got: General H—, Sahib; Colonel S—, Sahib; Doctor H—, Sahib—plenty great gentlemen I serve. Look, Sahib; Master please to read; that time he see I tell true word. I very good man—Hindoo caste—not can tell lie. Ya, ya! suppose Hindoo man tell lie, that time Debil come catch!"

You see that so long ago as 1830 they had already imported the devil into India. The English have been playing him there ever since. In those days, when the pagoda-tree still grew "on India's coral strand" as well as in the up-country, and young Englishmen went out on purpose to pluck the ripe fruit and stuff their pockets with it, every British officer traveled, on the march, like the governor of a province; and a clerk in the civil service could not stir abroad without an elephant and a small army of retainers. Colonel Campbell gives an instructive list of the "principal things required on taking the field," which will make the captains and lieutenants of our Union army grin:

A tent—single-poled for a subaltern, and double-poled for a captain, or field-officer—with two or four bullocks to carry it, according to its size.

A portable camp-table, chair, and basin-stand.

A camp-cot, consisting of a light frame-work of wood, with a rattan bottom, and a thin cotton mattress, on which is packed the table, chair, and other light articles—the whole being carried by two coolies on their heads.

A good horse—or two of them, if you can afford it—with his attendants, a gorah-wallah, or horse-keeper, and a grass-cutter—one of each being required for each horse.

A sufficient number of bullocks to carry your baggage.

Two servants: a dobash, or head man, and a maty-boy.

Two cowrie-baskets, containing a sufficient stock of tea, sugar, coffee, brandy, and wax-candles, carried by a coolie, suspended from the ends of an elastic slip of bamboo.

A couple of hog-spears—the spear-heads made by Arnatchelem, at Salim, and the shafts of male bamboo brought from the Conkan.

A hunting-knife, also made by Arnatchelem, if possible.

A hunting-cap, strong in proportion to the respect you have for your skull—a thin plate of iron let into the crown is not a bad thing in a stony country.

A good stock of cheroots, and plenty of ammunition—it being taken for granted that you are already provided with a gun, a rifle, and a telescope.

If you survey this list attentively, you will find that a captain in the English East India army took the field accompanied by a personal train of not less than nine servants of various grades, and probably as many bullocks. The Colonel adds, modestly: "Some men, who study their comfort rather than their purse, indulge in a palanquin, a Chinese mat, a tent carpet, and many other little luxuries; but the fewer things of this kind a man hampers himself with the better." Stonewall Jackson's hungry fellows would have been delighted to fight with an army carrying a train in this proportion.

When the captain traveled "post" to his station it was by palanquin, each conveyance of this kind being borne by twelve men, with a thirteenth to carry a light by night; and if he traveled "dawk," which is as much as to say

by express train, he was carried incessantly forward, day and night, relays of bearers being in readiness at the end of each stage of ten or fifteen miles.

A man so well fed, well attended, and thoroughly cared for might well have stomach for a fight with the royal Bengal tiger, whose appearance, even in the menagerie, is sufficiently formidable and majestic to make his chase warm the coldest blood. The tiger of India is a much more respectable animal than the African lion, who stands charged with rank cowardice by so eminent and trust-worthy an authority as Dr. Livingstone. We shall see further on that even the tiger has nerves, and is capable of running away when surprised by the wild whoop of an accomplished tiger hunter. But he has abundance of courage, and besides this, pertinacity, resource, ingenuity, and some little notion of strategy; while his brother-in-law, the lion, is, after all, only a great handsome lubber, whom a Frenchman shoots by moonlight alone. "Never attack a tiger on foot—if you can help it," says Colonel Campbell. But it is on foot that the lion is commonly met and killed.

To have a Bengal tiger for your neighbor is no joke. "Were not tigers very numerous in Kandeish?" General Briggs was asked by the Parliamentary committee on cotton-growing in India. He replied on oath, "Yes; I was called upon by the Government to make a return of the damage they had done during the four years I was there;" and he mentions that during that time 350 men had been carried off and 24,000 head of cattle had been devoured by these animals. This is an average of nearly 90 men and 6000 head of cattle per annum. The royal tiger might sit for the original of the famous dragon of Wantley, who devoured whole villages.

The "man-eater" is generally a tigress, an old beast, no longer active enough to capture antelopes or other alert and active game, and with teeth too poor to tackle a buffalo. She takes to preying upon men, therefore, at first from necessity, and afterward from choice, and, Colonel Campbell assures us, does not care to look after other game. She is a sneak, cowardly, cautious to the last degree, savage and treacherous as all of her kind. Nothing, not even fire, can drive her from her concealment. Sometimes half the hair is burnt from her back before she breaks cover. A confirmed man-eater generally lurks around a village, or in the neighborhood of a frequented road. Then this horrible beast becomes a plague to the unfortunate people. They can not stir abroad without danger: they are attacked at the plow; the women dare not fetch water from the well; wherever the villagers go the eye of this silent monster is upon them. "The persecuted laborers, returning at sunset from their toil, may be seen hurrying along with trembling speed, and uttering loud yells in hopes of scaring their hidden foe."

The tiger is most commonly hunted on elephants. The first proceeding of the hunters is to track the animal to its haunt; and in this,

which is the work of a peculiar and trained set of men, these display the utmost skill, patience, and courage. Not infrequently a tiger is tracked three days before he is at last "marked down." But when this is accomplished he is said to be already half killed. Where no tracker can be got, a rather expensive, but also effective, way to get at the brute is to fasten a bullock somewhere near his walk. The unfortunate animal is generally carried off in the course of the night, but the tiger leaves in that case plain marks by which to trace his course homeward.

To say that an animal carries off a bullock seems a tough story; but Colonel Campbell proves, on abundant evidence, that this is regularly done. He tells a surprising story, even, of a tiger who killed a bullock and actually leaped over a hedge with the dead animal in its mouth; and this occurred under his own notice! Here is another example of the tremendous strength of the tiger:

"Four fine oxen, harnessed in the same team, were destroyed by a tiger while their owner was driving them in the plow. He described their death as having been the work of a few seconds. When in the act of turning his cattle at the end of a furrow a tiger sprang from some neighboring brushwood on the leading bullock, broke his neck by a single wrench, and before the other terrified animals could disengage themselves all were destroyed in the same manner. The man fled to a neighboring tree, from whence he saw the monster finish his work of death, and then trot back into the jungle without touching the carcasses; as if he had done it from mere love of slaughter, and not to satisfy the cravings of hunger. My friend Elliot, from whom I had this anecdote, saw the bullocks immediately after they were killed, and found that one of them had been thrown back with such violence that his horns were driven into the ground to a considerable depth."

A good sporting elephant must have courage and patience. He must search the cover inch by inch, tearing down small trees and trampling under foot brushwood, to make a clear track. At the command of his driver the sagacious brute picks up stones and hands them to the driver, to throw ahead into the jungle. When he sees the tiger he lifts up his trunk—his vulnerable part, at which the foe always leaps—and trumpets. Above all, he must never charge the tiger. It is his business to stand perfectly still, and leave the enemy to the three or four marksmen who are placed upon his back. A charging elephant is not a pleasant companion. He generally pitches himself down upon his knees to meet the attack of the tiger, and by the motion pitches his passengers out of the howdah, perhaps into the very jaws of their prey.

The mahout, or driver, who sits upon the neck of his beast, occupies the place of danger, and requires also great courage. It is his duty during the fray to keep the elephant steady, and, after the tiger is killed, to reward his charge with lumps of sugar dipped in tiger's blood.

Tiger shooting is a sport which requires a number of men, and several appliances not used in the ordinary chase. For instance, rockets are used to drive a reluctant animal from its lair; other fire-works to turn it back if it attempts to run off; and horns are blown for the same purpose. Meantime a hundred men surround the thicket, and give warning from tree-tops or elevated rocks of the animal's movements.

What cunning an old man-eater possesses is shown by the story of one who, being marked down after great labor and repeated efforts, and driven out of her lair by an elephant, actually followed upon the elephant's tracks, immediately behind him, in silence, and was not discovered till the hunters had completed a large circle in their reconnoissance, and to their amazement came upon their old tracks, and found the marks of a tiger *covering* them! Sir John Outram, to whom this occurred, happened to look behind, and saw the tiger crouching close under the elephant's crupper and intently watching the mahout, as though making ready to spring upon him.

Tigers are sometimes shot from trees; they never climb, and a man ten feet from the ground in a tree-top is perfectly safe. Indeed the monster never looks up, but only straight before him, as he rushes off. Men have been known to hunt the tiger on foot, but also they have been known in such cases to be torn to pieces miserably. Several Englishmen have speared tigers successfully, but few have the nerve to attempt what would be sure death to them if they missed their quarry; and we should imagine few horses could be trusted to take one up to a tiger.

The tiger dislikes, or perhaps fears, the Indian wild-dogs, who are said to attack him in herds. It is certain that he will not remain in any neighborhood where they take up their abode. It comes out after its prey most generally in the evening, except in the case of a confirmed man-eater, who does not avoid the daylight. The tigress has little or no affection for her young, and when pursued readily abandons them.

Such is the King of the Indian jungles at home. One can hardly recognize his likeness in the Royal Bengal Tiger of the menageries, cowering down in a corner of his cage or lazily pacing its narrow bounds, with hardly spirit enough to set up a feeble growl, or rather snarl, when the keeper stirs him up for the amusement of the crowd who have gathered to look at him. In exile and captivity he reminds us of certain other dethroned monarchs—of James II. at Versailles and Napoleon at St. Helena. At home and in power he is, as we have seen, like most other monarchs, treacherous, savage, and selfish—a sort of four-footed George the Fourth—with few qualities to admire beyond strength and a kind of gentlemanly elegance; for the rest, a scourge and terror to the country which he infests.

FROM A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

AT Paducah, Kentucky, I first realized what it required to be a soldier's wife. I had seen much before, and borne a great deal, yet it seemed but little comparatively when I came to take leave of my husband, and turned back to my lonely room to await his return.

True, I had expected this—was prepared for it in a measure; yet a strange and overpowering sense of my position came over me that I had not felt before, when I stood by the window to catch a last glimpse of a beloved form. He was standing upon the deck of a large boat, with hundreds of others around him; yet I seemed to see him only, his sad face turned to me in a mute farewell as the bell clanged and the ponderous vessel swept slowly out into the stream, and turned her prow toward the mouth of the Tennessee. It was but a moment, during which I leaned against the casement, breathless, agonized. There the waters lay cold and glittering under the spring sunbeams, and the sadness of utter desolation seemed to have fallen upon my spirits.

I am ashamed to say that I shut every ray of the bright, beautiful sun from my room, feeling as if it was a mockery too bitter to endure in that hour; that I threw myself upon my couch and wept as if my heart would break, for the time forgetful that there were any in the world more sorrowful, and with deeper cause for sorrow than I. But it is true, and here I confess my selfish weakness repentantly, glad to be able to say that I have since that time learned to think less of myself and more of others on whom the hand of affliction has fallen heavily, while I am still unscathed.

After the first burst of grief I roused myself with the question, "What shall I do?" and the answer came so quickly that my cheek was dyed with shame. What should I do, with three hospitals in sight of my window? No need to ponder the question long. The call of duty was loud and strong, and I obeyed it without delay.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I first entered the Presbyterian church, which had been converted into a hospital, and walked up its aisle under the gaze of a hundred eyes. The very remembrance of that time thrills me again with the same sensation of pity and pain that rose in my heart as I looked upon the pale, emaciated faces around me. Near the pulpit two men were standing, whom I rightly supposed to be the doctor and steward. Toward them I went directly, and addressed the tallest of the two.

"Is this the attending physician of the hospital?"

"It is, madam. Dr. L——, at your service. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me, Sir, how I can make myself useful to others. My husband has gone to Pittsburg Landing, to be away for several weeks, perhaps, during which time I shall have no-

thing to do, unless you make me useful here. Can I be of service?"

"Look about you and see. There has not been a lady within these walls since I came, nearly five weeks ago. Your voice is soft, your hand light and skillful—all women's are—and I have no doubt but your eyes will be quick to see what should be done. I shall be glad to have you come."

"Thank you. I may come to you for advice when I want it?" I asked.

"Certainly. I shall be happy to assist you at all times."

I bowed and turned away, feeling as if about to realize, indeed, some of the terrible consequences of war.

In a few moments I had laid aside my hat and cloak, rolled my sleeves away from my wrists, and constructed an impromptu apron of an old sheet which I found among the bandages in the linen room. Thus prepared for the work which I saw before me, I went out to the kitchen and obtained warm water, a tin wash-basin, and some towels. For combs and brushes I was compelled to send out before I could do any thing.

Then the work began in earnest. Commencing with the lower berth, I went up the entire length of the aisle, taking each patient in his turn until I got through. Grimed faces and hands were to be bathed, hair and beard trimmed and brushed—a long and distressing task. But I had undertaken it with a will, and, though my arms and neck ached, I would not yield until the last sufferer had been relieved.

It was half past eight o'clock in the evening before I had done, and when I reached the hotel I could scarcely stand for very weariness. Such duties were new to me then, and the excitement helped to wear away my strength. But the memory of grateful thanks, tearful eyes, and broken, trembling exclamations of relief more than repaid me. Even as I sat beside them, passing the cool sponge over their faces or brushing the tangled hair, many of the sufferers had fallen asleep.

I slept little that night. It was vain to attempt sleep after such an experience. Moreover, an idea came to me that filled me with unrest. I had observed when tea was brought in how coarse and unpalatable the food was, and that many turned from it with loathing. There was hard, brown bread crisped to a blackened toast; some fat bacon, and black tea without milk served to the men on that evening. The tea was sweetened with very coarse brown sugar, stirred into it with large iron spoons. They drank from tin cups and ate from tin plates. This would have made little difference had the food been nice and palatable, which it certainly was not. Some of the men told me, in answer to my questions, that they could not have swallowed a mouthful to save their lives.

I rose very early the following morning, filled with the idea that many of those brave sufferers were actually starving, and determined to look

into the matter more closely. But few of the nurses were astir in the hospital, and I went to the kitchen, where the cook had just commenced the preparation of the morning meal, and was greeted with a surly "Good-morgen" in mixed German-English. In a moment I saw that I should not have a very pleasant time in my examinations. After a few careless remarks, to set the man in a good-humor, I asked him to show me the hospital stores for the day's consumption, which he did ungraciously enough. A moment's observation filled me with horror and indignation.

"Do you tell me that you are going to cook all this stuff for those men in the other room?" I said, indignantly. "Look at this tea, black and mouldy as it can be, and this bacon is one living mass! Here are salt fish laid upon boards over the sugar-barrel, brine dripping through into the sugar! I hope you have not been using this for their tea."

"It is not my fault. I am not ze provider fur ze hospital," growled the cook in response.

"I does my duty so fur as I can. I cooks ze rations zat is bring to me, and zat is all so fur as I go."

"Well, that is farther than you will go in less than a week from now!" I answered, quickly. "If you had the soul of a man in you you would refuse to have any thing to do with such horrible things as those! Poor boys! No wonder they turned away from such food in disgust. Some of those men are starving to death. Do you know it?"

He stared at me aghast and made no reply.

"It is really true, and I know it. How can they eat such bread and meat—drink such tea as this? They are weakened by illness, and require delicacies. It would be utterly impossible for many of those men to swallow coarse food, even if clear and palatable. How then can they eat this?" I repeated, looking at him steadily till his head drooped, and I began to suspect that he was even more guilty than at first appeared. Afterward I found that he had carefully put aside all the delicacies that found their way to the hospital and feasted upon them, while those for whom they were intended faded and pined day by day under his eyes.

When Dr. L—— came I went to him at once and told him how I had been engaged, and what I had found in my researches. He looked so much surprised that indignation was redoubled, and I could not forbear expressing it in plain words.

"Can it be possible that you, the physician in charge of a hospital, do not know, after five weeks' service, what your patients have to eat?"

"I am not here when the meals are served. I give orders for such diet as my patients must have, and my steward's business is to carry out my instructions."

"Do you never inquire into the condition of the stores? Have you never examined to see if they were as they should be? It seems to me you ought to know all about what is going on

here. If three hundred lives were in my hands as they are in yours I should not dare to trifle with them thus!"

"You are severe, madam!"

"Ask yourself if I am unjustly so, Sir. I do not desire to appear rude or assuming; but indeed I won't look upon this unmoved. What I saw last night and this morning has opened my eyes to a condition that is a shame to any hospital. See the confusion all around us! Remember how long helpless men have lain without even a face bath or a wound dressed for three days, to say nothing of the more dreadful slow starvation to which they are subjected! If all hospitals are kept like this God pity the poor soldiers!"

"Since you see the evils so plainly, perhaps you can suggest a remedy," remarked Dr. L——, sarcastically.

"I will try, if you will act upon the suggestion," I answered, quickly.

"Well?"

"In the first place, then, what do you do when a man fails to draw his regular rations?"

"He is entitled to its value in money if he wishes it."

"Then why not refuse to draw such rations as those, and with the money buy food that can be eaten?"

"It might be done if there was any thing to buy. I am afraid it will be hard work if you attempt it."

"No matter; it must be done. If you will furnish me with a boy to do errands, I will see if I can not get fresh butter, eggs, and chickens, at least—perhaps milk also. These would prove invaluable just now. To-day I intend to send to a Society for some sheets and mattresses; and, if you have no decided objection, will try to bring order out of chaos, if possible."

"I see you are one of the working kind," said the Doctor. "Do all you wish, and call upon me when I can render any assistance."

"That will be very frequently, I assure you." And with that I turned away, still too much incensed to treat him civilly. He was willing enough to let other people take his work off his hands, since he would come in for a full share of the credit in the end. At least that was my uncharitable thought at the moment; and I am not sure now that I was far wrong, as I know his character better.

The same day I went to him again about the boy, but he had forgotten all about the matter, so I went to the Quarter-master instead. He furnished a horse, and I sent my own waiting-man out to the country for supplies, making him take a receipt for every penny he paid in his purchases. This was for the purpose of ascertaining precisely how much was spent, as I desired to render a faithful account of my stewardship. I was fully aware that the ground I was taking might easily prove a dangerous one should I fail to keep precise accounts of my expenditures, and resolved to give no chances for misrepresentation. Every receipt and bill of

sale, after being duly copied in my own account-book, was carefully filed in the Quarter-master's office, subject to the inspection of any who chose to examine them.

Mr. P——, the Quarter-master, was a kind, gentlemanly man, in whom I found an ever-ready assistant. He had received a donation in money, for the benefit of the wounded, from some one in Illinois, which he begged me to use as designed, and I did so gladly. Even with that I had not enough, and was often compelled to draw from my own purse the means wherewith to supply the many wants of the patients.

It took me a week to get fairly started in my vocation as hospital nurse. There was such an entire absence of system in the establishment, that it seemed almost impossible to bring it into any thing like order. The nurses were detailed each day from the convalescent corps—weak, spiritless men, who thought more of themselves than of the charges placed in their hands. I had seen them lounging about and sleeping while the sicker men, failing to make them hear, would try to struggle into a sitting posture to get at the medicines to be taken from time to time.

All this had to be changed, and strong, able men detailed for duty. The ward-master drank fearfully, and I was compelled to report him and get another man put into his place. With the assistance of these, however, after the changes were made I got along very well. Every morning we had the floor nicely washed, and when the sun shone the windows were opened to let in the fresh, balmy air, the effect of which was almost magical; eyes would brighten, and lips wreath in pleasant, hopeful smiles, beautiful to behold.

It was with more joy than words can express that I observed the rapid improvement of the men under careful attention. When the new sheets and comforters, with pillows and mattresses came, we were able to keep the place perfectly fresh and comfortable. But it required the most constant attention. I went to my hotel only for my meals, devoting the day, from half past five in the morning to nine in the evening, to the care of the sick. I must be there at every meal, or many would go without any thing at all. Some of the feeblest had to be fed like children, and what they ate could be prepared by myself only. I must toast the bread and make the tea; then I must sit down and support their heads with my left hand, while with the right I conveyed the food to their lips. Such constant care was very wearing, and I was often tempted to steal away for an hour's rest, trusting to some one to take my place for a time; but when I gave it a second thought the temptation faded. Suppose the man should die, could I feel that I had done all in my power to save him? Not if I should yield to the inclination I felt to abandon my post; so I remained, and tried to be patient.

Two hours each day were devoted to letter-writing for those who were unable to correspond

with their friends. And sometimes, after tea, I would send for my guitar and sing for them, at the request of the music-loving ones under my charge. So the days sped, and all things began to run smoothly—for a time, at least. Death was not banished from our midst, however. Sometimes it was my fate to walk up the aisle in the morning and find some berth empty in which a favorite patient had lain. I might here go into particulars, and detail some of the most touching scenes in life; but I will here speak of only one case:

One evening I was sitting by a dying man, reading a favorite chapter in the Bible, to which he listened eagerly, even while his eyes drooped under the shades of death. One clammy hand groped for mine, and clasped it with a feeble, tremulous touch, and as I finished his lips moved painfully: "Write to my wife and children. Tell them I can not come to them, but they may soon follow me to that place of which the Saviour said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you.' Oh, how sweet and comforting! 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me.' Jesus, Saviour, I do believe in thee. Receive thou my spirit!" And the voice sank softly. A few moments later the last fluttering breath went out, and the mysteries of the unknown world were mysteries to him no longer.

Tears fell fast as I pressed the white lids over the blue eyes, thinking of those who were far away, and denied the sad privilege of paying the last tender rites to the dead. Poor children! Poor mother! How my heart ached to think that mine must be the task to tell them the story of death, of which, perhaps, they were not dreaming now!

Before I had finished a boy came in hurriedly and said something to the steward, of which I caught only the words, "been fighting all day ...rebels attacked them this morning...had a very hard time of it."

I grew for a moment sick with a terrible fear. A battle had taken place, and who should say how many lives in a few short hours had been crowned with the thorny wreath of affliction? It might be that I, too, was destined to feel the force of an awful blow. If so, God help me!

I could gain no particulars at the hospital, and was forced to wait until I reached home. There I learned that an attack had been made upon our forces Sunday morning, and the Confederates had occupied our camps for some time. Afterward they were driven out again, but we had lost many lives. They were still fighting an hour before nightfall. Further than this nothing was known.

All night I walked the floor in an agony of suspense and dread. Would the morning's dawn come to me with a message of gladness; or should I rank among the doomed, who henceforth must walk the earth in the darkness and gloom of utter desolation?

Ah, how I prayed that night! How I wres-

tled with my own fearful heart, and chided myself for the lack of faith which should have borne me up in that hour!

Monday came, freighted with death to thousands! All day the battle raged, and at night it was said that the Federals had achieved a great victory. A victory it was; but oh! at what a fearful cost! How many hundreds of young heads were that day laid low in the dust, never to rise again! How many hopeful hearts throbbed their last impulses of human aspirations and ambition!

Tuesday and Wednesday brought hundreds from the field of action. Some of the wounded were transported to Paducah, and I was called upon to dress their wounds and to assist in amputations, which required all the strength I possessed. The duty was a terrible one; but I nerved myself resolutely to perform it, hoping that, if need be, some one would as willingly attend to one of whose fate I had as yet learned nothing.

On Thursday morning the St. Francis Hotel was alive with officers from Shiloh, but still I was left in ignorance of my husband's fate, and the suspense was becoming insupportable. Every excuse that could be made for a delay of tidings had been utterly exhausted, and I felt now that he was either killed or wounded.

In the hope of hearing something definite I went out to the table for the first time since the battle, and took my usual seat, near which sat two wounded officers. One had his head bandaged; the other's arm was in a sling; and both were pale and weary-looking. But they were talking of the late contest, and after listening for a few moments I yielded to an uncontrollable impulse and asked the one nearest me if he knew any thing of the fate of the — Regiment.

He turned politely, with a look of interest I could but remark, and answered:

"I am sorry to say, madam, that it fared very badly. Some other regiments of the same division showed the white feather, and, perfectly panic-stricken, broke ranks and fled. That gallant regiment alone stood its ground, and was literally cut to pieces. Those who were not killed were taken prisoners, only a few escaping."

"And the officers—were they all—?" I could not finish the sentence for the deathly sickness that was choking my utterance, and he answered it gently:

"I believe every one was killed. Did you have any friends among them, may I ask?"

"My husband," I gasped. "Captain S——."

I saw them exchange glances; and then, as if in a dream, a voice seemed to murmur afar off amidst the rushing of waters.

"Poor thing! He fell in the first onset. But see! She is falling!"

A strong hand grasped my arm, and a glass of water was pressed to my lips; but the shock of that deadly blow was too heavy, and I sank slowly into utter oblivion, conscious of a wish,

as sight and sound faded, that I might never waken again!

It was an hour before they brought me back to a sense of my bereavement, and then I turned from the kind faces clustered about the couch to which I had been borne, and gave vent to a bitter cry.

"Ah! why did you not let me die? The world is so cold and desolate!"

Two firm, soft hands clasped mine, and drew them away from my face, and I saw the mild, reproachful eyes of a stranger gazing into mine. He was an old man, with hair as white as the snows of winter, and a voice soft and gentle as a tender mother's.

"My child, you are rebellious! Rouse yourself, and learn to say, Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!"

"I can not!—I can not bring myself to feel that there is any mercy or love in the power that could deal such a blow. God knew that he was all I had on earth, and he has taken him from me. It was cruel!"

"Hush! Resignation will come when you have time to think. Perhaps, after all, it is a mistake. There has been no official report of your husband's death, and he may only be wounded or a prisoner."

I started up, wild with the hope his words awakened.

"Nay, be not too hasty! I only say it may be possible."

I was silenced, but the hope was not crushed. It stung me to life again, and made every idle moment seem like an eternity of agony.

In a few moments they began to leave the room, and only one or two ladies remained in conversation with the old gentleman, who was a physician, and had been summoned hastily when I fainted. Seeing them thus engaged, I formed a sudden resolution, and raised myself from the pillows.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, turning his face toward me.

"Find my husband—dead or alive," I answered, getting off the bed.

"My dear child, you are mad!" he expostulated. "You can not do any thing. Look at your face—it is as pallid as marble, and your eyes would frighten any one."

"That is because I have not slept or eaten scarcely since last Saturday night," I said, in reply. "Besides, I have been half mad with suspense. Only for the sick at the hospital, who claimed my care, I don't think I could have borne it at all."

"Go back and lie down on the bed," pleaded one of the ladies. "It makes my heart ache to look at you."

"How dreadfully you must have suffered!"

"God and my own heart only know how much," I answered, gulping down a sob. Her tone of womanly sympathy shook my strong self-control till I trembled. Then I broke down entirely, and with a bitter cry fell upon my knees by a chair.

"O Charley, Charley! my heart is breaking!"

Instantly her kind arms were twined round me—her soft lips pressed to my forehead. She held me to her heart, and suffered me to weep until the fountain of my tears was exhausted.

"There! you feel better now, don't you?" said the doctor, kindly. "You must lie down and keep quiet a while, or you will be ill. Your hands are like two burning coals now, while only a moment since they were like ice. You must not fall ill."

"Oh no! I can not afford to be ill. I must search for my husband," I answered, rising. "There—it is over now! I am done with tears for the present, and am ready to work. If I do not, I shall soon lose my reason. Don't talk to me, any of you!" I cried, as I saw them about to remonstrate. "I am determined to go up the river, and if I should never return, try to remember me kindly."

"The authorities will not permit you to go," said the doctor. "An order has been issued to allow no lady to pass up the river, and Colonel N—— has locked himself up to escape the importunities of the people."

"I shall go, nevertheless," was my reply.

"How will you manage it?" asked the old man, curiously.

"I don't know yet. But I shall go. Before night I will be on my way to Pittsburg Landing."

They looked at me pityingly; but I paid no attention further, and when they left the room I began to pack some articles in a small trunk which I could easily take with me.

About noon a boat, chartered at Cincinnati and sent after the wounded, touched at Paducah, and I obtained passage. Fortune seemed to favor me here, for I not only found myself able to carry out my design, but came into the midst of sympathizing friends, who received me cordially, and did all in their power to make me comfortable.

There were a number of surgeons and their assistants on board. Three Sisters of Charity and two ladies from Cincinnati completed the list, and in about an hour we entered the mouth of the river and proceeded on our sorrowful errand.

I will not dwell upon the tediousness of the trip. To me it seemed like an eternity of misery. On Thursday, about one o'clock, we left Paducah, and did not arrive at Pittsburg Landing until Saturday night, near eight o'clock.

I shall never forget that night or a single incident connected with it. As we made fast to the shore I was standing upon the hurricane deck, looking abroad, with my heart full of a wild and bitter fear. Here was Shiloh! There were the black, forbidding bluffs directly over my head, the banks of the river lined with boats from which profane and noisy men were unloading Government stores. Across the river two or three gun-boats stretched their black, snake-like lengths along the waters, and from them

only a fiery gleam was now and then discernible. Above, the sky was clear and blue, and studded with myriads of stars that looked, oh so calmly! down upon that terrible spot. There, where rivers of blood had flowed, lay the silvery white moonbeams, and on the death-laden air floated the rich perfume of spring flowers.

Even while I stood looking around me the *Continental* swung loose from her fastenings, and rounded out into the stream followed by half a dozen others. Now the lights blazed from every vessel, and a band struck up "Dixie" in the most spirited manner.

General Halleck was going up the river to destroy a bridge, and, convoyed by two of the gun-boats, they started two and two abreast, keeping in this order until a sudden turn hid them from sight.

Turning my face once more toward the shore, some dark objects became visible lying some distance up the side of the hill; but I could not discern precisely what they were, and the next moment my attention was absorbed in a painful scene taking place on the deck of a boat just along side of the *Lancaster*.

There were a number of men lying upon berths in the open air, and around one of them was a surgeon and his group of assistants. The wounded man had his arm bared to the shoulder, and had I not seen the glittering of instruments in the light of the numerous lamps held around him I should still have divined his fate. Poor fellow! I heard him sob and plead piteously, "Oh, doctor, don't take my arm off! If I lose it my little sister will have no one to work for her. I'd rather die!"

"Die you will if it does not come off, and that very soon," was the response. "No help for it, boy, so be a man and bear it bravely."

The next moment a handkerchief was held to his face, and after a brief struggle he yielded to the powerful influence of chloroform. I hear the deep, quick gasping so painful to the listener and the tears ran down my cheeks unrestrainedly.

Captain V—— came up to me.

"Mrs. S——, I have been making inquiries for you, and can gain no intelligence whatever concerning your husband. I see no way but to wait until daylight, and then I will find a conveyance and send some one with you."

"Can not I go to-night? It seems as if it is impossible to wait."

"No, it is out of the question. The mud is two feet deep on shore, and it is quite dark in the woods. I am sorry for you, but it will be only a little while longer. Try to be as patient as you can."

"Thank you, I will. But it is very, very hard."

"I am sure of it. But let me say a word to you here, Mrs. S——. I fear you are hoping too much. Remember he fell early on Sunday, and the chances are that he was hastily buried with many others in the trenches."

"For Heaven's sake go no further!" I im-

plored. "My husband buried in a trench! Oh, God forbid!"

He took my hand, and drawing it within his arm led me to the ladies' cabin, which now presented a singular appearance, converted as it was into a hospital, and peopled by the wounded which the men were carrying on board.

There were three rows of mattresses spread upon the floor, the one in the middle capable of accommodating two patients, and one on each side a single man.

All these were filled already, and the clamor was terrible. Some called for food, others for water, and a few lay moaning piteously, their hunger and thirst forgotten in the sharp pain of undressed wounds.

One boy near the stern of the boat seemed to be in such distress that I hastened to his side and bent over him.

"Where are you wounded?" I asked.

"In the shoulder. I got it Monday, and it's never been dressed. I can not get at it myself."

Hastily getting a basin of water, sponge, and bandages, I exposed the inflamed and swollen shoulder and began to bathe it carefully. He regarded me for a moment with wide, fearful eyes, then as he felt the gentle touch and cooling sponge, his eyes closed and he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Ah, that is so nice!" he murmured, presently. "I tell you it's hard enough to be shot down like a dog; but when it comes to lying out for a whole week in the open air, with only a blanket, a cracker, and a slice of dried beef, with an occasional drink of water, it's harder still. I thought I should starve to death before they could get a boat to take us off, and if I could only have had my shoulder dressed! Oh, how good that feels!"

I had just laid a folded napkin wet with ice-water over the wound, and it was this which called forth such an exclamation of delight.

"I am glad you feel better. Now I am going to bring you a cup of tea, with some bread and butter. If you are so nearly starved, it is time you should have something to eat."

"Oh, thank you!"

I hastened away, and in a few moments came back with the tea and bread, which he ate like a man who was indeed starving. The glare of his large dark eyes was perfectly terrible.

"More, more!" he gasped pantingly, swallowing the last drop of tea at a draught.

"Not now. In half an hour you shall have more. To give it you now will do you more harm than good. We must try to keep down fever. Now, shall I bathe your face and hands for you?"

"If you please," with an eager, wistful look at the empty cup and plate that made my eyes grow humid.

While I was engaged in the operation Doctor P——, from Cincinnati, passed me.

"Who taught you to nurse?" he asked. "I wish all women would take right hold of the boys as you do. There would be less suffering."

"They have surely earned this much at our hands, at least," I said, in reply.

"Ay, to be sure. But I know plenty who would never get down on their knees on the floor as you are doing, and take hold of an object like that."

"I hope not. I believe there are few who would not do it if in such circumstances. There is not one who has a father, brother, or husband in the service who would refuse to do it, I am sure."

He passed on with some careless reply, and I continued attending the soldiers until it grew late. After three o'clock I threw myself upon a sofa in the chamber-maid's room, and slept until half past five. Then I rose and went again among the wounded until such an hour as I could set out upon my journey over the field.

I will here mention a case that may seem incredible to many; but if so, it will not surprise me, for I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses, when one of the surgeons came to me directly after I entered the cabin the night before, and asked me to come and "see a sight." I told him I would as soon as I finished "feeding my patient;" and did so, he meeting me half-way when he saw me coming.

About midway of the cabin lay a rebel prisoner, badly wounded in the head. A ball had passed behind his eyes, forcing both upon the cheeks, where they lay in a most horrible and swollen condition. From the wounds in each temple a portion of the brains was slowly oozing, and the doctor pointed to it, saying,

"In all my life I have seen nothing like that. He has been lying here for the last ten minutes in that condition, quarreling with this Federal soldier just opposite."

"Surely he can not know what he is saying!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, he does, perfectly. You should hear him."

I had an opportunity soon, for in a moment he called out:

"Say! look here, Yank! I want a drink of water!"

"All right! You shall have it in a moment," answered one of the men in waiting. "I'm tending to a feller, and shall be done in a minute."

"Oh yes, I'll be bound you'll tend to your Yanks before you do to me! But when a man's on his last legs you might stop a moment to give him a drop of water. I sha'n't ask it of you more than an hour or so longer. Then I'm going straight to—!"

I shuddered and retreated from the spot. Such profanity and recklessness upon the very brink of eternity! It was awful!

"Poor wretch! God pity and have mercy upon you!" said the doctor. "You have none for yourself."

"I don't want any of your cant, Sir," said the man, in reply. "My soul is not yours, and you need not trouble yourself about it in the least."

When I came again into the cabin the following morning he was just breathing his last—going home to his Creator hardened, reckless—utterly careless of the fate that awaited him.

An hour later Captain V—— sent for a conveyance, but could get none, to carry me over the field in search of the camp from which I hoped to gain some intelligence that should end suspense. While striving to devise some means the medical director of the —— Division came on board, and offered me one of his horses, proposing himself to guide me to the place where the —— Regiment was camped. There were but few left, he said, but what there were had pitched their tents about five miles distant, and he thought he could take me to the place without difficulty.

Thanking him warmly I accepted the offer, and ere long found myself mounted and laboring through the mud up the side of the bluff.

The path led round it, ascending gradually to the top, and once upon the shore, I discovered the dark objects that had puzzled me the night previous were human bodies lying under the broiling sun waiting for burial.

Through the mud, over fallen trees, broken artillery, and pieces of shells, the carcasses of horses and mules, and by strips of woodland cut down like grass by the rains of iron and lead! How strange and solemn and fearful it seemed! Giant trees pierced by balls and shorn of their bark till the trunks showed a hundred grinning scars; boughs severed and hanging by a single fibre, or lying prone upon the ground, trampled and blood-stained!

Our progress was slow. It was long past noon ere we reached the little hollow in which the tents I sought had been pitched; and then, as we came in sight of the little blue wreaths of smoke, and saw a few solitary men moving about, I began to tremble. I knew that I was about to meet my fate, and the thought of what it might be almost deprived me of the necessary strength to go on to the end.

Presently, after passing through several encampments, we descended into the hollow and alighted before the officers' quarters, which seemed almost deserted. There the doctor bade me go in and wait while he made inquiries of those around outside.

On first entering I saw nothing but a berth, on which lay a man with his face turned from me; but the next moment I discovered that another was seated beyond, his head resting against the side of the berth, fast asleep. A pillow supported the right arm of the invalid, and by the bandages I knew he had been wounded. My heart swelled with pity, and stealing softly toward the bed, I leaned over to catch a glimpse of his face.

Pale—oh, so pale and wan! with the rich brown hair pushed back from the broad brow, pure and white as marble. The blue eyes were half closed, and the lips parted with such an expression of suffering that a loving woman's heart might almost break in looking upon it.

Yet I did not moan, nor faint, nor cry out. I only fell upon my knees, and taking the white, clammy fingers of the left hand in my own, covered it with warm tears and gentle kisses—for it was my own dear husband, whom God had spared to me, and I had found him at last!

"I thank Thee, O my Father!" was the cry of my soul in that hour, and my lips breathed it audibly. With the sound Charley opened his eyes and looked into my face with a bewildered stare. Then a light broke all over his pale face, and his glad smile sent happy tears raining over my cheeks.

"Is it you, darling? I thought you would never come!" he breathed faintly. "But you are here now, and you will not leave me again, will you?"

"No, indeed. I will take care of you, and get you well again. Ah, how you must have missed me!"

"Missed you! It has been an eternity of misery since I fell, and I have called your name vainly a thousand times."

"They told me you were killed!" I said, chokingly. "I waited for tidings from you till I thought I should go mad, and then they said you were dead, and when I declared my intention of finding you, tried to keep me from coming. But I would not be stayed, and, thank God! I have found you alive."

"Ay! Thank God from your soul, for it is one of His greatest blessings that he is here now!" said the doctor, who had entered and laid his hand upon my head.

"Tell her all about it," whispered my husband's faint voice, and as his fingers clasped mine closer the old man sat down upon a campstool and began:

"I have just heard the story from one of the boys, and it is a wonder to me how he lived through that long time without the least care. He must have crept into the thicket where they found him very soon after falling, and there remained for four days. There was a dead soldier near him, and from his canteen and haversack he managed to obtain water and food; but his wound bled terribly. They say, to judge by the stains around and where they came across him, he had just a spark of life left. He will need you now to nurse him back to life again, and it will take nice nursing too."

"Will he lose his arm, doctor?" I asked, in a suppressed voice, lest Charley should hear.

"I will tell you after a while," was the answer; and accordingly "after a while" he examined it closely. As he left the tent I followed him out.

"Well, doctor?"

"All right, my little anxious woman! The Captain can carry that arm through several campaigns yet, I hope," he said, heartily; and I went back to my boy, my eyes wet with glad tears.

Three weeks later we were within our own quiet home, where I was nursing him back to strength to be ready for the Fall campaign.

SHELLS ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

IN the past time, perchance, some thoughtful man
Has mused on Lookout Mountain's airy height
Of all the changes and the changeless plan
Through which has passed the circle in his sight.

River and field and forest, mountain peak,
In solemn silence mock his asking eye;
The outward forms of nature never speak,
Lest like our language even theirs should die.

But in close seam and scar and under-field
The truth is hid which time shall ne'er outwear;
The word of prophecy, if left unsealed,
Were breathed as thoughtless as the common air.

Where some fresh scar by falling rocks is made,
The man has found a perfect, sea-born form,
A word of knowledge in earth's volume laid,
When swept above this height the ocean storm.

A delicate shell, yet breathing of the deep;
And lo! before his sight the white foam glides,
And far below, through centuries of sleep,
Earth's bosom sinks and rises with the tides.

The upper war enfolds the under peace,
Slow spreading sea-flowered vales on barren stone,
The hills grow rich for harvests, waters cease,
And fertile lands await the ripening sun.

And in the time to be some man shall stand
On Lookout Mountain wondering what change
Has pearled with villages the lower land,
And set with jeweled homes each mountain range.

And he shall find, deep set in some scarred tree
Late lightning-riven, yet another form
Than that frail spiral of a vanished sea,
To tell of other and life-changing storm.

A battle shell—a broken, rusted thing,
Born of a fire-sea, with a heart of fire;
No delicate life e'er grew from ring to ring
Within its globe, or tipped with pearl its spire.

Its single life-throb was a spasm of death,
Bursting its fervid heart with flame and roar,
And lips of men clutched eagerly for breath
A moment, then forever moved no more.

All he shall see; the upper fire and storm,
The wreck, the ravage, and the cloud-veil white,
And death beneath, the ever-changing form,
Smoothing old barren, rocky wrongs to right.

And hear the voice before which kingdoms bow
Bid the sea pass away with all its strife,
Nor wonder whence, on vale and mountain's brow
Have come the better, nobler forms of life.

THE CANDIDATE FOR ST. JUDE'S.

I.

A LONG and singular pause in the midst of the prayer for the President of the United States made the brilliant and fashionable congregation of St. Jude's raise their heads and look at the minister. They saw nothing unusual, and, as the prayer proceeded, the circumstance passed from their thoughts. It was set down as perhaps a curious eccentricity of the strange clergyman, who was thought none the worse of in consequence, for eccentricity in the pulpit is not a little fashionable nowadays.

But Mr. Samuel Stem *did* see something unusual; remarkable, nay, amazing.

Mr. Samuel Stem was senior warden of St. Jude's, and it behooved him to watch very warily every motion of the Reverend Henry Blomfield, undergoing that day the terrible ordeal of a "trial," to see whether he would suit the people of that wealthy and fastidious parish, now in want of a rector.

It behooved, therefore, we say, Mr. Samuel Stem, as church-warden—as *senior* church-warden—and as a man whose words had weight at vestry meetings commensurate with a heavy balance at bank, to "look sharp" in this momentous business of choosing a pastor. He felt called upon in this case to exercise extraordinary vigilance, as the Reverend Henry Blomfield was not only a young man, but unknown to metropolitan fame—a circumstance which Mr. Stem was decidedly of opinion was much against him.

On an occasion like this, Mr. Samuel Stem did not think reverence required that he should close his eyes and bend his head in the prayers. When the minister had been "called" and duly settled, Mr. Stem proposed to be as devoutly decorous as any member of the parish; his office as warden, and especially as *senior* warden, made this to him an imperative duty. But while the choice was *pending*, he felt upon himself a great responsibility, and he therefore sat bolt upright, alert, and wide awake, while the congregation knelt in prayer.

Justice must be done at the outset to Mr. Samuel Stem. He was not only a stanch churchman, but a thoroughly conscientious man. He would have severed his right hand from his body before he would willfully have wronged a human being. If he was hard or exacting it was only in the interest of his church, and especially of that integral portion known as "St. Jude's." Intense and irrepressible *church-wardenship* was his foible, if foible it was. His official dignity seemed as much his natural clothing as the shining broadcloth that encased his imposing figure.

To Mr. Samuel Stem's efforts St. Jude's owed its existence, and very much of its envied pre-eminence. He had been senior church-warden from the hour the parish first had corporate being, now more than twenty years, during which period his voice had been very naturally

a potential—some insisted controlling—one in its secular affairs; for, be it said to his honor, that to the spiritual guardian, after the choice had been formally and deliberately made, he left the guidance of the flock in all things spiritual, lending a cordial and zealous co-operation in his sphere, but never laying straw of let or hindrance in the way. During his incumbency three rectors had been settled, all of whom he, to all practical intents, had chosen; and it was a source of honest pride to him to hear, as he did not seldom, his taste and prudence in such matters extolled in the congregation; and he gloried immeasurably in the undeniable fact that not one of the shepherds he had placed over St. Jude's had failed to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Stem had, in natural course, come to believe that his knowledge of what St. Jude's needed in a rector was so precise, and his acumen in judging of the fitness of a candidate for that position so singular, that he could not fail to make a right selection. He knew, moreover, that his opinion in the matter now under consideration would be practically as decisive as an autocratic ukase. He would not for a kingdom make a blunder now; and, considering all these things, every candid reader will allow that he was perfectly right in resolving to watch very narrowly in ritual and sermon the Reverend Henry Blomfield, candidate for the succession to the Reverend Theodore Warmplace, his last triumphant choice, who these four weeks had slept at peace with his fathers, and whose memorial slab for the transept of St. Jude's was now in active preparation at the fashionable stone-cutter's hard by.

It has been said that the obscurity of the new candidate was much against him. It is true that he came warmly commended to the vestry of St. Jude's as a young man of a very high order of talents, and a model of Christian graces and priestly accomplishments. This warm testimonial came from a professor in the Theological Seminary, for whom Mr. Stem had great respect. A confidential letter, also, addressed to parties in the back-country parish, over which the candidate had been settled after taking priest's orders, elicited a reply in the main satisfactory, although there was a vague hint about his being "independent" and "high-strung." But these words from outside parties weighed very little with Samuel Stem. He knew all about those things. It was easy enough for a man to get recommendations. It was Mr. Stem's determination to give the new candidate a fair trial, just as all his predecessors had received; yet circumstances, as has been already hinted, were against him. Although probably not conscious of the feeling, the senior warden of St. Jude's possessed, in common with nearly all men, a respect for the general verdict, and in his eyes Popularity was a distinguished merit in a minister. If Mr. Blomfield had come knocking at the golden gate of St. Jude's Incumbency, shining in the *éclat* of a successful metropolitan pulpit career, it would have helped him mightily

even with independent and impartial Samuel Stem. Coming upon his pure merits, to stand or fall without the aid of a single adventitious prop, the autocrat was "free to say," before he had seen or heard Mr. Blomfield, that he "did not expect much of him:" which was very inconsistent in Mr. Samuel Stem. Mr. Blomfield's chances were not brilliant.

But as matters had turned his case was partially *prejudged* against him in the mind of Mr. Samuel Stem. It happened in this wise:

Mr. Stem was very well aware that to be simply a fine *preacher* was not by any means all that was requisite to make a good parish priest. He attached a proper value to industry, tact, good-breeding, and ambition. He was accustomed to say that a minister who could do nothing but *preach* was like a ship with full top-hammer and no ballast. The reader will perceive that Mr. Stem knew what he wanted, and that the man who would fit his standard was not likely to offer every day. No minister had been settled over St. Jude's who had failed either to captivate the people from the pulpit, or, in a private interview with its astute senior warden, to give tolerably satisfactory evidence of his fitness for the everyday, hack-horse work of a thorough-going, well-ordered parish.

"A cozy dinner and a glass or two of wine is the thing to draw a man out," he would say. Mr. Stem prided himself upon his ability to read a man's character, and he considered, with much truth, that there was no better talisman to call to his aid than a dinner. Mr. Blomfield had, according to his custom with candidates, been invited to dine with Mr. Stem on the day before he was to preach. It was the first time the warden had met him; and when the servant ushered into his drawing-room a young man, slightly built, though tall, and with a face almost boyish in its youthfulness, and clad in a suit of black, which not even its admirable fit to the graceful form nor the absence of a speck of soil or dust could redeem from hopeless seediness, Mr. Stem could not help contrasting his appearance with the *entrée* on a similar occasion of the Reverend Theodore Warmplace, with his shining broadcloth and his gold spectacles and grand "air," bearing upon him the unmistakable stamp of the popular and powerful city divine, and the contrast was not favorable to the young country clergyman. But this was not all.

Mr. Blomfield went through what Mr. Stem was wont jocularly to call his "table test" triumphantly. In fine, the dinner proved that he was a perfectly bred *gentleman*. This was a strong point gained, for the families of St. Jude's liked to have their rector often to dinner, and they were fastidious in matters of table etiquette. But when Mr. Stem came to his grand *coup* of drawing his guest out, to his amazement he abjectly failed! There was something about the young clergyman that puzzled the worthy warden. He could see plainly that he was no ordinary man; the first ten words he uttered assured him of *that*. The grace he said over

meat was very simple, and evidently very sincere. "No affectation about him, anyhow," thought Mr. Stem. But he was not to be "drawn out." Perhaps the warden was angling for minnows in a pool which contained no such small fish. His line, possibly, did not sound deep enough.

Mr. Stem was impressed with this young priest in a way he could not explain; but, upon the whole, he could not decide that he would do for St. Jude's. And when he noted that Mr. Blomfield gave abstracted and irrelevant answers to some of his most searching questions, his *amour propre* was severely wounded; and he was positively angry when his guest hastened to take his leave after dinner, before the warden had nearly finished his category of "tests." Still he was determined that the candidate should have a fair chance on the morrow before the congregation: but it must be confessed that his mind was half made up against him.

St. Jude's was crowded on Sunday morning. The weather was brilliant, and it was known that a "candidate" was to exhibit his paces. When the Reverend Henry Blomfield walked up the centre aisle from the robing-room there was a general preliminary verdict of favor. The surplice gave becoming fullness to his tall, graceful figure, and there was a grave self-possession about him which was exceedingly winning. He had a noble head, a clear, piercing, frank eye, and a mouth whose lines were sweet, yet firm and powerful. On the whole, the impression that he made upon that critical assemblage was singularly favorable. His entire freedom from the awkwardness and embarrassment which a man in his trying position might be supposed naturally to feel, was afterward wonderingly commented upon in the circles of St. Jude's. They did not then know the secret of Henry Blomfield's perfect self-possession. He was in his Master's house—the Church of God—and there was no awe or restraint for him in any human congregation. Upon entering the portal of that House he was met by an invisible but awful Presence, and it was clothed with a reverence that banished all other emotion that he walked up the aisle of St. Jude's. It is probable that he did not think even of Samuel Stem himself as he passed to the chancel and knelt in prayer. Yet, as he thus knelt, a strong, almost passionate appeal for aid in that trying ordeal went silently out from the heart of that devoted minister of Christ. No one but himself in that crowded church knew how great was his need of help, or how much depended upon his acquitting himself with credit. But when he stood up to begin the service there was no shade of care upon his face—nothing but a heavenly light.

"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." The full, round tones rolled from his lips without an effort, but they reached in melodious waves the remotest corner of the church. By the time the "Absolution" was pronounced every member of the congregation was rapt in the service with a new

and indescribable delight! Such reading—so musical, sonorous, and impressive, yet so utterly devoid of any effort for mere *effect*—had never been heard in St. Jude's. Every one felt that here, certainly, stood a true evangelist of God. They were conscious of a keen intellectual pleasure in those exquisitely modulated tones; but overcoming all was a sense of *spiritual* enjoyment, a hushed and reverential impulse of worship, which seemed to pervade even the atmosphere, and to draw the most careless within its holy spell.

All this Samuel Stem saw and marked well. The candidate was gaining ground rapidly.

And now in the prayer for the President came that singular pause alluded to at the commencement of this story. No one, perhaps, of all the congregation, save Samuel Stem, saw what caused that interruption, and *he* could scarcely credit his senses. It was a broad and unmistakable *yawn*.

The senior warden sat through the sermon in a state of bewilderment, not unmixed with indignation. The audacity which could permit a minister, and he a candidate, deliberately to yawn in the face of St. Jude's was to him amazing. The impropriety of the thing was unequaled in all his experience. Not even by the eloquent and powerful sermon that followed could the young minister recover his lost ground with Mr. Stem.

It was the unanimous affirmation of old and young of St. Jude's that never had they enjoyed such a treat as that sermon. It was long enough—twenty-five minutes by the watch—but it did not seem to be more than ten minutes, so breathlessly did the people drink in every word. The text was the yearning cry of our blessed Saviour for souls: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The style of the sermon was limpidity itself, while every one of its sentences—brief and pithy as epigrams—drove home some vital truth and clenched it fast. That wonderful voice, when reinforced by an action at once striking and graceful, had a rare charm for that people, upon whose ears had so long broken with monotonous jar the sonorous platitudes of the Reverend Theodore Warmplace. But, as with the service, every body confessed that the principal merit of the sermon was the deep *sincerity* which imbued it. It neither refrained from unsparing denunciation of guilty souls nor withheld an atom of the fullness of the divine love and mercy. Many a heart received an arrow that seemed shot straight at that single mark.

The truth was that Henry Blomfield always preached as if that sermon was to be his last chance of saving some perishing soul. He preached this trial sermon not more hoping to win a parish than earnestly praying that haply some might thereby be brought to believe and be saved.

St. Jude's went home more thoughtful than was common, and not only hoping but confident that the Reverend Henry Blomfield would be called to be their rector.

Samuel Stem went home with a curious and perplexing admixture of feelings. He knew that if he omitted to secure that reading for St. Jude's he could not hope to match it elsewhere. (The "reading" of the departed Warmplace had been his weak point.) And then after service he had been nearly overwhelmed with the enthusiastic eulogies of those members of the congregation who found opportunity to exchange a word with him. Mr. Stem could not but acknowledge that Mr. Blomfield had won the hearts of the whole congregation; and yet, that dreadful yawn! It was unpardonable. Mr. Stem went to dinner, and from thence to vestry meeting, which had been summoned for three o'clock of that Sunday, the necessity for deciding upon the question of a rector being deemed urgent enough to justify the meeting on that day.

II.

Henry Blomfield, hastening from church as soon as he could take off his surplice, met Dr. Hart at the door of the cheap boarding-house where the minister's family had their temporary home.

"Is there any change, Doctor?"

"No, I'm sorry to say there is not yet. She is still alive, and that is all."

"Doctor," and there was a wild despair in the voice, and an imploring appeal in the eyes, "is there then *no* hope? *Must* we give her up? Doctor, I *know* you will not give her up while there is any hope."

"My friend," replied the worthy Doctor, clearing his throat vigorously, and blowing his nose sonorously and suspiciously—"I need not remind you, a minister of God, that the issue is in His hands alone. I do not say, understand me, that the case is altogether *hopeless*. There *is* hope; but not much. I do not think it right to feed you with false hopes. There must be a change for the better or worse in the course of two or three hours. If for the worse, my work is done. You may depend upon my standing by you to the last."

Mrs. Blomfield was sitting by the sick child, but rose as her husband entered the room. Their hands met in a silent pressure, and together they bent over the little form lying there so fearfully beautiful in the burning bloom of the fever.

"May! May! don't you know papa? Papa's come home."

The blue eyes were wide open and rolling wildly about, seeming to see now this and now that object upon which their restless glances fell. But in vain the anxious father looked for any sign in those unnaturally bright orbs to indicate that she knew him.

Suddenly she began to sing, in a clear, sweet, child-warble, a fragment of one of the beautiful hymns of the Church which her mother had taught her:

"The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms;
Himself declares them *lost*."

Then the sweet voice prattled on: "Papa—mamma—don't hold me so tight. Don't take my hand out of Baby Harry's. He wants me to go with him." And then her voice dropped, and the dear head turned heavily, leaving the long, frayed, golden curls lying spread out upon the white pillow.

The stricken father dropped upon his knees with a heavy groan. "O Father," he cried, using in his bitter grief those words of matchless woe that erst went up from the midnight damps of Gethsemane, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"

Long and fervently he prayed, and he found that consolation and strength that never fail to come when we throw ourselves upon the support of the Everlasting Arms.

The blue eyes of the sick child were closed when the minister rose from his knees, and she seemed to have fallen into one of those heavy but brief slumbers that had been attendant upon her illness. Mr. Blomfield now sat down with his wife by the window of the small apartment, and told her of the experiences of the morning.

"I have not the least idea of what my prospects of success are," he said. "For your sake, and hers" (looking toward the bed), "Mary, I did my best; but a frightful weariness seemed to overcome my brain and body. And once, in prayers—you would hardly credit it—I was for a moment fairly overcome by drowsiness, and only roused myself by a prodigious effort from dropping fast asleep at the desk."

"I do not wonder at all—my poor husband!" said Mrs. Blomfield. "Perhaps, however, no one noticed it. If they had, and had known that for three days and nights you had hung sleeplessly over the sick bed of a dear child, they would have excused you, I am sure."

Mr. Blomfield stooped and picked up a worn and broken little shoe, which had been lying on the floor. For a few moments he gazed at it, and then pressed it to his cheek with unutterable tenderness, while his eyes slowly filled with tears. His glance then wandered to the face of his wife, who sat grief-worn and care-wasted beside him, bearing her equal fatigue with a womanly strength which overmatched his own. An expression of pain, which had a dash of anger, came over his countenance as he read, plainly graven in the lines of her face, weariness, anxiety, and privation. A dark frown disfigured his forehead as his gaze fell and lingered upon her poor, plain, faded dress. From this his eye swept rapidly around the room, and took an inventory of its humble furniture at one flashing glance. When he spoke again it was with an emphasis and vehemence which showed that powerful feeling was working within him.

"Mary, I don't care for this place for myself. If I only were concerned I would even now leave the city without waiting for an answer, for my very soul revolts at the idea of being put up on trial—forced to go through my paces like a horse they want to buy. That man who insisted yesterday on my going to dinner I could see only

did it that he might measure me, as a carpenter would a board he wants to build into a house. Of course it's all proper enough, but I *can't* force myself to endure it decorously; and the more he labored to turn me inside out, the more irresistibly I felt impelled to shut myself up. But then I *do* want to succeed in this trial for your sake and May's, if it shall please the Merciful Lord to spare her to us. God knows your lot has been hard enough since you became a poor minister's wife! And yet no man has worked more faithfully than I have. To think that angel lying there should have had to wear such shoes as these because her father could not afford to buy her a decent pair! It is wrong; and the parish that has for five years worked me to death and half-starved my wife and child have extortion and robbery to answer for in the sight of God. And yet even that poor pittance was better than to be penniless in a strange place, and scrambling for a parish I have no hope of getting among the score of better-known men that are after it."

Not for the first time now did Henry Blomfield know what courage and wisdom dwelt in the woman's heart that now beat tenderly against his own, and what strength and control in the little hand that was now pressed cool and firm upon his throbbing temples. When that pure, brave Christian woman who sat by his side told him sweetly and calmly that with *him* the meanest hovel was richer than a palace would be without him, he knew she uttered no romantic conventionalism, but the truth of a heart that knew no guile or dissimulation. When she reminded him that the duty he had so often taught to the children at the chancel rail, which was to be faithfully done in that station of life to which it had pleased God to call them, was as much *his* duty as theirs, he felt that the quiet rebuke was just, and that he who aspired to lead others was himself being led by this gentle, womanly hand. In a few words of calm, earnest, homely talk she swept every cloud from his mind and eye, and he felt his feet brought back again to firm ground.

A sound from within made him start as with an electric shock, and hastily turn toward the bed. His little daughter was sitting upright in the full splendor of that delicious light which poured in at the window. From her eyes had gone out the hot glitter of delirium, and the flush of the fever was no longer in her cheeks. She knew her father, and called him softly.

"Papa!"

In a second he was at the bedside.

"Papa, will you please give me a drink of water?"

She was perfectly rational, and her father in this fact felt the most profound joy. He had feared she was to pass away without one word of recognition, or without leaving them a single message of remembrance. But would she die? Would she not now *live*?

The doctor said there would be a change. Was this change unto life or death? Had she

come back to *them* now, or only to herself, for a little while, before going away finally? Was this clear vision only that which comes so often to the sufferer whose eyes are about to close upon mortal scenes forever? They could not tell. A great hope and a great fear struggled together in their hearts, and they prayed for the doctor to come, while they almost dreaded to hear his step. When by-and-by he did come he found his patient lying pallid and quiet, with drops of perspiration dotting her face, where he had left her two hours before crimson with fever, and tossing in delirium. He took her pulse in his fingers with a grave air, while the father and mother watched his face with breathless suspense. The brief moments seemed hours, but when he spoke it was to thrill their hearts with joy.

"Thank God, she will live!"

There was a knock at the door, which Mrs. Blomfield opened to the landlady who brought a note addressed to "Rev. Henry Blomfield." No answer was wanted, she said.

"And how is she?" whispered the kind-hearted woman. Upon hearing from the rejoicing mother the good news she stole into the room on tip-toe to look at little May, and just remaining long enough to shake hands with them all, she went sobbing out of the door, and clattered off down stairs to spread the news through the house, where May was reigning pet from attic to cellar.

As Mr. Blomfield tore open the envelope with a trembling hand a vague prescience of bad news crept chillingly over him and brought a choking lump into his throat. The note ran thus:

"VESTRY ROOM OF ST. JUDE'S PARISH,
"Sunday Afternoon, June 26, 1864."

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—At a full meeting of the wardens and vestrymen of St. Jude's Parish, held this P.M., the matter of your application for the vacant rectorship was duly considered. After a full interchange of views it was resolved that, while recognizing many qualities in yourself which would eminently adorn the position, the vestry feel constrained to decline to enter into the engagement which you seek.

"With the best wishes for your happiness and welfare, I remain, yours very respectfully,

"SAMUEL STEM, Senior Warden.

"REV. HENRY BLOMFIELD."

Notwithstanding Mr. Blomfield's misgivings he was not fully prepared for this disappointment, and a sharp pang shot through his brain as he read in those formal sentences the crushing of all his hopes. A few moments before he would have welcomed a lifetime of beggary to be assured of the restoration to him of his darling child; now she *was* saved to him the sense of his forlorn condition came back to him with redoubled poignancy. He had not even money to pay the doctor who had labored so faithfully to save his precious child. He was already three weeks in arrears for board, and he knew that his landlady was perfectly aware of his circumstances. He felt that she had already gone beyond her means in keeping him, and that if she had only hinted once or twice at the settlement of his bill, it was because of his affliction in the

sickness of his little girl. He felt sure that she would not be able, however willing, to keep him much longer. The world looked very dark before him just now.

As soon as the doctor had left, which he did after he had written a prescription and given Mrs. Blomfield directions for the night, the poor minister sank into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud. Mrs. Blomfield was by his side in a moment; but it required all her tenderness and taxed her Christian strength to the utmost to lift from his heart the heavy load that had fallen upon it. But she did remove it partially, and the minister came that night to the family altar, if not very hopeful, at least not despairing of the future; and when, as they were singing (softly, for they thought May was asleep), a sweet, tremulous voice from the bed joined them in good old Bishop Ken's immortal hymn—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings!"

he felt the cloud lifted as if by angel hands, and his heart became light as it had not been for months. He thought what bitterness of soul would now have been his if that sweet voice were hushed in death, and the light of those dear eyes gone out forever. On the wings of prayer he mounted near to the Throne. From the darkness he stretched out his hands and felt the hand of God, and clasping it became again courageous and strong.

That night Henry Blomfield and his wife sat long by the window talking cheerfully over plans for the future. It was determined that he should go in the morning and answer an advertisement for a teacher of elocution in a flourishing school for young gentlemen, which advertisement he had noticed the day before. Mary insisted that he should now go to bed and get a little sleep, lest, as she jocosely said, he "might nod in the face of the principal on the morrow when he went to seek his fortune." She would lie down by May, and would be sure to hear her if she stirred ever so little. So they both slept.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was dispatched, Mr. Blomfield went to the seminary. There had been twelve applicants, and the place had been filled on Saturday evening. This was unfortunate. But now that his manhood had come back to him he was not to be discouraged by a single disappointment.

But a greater trouble awaited him. Returning home, hot and weary from his long walk, he was met in the hall by Mrs. Emmons, the landlady of the house, who, with much circumlocution and stammering, made her business known.

"You know, Sir, that I have only my boarders to depend upon, and what with the high prices of every thing I have trouble enough to make ends meet. Now, while your dear little girl was so sick I wouldn't have done it for the world. But now she's doing so nicely (I was

up to see her a bit ago, and she was as chirp as a cricket), I feel that I would have been doing my own children wrong if I hadn't. It will only be giving you the trouble of finding another boarding-house, and I'm sorry enough to have you go, I am sure." She said this last with sincere energy.

She had not yet explained herself fully, but Mr. Blomfield felt, with rapidly sinking heart, that what she was hesitating to say plumply was that he was to vacate his room for another family. And this she finally managed to say. "They have been wanting that room for several weeks, but I have refused 'em; and they came again this morning and said I *must* take them, and offered me a good price; and you see, Sir, I am in a way compelled to let them have it. I have, however, put 'em off as long as I could, so that May need not be moved too soon. I have promised they may take it this day week. I don't say any thing about the bill you owe me, Sir. I know that you will pay me when you can, and I am willing to wait." And with many apologies for what Mr. Blomfield could not but acknowledge was truly generous conduct, the worthy woman went off about her work, leaving the poor minister standing in the hall overwhelmed with misery. Here *was* a trouble indeed! To be turned out of this home—left with this helpless family adrift in the great city, without money or friends! He had, it is true, dreamed of such a contingency, but was nevertheless utterly unprepared for it. And this was the tidings he was to carry to his wife, instead of the good news she probably expected. With a heavy heart he mounted the stairs to his room.

III.

Mr. Samuel Stem sat in his snug library, enjoying a fragrant after-dinner cigar and meditating on St. Jude's. He was not quite satisfied that he had acted wisely in counseling the rejection of Mr. Blomfield's application for the rectorship. He was not willing to confess that the objections he urged against him were pushed more strongly and pertinaciously from the fact that, for the first time, the vestry showed a disposition to have an opinion other than Mr. Samuel Stem's, and that more than one member very warmly advocated the claims of the gentleman under discussion. Contending that it was the plain sentiment of the people that he should be called, Mr. Brown, the junior warden, who was nearly as rich as Mr. Stem, was conspicuous in his advocacy of Mr. Blomfield, and even went so far as to say that he thought the wishes of the parish ought to outweigh the prejudices of any individual. Mr. Stem thought he snuffed a faction in the vestry. He had more than once suspected Mr. Brown of aspiring to the senior wardenship and the autocracy of the parish; though, to do Mr. B. prompt justice, he had never had such a thought, and was acting in this matter from a sincere sense of duty. But Mr. Stem was stirred and stiffened by this unexpected opposition, and had finally the sat-

isfaction of learning that his throne was still secure by carrying all the members, save Mr. Brown, in favor of rejection. And yet Mr. Stem was not well at ease about the matter as he smoked his after-dinner cigar.

Mr. Stem's meditations were interrupted by the entrance of his old friend and neighbor Dr. Hart, who often dropped in after dinner for a smoke and a chat. Dr. H. was a genuinely Christian man, but of a different denominational family from the one embracing St. Jude's, and consequently not particularly well informed concerning matters in that parish. Between these friends it was not often that church affairs were brought into the conversation, for both gentlemen were stout polemicists, and in maintaining their several dogmas of ecclesiastical faith were apt to get heated beyond the point of comfortable fellowship. After a few disputes of this kind, which had resulted in their parting in mutual high dudgeon, to the premature ending of a social evening, such controversy came to be tacitly tabooed. But it so fell out, on this particular evening, that Mr. Stem, having his mind full of St. Jude's and its rectorate, did mention the matter of the young minister to Dr. Hart.

The fact was, that notwithstanding their differences of doctrine, there was no man living in whose judgment, outside of Samuel Stem, that gentleman had so much confidence as in his outspoken Calvinistic neighbor. His own opinion he was apt to maintain pretty stoutly, as we have seen, against all ordinary cavilers; that opinion, reinforced by the coincidence of Dr. Hart, he would have upheld against a dissenting world. Hence, being sorely perplexed in his own mind, and extremely anxious to be fortified in the decision he had made, and feeling assured, moreover, that when he sought his friend's advice sincerely, even in a matter like the present, he could count upon its being sincerely rendered, he laid the whole case of Mr. Blomfield before Dr. Hart, yawn and all, stating it as frankly and fairly as he could.

When Mr. Stem came to the name of the Rev. Henry Blomfield in his narration, Dr. Hart repeated it after him as if in some surprise, but made no comment at the moment. Mr. Stem finished by asking,

"And now, Doctor, what is your candid opinion about the matter? Have I done right or wrong?"

Before Dr. Hart could reply little Johnny Stem, a sweet child of seven years, and his father's pet and idol, came bounding into the room in bare feet and snowy night-gown, to claim his father's good-night kiss. Mr. Stem stroked his flossy brown curls and looked into his dancing hazel eyes with a fondness he did not attempt to conceal. Johnny was also a great favorite with Dr. Hart, and after bidding his father good-night he bounded to the Doctor and put up his sweet rose-bud mouth to kiss him too, and then gamboled out of the room and up the stairs with merry shouts that made the house musical.

"Samuel," said the Doctor, gravely, after the door had closed upon the child, "do you love that boy?"

Samuel Stem looked at his friend with surprise.

"Do I love Johnny? Indeed I do. I fear sometimes I am making an idol of that dear child."

"It would be a sore trial for you to lose him?"

"God in mercy forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Stem, with a strong, sharp shudder. "But, Doctor, what do you mean? Surely you don't think that Johnny is—that there is any danger that he will—" and the voice of the alarmed father died away to a tremulous whisper as a frightful possibility, suggested by the grave looks of the Doctor and his strange questions, crept chillingly into his thoughts.

"Reassure yourself, my friend. The boy is perfectly well, and, if it pleases God, in the ordinary course of nature will grow to hale manhood. But I want you to answer me another question, after which I will explain, if indeed you do not guess my drift before I finish it. Suppose that boy were to be stricken down by a malignant disease, so that for days and nights together life and death were so evenly poised that a feather would turn the scale, do you think you would go about your business, eat, drink, and sleep as usual?"

"No, I'm sure I wouldn't. I would not be willing to leave him for an hour."

"Very well. Now suppose, after watching by his bedside for three sleepless and anxious days and nights, you should be compelled by business you could not forego to leave him for a time, would you be apt to give much thought to the ordinary proprieties of life? Would you, I ask?" (the Doctor here fixed his eyes keenly upon Mr. Stem, and threw a startling emphasis into his tone), "think the worse of yourself if you, with your nature unbent from the sharp tension of watching your possibly dying child, and prostrated with sleeplessness and fatigue, should go about yawning in the face of the whole city?"

"No, I'm sure I wouldn't," replied Mr. Stem, with great energy. "But what does all this mean?" he continued. "You don't mean to say that—"

"I mean to say that for three days and nights, save for the hour he spent at your dinner-table, and the hour and a half at the desk of St. Jude's, the man you have just rejected as your pastor has sat by the bedside of as sweet a child as ever blessed a parent's heart, and when he stood in your church on trial he did not know but when he returned to that bedside he would find his child gone to the angels."

Samuel Stem's eyes were full of tears and his head was bent low. He asked,

"Does the child live?"

"She does, and will recover."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Stem, fervently.

"I have seen that man," continued Dr. Hart, "under trying circumstances. I have studied

him with an interest few men have ever awakened in me. He is, in my judgment, one of the noblest, purest, and most Christ-like men I ever saw. Presbyterian as I am, I know of no man to whom as a spiritual guide I would more willingly commit myself than to that young Episcopal priest. And now I will answer your question. You did not do wrong in acting as you did with the light you had. My opinion is you have made a great miss, and that you had better reconsider the matter if possible."

It was later than usual the next day when Dr. Hart came to Mr. Blomfield's room, but his patient was so much better that they had not missed him. After some brief directions to the mother the Doctor turned to Mr. Blomfield and said, "I hardly think it will be necessary for me to come again, she will do very well with mother's good nursing, and if you think it necessary you can call me in at any time. Doctors are pretty expensive friends nowadays, and I have conscience enough to cut off my visits as soon as I see they are not needed any longer."

Mr. Blomfield answered the smile of the Doctor as he said this with another, but so melancholy as to be almost ghastly. A new trouble now beset the poor man. It seemed absolutely necessary that he should say something about pay for the Doctor's services; indeed he probably expected it, and had thrown out this hint about the expense to open the way. Thus thought Mr. Blomfield, but what to say he knew not. He was a stranger to the Doctor, having called him in hastily in the first hours of May's sickness, and he certainly had no right to ask him to wait for his money. But he must say *something*, and trusting to the kindness of heart which the Doctor had seemed to possess in an eminent degree, he began:

"Dr. Hart, I trust you will not think that I would willingly delay for an hour the payment of a debt. I feel that I owe to you something more than money; I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. I feel that to your skill and attention I owe, under God, the life of my dear child. But I am forced to tell you that I am at this time without funds. I will be frank with you, and tell you that I know not when I shall be better off. This misfortune of the illness of my daughter befell us at a time when I was out of employment, and found me nearly destitute of money. I am now in search of employment, and trust that I may soon meet with success. I shall certainly not delay a moment in discharging my debt to you when it is in my power."

"Mr. Blomfield," replied Doctor Hart (with a cough that sounded very dry and harsh, and turning his head away so that the minister did not see a merry twinkle in his eyes, which, however, dear reader, you and I ought to know was shining through a watery film), "I earn my living by my profession; and, although I am not a hard man, I don't feel as if I could afford to give my services to people who are perfect strangers to me."

Mr. Blomfield thought: Heaven help me. How I have been mistaken in this man! But he was stung to the quick by what he fancied the doubt of his honesty in the Doctor's remark about *giving* his services, and with a touching dignity he said:

"Sir, I most deeply regret that my great necessity has compelled me to incur this obligation to you, but I beg you will spare me any doubt of my honor. I have here, Sir, in these trunks, a few books, some of them valuable. Will you permit me to send them to your house to retain as security for the payment of this debt, and I will be glad if you will at once furnish me with the amount, that I may settle it as speedily as possible?"

"There, there, let's have an end of this nonsense!" almost shouted the good old Doctor, who could not carry his mask any longer. "Take your books, indeed! Not if you never paid me. What do you suppose I want of a lot of trump-ery Episcopal theology, a double-dyed Calvinist like me? Here, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll *compromise* the matter, if you like. Let May, here, come and see me every day and give me a kiss, and I'll take off a dollar for every time. Here, baby, give us the first installment now." And the old fellow made a great show of fondling May, who for her part wondered what made her cheeks so wet of a sudden.

"But, hold on, maybe I will get the cash after all. Here is something that I think contains good news for you." And the Doctor produced from his ample pocket-book a note, the counterpart of the one Mr. Blomfield had read with such sorrow the day before. But how different were the contents of this! It ran:

"VESTRY ROOM OF ST JUDE'S, June 27, 1864.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—It becomes my pleasing duty to inform you that the declination by the wardens and vestry-men of this parish of your application for the rectorship which was communicated to you yesterday was reconsidered at a meeting held this day, and it was unanimously resolved to tender you a call to the vacancy, at a salary of \$3000 per annum, to date from the 1st of the present month. I may add, that it is the ardent wish of the officers, as well as the congregation of the parish, that you may find it convenient to accept this call.

"I beg to assure you that you will receive in the discharge of your duties the cordial co-operation of this body, and of none more cheerfully than

"Your obedient servant,

"SAMUEL STEM, Senior Warden.

"REV. HENRY BLOMFIELD."

After reading, first to himself and then aloud, this good news, which at once made every thing bright before him, Mr. Blomfield caught the hand of Dr. Hart with a fervent grasp, and said: "I am sure, Sir, you have in some way brought to my door this marvelous good fortune. But will you pardon me if I ask you to join us in ascribing devout gratitude to God for this His merciful interposition in our behalf? Let us pray."

Samuel Stem does not hesitate to divide with Calvinistic Dr. H. the credit of his last and most successful choice of a rector for St. Jude's.

A LETTER.

I GOT a letter not long ago,
Three close pages the letter filled,
Telling me how in a recent fight
A gallant friend of mine was killed;
And it bade me tell the woman he loved—
There the words seemed somehow to blend—
For as I read it my heart was moved
With grief for her and the loss of my friend.

That night was the night of a brilliant ball,
And I knew that I should meet her there:
Oh, how stately and grand she looked,
With milk-white pearls in her shining hair!
How like a queen she moved through the rooms
Mid the hum and heat and the gaslight's glare,
Where the mingled odors of rich perfumes
Heavily hung on the indolent air!

"Ah, where are her thoughts?" I asked of myself,
As past she whirled in the mazy dance,
Her bright eyes sparkling, her cheek aglow,
And a smile on her lip as she met my glance.
"Does she never think of the battle-plain,
Of the terrible cannon's fiery breath,
Has never a white face, fraught with pain,
Chilled her heart in a vision of death?"

I took her hand for the last quadrille,
And in the pauses we talked of the past,
Talked of her lover, our old school-days;
Yet ever the bugle's ringing blast
Sounded to me in the cornet's strain,
And in place of that scene with its flood of light,
Wrecks of battle and heaps of slain
Loomed like shadows before my sight.

The dull dance ended; the music ceased;
The night waned close on the morning hours;
A languor lurked in the women's eyes;
And an odor of crushed and withered flowers
Had chased from the air its rich perfumes,
As I drew her jeweled arm through my own,
And led her out of the lighted rooms,
That we might speak together alone.

We stood where the failing moon looked in
Through the dim conservatory's shade—
There I told her the sad, sad news,
And saw the rose on her young cheek fade,
Saw her droop like a blighted flower,
With her white hands clasped on her heaving
breast:

"O God!" I said, "in thine own good hour,
End this strife as to thee seems best!"

In a soldiers' hospital, nursing the sick,
But a week ago I saw her last,
Wearing the "sister's" plain black garb
(Oh how different she looked in the past!),
And the poor lads followed her with their eyes—
Moving among them from bed to bed—
As though she were a saint from Paradise,
And there shone a halo around her head.

THE LITTLE MONK.

THERE are many famous cities in Italy: Milan has its wonderful Cathedral, Venice the great square of St. Mark's, Verona the tomb of Juliet, and Rome the nursery of the world; but Florence alone is called beautiful—the beautiful Florence. It lies in the heart of Tuscany, along the silver Arno, surrounded by sloping plains and rounded hills clad in the greenest verdure. Villages crowd the hills and nestle in the valleys, and in the distance you see the woody Apennines shrouded in purple haze. Florence is an old city, time-worn and gray, and unlike any on this side of the water. Its streets are narrow, and the style of its architecture is massive rather than graceful; but it is filled with works of art, abounds in noble palaces and churches, and in its neighborhood are several pious monasteries, among others that of La Certosa.

La Certosa stands on a gentle hill covered with vines and olives, and consists of several chapels and cloisters with gardens attached. Imagine a range of buildings, half church and half fortress, with heavy porches and stained windows; here a court enlivened by a sparkling fountain; there an embowered walk with a crucifix at the end; and there a solitary cell for penance.

In the spring of 1360, when our story begins, it was at the height of its renown: at present it is but the shadow of its former self, so much has it suffered from the violence of the early Italian wars, the gradual decay of the monastic system, and the silent but certain assaults of Time. It is something, however, that it still remains, even in decay. It would have perished long ago, I am fond enough to believe, but for its being haunted by the memory of Hilario, and the fact of his story remaining yet untold. And who was Hilario, you ask? One of its abbots whose life was a round of holiness, whose days were passed in meditation, and whose nights were sleepless vigils? One of its monks renowned for fasts and penances, or the noble prince whose liberality endowed and upheld it? Neither prince, abbot, nor monk, I reply, but a simple peasant-boy—a dreamer, some twelve years old. Let me relate his story.

Hilario was the second child of peasant parents who lived in the neighborhood of Florence. Of his father but little is known, save that he was a handsome, graceless scamp, with a passion for rattling the dice-box and breaking female hearts. His mother was young and beautiful. Conceive a Florentine girl of sixteen; give her strange, bright eyes, and long black hair, rounded cheeks not too bloomy, a light and graceful form, and a pretty hand and foot. Such was Fiammetta when she became the wife of Martillini, and such was she to the last in spite of his ill-usage and neglect. Her first child, a little girl, died in its infancy; the second was Hilario, who lived, for any thing that I know to the contrary, till he was three-

score and ten. His mother, however, died when he was a wee babe of six months. She perished by the Great Plague, which, in 1348, devastated Florence and the greater part of Italy. She was among the first who caught the infection, or the monks would hardly have been so willing to receive her little Hilario. A few months later and he must have perished with her, so powerless were they to succor those who sought shelter within their walls. But as it was, they adopted the child, and promised to bring him up in piety and good works. The next day Fiammetta died, and was buried in the shade of an olive-tree hard by, and Hilario became a little monk.

Luckily for the child, as well as the good fathers, the gardener of La Certosa had a wife, who consented to nurse Hilario, having just lost a little boy of her own. She suckled the babe until he was able to be weaned, and when he was able to go alone she was swept away by the Plague, as was the gardener also.

The next year or two Hilario took care of himself, child though he was, so dreadful were the ravages of the Pestilence, and so busy the monks of La Certosa administering the sacrament to the sick and dying in Florence and the villages round about. Wandering at will through the various buildings of the monastery, he found his way to the refectory at meal-times, to the chapel at vespers, and to the garden and its winding walks at all hours. At the start he was afraid of the stone cherubims between the windows, and the figures of the couchant hound on the tomb of the knight Niccolo; but by degrees he took courage and stared unflinchingly into the eyes of the first, and offered the last an ortolan, in hopes that he would eat it and become good friends with him.

This was in the smallest cloister, which was ever after a favorite with him; for when his timidity wore off he discovered that the panes therein were beautifully stained with monks, and nuns, and angels, and the good St. Bruno. As his boldness increased he explored the other chapels, and finally ventured into the largest as far as the altar. Behind the altar was a great window of stained glass, dusk and dim by day, and hardly lighted on the most radiant of summer eves. It was several days before Hilario saw it in its glory; but when at last the setting sun shone upon it he was delighted beyond measure. Not that the simple child guessed what it was that he beheld, or knew how much it entranced him; he merely sat down on the steps of the altar, and gave himself up to the picture before him as we give ourselves up to a dream.

And a beautiful dream it was, the picture in the window—the most benign dream that has yet visited this gray old world—the Virgin and Holy Child! The Virgin sat on a sort of throne-chair, with a high back and sculptured arms, and in her lap rested the Child Jesus, holding a gilded globe and cross. Before him knelt the Wise Men offering gums, spices, and jewels,

their swarthy faces brightened by the halo round his brow; above him glittered the miraculous Star, and above the Star hovered the Holy Dove, bearing an olive bough in its bill. The dove was no novelty to Hilario, for he remembered noticing a flock of similar ones flying over the garden; but the child was the first he had ever seen, and he wondered thereat. He was not alone then in the shadowy chapel, but had a little brother on the gorgeous window (such was the meaning of his childish reveries), and a mother to watch over and love him. For the pictured Virgin seemed to smile on the motherless Hilario, while the Child Jesus offered him the gilded globe and cross! When the monks came into the chapel to celebrate vespers they found Hilario with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed on the face of the Blessed Child. During the service they gazed at their young brother full as often as at the Infant Saviour, and felt no compunctions at heart therefore; for they remembered what the Lord himself says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Hilario grew rapidly, and was wise beyond his years; an earnest and thoughtful child. Not pale and thin like most young dreamers, but stalwart and strong, with brave blue eyes and chubby red cheeks. How could it well be otherwise when he spent hours each day playing in the gardens of La Certosa, fanned by the warm wind and sunned by the light sky of Tuscany? There were flowers to be weeded and watered (for the monks had procured another gardener, a widower with a little daughter named Annunciata), shrubbery to be clipped and trimmed, doves to be fed; and, when all this was done, purple butterflies to chase, and golden bees to listen to—honey-making bees, whose hives were somewhere near. He must have been a house-child indeed who could have kept indoors while gardens like those of La Certosa were always open to him.

But we can not always live in gardens, however much we may love the flowers, nor yet in chapels and cloisters, albeit under the very eyes of the saints; there is other business in life, and other lore to be learned, duties to be performed, and many a good and wise book to be read and pondered on.

"It is about time," said the abbot, when Hilario had attained his fourth birthday—"it is about time that our little brother should know how to read his Psalter."

"I have long thought so, my lord," answered Father Michael, one of the gravest of the monks; "and was about to propose teaching the boy the rudiments of the Latin tongue."

"Do so, my brother," continued the abbot; and calling Hilario to him, Father Michael began his first lesson. He opened an illuminated copy of the Gospels, and laying it on his knees pointed out the different letters. It was no easy task to engage Hilario's attention, for when summoned by the abbot he was in the act of catching a butterfly; besides, he was never at any time overfond of Father Michael.

Failing to interest the child with the alphabet, the good Father turned over the leaves and showed him the emblazoned initials and the strips of illumination. They were pretty enough, with their manifold colors, crimson, and purple, and blue, laced and barred with gold and silver inks; lattices of scroll-work, sprigs of leaves, garlands of vines, bunches of white lilies, and flocks of doves. Hilario was pleased with the pictures, and he tried to be interested in the letters, but a stray sunbeam distracted him.

"It is brighter than the gold ink in your book," said he to Father Michael, "and, hark! your doves don't coo like those in the garden."

Father Michael knew that well enough, for he had a fine taste for nature, in spite of his asceticism; but it would not do to confess it to Hilario just at that time, when the lad was hunting about for an excuse to escape his purposed studies; so he shaded the grating of the cell till it kept out the sunshine, and read aloud the best of the Gospel parables, tracing with his finger the printed words as the spoken ones dropped from his tongue; he then translated the Latin into Italian, the soft dialect of Tuscany. He read the Parable of the Sower, the story of the Marriage at Cana, and how the Child Jesus sat in the temple and taught the Jewish Rabbins. Hilario listened attentively, standing by the side of the grave monk; and when the latter ended his reading in the middle of the Parable of the Unjust Steward, the curiosity of the child was thoroughly aroused. He waited a moment for Father Michael to finish the parable, and finding that he did not, but on the contrary shut the book and fastened its clasps, he asked, "What became of the steward?"

"That our little brother will know when he learns to read."

From that hour there was no further trouble in teaching Hilario his alphabet and the rudiments of Latin. Sunbeams in the grating, doves in the garden, the flowers which Annunciata threw in the cell—nothing drew the young student from his lessons at Father Michael's knee. He was soon able to read and understand the Breviary, which Father Michael used at matins and vespers, and he succeeded in making the good monk read to him the remainder of the Unjust Steward. It was not long before Father Michael had two pupils instead of one; for the little Annunciata, growing tired of throwing flowers at the rapt Hilario, ventured into the cell herself, to see what kept him from her so many sunny hours. With Father Michael's permission he showed her the illuminated Gospel; and the two young heads bent over it, almost touching the leaves with their eyes.

To reward Hilario for his diligence Father Michael gave him a little robe of white serge with a hood of the same; a cord to wear around his waist; sandals for his feet; and a cross and rosary to hang by his side. He was an exact copy of the brothers of La Certosa; and when they first saw him in his new robe—it was at vespers—not one but smiled to himself and re-

membered his own childhood. To tell the truth, the boy was a gleam of sunshine on the sombre walls of the monastery. He touched the withered hearts of the old monks, and made them living and loving men.

About this time the family of the Knight Niccolo, the hound upon whose tomb frightened Hilario so in his baby years, wishing to honor their pious relative, dug for his dust a subterranean chapel, and dedicated it to his memory. When it was finished there came an architect from Florence, Messire Andrea Orcagna, who erected a grand monument over the saintly warrior. Four twisted columns supported a canopy under which lay an image of Niccolo in full armor, his sword by his side, and his hands folded on his breast. It was a fine piece of workmanship, and the monks were loud in its praise. To Hilario it was a miracle, and he was never tired of looking at it. His admiration pleased the good architect, who begged permission one day to take the child with him to Florence.

"The boy has a soul for art," said he to the abbot; "let me show him some of its masterpieces." The abbot consented, and the pair set out for the city—Messire Andrea in his silken cloak, and Brother Hilario in his robe of serge.

Walking side by side in pleasant talk, now in the shade of chestnuts and pines, and now in the sunny spaces between them; up hills and down dales; past convents, churches, and villas; the distance between La Certosa and Florence rapidly lessened, and our travelers soon found themselves at the city gate. Messire Andrea would fain have carried Hilario, for it was a gala day, and the streets were somewhat crowded; and Hilario the child was quite willing to be carried, for the journey had wearied him, but Hilario the monk, Brother Hilario, wouldn't for a moment hear of it, but trudged behind the smiling architect, struggling through the opposing crowd with a stout heart and a very weak pair of legs.

They passed the Vecchio Palace, with its projecting battlements and its lofty bell-tower; the unfinished Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, and Grotto's Campanile, and finally came to the Church of Santa Maria Novello. The morning service was over, and the church was nearly deserted. The priest was disrobing; the censerboys had already departed; only the sacristan remained.

"This little monk," said the architect, pointing to Hilario, "comes to see the Golden Virgin of Cimabue. He won't detain you long; in the mean time take this sequin," and he slipped one into the hand of the sacristan.

"Bless his little hood," replied the sacristan; "he shall stay as long as he pleases. Let me show his reverence the way."

On the walls of the west nave they found the Golden Virgin. It was not, as you may suppose, a golden image, but a picture on a gold ground, the work of the illustrious Cimabue. It was the boast of Florence in those days, the glory of all her citizens, and old chronicles describe the en-

thusiasm with which it was first received when fresh from the easel of the inspired master; how it was borne home from his studio on a triumphal car drawn by milk-white steeds, preceded by chanting monks and young girls strewing flowers, and followed by the shouting populace; and how Charles of Anjou, then on his way to Naples, crossed himself devoutly as it passed him, and hung a diamond chain on the neck of the modest painter.

"How does little Hilario like the picture?" inquired the architect.

"It is beautiful, maestro mio; but I don't like it like the one at home. In that the Virgin loves me, and the Jesus Child smiles; here they say, '*Worship us.*' I like that angel better;" and he pointed to a tomb on which was sculptured an angel with inverted torch, the Greek Genius of Death.

"Many thanks, Brother Hilario," said the flattered sculptor; "that figure is mine. You like Greek art, I see. Let me carry you a while, and I will show you more of it. Come, jump in my arms." The offer was too tempting to be resisted; monk Hilario pleaded, but child Hilario triumphed; for he took the hand of Messire Andrea, and, springing into his arms, nestled on his broad breast, and was borne down the aisles and into the street, drowsed with fatigue. He must have slept while in the arms of his friend, for when he came to himself it was near noon, and in a different part of the city. Instead of the dim old church and its gorgeous pictures, he saw a beautiful room filled with marble statues—figures of men and gods, graceful and strong, and pure as snow. He trod on a marble pavement of divers colors, and over him rose a vaulted dome inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Does our good father like the statues?" inquired the architect after the boy had gazed his fill.

"I like that man who kneels to sharpen his knife;* he is a grand fellow, his eye fairly flashes. And the two yonder with limbs locked, tugging and straining to throw each other down;† won't they fall and break? But that queer man with shaggy thighs and goat's feet,‡ I would love him the most if he would only finish his dance. Look! he snaps his fingers, and shakes his beard. Let us hide behind the door, and he will begin again. Dance, faun, dance!"

They went from room to room, the sculptor pointing out the master-pieces of his art, and Hilario prattling about them in his odd, childish way. "We have been indoors long enough," said Messire Andrea, when he had finished showing Hilario the treasures of the chamber. "I will take you to the garden of Florence, and then we must back to the monastery, for I promised Father Michael to return you before vespers."

Opposite the court-yard, at the back of what is now the Pitti Palace, was a large amphitheatre, from which diverged a number of paths that

* The Knife-grinder.

† The Wrestlers.

‡ The Dancing Faun.

ascended the hill whereon the garden stood. Hither Messire Andrea led Hilario, and climbing from terrace to terrace they soon arrived at the summit. Down long and winding avenues, arched over with leafy laurels; through groves of acacia, and pine, and oak; past thickets of bay, and among beds of flowers till they came to Orange Island. Messire Andrea threw himself at full length on the turf and gave himself up to his thoughts, and Hilario wandered about at his pleasure, chasing the almond blossoms as they drifted by on the wind, and skimming pebbles over the surface of the lake. The city lay below steeped in the afternoon sun, a cluster of palaces and towers, with here and there a dome lifted in the air. Beyond its walls on the north and east you saw the wooded Apennines; on the south the valley of the Arno, studded with olive groves and green with summer; and on the west the Arno itself, glittering like fire. Feasting his eye with these delights, and lulled by the hum of the city, Messire Andrea slipped from dream to dream till the declining sun warned him to awake. He looked for Hilario, and not finding him any where about ascended an avenue of cypress, which led from the margin of the lake to the highest summit of the garden. The avenue was lined with statues of fauns and wood gods, except at its upper end where the circle of the terrace commenced, and there some one had placed the figure of a little monk. He stood on a pedestal two or three feet in height, with his back to Messire Andrea. There was a similar pedestal on the other side of the avenue, but it was vacant. "What can this mean?" thought the sculptor; for he remembered no monk there when he last visited the place: "I must see into the mystery." It was no mystery at all, but only brother Hilario, who had climbed the pedestal to have a better view of the city. He it was whom the sculptor had mistaken for a statue, as you or I might have done ourselves, so motionless was the dreaming child, and so calm and white the folds of his robe and hood. There was nothing of the statue though in his red cheeks and blue eyes when you saw them; and neither you nor I ever saw a statue jump from its pedestal and walk down a cypress avenue as did the little monk. For Hilario was as anxious to return to the monastery as was Messire Andrea to have him return; so off they started at full speed, walking in the yellow sunset, and finally entered the great chapel just as vespers began.

The next day, and for days and months afterward, Father Michael resumed his teaching of Hilario, exercising the boy in the Latin and Tuscan tongues. His other pupil, the little Annunciata, studied with them, but more because she was lonesome without Hilario than because she loved Father Michael's Gospels. The Gospel of woman (and what save a budding woman is a little damsel of eight, the age of Annunciata!) is her heart, and from the beginning she reads it intuitively. While we, poor dullards, are fretting over our horn-books, master-

ing their contents line by line, she unclasps the Gospel of Love and is soon deep in its glowing pages!

Hilario and Annunciata! Were I a painter I would select these children for a theme, and paint them in a picture as I see them in my fancy, reading together in the old monk's cell. They sit on a little bench at Father Michael's feet, the light of the grated casement slanting on their faces, the illuminated Gospel open on their knees. The wind plays with the book, mistaking its vignettes for flowers, and the hair of the children for sunshine! A hand of each secures the rebellious leaves, and now and then brushes back the clustering curls. Father Michael turns his head, the hands meet and press each other, and from behind the curls what glances! They are studying the Gospel, old man! They have found the text which says, "Little children, love one another."

Yes, Hilario and Annunciata loved—loved in that old monastery, in the midst of those gray priests. It was as strange as the growth of flowers down in deep dark mines, or up in the intense cold of mountain peaks. But so it was. And if any body was to blame in the matter, it was Father Michael and the old romancers. For you must know that when Hilario had gone through the Evangelists, and was beginning to read the Fathers, the old priest showed him his library of MSS., and let him read them at his leisure in the cell or the garden, or wherever else he pleased.

I am afraid the Fathers fared badly for a time, the children were so wrapt in the chroniclers. Their favorite haunt was the garden. At the end of its chief walk there was a little bower which Annunciata had begged from her father. Four almond-trees were its pillars, and a lattice-work of vines inclosed them. The day stole in from above tinged with bloom, and from the sides greenly, as if through curtains of emerald. The floor was a plat of grass, in the centre of which stood a rustic seat of woven twigs. It was just the place to read romances in; so green, and fresh, and still. You heard no noise, save the wind in the leaves, or the murmur of some adventurous bee; and saw nothing alien to your thought—almond boughs overhead, bunches of grapes on each side, and in front, down the garden-walk, flowers and butterflies.

As soon as their lesson was over Hilario and Annunciata tripped from Father Michael's cell, the former with a roll of MSS. under his arm, the latter with a frame of broidery, and hid away in the bower. Had you been near at such times you would have heard them reading with whispery voices, not much louder than the bees (who are reading too, for aught I know, when we think they are only humming) or the wind in the leaves. Peeping in the bower, you would have seen them side by side on the rustic seat, Hilario with his hood thrown back, and his sandaled feet on the grass, and Annunciata bending over her broidery, drinking every word as it fell from his lips. Or you might have

seen Annunciata reading while Hilario held her broidery. They read the best of the old romances—King Robert of Sicily, Gawain and Gologlass, The Squire of Low Degree, and Launcelot of the Lake. These were in Latin; in Tuscan they had the history of the Trojan War, by Guido of Colonna, and that medley of things sacred and profane, The Gesta Romanorum.

They were ripe for the seed of romantic love, and it blossomed at once in their hearts and brains, imparting an air of courtliness to their manners, and a sweet extravagance to their dreams. Hilario imagined himself a king or knight, according to the romance he was reading, and Annunciata was a queen or damsel in distress. He spurred his steed against Paynim foes, and she waved her scarf from gloomy battlements. Or they walked side by side in enchanted vales under a rainbow moon. Their hands met, and were locked together, like the tendrils of the vines around them, and the almond blossoms dropped on their hair. And when they read the mournful story of Francesca of Rimini (for Father Michael had a copy of the Divina Commedia in Dante's own handwriting), their tears dropped faster than the blossoms, blotting the precious parchment. That day they read no more.

But during all this while, the days of romance-reading and the months and years of Father Michael's teaching, Hilario never forgot that he was a monk or neglected his duty in the chapel. It was his duty to wait on the abbot at mass; he helped him change his vestments, swing the smoking censer, and rang the bell at the elevation of the Host. Picture to yourself the dim old chapel and its massive pillars; the procession of hooded monks in the aisles; the lighted tapers and the glittering altar; and in the stained window behind them the Holy Mother and Child! The gray-headed abbot chants the prayers, the brethren beat their breasts, the voices of the choir tremble, and the organ oppresses the air with its thunder. The gloom deepens and weighs upon the soul. But see in front of the altar a little dreamer in white! His hands are clasped prayerfully over his breast, and the dying sunset, smiling through the Jesus Child, imparts a halo to his hair! Nor only Hilario but Annunciata likewise, standing behind her father, the tanned old gardener. She counts her beads demurely, but her eyes are fixed on Hilario. He seems not to see her, but gazes steadfastly on the Jesus Child, and sees her all the more!

Up to the time of his falling in love with Annunciata it never came home to Hilario that he was a monk. To be sure every body called him the little monk, and he wore his monk's robe and hood daily; but he ceased to remember, or never perhaps knew, the obligation imposed upon him. Living in a monastery may be a very good preparation for heaven, but it keeps one from knowing a great many things on earth. In his journey to Florence with Messire Andrea, and the walks to which it gave rise

among the neighboring villages, Hilario saw noble lords and ladies walking in splendid gardens, and in drooping vineyards laughing lads and lasses. Hands met hands, eyes answered eyes, and Youth and Beauty went up and down the world together. It was not so in the monastery; except himself and Annunciata no one there loved, unless in secret, and parted from his dear one. The gray-headed abbot, austere and cold, Father Michael the studious book-worm, Father Geronymo and the rest of the brethren, it could not be that they had known the weakness of human passion. "No," said Hilario, "I am the only lover here." But could he have read the hearts and memories of the monks he might have thought otherwise.

A paragraph or so back I mentioned Annunciata's father, the tanned old gardener. It was to him that Hilario went, like Sir Degore to the Soldan, and confided the secret of his love. It amused the old man vastly; but he preserved a grave face, and affected to feel honored by the proposed alliance.

"There is but one objection, Hilario; you are a monk, and monks can not marry."

"If monks are not allowed to marry, then I will be one no longer. But can not I be absolved?"

"Yes," said the gardener, "if the Pope will grant you a dispensation; and I dare say he will. You have only to go to Rome."

"To Rome be it, then," said Hilario, as he walked away.

"When the sky falls we shall have larks," laughed the gardener, and went on plucking his weeds.

This was in the afternoon of a bright day in May, 1360, and shortly after Hilario had attained his twelfth birthday. The next morning he rose at dawn and set out for Rome, telling no one of his intention, not even Annunciata. The abbot missed the boy at matins, and supposing him in the garden sent thither for him. He was not found, so the service proceeded without him. His chair was vacant at breakfast in the refectory; nor did he make his appearance in Father's cell at the hour of recitation. Annunciata came and attempted to say her lesson; but missing the company, and, it may be, the prompting of Hilario, she made but sorry work of it. Father Michael dismissed her before she was half through, and they separated for the day, the monk to wonder afresh what had happened to the boy, and the damsel to wander forlornly in the garden.

Here for a time we must leave her and follow the fortunes of Hilario. Starting from the monastery at daybreak, he struck at once into an unfrequented path, which ran in the same direction as the public highway, and was soon a league on his journey to Rome. The dew was so bright under his feet and the sky so blue over his head that he fairly sang for joy, forgetting the distance he had to travel, and almost forgetting Annunciata, for whose sake he was traveling. But that and more was to be forgiven in a child

like him, so delightful were the landscapes by which he was surrounded.

The Valley of the Arno is the most beautiful spot in all Italy, a region of divine slopes and hollow vales, studded with graves and vineyards, a very dreamland of form and color. It has no equal in the New World. Through its groves and vineyards, across its vales, and up its slopes went Hilario, shouting aloud, now chasing a hare or bird, and now stopping to pluck a handful of grapes. He walked on till near noon, when he came to the foot of a mountain, across which his pathway wound; beyond that point the monastery would be lost to him. He ascended the mountain a short distance to obtain a better view of what he had left, and spying a stone cross which some pious soul had erected, he knelt before it and counted his beads, praying for himself and Annunciata, wondering the while whether she missed him much, and what she was at that moment doing. While he was musing the bells of La Certosa rang for noon; and so sweet were their chimes, floating from vale to vale, and mellowed by distance, that he half wished himself back. But when he remembered his love for Annunciata he took heart again, and set his face for Rome, trudging manfully around the mountain, framing in his mind what he intended to say to the Pope. "Holy Father," thought he, and here his fancy stopped.

In the afternoon he crossed the Arno, and before evening reached the village of Cucina, where he slept for the night. His food through the day, and for many days afterward, was grapes, vineyards of which grew all along his route, and his drink water, or the light wines of Tuscany. He had nothing to fear from want in a country like Italy; and as for shelter, was he not a monk? And what peasant but felt himself honored when a monk stopped at his cottage? It was beautiful to see the tenderness with which he was regarded by the simple folk of Tuscany. Those whom he passed in the fields crossed themselves and said an Ave; on the road he was stopped and his blessing asked; and when he drew near a cottage its inmates came to the door and invited him in.

There was a strange mingling of the monk and the child in his words and actions, and it captivated the hearts of all who saw him, especially mothers with children of his own age. They saw at once his orphaned condition, and loved and pitied him as only women can love and pity the children of the dead. Some gave him fruit and bowls of cream, while others threw back his hood and kissed his brow and cheeks. But those who had children dead, pale mothers of unseen angels, it was they who loved him most, parted his curls oftenest, and looked the deepest into his soft blue eyes. To their hearts his "Peace be with you!" was as a message from God.

On the morning of the second day the valley of the Arno broadened into a plain, across which Hilario trudged, breaking for himself a path in the untrampled grass. The morning wind roll-

ed the waves of verdure around his feet, and went sweeping away beyond him, ruffling the long billows as far as the eye could see, where they poured down some vale on the east, or broke against the base of the Apennines. From the hour of his leaving Florence till he reached the Eternal City—a ten days' journey—the Apennines were always in sight, stretching along his path like the wall of the world. In some places they seemed to huddle together, peak behind peak; at others leagues intervened between, vistas of valley and plain opening on soft skies and snowy clouds. It was difficult to distinguish the clouds above the mountains from the snow on their summits, so dazzlingly white were both in the clear Italian light. The mountains were clothed with forests of pine, oak, and chestnut, old and trackless, and frowned grandly through the haze of distance. "Holy Father," said Hilario, pursuing his yesterday's speech, "you see a little monk;" and here he ceased, for his fancy wandered off and was lost in the mountains.

From fertile plains to sandy hills, brown and barren, worn by old floods in a thousand shapes; down desolate gullies and ravines; along the source of the Tiber, a mere thread; through Arezzo, Camuscia, and Cortona; past the haunted lake Thrasymene, the olive-hedged road of Passignano, the fields and orchards of Clitumnus, the Roman gate of Spoleto, the leafy defiles of Mount Somma, the ruins of Otricoli, the dreary waste of the Campagna; in the morning light, the blaze of noon, the sober golden eve; under the white moon and stars; day by day and league by league, plodded Hilario on his pilgrimage to Rome, as lone and lovely in the changing landscapes through which he passed as a southward-flying bird. Occasionally some peasant gave him a lift in his cart, and once a mounted horseman seated the boy on his saddle, and they rode together seven or eight leagues, chatting pleasantly.

The ninth morning of his journey saw Hilario beyond Civita Castellana, on the road to Nepi. He passed the Roman Aqueduct, old in the days of the Cæsars, which supplied the latter city with water, and lingered, as many a traveler has done since, to watch the river that flows through its arches, and falls through clouds of spray in the rocky ravine.

Then came the Campagna, a boundless grassy waste, moving to and fro like the surface of the sea; not in waves or billows, but with a slow and level motion, monotonous and wearisome. It was watered by rivulets and streams; lighted by miniature lakes, paven with the marble sky or matted weeds; and sown with wild-flowers, the chiefest of which were poppies:

"And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread."

Brushing flowers at every step, and frightening the shy lizards from their hiding-places in the hedges, on and on plodded Hilario, till he reached Baccano, and came in sight of Rome. He passed groups of shepherds clad in sheep-skin

cloaks, and followed by dingy white dogs, or mounted horsemen armed with long lances in pursuit of buffaloes; and now and then he was overtaken by peasants driving carts laden with wine-casks, or heavy wains drawn by majestic oxen. Others were on foot, jaunty-looking fellows with steeple-crowned hats bound with ribbons, scarlet vests embroidered with gold, silver buckles at their knees, and around their waists fringed scarfs of some gay color; and peasant-girls in bodices and short skirts, with head-dresses of white linen, and silver arrows in their hair.

Beyond Baccano he saw Rome in the distance, looming over the waste of the Campagna, a mass of domes and towers, drawn darkly against the horizon. "Now," thought he, "I shall see the Pope, and he will absolve me from my vow. 'Holy Father, you see a little monk, who loves a little damsel'"—but his fancy outran him, and reveled in Rome.

A league farther and the city grew more distinct; he saw its seven hills crowned with palaces and churches, the belfries topping its convents, and finally the obelisk inside the Gate of the People.

It was late in the afternoon when he entered the city, too late for him to see the Pope that day, so he shook the dust from his sandals, and sat down and rested a while in the shadow of the obelisk. Worn out by his ten days' journey, and lulled by the sleepy dash of the fountains, his head drooped on his bosom, his hand unclasped from his staff, and he was soon fast asleep, and dreaming of Annunciata. It seemed to him that they were sitting together in the garden of La Certosa, not as of old, a little monk and damsel reading stately romances, but she a blushing lady with orange-flowers in her hair, and he a dainty cavalier, with sword and cloak and plume. Then they knelt in the chapel, as was their custom at vespers, not apart, as of old, but side by side, in front of the altar, at the feet of the abbot. The abbot chanted the service, the choir sang an anthem, and the organ thundered and thundered. Annunciata passed from his sight, he knew not how, the abbot disappeared in the sacristy, and the whole chapel seemed to undergo a change; only the music remained, a storm of sound—the music and Father Michael. But no, it was not Father Michael either; for, opening his eyes drowsily, Hilario found himself in the arms of a strange monk; not where he sat down to rest, in the shadow of the obelisk, but in a lighted chapel where vespers were being celebrated; in the chapel of St. Costanza, whither the monk had borne him, dead asleep. He woke up as far as he was able till vespers were done, and finished his night's rest in the cell allotted him.

The next morning he was awakened by the ringing of the bells that ushered in Ascension Day. Donning again his monk's robe, he followed the brethren of St. Costanza to the Church of St. John Lateran; saw the Pope officiating in the high mass, and then stole softly out, and

awaited his coming. It was impossible to get near, much less to speak to, His Holiness on his way to the papal palace. What with the bands of horsemen and pikemen, the long procession of monks and friars, the citizens that kept pouring in from every street, and the crowds of pilgrims like himself, Hilario was nearly trampled to death. One moment he caught a glimpse of the canopied chair of the Pope, the next he was swept back by the surging sea; the red caps of the cardinals mingled with the gray robes of the friars, and then his hood was pushed over his eyes. Luckily for him there was a puppet-show near, and when the multitude were done with the Pope, as most of them were by the time he reached the palace, they ran off to see the puppets, leaving the road tolerably safe for little folks like Hilario. He pushed his way through the stragglers that remained, and climbed the steps of the papal palace, eager and yet afraid; his heart beat wildly, the blood flushed up in his cheeks, and he trembled in every limb. At the second staircase he was stopped by one of the Pope's guard, a handsome knave in slashed doublet and hose.

"Halt, my little master!"

"Stand aside, fellow!" said Hilario, stoutly; "I have business with His Holiness."

"Indeed, your reverence," said the soldier; "then I will let you pass; but I must see my captain first. Will you take my battle-axe, and keep guard in my absence, or will you go and find monseigneur yourself?"

"I will keep guard," replied Hilario, and took the battle-axe, which the soldier placed in his hands. It was as much as he could do to hold it, the head was so heavy; but he managed to keep it upright till the soldier returned with his captain.

"I have come all the way on foot from Florence," said Hilario to the captain, "to obtain a dispensation from the Pope, and I hope you will admit me to him. Pray, Sir, do, and Annunciata will thank you."

"Oh ho!" smiled the captain, "there is a lady then in the case. Come with me, Father Francis—I think you said Francis?—and I will see what can be done. I am the slave of the ladies."

Up the passage they strode, the sandals of Hilario pattering on the pavement to the jingling of the captain's rapier. Reaching the door of the Pope's chamber, the captain tapped thrice thereon. "Come in," answered a voice beyond. The door opened, the soldier bowed and retreated, and Hilario found himself in the presence of Innocent the Sixth. He sat at a large table, covered with books and papers, in full canonicals, just as he came from mass, his mitre by his side, and a half-opened letter in his hand. His hair was thin and white, and he looked anxious and care-worn. The troublous times in which he lived weighed upon his heart and occupied all his thoughts. He started when Hilario entered, like one who fears treachery every where; but when he saw that his visitor was a

mere child he reassured himself, and smiled, partly at his timid fancies, and partly to cheer Hilario.

"Come hither, my son, and tell me who you are, and what you want."

"Holy Father," said Hilario, "you see a little monk who loves a damsel named Annunciata. We live in the monastery of La Certosa. I love Annunciata, and Annunciata loves me. The gardener says a monk can not marry. Now I am a monk, and I want to marry Annunciata. And I beseech you, Holy Father, to absolve me. I have walked all the way to Rome to see your Highness."

"Poor child!" thought the Pope, sadly, "and you, too, protest against the creed that crushes the heart of its priests." Then aloud: "So you love the little Annunciata?"

"Dearly, your Grace."

"I will absolve you, then, on one condition—that you tell me all about it. Come, begin, and I will write the dispensation. You have a father?"

"I know none, except Father Michael."

"A mother?"

"With the angels."

And thus they went on, the Pope asking questions and the child answering them, till he had unfolded the few incidents of his uneventful life. It was a plain tale, simply told; but it charmed that worn and wearied man, so seldom did he come in contact with a fresh, unworldly nature. For all his having lived years in La Certosa, and worn the garb of its brethren, Hilario was no monk, and stood in no need of being absolved on account of his love for Annunciata. But who could have told him so, after such a brave pilgrimage to Rome? Not Innocent the Sixth; for he humored the boy's mistake by writing him a free dispensation. And thus it ran:



"We, Innocent the Sixth, successor of St. Peter, and Pope of the Church of Rome: By virtue of the power vested in us as Head of the Faith and Vicar of God on Earth: We hereby permit our beloved Brother Hilario to love the damsel Annunciata, daughter of the gardener of La Certosa, and to wed her when he grows up to manhood.

"And may God bless them both, now and evermore.

"Given at our Palace in Rome, and sealed with the Fisher's Ring, ASCENSION DAY, 1360."

"And now," said the Pope to Hilario, after sealing the precious missive, "receive an old man's blessing." The absolved monk knelt at the feet of his spiritual Father, who laid his consecrated hand upon him, and breathed a solemn prayer—*In nomine Deus, et Filius*. He then summoned one of his Cardinals, to whom he whispered a few words, apparently concerning Hilario, and made his exit by a private staircase, leaving the boy delighted and amazed

Ten days afterward the brethren of La Certosa were taking their evening meal in the refectory. It was Pentecost, and vespers were over. The air was dusk, although the tapers were not yet lighted. The abbot sat at the head of the table, with Messire Andrea Orcagna on his right hand, and Father Michael on his left: the monks sat below—a line of glimmering forms, ending with the old gardener on one side and Annunciata on the other.

"Any news of Hilario yet?" inquired Messire Andrea.

"None," said the Abbot.

"Alas! none," sighed Father Michael.

"I fear he will never return," the sculptor added.

"He *has* returned!" answered a strange but well-known voice. The lights at that moment appeared, and, sure enough, there was Hilario, standing at Father Michael's elbow, his dispensation in his hand; not as when he left the monastery, a little monk in robe and hood, but a dainty cavalier in sword and cloak and plume! Yes, it was Signor Hilario, whom the Pope had sent back by a courier. And right glad was the signor to get back to his old friends the monks and his dear mistress Annunciata. And right glad were they to have him back, especially the little lady, although I doubt whether she told him so at first.

What finally became of Hilario—whether he grew up to manhood and wedded Annunciata, or whether they quarreled and parted, as the truest of lovers sometimes will, is a matter of dispute among the chroniclers. My own opinion is that they were wedded, and that Hilario became a sculptor with Messire Andrea. For when I was last in Florence—it is now five years ago—sauntering in the Pitti Garden, at the end of the cypress avenue I saw on a pedestal the figure of a monk, a little monk like Hilario; and opposite it was another, a damsel with orange flowers in her hair. To be sure they may have been carved by Messire Andrea, or some other sculptor of that period; but I choose to think them the first work of the Little Monk.

DEATH AND LOVE.

I CRIED to Life, "All earthly things above,
Let me behold the radiant brow of Love!"

The fierce desire stirred all my passionate heart:
"Love! let me look on Love ere I depart!"

The waters rounding to the rounded shore,
One melancholy voice of warning bore:

The one cloud golden in the sunset swept
Into the gloom—a wraith that warned and wept:

Through the dumb woods of June a shudder went,
As the crisp leaves to lips prophetic bent.

And Life in sorrow raised the perilous fold,
"Importunate as Psyche's self—Behold!"

Longing to horror yielded in a breath,
I who had looked on Love had looked on Death!

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FIRST. THE CUP AND THE LIP.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIRD OF PREY BROUGHT DOWN.

COLD on the shore, in the raw cold of that leaden crisis in the four-and-twenty hours when the vital force of all the noblest and prettiest things that live is at its lowest, the three watchers looked each at the blank faces of the other two, and all at the blank face of Riderhood in his boat.

"Gaffer's boat, Gaffer in luck again, and yet no Gaffer!" So spake Riderhood, staring disconsolate.

As if with one accord, they all turned their eyes toward the light of the fire shining through the window. It was fainter and duller. Perhaps fire, like the higher animal and vegetable life it helps to sustain, has its greatest tendency toward death, when the night is dying and the day is not yet born.

"If it was me that had the law of this here job in hand," growled Riderhood with a threatening shake of his head, "blest if I wouldn't lay hold of *her*, at any rate!"

"Ay, but it is not you," said Eugene. With something so suddenly fierce in him that the informer returned, submissively: "Well, well, well, t'other governor, I didn't say it was. A man may speak."

"And vermin may be silent," said Eugene. "Hold your tongue, you water-rat!"

Astonished by his friend's unusual heat, Lightwood stared too, and then said: "What can have become of this man?"

"Can't imagine. Unless he dived overboard." The informer wiped his brow ruefully as he said it, sitting in his boat and always staring disconsolate.

"Did you make his boat fast?"

"She's fast enough till the tide runs back. I couldn't make her faster than she is. Come aboard of mine, and see for your own selves."

There was a little backwardness in complying, for the freight looked too much for the boat; but on Riderhood's protesting "that he had had half a dozen, dead and alive, in her afore now, and she was nothing deep in the water nor down in the stern even then, to speak of," they carefully took their places, and trimmed the crazy thing. While they were doing so, Riderhood still sat staring disconsolate.

"All right. Give way!" said Lightwood.

"Give way, by George!" repeated Riderhood, before shoving off. "If he's gone and made off any how Lawyer Lightwood, it's enough to make me give way in a different manner. But he always *was* a cheat, con-found him! He always was a infernal cheat, was Gaffer. Nothing straightfor'ard, nothing on the square. So

mean, so underhanded. Never going through with a thing, nor carrying it out like a man!"

"Hallo! Steady!" cried Eugene (he had recovered immediately on embarking), as they bumped heavily against a pile; and then in a lower voice reversed his late apostrophe by remarking ("I wish the boat of my honorable and gallant friend may be endowed with philanthropy enough *not* to turn bottom-upward and extinguish us!") Steady, steady! Sit close, Mortimer. Here's the hail again. See how it flies, like a troop of wild-cats, at Mr. Riderhood's eyes!"

Indeed he had the full benefit of it, and it so mauled him, though he bent his head low and tried to present nothing but the mangy cap to it, that he dropped under the lee of a tier of shipping, and they lay there until it was over. The squall had come up, like a spiteful messenger before the morning; there followed in its wake a ragged tear of light which ripped the dark clouds until they showed a great gray hole of day.

They were all shivering, and every thing about them seemed to be shivering; the river itself, craft, rigging, sails, such early smoke as there yet was on the shore. Black with wet, and altered to the eye by white patches of hail and sleet, the huddled buildings looked lower than usual, as if they were cowering, and had shrunk with the cold. Very little life was to be seen on either bank, windows and doors were shut, and the staring black and white letters upon wharves and warehouses "looked," said Eugene to Mortimer, "like inscriptions over the graves of dead businesses."

As they glided slowly on, keeping under the shore and sneaking in and out among the shipping by back-alleys of water, in a pilfering way that seemed to be their boatman's normal manner of progression, all the objects among which they crept were so huge in contrast with their wretched boat as to threaten to crush it. Not a ship's hull, with its rusty iron links of cable run out of hawse-holes long discolored with the iron's rusty tears, but seemed to be there with a fell intention. Not a figure-head but had a menacing look of bursting forward to run them down. Not a sluice gate, or a painted scale upon a post or wall, showing the depth of water, but seemed to hint, like the dreadfully facetious Wolf in bed in Grandmamma's cottage, "That's to drown *you* in, my dears!" Not a lumbering black barge, with its cracked and blistered side impending over them, but seemed to suck at the river with a thirst for sucking them under. And every thing so vaunted the spoiling influences of water—discolored copper, rotten wood, honey-combed stone, green dank

deposit—that the after-consequences of being crushed, sucked under, and drawn down, looked as ugly to the imagination as the main event.

Some half hour of this work, and Riderhood unshipped his sculls, stood holding on to a barge, and hand over hand long-wise along the barge's side gradually worked his boat under her head into a secret little nook of scummy water. And driven into that nook, and wedged as he had described, was Gaffer's boat; that boat with the stain still in it, bearing some resemblance to a muffled human form.

"Now tell me I'm a liar!" said the honest man.

("With a morbid expectation," murmured Eugene to Lightwood, "that somebody is always going to tell him the truth.")

"This is Hexam's boat," said Mr. Inspector. "I know her well."

"Look at the broken scull. Look at the t'other scull gone. *Now* tell me I am a liar!" said the honest man.

Mr. Inspector stepped into the boat. Eugene and Mortimer looked on.

"And see now!" added Riderhood, creeping aft, and showing a stretched rope made fast there and towing overboard. "Didn't I tell you he was in luck again?"

"Haul in," said Mr. Inspector.

"Easy to say haul in," answered Riderhood. "Not so easy done. His luck's got fouled under the keels of the barges. I tried to haul in last time, but I couldn't. See how taut the line is!"

"I must have it up," said Mr. Inspector. "I am going to take this boat ashore, and his luck along with it. Try easy now."

He tried easy now; but the luck resisted; wouldn't come.

"I mean to have it, and the boat too," said Mr. Inspector, playing the line.

But still the luck resisted; wouldn't come.

"Take care," said Riderhood. "You'll disfigure. Or pull asunder perhaps."

"I am not going to do either, not even to your Grandmother," said Mr. Inspector; "but I mean to have it. Come!" he added, at once persuasively and with authority to the hidden object in the water, as he played the line again; "it's no good this sort of game, you know. You *must* come up. I mean to have you."

There was so much virtue in this distinctly and decidedly meaning to have it, that it yielded a little, even while the line was played.

"I told you so," quoth Mr. Inspector, pulling off his outer coat, and leaning well over the stern with a will. "Come!"

It was an awful sort of fishing, but it no more disconcerted Mr. Inspector than if he had been fishing in a punt on a summer evening by some soothing weir high up the peaceful river. After certain minutes, and a few directions to the rest to "ease her a little for'ard," and "now ease her a trifle aft," and the like, he said, composedly, "All clear!" and the line and the boat came free together.

Accepting Lightwood's proffered hand to help him up, he then put on his coat, and said to Riderhood, "Hand me over those spare sculls of yours, and I'll pull this into the nearest stairs. Go ahead you, and keep out in pretty open water, that I mayn't get fouled again."

His directions were obeyed, and they pulled ashore directly; two in one boat, two in the other.

"Now," said Mr. Inspector, again to Riderhood, when they were all on the slushy stones; "you have had more practice in this than I have had, and ought to be a better workman at it. Undo the tow-rope, and we'll help you haul in."

Riderhood got into the boat accordingly. It appeared as if he had scarcely had a moment's time to touch the rope or look over the stern, when he came scrambling back, as pale as the morning, and gasped out:

"By the Lord, he's done me!"

"What do you mean?" they all demanded.

He pointed behind him at the boat, and gasped to that degree that he dropped upon the stones to get his breath.

"Gaffer's done me. It's Gaffer!"

They ran to the rope, leaving him gasping there. Soon the form of the bird of prey, dead some hours, lay stretched upon the shore, with a new blast storming at it and clotting the wet hair with hailstones.

Father, was that you calling me? Father! I thought I heard you call me twice before! Words never to be answered, those, upon the earth-side of the grave. The wind sweeps jeeringly over Father, whips him with the frayed ends of his dress and his jagged hair, tries to turn him where he lies stark on his back, and force his face toward the rising sun, that he may be shamed the more. A lull, and the wind is secret and prying with him; lifts and lets fall a rag; hides palpitating under another rag; runs nimbly through his hair and beard. Then, in a rush, it cruelly taunts him. Father, was that you calling me? Was it you, the voiceless and the dead? Was it you, thus buffeted as you lie here in a heap? Was it you, thus baptized unto Death, with these flying impurities now flung upon your face? Why not speak, Father? Soaking into this filthy ground as you lie here, is your own shape. Did you never see such a shape soaked into your boat? Speak, Father. Speak to us, the winds, the only listeners left you!

"Now see," said Mr. Inspector, after mature deliberation: kneeling on one knee beside the body, when they had stood looking down on the drowned man, as he had many a time looked down on many another man: "the way of it was this. Of course you gentlemen hardly failed to observe that he was towing by the neck and arms."

They had helped to release the rope, and of course not.

"And you will have observed before, and you will observe now, that this knot, which was drawn chock-tight round his neck by the strain of his

own arms, is a slip-knot:" holding it up for demonstration.

Plain enough.

"Likewise you will have observed how he had run the other end of this rope to his boat."

It had the curves and indentations in it still, where it had been twined and bound.

"Now see," said Mr. Inspector, "see how it works round upon him. It's a wild tempestuous evening when this man that was," stooping to wipe some hailstones out of his hair with an end of his own drowned jacket, "—there! Now he's more like himself, though he's badly bruised—when this man that was rows out upon the river on his usual lay. He carries with him this coil of rope. He always carries with him this coil of rope. It's as well known to me as he was himself. Sometimes it lay in the bottom of his boat. Sometimes he hung it loose round his neck. He was a light-dresser was this man—you see?" lifting the loose neckerchief over his breast, and taking the opportunity of wiping the dead lips with it—"and when it was wet, or freezing, or blew cold, he would hang this coil of line round his neck. Last evening he does this. Worse for him! He dodges about in his boat, does this man, till he gets chilled. His hands," taking up one of them, which dropped like a leaden weight, "get numbed. He sees some object that's in his way of business, floating. He makes ready to secure that object. He unwinds the end of his coil that he wants to take some turns on in his boat, and he takes turns enough on it to secure that it sha'n't run out. He makes it too secure, as it happens. He is a little longer about this than usual, his hands being numbed. His object drifts up, before he is quite ready for it. He catches at it, thinks he'll make sure of the contents of the pockets any how, in case he should be parted from it, bends right over the stern, and in one of these heavy squalls, or in the cross-swell of two steamers, or in not being quite prepared, or through all or most or some, gets a lurch, overbalances and goes head-foremost overboard. Now see! He can swim, can this man, and instantly he strikes out. But in such striking-out he tangles his arms, pulls strong on the slip-knot, and it runs home. The object he had expected to take in tow floats by, and his own boat tows him dead, to where we found him, all entangled in his own line. You'll ask me how I make out about the pockets? First, I'll tell you more; there was silver in 'em. How do I make that out? Simple and satisfactory. Because he's got it here." The lecturer held up the tightly clenched right hand.

"What is to be done with the remains?" asked Lightwood.

"If you wouldn't object to standing by him half a minute, Sir," was the reply, "I'll find the nearest of our men to come and take charge of him—I still call it *him*, you see," said Mr. Inspector, looking back as he went, with a philosophical smile upon the force of habit.

"Eugene," said Lightwood—and was about to add "we may wait at a little distance," when turning his head he found that no Eugene was there.

He raised his voice and called "Eugene! Holloa!" But no Eugene replied.

It was broad daylight now, and he looked about. But no Eugene was in all the view.

Mr. Inspector speedily returning down the wooden stairs, with a police constable, Lightwood asked him if he had seen his friend leave them? Mr. Inspector could not exactly say that he had seen him go, but had noticed that he was restless.

"Singular and entertaining combination, Sir, your friend."

"I wish it had not been a part of his singular and entertaining combination to give me the slip under these dreary circumstances at this time of the morning," said Lightwood. "Can we get any thing hot to drink?"

We could, and we did. In a public-house kitchen with a large fire. We got hot brandy and water, and it revived us wonderfully. Mr. Inspector having to Mr. Riderhood announced his official intention of "keeping his eye upon him," stood him in a corner of the fire-place, like a wet umbrella, and took no further outward and visible notice of that honest man, except ordering a separate service of brandy and water for him: apparently out of the public funds.

As Mortimer Lightwood sat before the blazing fire, conscious of drinking brandy and water then and there in his sleep, and yet at one and the same time drinking burned sherry at the Six Jolly Fellowships, and lying under the boat on the river shore, and sitting in the boat that Riderhood rowed, and listening to the lecture recently concluded, and having to dine in the Temple with an unknown man, who described himself as M. R. F. Eugene Gaffer Harmon, and said he lived at Hailstorm—as he passed through these curious vicissitudes of fatigue and slumber, arranged upon the scale of a dozen hours to the second, he became aware of answering aloud a communication of pressing importance that had never been made to him, and then turned it into a cough on beholding Mr. Inspector. For he felt, with some natural indignation, that that functionary might otherwise suspect him of having closed his eyes, or wandered in his attention.

"Here just before us, you see," said Mr. Inspector.

"I see," said Lightwood, with dignity.

"And had hot brandy and water too, you see," said Mr. Inspector, "and then cut off at a great rate."

"Who?" said Lightwood.

"Your friend, you know."

"I know," he replied, again with dignity.

After hearing, in a mist through which Mr. Inspector loomed vague and large, that the officer took upon himself to prepare the dead man's

daughter for what had befallen in the night, and generally that he took every thing upon himself, Mortimer Lightwood stumbled in his sleep to a cab-stand, called a cab, and had entered the army and committed a capital military offense and been tried by court-martial and found guilty and had arranged his affairs and been marched out to be shot, before the door banged.

Hard work rowing the cab through the City to the Temple, for a cup of from five to ten thousand pounds value, given by Mr. Boffin; and hard work holding forth at that immeasurable length to Eugene (when he had been rescued with a rope from the running pavement) for making off in that extraordinary manner! But he offered such ample apologies, and was so very penitent, that when Lightwood got out of the cab, he gave the driver a particular charge to be careful of him. Which the driver (knowing there was no other fare left inside) stared at prodigiously.

In short, the night's work had so exhausted and worn out this actor in it, that he had become a mere somnambulist. He was too tired to rest in his sleep, until he was even tired out of being too tired, and dropped into oblivion. Late in the afternoon he awoke, and in some anxiety sent round to Eugene's lodging hard by to inquire if he were up yet?

Oh yes, he was up. In fact, he had not been to bed. He had just come home. And here he was, close following on the heels of the message.

"Why what bloodshot, draggled, disheveled spectacle is this!" cried Mortimer.

"Are my feathers so very much rumped?" said Eugene, coolly going up to the looking-glass. "They *are* rather out of sorts. But consider. Such a night for plumage!"

"Such a night?" repeated Mortimer. "What became of you in the morning?"

"My dear fellow," said Eugene, sitting on his bed, "I felt that we had bored one another so long, that an unbroken continuance of those relations must inevitably terminate in our flying to opposite points of the earth. I also felt that I had committed every crime in the Newgate Calendar. So, for mingled considerations of friendship and felony, I took a walk."

CHAPTER XV.

TWO NEW SERVANTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin sat after breakfast, in the Bower, a prey to prosperity. Mr. Boffin's face denoted Care and Complication. Many disordered papers were before him, and he looked at them about as hopefully as an innocent civilian might look at a crowd of troops whom he was required at five minutes' notice to manoeuvre and review. He had been engaged in some attempts to make notes of these papers; but being troubled (as men of his stamp often are) with

an exceedingly distrustful and corrective thumb, that busy member had so often interposed to smear his notes, that they were little more legible than the various impressions of itself, which blurred his nose and forehead. It is curious to consider, in such a case was Mr. Boffin's, what a cheap article ink is, and how far it may be made to go. As a grain of musk will scent a drawer for many years, and still lose nothing appreciable of its original weight, so a halfpenny-worth of ink would blot Mr. Boffin to the roots of his hair and the calves of his legs, without inscribing a line on the paper before him, or appearing to diminish in the inkstand.

Mr. Boffin was in such severe literary difficulties that his eyes were prominent and fixed, and his breathing was stertorous, when, to the great relief of Mrs. Boffin, who observed these symptoms with alarm, the yard bell rang.

"Who's that, I wonder!" said Mrs. Boffin.

Mr. Boffin drew a long breath, laid down his pen, looked at his notes as doubting whether he had the pleasure of their acquaintance, and appeared, on a second perusal of their countenances, to be confirmed in his impression that he had not, when there was announced by the hammer-headed young man:

"Mr. Rokesmith."

"Oh!" said Mr. Boffin. "Oh indeed! Our and the Wilfers' Mutual Friend, my dear. Yes. Ask him to come in."

Mr. Rokesmith appeared.

"Sit down, Sir," said Mr. Boffin, shaking hands with him. "Mrs. Boffin you're already acquainted with. Well, Sir, I am rather unprepared to see you, for, to tell you the truth, I've been so busy with one thing and another that I've not had time to turn your offer over."

"That's apology for both of us: for Mr. Boffin, and for me as well," said the smiling Mrs. Boffin. "But Lor! we can talk it over now; can't us?"

Mr. Rokesmith bowed, thanked her, and said he hoped so.

"Let me see then," resumed Mr. Boffin, with his hand to his chin. "It was Secretary that you named; wasn't it?"

"I said Secretary," assented Mr. Rokesmith.

"It rather puzzled me at the time," said Mr. Boffin, "and it rather puzzled me and Mrs. Boffin when we spoke of it afterward, because (not to make a mystery of our belief) we have always believed a Secretary to be a piece of furniture, mostly of mahogany, lined with green baize or leather, with a lot of little drawers in it. Now, you won't think I take a liberty when I mention that you certainly ain't *that*."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Rokesmith. But he had used the word in the sense of Steward.

"Why, as to Steward, you see," returned Mr. Boffin, with his hand still to his chin, "the odds are that Mrs. Boffin and me may never go upon the water. Being both bad sailors, we should want a Steward if we did; but there's generally one provided."

Mr. Rokesmith again explained; defining the duties he sought to undertake, as those of general superintendent, or manager, or overlooker, or man of business.

"Now, for instance—come!" said Mr. Boffin, in his pouncing way. "If you entered my employment, what would you do?"

"I would keep exact accounts of all the expenditure you sanctioned, Mr. Boffin. I would write your letters, under your direction. I would transact your business with people in your pay or employment. I would," with a glance and a half-smile at the table, "arrange your papers—"

Mr. Boffin rubbed his inky ear, and looked at his wife.

"—And so arrange them as to have them always in order for immediate reference, with a note of the contents of each outside it."

"I tell you what," said Mr. Boffin, slowly crumpling his own blotted note in his hand; "if you'll turn to at these present papers, and see what you can make of 'em, I shall know better what I can make of you."

No sooner said than done. Relinquishing his hat and gloves, Mr. Rokesmith sat down quietly at the table, arranged the open papers into an orderly heap, cast his eyes over each in succession, folded it, docketed it on the outside, laid it in a second heap, and when that second heap was complete and the first gone, took from his pocket a piece of string and tied it together with a remarkably dextrous hand at a running curve and a loop.

"Good!" said Mr. Boffin. "Very good! Now let us hear what they're all about; will you be so good?"

John Rokesmith read his abstracts aloud. They were all about the new house. Decorator's estimate, so much. Furniture estimate, so much. Estimate for furniture of offices, so much. Coach-maker's estimate, so much. Horse-dealer's estimate, so much. Harness-maker's estimate, so much. Goldsmith's estimate, so much. Total, so very much. Then came correspondence. Acceptance of Mr. Boffin's offer of such a date, and to such an effect. Rejection of Mr. Boffin's proposal of such a date, and to such an effect. Concerning Mr. Boffin's scheme of such another date to such another effect. All compact and methodical.

"Apple-pie order!" said Mr. Boffin, after checking off each inscription with his hand, like a man beating time. "And whatever you do with your ink, *I* can't think, for you're as clean as a whistle after it. Now, as to a letter. Let's," said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his hands in his pleasantly childish admiration, "let's try a letter next."

"To whom shall it be addressed, Mr. Boffin?"

"Any one. Yourself."

Mr. Rokesmith quickly wrote, and then read aloud:

"Mr. Boffin presents his compliments to Mr. John Rokesmith, and begs to say that he has decided on giving Mr. John Rokesmith a

trial in the capacity he desires to fill. Mr. Boffin takes Mr. John Rokesmith at his word, in postponing to some indefinite period the consideration of salary. It is quite understood that Mr. Boffin is in no way committed on that point. Mr. Boffin has merely to add, that he relies on Mr. John Rokesmith's assurance that he will be faithful and serviceable. Mr. John Rokesmith will please enter on his duties immediately."

"Well! Now, Noddy!" cried Mrs. Boffin, clapping her hands, "That is a good one!"

Mr. Boffin was no less delighted; indeed, in his own bosom, he regarded both the composition itself and the device that had given birth to it, as a very remarkable monument of human ingenuity.

"And I tell you, my deary," said Mrs. Boffin, "that if you don't close with Mr. Rokesmith now at once, and if you ever go a muddling yourself again with things never meant nor made for you, you'll have an apoplexy—besides iron-moulding your linen—and you'll break my heart."

Mr. Boffin embraced his spouse for these words of wisdom, and then, congratulating John Rokesmith on the brilliancy of his achievements, gave him his hand in pledge of their new relations. So did Mrs. Boffin.

"Now," said Mr. Boffin, who, in his frankness, felt that it did not become him to have a gentleman in his employment five minutes without reposing some confidence in him, "you must be let a little more into our affairs, Rokesmith. I mentioned to you, when I made your acquaintance, or I might better say when you made mine, that Mrs. Boffin's inclinations was setting in the way of Fashion, but that I didn't know how fashionable we might or might not grow. Well! Mrs. Boffin has carried the day, and we're going in neck and crop for Fashion."

"I rather inferred that, Sir," replied John Rokesmith, "from the scale on which your new establishment is to be maintained."

"Yes," said Mr. Boffin, "it's to be a Spanker. The fact is, my literary man named to me that a house with which he is, as I may say, connected—in which he has an interest—"

"As property?" inquired John Rokesmith.

"Why no," said Mr. Boffin, "not exactly that; a sort of a family tie."

"Association?" the Secretary suggested.

"Ah!" said Mr. Boffin. "Perhaps. Anyhow, he named to me that the house had a board up, 'This Eminently Aristocratic Mansion to be let or sold.' Me and Mrs. Boffin went to look at it, and finding it beyond a doubt Eminently Aristocratic (though a trifle high and dull, which after all may be part of the same thing) took it. My literary man was so friendly as to drop into a charming piece of poetry on that occasion, in which he complimented Mrs. Boffin on coming into possession of—how did it go, my dear?"

Mrs. Boffin replied:

"The gay, the gay and festive scene,
The halls, the halls of dazzling light."

"That's it! And it was made neater by there really being two halls in the house, a front 'un and a back 'un, besides the servants'. He likewise dropped into a very pretty piece of poetry to be sure, respecting the extent to which he would be willing to put himself out of the way to bring Mrs. Boffin round, in case she should ever get low in her spirits in the house. Mrs. Boffin has a wonderful memory. Will you repeat it, my dear?"

Mrs. Boffin complied, by reciting the verses in which this obliging offer had been made, exactly as she had received them.

"I'll tell thee how the maiden wept, Mrs. Boffin,
 "When her true love was slain ma'am,
 "And how her broken spirit slept, Mrs. Boffin,
 "And never woke again ma'am.
 "I'll tell thee (if agreeable to Mr. Boffin) how the steed
 drew nigh,
 "And left his lord afar;
 "And if my tale (which I hope Mr. Boffin might excuse)
 should make you sigh,
 "I'll strike the light guitar."

"Correct to the letter!" said Mr. Boffin. "And I consider that the poetry brings us both in, in a beautiful manner."

The effect of the poem on the Secretary being evidently to astonish him, Mr. Boffin was confirmed in his high opinion of it, and was greatly pleased.

"Now, you see, Rokesmith," he went on, "a literary man—with a wooden leg—is liable to jealousy. I shall therefore cast about for comfortable ways and means of not calling up Wegg's jealousy, but of keeping you in your department, and keeping him in his."

"Lor!" cried Mrs. Boffin. "What I say is, the world's wide enough for all of us!"

"So it is, my dear," said Mr. Boffin, "when not literary. But when so, not so. And I am bound to bear in mind that I took Wegg on at a time when I had no thought of being fashionable or of leaving the Bower. To let him feel himself any ways slighted now would be to be guilty of a meanness, and to act like having one's head turned by the halls of dazzling light. Which Lord forbid! Rokesmith, what shall we say about your living in the house?"

"In this house?"

"No, no. I have got other plans for this house. In the new house?"

"That will be as you please, Mr. Boffin. I hold myself quite at your disposal. You know where I live at present."

"Well!" said Mr. Boffin, after considering the point; "suppose you keep as you are for the present, and we'll decide by-and-by. — You'll begin to take charge at once, of all that's going on in the new house, will you?"

"Most willingly. I will begin this very day. Will you give me the address?"

Mr. Boffin repeated it, and the Secretary wrote it down in his pocket-book. Mrs. Boffin took the opportunity of his being so engaged to get a better observation of his face than she had yet taken. It impressed her in his favor, for she nodded aside to Mr. Boffin, "I like him."

"I will see directly that every thing is in train, Mr. Boffin."

"Thank'ee. Being here, would you care at all to look round the Bower?"

"I should greatly like it. I have heard so much of its story."

"Come!" said Mr. Boffin. And he and Mrs. Boffin led the way.

A gloomy house the Bower, with sordid signs on it of having been, through its long existence as Harmony Jail, in miserly holding. Bare of paint, bare of paper on the walls, bare of furniture, bare of experience of human life. Whatever is built by man for man's occupation, must, like natural creations, fulfill the intention of its existence or soon perish. This old house had wasted more from desuetude than it would have wasted from use, twenty years for one.

A certain leanness falls upon houses not sufficiently imbued with life (as if they were nourished upon it), which was very noticeable here. The staircase, balustrades, and rails had a spare look—an air of being denuded to the bone—which the panels of the walls and the jambs of the doors and windows also bore. The scanty movables partook of it; save for the cleanliness of the place, the dust into which they were all resolving would have lain thick on the floors; and those, both in color and in grain, were worn like old faces that had kept much alone.

The bedroom where the clutching old man had lost his grip on life was left as he had left it. There was the old grisly four-post bedstead, without hangings, and with a jail-like upper rim of iron and spikes; and there was the old patch-work counterpane. There was the tight-clenched old bureau, receding atop like a bad and secret forehead; there was the cumbersome old table with twisted legs at the bedside; and there was the box upon it, in which the will had lain. A few old chairs with patch-work covers, under which the more precious stuff to be preserved had slowly lost its quality of color without imparting pleasure to any eye, stood against the wall. A hard family likeness was on all these things.

"The room was kept like this, Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin, "against the son's return. In short, every thing in the house was kept exactly as it came to us for him to see and approve. Even now, nothing is changed but our own room below stairs that you have just left. When the son came home for the last time in his life, and for the last time in his life saw his father, it was most likely in this room that they met."

As the Secretary looked all round it his eyes rested on a side-door in a corner.

"Another staircase," said Mr. Boffin, unlocking the door, "leading down into the yard. We'll go down this way, as you may like to see the yard, and it's all in the road. When the son was a little child it was up and down these stairs that he mostly came and went to his father. He was very timid of his father. I've seen him sit on these stairs, in his shy way, poor

child, many a time. Me and Mrs. Boffin have comforted him, sitting with his little book on these stairs, often."

"Ah! And his poor sister too," said Mrs. Boffin. "And here's the sunny place on the white wall where they one day measured one another. Their own little hands wrote up their names here only with a pencil; but the names are here still, and the poor dears gone forever."

"We must take care of the names, old lady," said Mr. Boffin. "We must take care of the names. They sha'n't be rubbed out in our time, nor yet, if we can help it, in the time after us. Poor little children!"

"Ah, poor little children!" said Mrs. Boffin.

They had opened the door at the bottom of the staircase giving on the yard, and they stood in the sunlight, looking at the scrawl of the two unsteady childish hands two or three steps up the staircase. There was something in this simple memento of a blighted childhood, and in the tenderness of Mrs. Boffin, that touched the Secretary.

Mr. Boffin then showed his new man of business the Mounds, and his own particular Mound which had been left him as his legacy under the will before he acquired the whole estate.

"It would have been enough for us," said Mr. Boffin, "in case it had pleased God to spare the last of those two young lives and sorrowful deaths. We didn't want the rest."

At the treasures of the yard, and at the outside of the house, and at the detached building which Mr. Boffin pointed out as the residence of himself and his wife during the many years of their service, the Secretary looked with interest. It was not until Mr. Boffin had shown him every wonder of the Bower twice over that he remembered his having duties to discharge elsewhere.

"You have no instructions to give me, Mr. Boffin, in reference to this place?"

"Not any, Rokesmith. No."

"Might I ask, without seeming impertinent, whether you have any intention of selling it?"

"Certainly not. In remembrance of our old master, our old master's children, and our old service, me and Mrs. Boffin mean to keep it up as it stands."

The Secretary's eyes glanced with so much meaning in them at the Mounds that Mr. Boffin said, as if in answer to a remark:

"Ay, ay, that's another thing. I may sell *them*, though I should be sorry to see the neighborhood deprived of 'em too. It'll look but a poor dead flat without the Mounds. Still I don't say that I'm going to keep 'em always there for the sake of the beauty of the landscape. There's no hurry about it; that's all I say at present. I ain't a scholar in much, Rokesmith, but I'm a pretty fair scholar in dust. I can price the Mounds to a fraction, and I know how they can be best disposed of, and likewise that they take no harm by standing where they do. You'll look in to-morrow, will you be so kind?"

"Every day. And the sooner I can get you into your new house, complete, the better you will be pleased, Sir?"

"Well, it ain't that I'm in a mortal hurry," said Mr. Boffin; "only when you *do* pay people for looking alive, it's as well to know that they *are* looking alive. Ain't that your opinion?"

"Quite!" replied the Secretary; and so withdrew.

"Now," said Mr. Boffin to himself, subsiding into his regular series of turns in the yard, "if I can make it comfortable with Wegg, my affairs will be going smooth."

The man of low cunning had, of course, acquired a mastery over the man of high simplicity. The mean man had, of course, got the better of the generous man. How long such conquests last is another matter; that they are achieved, is everyday experience, not even to be flourished away by Podsnappery itself. The undesigning Boffin had become so far immeshed by the wily Wegg that his mind misgave him he was a very designing man indeed in purposing to do more for Wegg. It seemed to him (so skillful was Wegg) that he was plotting darkly, when he was contriving to do the very thing that Wegg was plotting to get him to do. And thus, while he was mentally turning the kindest of kind faces on Wegg this morning, he was not absolutely sure but that he might somehow deserve the charge of turning his back on him.

For these reasons Mr. Boffin passed but anxious hours until evening came, and with it Mr. Wegg, stumping leisurely to the Roman Empire. At about this period Mr. Boffin had become profoundly interested in the fortunes of a great military leader known to him as Bully Sawyers, but perhaps better known to fame and easier of identification by the classical student, under the less Britannic name of Belisarius. Even this general's career paled in interest for Mr. Boffin before the clearing of his conscience with Wegg; and hence, when that literary gentleman had according to custom eaten and drunk until he was all a-glow, and when he took up his book with the usual chirping introduction, "And now, Mr. Boffin, Sir, we'll decline and we'll fall!" Mr. Boffin stopped him.

"You remember, Wegg, when I first told you that I wanted to make a sort of offer to you?"

"Let me get on my considering cap, Sir," replied that gentleman, turning the open book face downward. "When you first told me that you wanted to make a sort of offer to me? Now let me think" (as if there were the least necessity). "Yes, to be sure I do, Mr. Boffin. It was at my corner. To be sure it was! You had first asked me whether I liked your name, and Candor had compelled a reply in the negative case. I little thought then, Sir, how familiar that name would come to be!"

"I hope it will be more familiar still, Wegg."

"Do you, Mr. Boffin? Much obliged to you, I'm sure. Is it your pleasure, Sir, that we de-

cline and we fall?" with a feint of taking up the book.

"Not just yet a while, Wegg. In fact, I have got another offer to make you."

Mr. Wegg (who had had nothing else in his mind for several nights) took off his spectacles with an air of bland surprise.

"And I hope you'll like it, Wegg."

"Thank you, Sir," returned that reticent individual. "I hope it may prove so. On all accounts, I am sure." (This, as a philanthropic aspiration.)

"What do you think," said Mr. Boffin, "of not keeping a stall, Wegg?"

"I think, Sir," replied Wegg, "that I should like to be shown the gentleman prepared to make it worth my while!"

"Here he is," said Mr. Boffin.

Mr. Wegg was going to say, My Benefactor, and had said My Bene, when a grandiloquent change came over him.

"No, Mr. Boffin, not you, Sir. Any body but you. Do not fear, Mr. Boffin, that I shall contaminate the premises which your gold has bought with *my* lowly pursuits. I am aware, Sir, that it would not become me to carry on my little traffic under the windows of your mansion. I have already thought of that, and taken my measures. No need to be bought out, Sir. Would Stepney Fields be considered intrusive? If not remote enough, I can go remoter. In the words of the poet's song, which I do not quite remember:

Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,
Bereft of my parents, bereft of a home,
A stranger to something and what's his name joy,
Behold little Edmund the poor Peasant boy.

—And equally," said Mr. Wegg, repairing the want of direct application in the last line, "behold myself on a similar footing!"

"Now, Wegg, Wegg, Wegg," remonstrated the excellent Boffin. "You are too sensitive."

"I know I am, Sir," returned Wegg, with obstinate magnanimity. "I am acquainted with my faults. I always was, from a child, too sensitive."

"But listen," pursued the Golden Dustman; "hear me out, Wegg. You have taken it into your head that I mean to pension you off."

"True, Sir," returned Wegg, still with an obstinate magnanimity. "I am acquainted with my faults. Far be it from me to deny them. I *have* taken it into my head."

"But I *don't* mean it."

The assurance seemed hardly as comforting to Mr. Wegg as Mr. Boffin intended it to be. Indeed, an appreciable elongation of his visage might have been observed as he replied:

"Don't you, indeed, Sir?"

"No," pursued Mr. Boffin; "because that would express, as I understand it, that you were not going to do any thing to deserve your money. But you are; you are."

"That, Sir," replied Mr. Wegg, cheering up bravely, "is quite another pair of shoes. Now,

my independence as a man is again elevated. Now, I no longer

Weep for the hour,
When to Boffinses bower,
The Lord of the valley with offers came;
Neither does the moon hide her light
From the heavens to-night,
And weep behind her clouds o'er any individual in the
present
Company's shame.

—Please to proceed, Mr. Boffin."

"Thank'ee, Wegg, both for your confidence in me and for your frequent dropping into poetry; both of which is friendly. Well, then; my idea is, that you should give up your stall, and that I should put you into the Bower here, to keep it for us. It's a pleasant spot; and a man with coals and candles and a pound a week might be in clover here."

"Hem! Would that man, Sir—we will say that man, for the purposes of arguement;" Mr. Wegg made a smiling demonstration of great perspicuity here; "would that man, Sir, be expected to throw any other capacity in, or would any other capacity be considered extra? Now let us (for the purposes of arguement) suppose that man to be engaged as a reader: say (for the purposes of arguement) in the evening. Would that man's pay as a reader in the evening be added to the other amount, which, adopting your language, we will call clover; or would it merge into that amount, or clover?"

"Well," said Mr. Boffin, "I suppose it would be added."

"I suppose it would, Sir. You are right, Sir. Exactly my own views, Mr. Boffin." Here Wegg rose, and balancing himself on his wooden leg, fluttered over his prey with extended hand. "Mr. Boffin, consider it done. Say no more, Sir, not a word more. My stall and I are forever parted. The collection of ballads will in future be reserved for private study, with the object of making poetry tributary"—Wegg was so proud of having found this word that he said it again, with a capital letter—"Tributary, to friendship. Mr. Boffin, don't allow yourself to be made uncomfortable by the pang it gives me to part from my stock and stall. Similar emotion was undergone by my own father when promoted for his merits from his occupation as a waterman to a situation under Government. His Christian name was Thomas. His words at the time (I was then an infant, but so deep was their impression on me that I committed them to memory) were:

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars and coat and badge farewell!
Never more at Chelsea Ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell!

—My father got over it, Mr. Boffin, and so shall I."

While delivering these valedictory observations, Wegg continually disappointed Mr. Boffin of his hand by flourishing it in the air. He now darted it at his patron, who took it, and felt his mind relieved of a great weight: ob-

serving that as they had arranged their joint affairs so satisfactorily, he would now be glad to look into those of Bully Sawyers. Which, indeed, had been left overnight in a very unpromising posture, and for whose impending expedition against the Persians the weather had been by no means favorable all day.

Mr. Wegg resumed his spectacles therefore. But Sawyers was not to be of the party that night; for, before Wegg had found his place, Mrs. Boffin's tread was heard upon the stairs, so unusually heavy and hurried, that Mr. Boffin would have started up at the sound, anticipating some occurrence much out of the common course, even though she had not also called to him in an agitated tone.

Mr. Boffin hurried out, and found her on the dark staircase, panting, with a lighted candle in her hand.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"I don't know; I don't know; but I wish you'd come up stairs."

Much surprised, Mr. Boffin went up stairs and accompanied Mrs. Boffin into their own room: a second large room on the same floor as the room in which the late proprietor had died. Mr. Boffin looked all round him, and saw nothing more unusual than various articles of folded linen on a large chest, which Mrs. Boffin had been sorting.

"What is it, my dear? Why, you're frightened! You frightened?"

"I am not one of that sort certainly," said Mrs. Boffin, as she sat down in a chair to recover herself, and took her husband's arm; but it's very strange!"

"What is, my dear?"

"Noddy, the faces of the old man and the two children are all over the house to-night."

"My dear?" exclaimed Mr. Boffin. But not without a certain uncomfortable sensation gliding down his back.

"I know it must sound foolish, and yet it is so."

"Where did you think you saw them?"

"I don't know that I think I saw them anywhere. I felt them."

"Touched them?"

"No. Felt them in the air. I was sorting those things on the chest, and not thinking of the old man or the children, but singing to myself, when all in a moment I felt there was a face growing out of the dark."

"What face?" asked her husband, looking about him.

"For a moment it was the old man's, and then it got younger. For a moment it was both the children's, and then it got older. For a moment it was a strange face, and then it was all the faces."

"And then it was gone?"

"Yes; and then it was gone."

"Where were you then, old lady?"

"Here, at the chest. Well; I got the better of it, and went on sorting, and went on singing

to myself. 'Lor!' I says, 'I'll think of something else—something comfortable—and put it out of my head.' So I thought of the new house and Miss Bella Wilfer, and was thinking at a great rate with that sheet there in my hand, when, all of a sudden, the faces seemed to be hidden in among the folds of it and I let it drop."

As it still lay on the floor where it had fallen, Mr. Boffin picked it up and laid it on the chest.

"And then you ran down stairs?"

"No. I thought I'd try another room, and shake it off. I says to myself, 'I'll go and walk slowly up and down the old man's room three times, from end to end, and then I shall have conquered it.' I went in with the candle in my hand; but the moment I came near the bed the air got thick with them."

"With the faces?"

"Yes, and I even felt that they were in the dark behind the side-door, and on the little staircase, floating away into the yard. Then I called you."

Mr. Boffin, lost in amazement, looked at Mrs. Boffin. Mrs. Boffin, lost in her own fluttered inability to make this out, looked at Mr. Boffin.

"I think, my dear," said the Golden Dustman, "I'll at once get rid of Wegg for the night, because he's coming to inhabit the Bower, and it might be put into his head or somebody else's, if he heard this and it got about, that the house is haunted. Whereas we know better. Don't we?"

"I never had the feeling in the house before," said Mrs. Boffin; "and I have been about it alone at all hours of the night. I have been in the house when Death was in it, and I have been in the house when Murder was a new part of its adventures, and I never had a fright in it yet."

"And won't again, my dear," said Mr. Boffin. "Depend upon it, it comes of thinking and dwelling on that dark spot."

"Yes; but why didn't it come before?" asked Mrs. Boffin.

This draft on Mr. Boffin's philosophy could only be met by that gentleman with the remark that every thing that is at all must begin at some time. Then, tucking his wife's arm under his own, that she might not be left by herself to be troubled again, he descended to release Wegg. Who, being something drowsy after his plentiful repast, and constitutionally of a shirking temperament, was well enough pleased to stump away, without doing what he had come to do, and was paid for doing.

Mr. Boffin then put on his hat, and Mrs. Boffin her shawl; and the pair, further provided with a bunch of keys and a lighted lantern, went all over the dismal house—dismal every where but in their own two rooms—from cellar to cock-loft. Not resting satisfied with giving that much chase to Mrs. Boffin's fancies, they pursued them into the yard and outbuildings, and under the Mounds. And setting the lantern, when all was done, at the foot of one of the

Mounds, they comfortably trotted to and fro for an evening walk, to the end that the murky cobwebs in Mrs. Boffin's brain might be blown away.

"There, my dear!" said Mr. Boffin when they came in to supper. "That was the treatment, you see. Completely worked round, haven't you?"

"Yes, deary," said Mrs. Boffin, laying aside her shawl. "I'm not nervous any more. I'm not a bit troubled now. I'd go any where about the house the same as ever. But—"

"Eh!" said Mr. Boffin.

"But I've only to shut my eyes."

"And what then?"

"Why then," said Mrs. Boffin, speaking with her eyes closed, and her left hand thoughtfully touching her brow, "then, there they are! The old man's face, and it gets younger. The two children's faces, and they get older. A face that I don't know. And then all the faces!"

Opening her eyes again, and seeing her husband's face across the table, she leaned forward to give it a pat on the cheek, and sat down to supper, declaring it to be the best face in the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

MINDERS AND RE-MINDERS.

THE Secretary lost no time in getting to work, and his vigilance and method soon set their mark on the Golden Dustman's affairs. His earnestness in determining to understand the length and breadth and depth of every piece of work submitted to him by his employer was as special as his dispatch in transacting it. He accepted no information or explanation at second-hand, but made himself the master of every thing confided to him.

One part of the Secretary's conduct, underlying all the rest, might have been mistrusted by a man with a better knowledge of men than the Golden Dustman had. The Secretary was as far from being inquisitive or intrusive as Secretary could be, but nothing less than a complete understanding of the whole of the affairs would content him. It soon became apparent (from the knowledge with which he set out) that he must have been to the office where the Harmon will was registered, and must have read the will. He anticipated Mr. Boffin's consideration whether he should be advised with on this or that topic, by showing that he already knew of it and understood it. He did this with no attempt at concealment, seeming to be satisfied that it was part of his duty to have prepared himself at all attainable points for its utmost discharge.

This might—let it be repeated—have awakened some little vague mistrust in a man more worldly-wise than the Golden Dustman. On the other hand, the Secretary was discerning, discreet, and silent, though as zealous as if the affairs had been his own. He showed no love

of patronage or the command of money, but distinctly preferred resigning both to Mr. Boffin. If, in his limited sphere, he sought power, it was the power of knowledge; the power derivable from a perfect comprehension of his business.

As on the Secretary's face there was a nameless cloud, so on his manner there was a shadow equally indefinable. It was not that he was embarrassed, as on that first night with the Wilfer family; he was habitually unembarrassed now, and yet the something remained. It was not that his manner was bad, as on that occasion; it was now very good, as being modest, gracious, and ready. Yet the something never left it. It has been written of men who have undergone a cruel captivity, or who have passed through a terrible strait, or who in self-preservation have killed a defenseless fellow-creature, that the record thereof has never faded from their countenances until they died. Was there any such record here?

He established a temporary office for himself in the new house, and all went well under his hand, with one singular exception. He manifestly objected to communicate with Mr. Boffin's solicitor. Two or three times, when there was some slight occasion for his doing so, he transferred the task to Mr. Boffin; and his evasion of it soon became so curiously apparent, that Mr. Boffin spoke to him on the subject of his reluctance.

"It is so," the Secretary admitted. "I would rather not."

Had he any personal objection to Mr. Lightwood?

"I don't know him."

Had he suffered from lawsuits?

"Not more than other men," was his short answer.

Was he prejudiced against the race of lawyers?

"No. But while I am in your employment, Sir, I would rather be excused from going between the lawyer and the client. Of course if you press it, Mr. Boffin, I am ready to comply. But I should take it as a great favor if you would not press it without urgent occasion."

Now, it could not be said that there *was* urgent occasion, for Lightwood retained no other affairs in his hands than such as still lingered and languished about the undiscovered criminal, and such as arose out of the purchase of the house. Many other matters that might have traveled to him now stopped short at the Secretary, under whose administration they were far more expeditiously and satisfactorily disposed of than they would have been if they had got into Young Blight's domain. This the Golden Dustman quite understood. Even the matter immediately in hand was of very little moment as requiring personal appearance on the Secretary's part, for it amounted to no more than this:—The death of Hexam rendering the sweat of the honest man's brow unprofitable, the honest man had shufflingly declined to moisten his brow for no-

thing, with that severe exertion which is known in legal circles as swearing your way through a stone-wall. Consequently, that new light had gone sputtering out. But the airing of the old facts had led some one concerned to suggest that it would be well before they were reconsigned to their gloomy shelf—now probably forever—to induce or compel that Mr. Julius Handford to reappear and be questioned. And all traces of Mr. Julius Handford being lost, Lightwood now referred to his client for authority to seek him through public advertisement.

"Does your objection go to writing to Lightwood, Rokesmith?"

"Not in the least, Sir."

"Then perhaps you'll write him a line, and say he is free to do what he likes. I don't think it promises."

"I don't think it promises," said the Secretary.

"Still, he may do what he likes."

"I will write immediately. Let me thank you for so considerately yielding to my disinclination. It may seem less unreasonable if I avow to you that although I don't know Mr. Lightwood, I have a disagreeable association connected with him. It is not his fault; he is not at all to blame for it, and does not even know my name."

Mr. Boffin dismissed the matter with a nod or two. The letter was written, and next day Mr. Julius Handford was advertised for. He was requested to place himself in communication with Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, as a possible means of furthering the ends of justice, and a reward was offered to any one acquainted with his whereabouts who would communicate the same to the said Mr. Mortimer Lightwood at his office in the Temple. Every day for six weeks this advertisement appeared at the head of all the newspapers, and every day for six weeks the Secretary, when he saw it, said to himself, in the tone in which he had said to his employer, "*I don't think it promises!*"

Among his first occupations the pursuit of that orphan wanted by Mrs. Boffin held a conspicuous place. From the earliest moment of his engagement he showed a particular desire to please her, and, knowing her to have this object at heart, he followed it up with unwearied alacrity and interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Milvey had found their search a difficult one. Either an eligible orphan was of the wrong sex (which almost always happened), or was too old, or too young, or too sickly, or too dirty, or too much accustomed to the streets, or too likely to run away; or it was found impossible to complete the philanthropic transaction without buying the orphan. For, the instant it became known that any body wanted the orphan, up started some affectionate relative of the orphan who put a price upon the orphan's head. The suddenness of an orphan's rise in the market was not to be paralleled by the maddest records of the Stock Ex-

change. He would be at five thousand per cent. discount out at nurse making a mud pie at nine in the morning, and (being inquired for) would go up to five thousand per cent. premium before noon. The market was "rigged" in various artful ways. Counterfeit stock got into circulation. Parents boldly represented themselves as dead, and brought their orphans with them. Genuine orphan stock was surreptitiously withdrawn from the market. It being announced, by emissaries posted for the purpose, that Mr. and Mrs. Milvey were coming down the court, orphan scrip would be instantly concealed, and production refused, save on a condition usually stated by the brokers as "a gallon of beer." Likewise, fluctuations of a wild and South-Sea nature were occasioned, by orphan-holders keeping back, and then rushing into the market a dozen together. But the uniform principle at the root of all these various operations was bargain and sale; and that principle could not be recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Milvey.

At length tidings were received by the Reverend Frank of a charming orphan to be found at Brentford. One of the deceased parents (late his parishioners) had a poor widowed grandmother in that agreeable town, and she, Mrs. Betty Higden, had carried off the orphan with maternal care, but could not afford to keep him.

The Secretary proposed to Mrs. Boffin, either to go down himself and take a preliminary survey of this orphan, or to drive her down, that she might at once form her own opinion. Mrs. Boffin preferring the latter course, they set off one morning in a hired phaeton, conveying the hammer-headed young man behind them.

The abode of Mrs. Betty Higden was not easy to find, lying in such complicated back settlements of muddy Brentford that they left their equipage at the sign of the Three Magpies, and went in search of it on foot. After many inquiries and defeats, there was pointed out to them in a lane, a very small cottage residence, with a board across the open doorway, hooked on to which board by the arm-pits was a young gentleman of tender years, angling for mud with a headless wooden horse and line. In this young sportsman, distinguished by a crisply curling auburn head and a bluff countenance, the Secretary descried the orphan.

It unfortunately happened as they quickened their pace, that the orphan, lost to considerations of personal safety in the ardor of the moment, overbalanced himself and toppled into the street. Being an orphan of a chubby conformation, he then took to rolling, and had rolled into the gutter before they could come up. From the gutter he was rescued by John Rokesmith, and thus the first meeting with Mrs. Higden was inaugurated by the awkward circumstance of their being in possession—one would say at first sight unlawful possession—of the orphan, upside down and purple in the countenance. The board across the doorway too, acting as a trap equally

for the feet of Mrs. Higden coming out, and the feet of Mrs. Boffin and John Rokesmith going in, greatly increased the difficulty of the situation: to which the cries of the orphan imparted a lugubrious and inhuman character.

At first, it was impossible to explain, on account of the orphan's "holding his breath:" a most terrific proceeding, superinducing in the orphan lead-color rigidity and a deadly silence, compared with which his cries were music yielding the height of enjoyment. But as he gradually recovered, Mrs. Boffin gradually introduced herself, and smiling peace was gradually wooed back to Mrs. Betty Higden's home.

It was then perceived to be a small home with a large mangle in it, at the handle of which machine stood a very long boy, with a very little head, and an open mouth of disproportionate capacity that seemed to assist his eyes in staring at the visitors. In a corner below the mangle, on a couple of stools, sat two very little children: a boy and a girl; and when the very long boy, in an interval of staring, took a turn at the mangle, it was alarming to see how it lunged itself at those two innocents, like a catapult designed for their destruction, harmlessly retiring when within an inch of their heads. The room was clean and neat. It had a brick floor, and a window of diamond panes, and a flounce hanging below the chimney-piece, and strings nailed from bottom to top outside the window on which scarlet beans were to grow in the coming season if the Fates were propitious. However propitious they might have been in the seasons that were gone to Betty Higden in the matter of beans, they had not been very favorable in the matter of coins; for it was easy to see that she was poor.

She was one of those old women, was Mrs. Betty Higden, who by dint of an indomitable purpose and a strong constitution fight out many years, though each year has come with its new knock-down blows fresh to the fight against her, wearied by it; an active old woman, with a bright dark eye and a resolute face, yet quite a tender creature too; not a logically-reasoning woman, but God is good, and hearts may count in Heaven as high as heads.

"Yes sure!" said she, when the business was opened, "Mrs. Milvey had the kindness to write to me, ma'am, and I got Sloppy to read it. It was a pretty letter. But she's an affable lady."

The visitors glanced at the long boy, who seemed to indicate by a broader stare of his mouth and eyes that in him Sloppy stood confessed.

"For I ain't, you must know," said Betty, "much of a hand at reading writing-hand, though I can read my Bible and most print. And I do love a newspaper. You mightn't think it, but Sloppy is a beautiful reader of a newspaper. He do the Police in different voices."

The visitors again considered it a point of politeness to look at Sloppy, who, looking at them, suddenly threw back his head, extended

his mouth to its utmost width, and laughed loud and long. At this the two innocents, with their brains in that apparent danger, laughed, and Mrs. Higden laughed, and the orphan laughed, and then the visitors laughed. Which was more cheerful than intelligible.

Then Sloppy seeming to be seized with an industrious mania or fury, turned to at the mangle, and impelled it at the heads of the innocents with such a creaking and rumbling that Mrs. Higden stopped him.

"The gentlefolks can't hear themselves speak, Sloppy. Bide a bit, bide a bit!"

"Is that the dear child in your lap?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"Yes, ma'am, this is Johnny."

"Johnny, too!" cried Mrs. Boffin, turning to the Secretary; "already Johnny! Only one of the two names left to give him! He's a pretty boy."

With his chin tucked down in his shy childish manner, he was looking furtively at Mrs. Boffin out of his blue eyes, and reaching his fat dimpled hand up to the lips of the old woman, who was kissing it by times.

"Yes, ma'am, he's a pretty boy, he's a dear darling boy, he's the child of my own last left daughter's daughter. But she's gone the way of all the rest."

"Those are not his brother and sister?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"Oh, dear no, ma'am. Those are Minders."

"Minders?" the Secretary repeated.

"Left to be Minded, Sir. I keep a Minding-School. I can take only three, on account of the Mangle. But I love children, and Fourpence a week is Fourpence. Come here, Toddles and Poddles."

Toddles was the pet-name of the boy; Poddles of the girl. At their little unsteady pace they came across the floor, hand in hand, as if they were traversing an extremely difficult road intersected by brooks, and, when they had had their heads patted by Mrs. Betty Higden, made lunges at the orphan, dramatically representing an attempt to bear him, crowing, into captivity and slavery. All the three children enjoyed this to a delightful extent, and the sympathetic Sloppy again laughed long and loud. When it was discreet to stop the play, Betty Higden said "Go to your seats Toddles and Poddles," and they returned hand in hand across country, seeming to find the brooks rather swollen by late rains.

"And Master—or Mister—Sloppy?" said the Secretary, in doubt whether he was man, boy, or what.

"A love-child," returned Betty Higden, dropping her voice; "parents never known; found in the street. He was brought up in the—" with a shiver of repugnance, "—the House."

"The Poor-house?" said the Secretary.

Mrs. Higden set that resolute old face of hers, and darkly nodded yes.

"You dislike the mention of it."

"Dislike the mention of it?" answered the

old woman. "Kill me sooner than take me there. Throw this pretty child under cart-horses' feet and a loaded wagon sooner than take him there. Come to us and find us all a-dying, and set a light to us all where we lie, and let us all blaze away with the house into a heap of cinders, sooner than move a corpse of us there!"

A surprising spirit in this lonely woman after so many years of hard working, and hard living, my Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards! What is it that we call it in our grandiose speeches? British independence, rather perverted? Is that, or something like it, the ring of the cant?

"Do I never read in the newspapers," said the dame, fondling the child—"God help me and the like of me!—how the worn-out people that do come down to that, get driven from post to pillar and pillar to post, a-purpose to tire them out! Do I never read how they are put off, put off, put off—how they are grudged, grudged, grudged, the shelter, or the doctor, or the drop of physic, or the bit of bread? Do I never read how they grow heart-sick of it and give it up, after having let themselves drop so low, and how they after all die out for want of help? Then I say, I hope I can die as well as another, and I'll die without that disgrace."

Absolutely impossible my Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards, by any stretch of legislative wisdom to set these perverse people right in their logic?

"Johnny, my pretty," continued old Betty, caressing the child, and rather mourning over it than speaking to it, "your old Granny Betty is nigher fourscore year than threescore and ten. She never begged nor had a penny of the Union money in all her life. She paid scot and she paid lot when she had money to pay; she worked when she could, and she starved when she must. You pray that your Granny may have strength enough left her at the last (she's strong for an old one, Johnny), to get up from her bed and run and hide herself, and sworn to death in a hole, sooner than fall into the hands of those Cruel Jacks we read of, that dodge and drive, and worry and weary, and scorn and shame, the decent poor."

A brilliant success, my Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards, to have brought it to this in the minds of the best of the poor! Under submission, might it be worth thinking of, at any odd time?

The fright and abhorrence that Mrs. Betty Higden smoothed out of her strong face as she ended this diversion showed how seriously she had meant it.

"And does he work for you?" asked the Secretary, gently bringing the discourse back to Master or Mister Sloppy.

"Yes," said Betty, with a good-humored smile and nod of the head. "And well too."

"Does he live here?"

"He lives more here than any where. He was thought to be no better than a Natural, and

first come to me as a Minder. I made interest with Mr. Blogg the Beadle to have him as a Minder, seeing him by chance up at church, and thinking I might do something with him. For he was a weak rickety creetur then."

"Is he called by his right name?"

"Why, you see, speaking quite correctly, he has no right name. I always understood he took his name from being found on a Sloppy night."

"He seems an amiable fellow."

"Bless you, Sir, there's not a bit of him," returned Betty, "that's not amiable. So you may judge how amiable he is, by running your eye along his height."

Of an ungainly make was Sloppy. Too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many sharp angles of him angle-wise. One of those shambling male human creatures, born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons; every button he had about him glaring at the public to a quite preternatural extent. A considerable capital of knee and elbow and wrist and ankle had Sloppy, and he didn't know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, but was always investing it in wrong securities, and so getting himself into embarrassed circumstances. Full-Private Number One in the Awkward Squad of the rank and file of life was Sloppy, and yet had his glimmering notions of standing true to the Colors.

"And now," said Mrs. Boffin, "concerning Johnny."

As Johnny, with his chin tucked in and his lips pouting, reclined in Betty's lap, concentrating his blue eyes on the visitors and shading them from observation with a dimpled arm, old Betty took one of his fresh fat hands in her withered right, and fell to gently beating it on her withered left.

"Yes, ma'am. Concerning Johnny."

"If you trust the dear child to me," said Mrs. Boffin, with a face inviting trust, "he shall have the best of homes, the best of care, the best of education, the best of friends. Please God I will be a true good mother to him!"

"I am thankful to you, ma'am, and the dear child would be thankful if he was old enough to understand." Still lightly beating the little hand upon her own. "I wouldn't stand in the dear child's light, not if I had all my life before me instead of a very little of it. But I hope you won't take it ill that I cleave to the child closer than words can tell, for he's the last living thing left me."

"Take it ill, my dear soul? Is it likely? And you so tender of him as to bring him home here!"

"I have seen," said Betty, still with that light beat upon her hard rough hand, "so many of them on my lap. And they are all gone but this one! I am ashamed to seem so selfish, but I don't really mean it. It'll be the making of his fortune, and he'll be a gentleman when I am dead. I—I—don't know what comes over me. I—try against it. Don't notice me!" The light

beat stopped, the resolute mouth gave way, and the fine strong old face broke up into weakness and tears.

Now, greatly to the relief of the visitors, the emotional Sloppy no sooner beheld his patroness in this condition, than, throwing back his head and throwing open his mouth, he lifted up his voice and bellowed. This alarming note of something wrong instantly terrified Toddles and Poddles, who were no sooner heard to roar surprisingly, than Johnny, curving himself the wrong way and striking out at Mrs. Boffin with a pair of indifferent shoes, became a prey to despair. The absurdity of the situation put its pathos to the rout. Mrs. Betty Higden was herself in a moment, and brought them all to order with that speed, that Sloppy, stopping short in a polysyllabic bellow, transferred his energy to the mangle, and had taken several penitential turns before he could be stopped.

"There, there, there!" said Mrs. Boffin, almost regarding her kind self as the most ruthless of women. "Nothing is going to be done. Nobody need be frightened. We're all comfortable; ain't we, Mrs. Higden?"

"Sure and certain we are," returned Betty.

"And there really is no hurry, you know," said Mrs. Boffin, in a lower voice. "Take time to think of it, my good creature!"

"Don't you fear *me* no more, ma'am," said Betty. "I thought of it for good yesterday. I don't know what come over me just now, but it'll never come again."

"Well, then; Johnny shall have more time to think of it," returned Mrs. Boffin; "the pretty child shall have time to get used to it. And you'll get him more used to it, if you think well of it; won't you?"

Betty undertook that, cheerfully and readily.

"Lor," cried Mrs. Boffin, looking radiantly about her, "we want to make every body happy, not dismal!—And perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me know how used to it you begin to get, and how it all goes on?"

"I'll send Sloppy," said Mrs. Higden.

"And this gentleman who has come with me will pay him for his trouble," said Mrs. Boffin. "And Mr. Sloppy, whenever you come to my house, be sure you never go away without having had a good dinner of meat, beer, vegetables, and pudding."

This still further brightened the face of affairs; for, the highly sympathetic Sloppy, first broadly staring and grinning, and then roaring with laughter, Toddles and Poddles followed suit, and Johnny trumped the trick. T and P considering these favorable circumstances for the resumption of that dramatic descent upon Johnny, again came across-country hand in hand upon a buccaneering expedition; and this having been fought out in the chimney-corner behind Mrs. Higden's chair, with great valor on both sides, those desperate pirates returned hand in hand to their stools, across the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

"You must tell me what I can do for you, Betty my friend," said Mrs. Boffin, confidentially, "if not to-day, next time."

"Thank you all the same, ma'am, but I want nothing for myself. I can work. I'm strong. I can walk twenty mile if I'm put to it." Old Betty was proud, and said it with a sparkle in her bright eyes.

"Yes, but there are some little comforts that you wouldn't be the worse for," returned Mrs. Boffin. "Bless ye, I wasn't born a lady any more than you."

"It seems to me," said Betty, smiling, "that you were a born lady, and a true one, or there never was a lady born. But I couldn't take any thing from you, my dear. I never did take any thing from any one. It ain't that I'm not grateful, but I love to earn it better."

"Well, well!" returned Mrs. Boffin. "I only spoke of little things, or I wouldn't have taken the liberty."

Betty put her visitor's hand to her lips, in acknowledgment of the delicate answer. Wonderfully upright her figure was, and wonderfully self-reliant her look, as, standing facing her visitor, she explained herself further.

"If I could have kept the dear child, without the dread that's always upon me of his coming to that fate I have spoken of, I could never have parted with him, even to you. For I love him, I love him, I love him! I love my husband long dead and gone, in him; I love my children dead and gone, in him; I love my young and hopeful days dead and gone, in him. I couldn't sell that love, and look you in your bright kind face. It's a free gift. I am in want of nothing. When my strength fails me, if I can but die out quick and quiet, I shall be quite content. I have stood between my dead and that shame I have spoken of, and it has been kept off from every one of them. Sewed into my gown," with her hand upon her breast, "is just enough to lay me in the grave. Only see that it's rightly spent, so as I may rest free to the last from that cruelty and disgrace, and you'll have done much more than a little thing for me, and all that in this present world my heart is set upon."

Mrs. Betty Higden's visitor pressed her hand. There was no more breaking up of the strong old face into weakness. My Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards, it really was as composed as our own faces, and almost as dignified.

And now, Johnny was to be inveigled into occupying a temporary position on Mrs. Boffin's lap. It was not until he had been piqued into competition with the two diminutive Minders, by seeing them successively raised to that post and retire from it without injury, that he could be by any means induced to leave Mrs. Betty Higden's skirts; toward which he exhibited, even when in Mrs. Boffin's embrace, strong yearnings, spiritual and bodily; the former expressed in a very gloomy visage, the latter in extended arms. However, a general descrip-

tion of the toy-wonders lurking in Mrs. Boffin's house, so far conciliated this worldly-minded orphan as to induce him to stare at her frowningly, with a fist in his mouth, and even at length to chuckle when a richly-caparisoned horse on wheels, with a miraculous gift of cantering to cake-shops, was mentioned. This sound being taken up by the Minders, swelled into a rapturous trio which gave general satisfaction.

So the interview was considered very successful, and Mrs. Boffin was pleased, and all were satisfied. Not least of all, Sloppy, who undertook to conduct the visitors back by the best way to the Three Magpies, and whom the hammer-headed young man much despised.

This piece of business thus put in train, the Secretary drove Mrs. Boffin back to the Bower, and found employment for himself at the new house until evening. Whether, when evening came, he took a way to his lodgings that led through fields, with any design of finding Miss Bella Wilfer in those fields, is not so certain as that she regularly walked there at that hour.

And, moreover, it is certain that there she was.

No longer in mourning, Miss Bella was dressed in as pretty colors as she could muster. There is no denying that she was as pretty as they, and that she and the colors went very prettily together. She was reading as she walked, and of course it is to be inferred, from her showing no knowledge of Mr. Rokesmith's approach, that she did not know he was approaching.

"Eh?" said Miss Bella, raising her eyes from her book, when he stopped before her. "Oh! It's you."

"Only I. A fine evening!"

"Is it?" said Bella, looking coldly round.

"I suppose it is, now you mention it. I have not been thinking of the evening."

"So intent upon your book?"

"Ye-e-es," replied Bella, with a drawl of indifference.

"A love-story, Miss Wilfer?"

"Oh dear no, or I shouldn't be reading it. It's more about money than any thing else."

"And does it say that money is better than any thing?"

"Upon my word," returned Bella, "I forget what it says, but you can find out for yourself, if you like, Mr. Rokesmith. I don't want it any more."

The Secretary took the book—she had fluttered the leaves as if it were a fan—and walked beside her.

"I am charged with a message for you, Miss Wilfer."

"Impossible, I think!" said Bella, with another drawl.

"From Mrs. Boffin. She desired me to assure you of the pleasure she has in finding that she will be ready to receive you in another week or two at furthest."

Bella turned her head toward him, with her pretty-insolent eyebrows raised, and her eyelids

drooping. As much as to say, "How did *you* come by the message, pray?"

"I have been waiting for an opportunity of telling you that I am Mr. Boffin's Secretary?"

"I am as wise as ever," said Miss Bella, loftily, "for I don't know what a Secretary is. Not that it signifies."

"Not at all."

A covert glance at her face, as he walked beside her, showed him that she had not expected his ready assent to that proposition.

"Then are you going to be always there, Mr. Rokesmith?" she inquired, as if that would be a drawback.

"Always? No. Very much there? Yes."

"Dear me!" drawled Bella, in a tone of mortification.

"But my position there as Secretary will be very different from yours as guest. You will know little or nothing about me. I shall transact the business: you will transact the pleasure. I shall have my salary to earn; you will have nothing to do but to enjoy and attract."

"Attract, Sir?" said Bella, again with her eyebrows raised, and her eyelids drooping. "I don't understand you."

Without replying on this point, Mr. Rokesmith went on.

"Excuse me; when I first saw you in your black dress—"

("There!" was Miss Bella's mental exclamation. "What did I say to them at home? Every body noticed that ridiculous mourning.")

"When I first saw you in your black dress, I was at a loss to account for that distinction between yourself and your family. I hope it was not impertinent to speculate upon it?"

"I hope not, I am sure," said Miss Bella, haughtily. "But you ought to know best how you speculated upon it."

Mr. Rokesmith inclined his head in a deprecatory manner, and went on.

"Since I have been intrusted with Mr. Boffin's affairs, I have necessarily come to understand the little mystery. I venture to remark that I feel persuaded that much of your loss may be repaired. I speak, of course, merely of wealth, Miss Wilfer. The loss of a perfect stranger, whose worth, or worthlessness, I can not estimate—nor you either—is beside the question. But this excellent gentleman and lady are so full of simplicity, so full of generosity, so inclined toward you, and so desirous to—how shall I express it?—to make amends for their good fortune, that you have only to respond."

As he watched her with another covert look, he saw a certain ambitious triumph in her face which no assumed coldness could conceal.

"As we have been brought under one roof by an accidental combination of circumstances, which oddly extends itself to the new relations before us, I have taken the liberty of saying these few words. You don't consider them in-

trusive I hope?" said the Secretary, with deference.

"Really, Mr. Rokesmith, I can't say what I consider them," returned the young lady. "They are perfectly new to me, and may be founded altogether on your own imagination."

"You will see."

These same fields were opposite the Wilfer premises. The discreet Mrs. Wilfer now looking out of window and beholding her daughter in conference with her lodger, instantly tied up her head and came out for a casual walk.

"I have been telling Miss Wilfer," said John Rokesmith, as the majestic lady came stalking up, "that I have become, by a curious chance, Mr. Boffin's Secretary or man of business."

"I have not," returned Mrs. Wilfer, waving her gloves in her chronic state of dignity, and vague ill-usage, "the honor of any intimate acquaintance with Mr. Boffin, and it is not for me to congratulate that gentleman on the acquisition he has made."

"A poor one enough," said Rokesmith.

"Pardon me," returned Mrs. Wilfer, "the merits of Mr. Boffin may be highly distinguished—may be more distinguished than the countenance of Mrs. Boffin would imply—but it were the insanity of humility to deem him worthy of a better assistant."

"You are very good. I have also been telling Miss Wilfer that she is expected very shortly at the new residence in town."

"Having tacitly consented," said Mrs. Wilfer, with a grand shrug of her shoulders, and another wave of her gloves, "to my child's acceptance of the proffered attentions of Mrs. Boffin, I interpose no objection."

Here Miss Bella offered the remonstrance: "Don't talk nonsense, ma, please."

"Peace!" said Mrs. Wilfer.

"No, ma, I am not going to be made so absurd. Interposing objections!"

"I say," repeated Mrs. Wilfer, with a vast access of grandeur, "that I am *not* going to interpose objections. If Mrs. Boffin (to whose countenance no disciple of Lavater could possibly for a single moment subscribe)," with a shiver, "seeks to illuminate her new residence in town with the attractions of a child of mine, I am content that she should be favored by the company of a child of mine."

"You use the word, ma'am, I have myself used," said Rokesmith, with a glance at Bella, "when you speak of Miss Wilfer's attractions there."

"Pardon me," returned Mrs. Wilfer, with dreadful solemnity, "but I had not finished."

"Pray excuse me."

"I was about to say," pursued Mrs. Wilfer, who clearly had not had the faintest idea of saying any thing more: "that when I use the term attractions, I do so with the qualification that I do not mean it in any way whatever."

The excellent lady delivered this luminous elucidation of her views with an air of greatly

obliging her hearers and greatly distinguishing herself. Whereat Miss Bella laughed a scornful little laugh and said:

"Quite enough about this, I am sure, on all sides. Have the goodness, Mr. Rokesmith, to give my love to Mrs. Boffin—"

"Pardon me!" cried Mrs. Wilfer. "Compliments."

"Love!" repeated Bella, with a little stamp of her foot.

"No!" said Mrs. Wilfer, monotonously. "Compliments."

("Say Miss Wilfer's love, and Mrs. Wilfer's compliments," the Secretary proposed, as a compromise.)

"And I shall be very glad to come when she is ready for me. The sooner the better."

"One last word, Bella," said Mrs. Wilfer, "before descending to the family apartment. I trust that as a child of mine you will ever be sensible that it will be graceful in you, when associating with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin upon equal terms, to remember that the Secretary, Mr. Rokesmith, as your father's lodger, has a claim on your good word."

The condescension with which Mrs. Wilfer delivered this proclamation of patronage was as wonderful as the swiftness with which the lodger had lost caste in the Secretary. He smiled as the mother retired down stairs; but his face fell as the daughter followed.

"So insolent, so trivial, so capricious, so mercenary, so careless, so hard to touch, so hard to turn!" he said, bitterly.

And added as he went up stairs. "And yet so pretty, so pretty!"

And added presently, as he walked to and fro in his room. "And if she knew!"

She knew that he was shaking the house by his walking to and fro; and she declared it another of the miseries of being poor, that you couldn't get rid of a haunting Secretary, stump—stump—stumping overhead in the dark, like a Ghost.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISMAL SWAMP.

AND now, in the blooming summer days, behold Mr. and Mrs. Boffin established in the eminently aristocratic family mansion, and behold all manner of crawling, creeping, fluttering, and buzzing creatures, attracted by the gold dust of the Golden Dustman!

Foremost among those leaving cards at the eminently aristocratic door before it is quite painted are the Veneerings: out of breath, one might imagine, from the impetuosity of their rush to the eminently aristocratic steps. One copper-plate Mrs. Veneering, two copper-plate Mr. Veneerings, and a connubial copper-plate Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, requesting the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin's company at dinner with the utmost Analytical solemnities. The

enchancing Lady Tippins leaves a card. Twemlow leaves cards. A tall custard-colored phaeton tooling up in a solemn manner leaves four cards, to wit, a couple of Mr. Podsnaps, a Mrs. Podsnap, and a Miss Podsnap. All the world and his wife and daughter leave cards. Sometimes the world's wife has so many daughters that her card reads rather like a Miscellaneous Lot at an Auction; comprising Mrs. Tapkins, Miss Tapkins, Miss Frederica Tapkins, Miss Antonina Tapkins, Miss Malvina Tapkins, and Miss Euphemia Tapkins; at the same time, the same lady leaves the card of Mrs. Henry George Alfred Swoshle, *née* Tapkins: also, a card, Mrs. Tapkins at Home, Wednesdays, Music, Portland Place.

Miss Bella Wilfer becomes an inmate, for an indefinite period, of the eminently aristocratic dwelling. Mrs. Boffin bears Miss Bella away to her Milliner's and Dress-maker's, and she gets beautifully dressed. The Veneerings find with swift remorse that they have omitted to invite Miss Bella Wilfer. One Mrs. Veneering and one Mr. and Mrs. Veneering requesting that additional honor, instantly do penance in white cardboard on the hall table. Mrs. Tapkins likewise discovers her omission, and with promptitude repairs it; for herself, for Miss Tapkins, for Miss Frederica Tapkins, for Miss Antonina Tapkins, for Miss Malvina Tapkins, and for Miss Euphemia Tapkins. Likewise, for Mrs. Henry George Alfred Swoshle, *née* Tapkins. Likewise, for Mrs. Tapkins at Home, Wednesdays, Music, Portland Place.

Tradesmen's books hunger, and tradesmen's mouths water, for the gold dust of the Golden Dustman. As Mrs. Boffin and Miss Wilfer drive out, or as Mr. Boffin walks out at his jog-trot pace, the fishmonger pulls off his hat with an air of reverence founded on conviction. His men cleanse their fingers on their woollen aprons before presuming to touch their foreheads to Mr. Boffin or Lady. The gaping salmon and the golden mullet lying on the slab seem to turn up their eyes sidewise, as they would turn up their hands, if they had any, in worshiping admiration. The butcher, though a portly and a prosperous man, doesn't know what to do with himself, so anxious is he to express humility when discovered by the passing Boffins taking the air in a mutton grove. Presents are made to the Boffin servants, and bland strangers with business-cards meeting said servants in the street, offer hypothetical corruption. As, "Supposing I was to be favored with an order from Mr. Boffin, my dear friend, it would be worth my while"—to do a certain thing that I hope might not prove wholly disagreeable to your feelings.

But no one knows so well as the Secretary, who opens and reads the letters, what a set is made at the man marked by a stroke of notoriety. Oh the varieties of dust for ocular use offered in exchange for the gold dust of the Golden Dustman! Fifty-seven churches to be erected with half-crowns, forty-two parsonage houses to

be repaired with shillings, seven-and-twenty organs to be built with half-pence, twelve hundred children to be brought up on postage stamps. Not that a half-crown, shilling, half-penny, or postage stamp would be particularly acceptable from Mr. Boffin, but that it is so obvious he is the man to make up the deficiency. And then the charities, my Christian brother! And mostly in difficulties, yet mostly lavish, too, in the expensive articles of print and paper. Large fat private double letter, sealed with ducal coronet. "Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire. My Dear Sir,—Having consented to preside at the forthcoming Annual Dinner of the Family Party Fund, and feeling deeply impressed with the immense usefulness of that noble Institution and the great importance of its being supported by a List of Stewards that shall prove to the public the interest taken in it by popular and distinguished men, I have undertaken to ask you to become a Steward on that occasion. Soliciting your favorable reply before the 14th instant, I am, My Dear Sir, Your faithful Servant, LINSEED. P.S. The Steward's fee is limited to three Guineas." Friendly this, on the part of the Duke of Linseed (and thoughtful in the postscript), only lithographed by the hundred and presenting but a pale individuality of address to Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, in quite another hand. It takes two noble Earls and a Viscount, combined, to inform Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, in an equally flattering manner, that an estimable lady in the West of England has offered to present a purse containing twenty pounds, to the Society for Granting Annuities to Unassuming Members of the Middle Classes, if twenty individuals will previously present purses of one hundred pounds each. And those benevolent noblemen very kindly point out that if Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, should wish to present two or more purses, it will not be inconsistent with the design of the estimable lady in the West of England, provided each purse be coupled with the name of some member of his honored and respected family.

These are the corporate beggars. But there are, besides, the individual beggars; and how does the heart of the Secretary fail him when he has to cope with *them*! And they must be coped with to some extent, because they all inclose documents (they call their scraps documents; but they are, as to papers deserving the name, what minced veal is to a calf), the non-return of which would be their ruin. That is to say, they are utterly ruined now, but they would be more utterly ruined then. Among these correspondents are several daughters of general officers, long accustomed to every luxury of life (except spelling), who little thought, when their gallant fathers waged war in the Peninsula, that they would ever have to appeal to those whom Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has blessed with untold gold, and from among whom they select the name of Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, for a maiden effort in this wise, understanding that he has such a heart as never was. The

Secretary learns, too, that confidence between man and wife would seem to obtain but rarely when virtue is in distress, so numerous are the wives who take up their pens to ask Mr. Boffin for money without the knowledge of their devoted husbands, who would never permit it; while, on the other hand, so numerous are the husbands who take up their pens to ask Mr. Boffin for money without the knowledge of their devoted wives, who would instantly go out of their senses if they had the least suspicion of the circumstance. There are the inspired beggars, too. These were sitting, only yesterday evening, musing over a fragment of candle which must soon go out and leave them in the dark for the rest of their nights, when surely some Angel whispered the name of Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, to their souls, imparting rays of hope, nay confidence, to which they had long been strangers! Akin to these are the suggestively-befriended beggars. They were partaking of a cold potato and water by the flickering and gloomy light of a lucifer-match, in their lodgings (rent considerably in arrear, and heartless landlady threatening expulsion "like a dog" into the streets), when a gifted friend happening to look in, said, "Write immediately to Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire," and would take no denial. There are the nobly independent beggars too. These, in the days of their abundance, ever regarded gold as dross, and have not yet got over that only impediment in the way of their amassing wealth, but they want no dross from Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire; No, Mr. Boffin; the world may term it pride, paltry pride if you will, but they wouldn't take it if you offered it; a loan, Sir—for fourteen weeks to the day, interest calculated at the rate of five per cent. per annum, to be bestowed upon any charitable institution you may name—is all they want of you, and if you have the meanness to refuse it, count on being despised by these great spirits. There are the beggars of punctual business-habits too. These will make an end of themselves at a quarter to one P.M. on Tuesday, if no Post-office order is in the interim received from Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire; arriving after a quarter to one P.M. on Tuesday, it need not be sent, as they will then (having made an exact memorandum of the heartless circumstances) be "cold in death." There are the beggars on horseback too, in another sense from the sense of the proverb. These are mounted and ready to start on the highway to affluence. The goal is before them, the road is in the best condition, their spurs are on, the steed is willing, but, at the last moment, for want of some special thing—a clock, a violin, an astronomical telescope, an electrifying machine—they must dismount forever, unless they receive its equivalent in money from Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire. Less given to detail are the beggars who make sporting ventures. These, usually to be addressed in reply under initials at a country post-office, inquire in feminine hands, Dare one who can not disclose

herself to Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, but whose name might startle him were it revealed, solicit the immediate advance of two hundred pounds from unexpected riches exercising their noblest privilege in the trust of a common humanity?

In such a Dismal Swamp does the new house stand, and through it does the Secretary daily struggle breast-high. Not to mention all the people alive who have made inventions that won't act, and all the jobbers who job in all the jobberies jobbed; though these may be regarded as the Alligators of the Dismal Swamp, and are always lying by to drag the Golden Dustman under.

But the old house. There are no designs against the Golden Dustman there? There are no fish of the shark tribe in the Bower waters? Perhaps not. Still, Wegg is established there, and would seem, judged by his secret proceedings, to cherish a notion of making a discovery. For, when a man with a wooden leg lies prone on his stomach to peep under bedsteads; and hops up ladders, like some extinct bird, to survey the tops of presses and cupboards; and provides himself an iron rod which he is always poking and prodding into dust-mounds; the probability is that he expects to find something.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HOW WE FIGHT AT ATLANTA.

HERE in the trenches before Atlanta, on this 15th day of August, I propose to give you some idea of the actual manner in which we fight. With us the pomp and show of war has become a matter of poetry rather than of fact. We need no gay dress or nodding plumes to inspire a soldier's pride. Practical utility is what we look at in matters of dress and equipment. Look at most of the pictures. Two-thirds of the pictures in books and papers represent the soldiers with enormous knapsacks neatly packed; officers leading the charge in full dress uniform, with their sabres waving in the most approved style. Now this makes a pretty picture; but let me tell you that soldiers don't put on their well-packed knapsacks to double-quick over a half mile of open ground in the hot sun at the *pas du charge*. Limited transportation soon exhausts an officer's stock of white collars. The most elegant dress uniform will become torn and spotted, and the brightly polished boots will become soiled with mud, when one is reduced to marching in line-of-battle through swamps, thickets, and brier patches, and then sleeping night after night on the bare ground with only heaven's clouds for an over-coat. Know ye, then, ladies all, yonder pretty-looking officer, with his spotless dress, resplendent with gold lace, will present a very different spectacle after a few months of campaigning. Dusty, ragged, and unshaven, his appearance is far more in accordance with his surroundings, far more becoming the earnest fighting man that you really suppose he is, than if he were arrayed as you for-

merly saw him, or as the pictures represent him to be.

Of course, in a war like this, upon which we all entered with the art yet to learn, the science has been progressive. Each succeeding year has developed new phases, and under such schooling our soldiers are indeed veterans; men whom practice has perfected in all the mysteries of military life. Each soldier knows that where he used to lie upon his arms all the time, in the face of the enemy, only seeking cover from the shape of the ground, he must now make a strong fortification, to enable him to hold his position, and must arrange it to stop pieces of shell from the flank as well as bullets from the front. Had the army been as experienced at Shiloh as it is now, Beauregard would have come up and broken his army to pieces on our fortifications, instead of finding our whole army lying exposed to his attacks on the open field. At Fort Donelson, too, where we had to attack fortifications, we ourselves had no sign of a work upon which we could fall back after each day's repulse; nor did the enemy seem to realize the value of his own works, for instead of quietly waiting the attack, he threw away his army by fighting outside his works.

It is now a principle with us to fight with movable breast-works, to save every man by giving him cover, from which he may resist the tremendous attacks in mass of the enemy. Thus at least we fight in Georgia, in the Atlanta campaign.

Wherever the army moves, either in gaining the enemy's work, or in taking up a new line of attack, the first duty after the halt is to create defensive fortifications—rude, indeed, but effective in enabling us to hold our ground against any force. In forming these field-works every man is to some extent his own engineer. The location of the line is selected by the officers, and each regiment fortifies its own front, each company its own ground.

Generally the situation will not allow of finishing the works at once, for the enemy will probably attack soon after you take position, which is on a commanding hill or some similar point. So you cause a hasty barricade to be constructed. The front rank take all the guns and remain on the line, while the rear rank goes off in double-quick to collect rails, logs, rocks, any thing that can assist in turning a hostile bullet. These they place on the front of the front rank, and in five minutes there is a hasty barricade, bullet-proof and breast-high, along your whole line; not a mere straight work, but one varied with its salients and re-entering angles, taking every advantage of the ground, and cross-firing on every hollow. You can do this after the enemy forms to charge you, while he is feeling you with artillery. Thus it takes just five minutes to prepare for an assault; and you can hold your line against an attack by three times your number—and that, too, with but slight loss to yourself—if your men be veteran soldiers.

It may be that when your barricade is done you have yet time. Shovels and picks are always carried by your men, and to work they go to complete the frail works. A ditch is speedily made on the inside to stand in. The earth is thrown on the outside of the barricade, and the ditch deepened, so that, standing inside, your head will be protected by the parapet. Thus you speedily have a pretty substantial earth-work, with a step inside to stand on when firing, and a ditch to stand in while loading. If you are in the woods, you want to give range to your rifles, and have all the thick undergrowth and small trees cut away for fifty paces in front. By felling these all the same way, the bushy tops all turning outward, and trimming off the smaller twigs and leaves, and tangling the tops together, you have a formidable abattis, through which it shall be next to impossible for a line to advance alone, let alone against the showers of bullets from your men at short range. This done, you can be making any amount of additions to your work as you have time, all tending to make it impregnable. Even after you have pronounced the job finished, your men will fuss and dig and tinker about the works to make them sure protection. They have no notion of taking a position, and then having it taken from them by a sudden assault. They will cut huge logs eighteen inches through, and place them on the parapet to protect the head while they shoot through a space left between the log and the parapet. They have also an ingenious plan for preventing these "head-logs" from being an injury to the service. Experience has taught them that a cannon-ball will sometimes strike one of these huge logs, and throw it off the parapet on to the troops inside. As a preventive skids, or stout poles, are placed at equal distances along the rifle-pits, extending from the parapet across the ditch. The logs being knocked off the top of the breast-work are supposed to roll along these skids, over the heads of the soldiers in the ditch, until they lodge safely on the bank beyond.

The men will also amuse themselves with devising some new entanglement or snare to annoy the advance of the enemy. They drive palisades—stakes set in the ground with their sharpened points directed outward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and so close together that a man can not pass between them. In front of the palisade they place a strong wire so arranged that it can not be seen but will trip all comers. They will then imagine how astounded will be the rebels in charging the works to be suddenly tripped up and to fall forward on the sharp palisades.

Your main works being completed you can rest secure, only putting in an embrasure for a howitzer or two here or there. These howitzers are a fine thing to repel an attack, for they throw nearly a bucketful of small balls at a charge. Your skirmish line has, in the mean time, fortified itself sufficiently for protection, and can hold an attacking column long enough for you to form

line in the main works before the enemy can get there.

One reads in the papers of the assaults on earth-works, of the repulses, and yet one does not know what is contained in those words—"Assault repulsed." You make up your mind to assault the enemy's works. You have formed line of battle, with a second and third line behind you for support. You march forth filled with the determination to accomplish the object, yet feeling the magnitude of the undertaking. Two hundred yards brings you to the picket-line, and here the opposition commences. You dash across the space between the two lines, you lose a few men; and the enemy's pickets, after making as much noise as possible, run back to their main works. By this time the enemy are sure you are really coming, and open on you with artillery, besides a pretty heavy fire of musketry. This artillery throws the shell screaming through your ranks, producing more moral than physical effect, or throws shrapnell which, bursting in front, scatter myriads of small bullets around. You commence to lose men rapidly. The ball is opened. "Forward, double-quick!" again; and while the whole line of the enemy open fire from behind their works, your men, mindless of this—mindless of the death intensified, the bullets and the shells, they dash on with wild cheers. The abattis with its tangled intricacy of sharpened branches snares your line. Tripping, falling, rising to fall again, the men struggle through this abattis. You get through this abattis, though the minutes are drawn out interminably, and though in each step are left brave men to pay for the ground. You get through a part of you and still rush on: the firing grows more fierce, the men grow more desperate. Your three lines have been almost reduced to one, and you strike another line of abattis. In this abattis are the palisades, which must be uprooted by force before a man can pass. You stumble, fall, tear your flesh on these stakes, and must stop to pull them up—stop, when every instant is an hour—stop, when you are already gasping for breath; and here open up the masked batteries, pouring the canister into that writhing, struggling, bleeding mass—so close that the flame scorches, that the smoke blinds from those guns. Is it any wonder that your three lines are torn to pieces, and have to give back before the redoubled fire of an enemy as yet uninjured comparatively? And then the slaughter of a retreat *there!* Oftentimes it is preferable to lie down and take the fire there until night rather than lose all by falling back under such circumstances.

This war has demonstrated that earth-works can be rendered nearly impregnable on either side against direct assault. An attack on fortified lines must cost a fearful price, and should be well weighed whether the cost exceed not the gain. This, then, is what an assault means—a slaughter-pen, a charnel-house, and an army of weeping mothers and sisters at home. It is inevitable. When an assault is successful, it is

to be hoped that the public gain may warrant the loss of life requisite. When it is repulsed tenfold is the mourning.

It was a long time before the men could appreciate the value of these field-works. They would grumble and growl, recalling instances without number where the most charming little traps, the most elegant cross-fires, had been prepared with great labor, and had never been attacked. I saw some men most beautifully satisfied as to the necessity for defensive works the other day. On the 22d of July, before Atlanta, while these men were engaged in grumbling over some newly-finished works which the enemy would not charge, Hardee struck the Seventeenth Corps in flank and rear. His furious onset crushed the flank, and the Second Brigade of the Third Division, to which these grumblers belonged, found themselves suddenly forming the unprotected left of the corps and attack from the rear in those very works they grumbled so about building. When this attack was made they jumped the works to the front, or outside, and fought that way. This attack repulsed, they jumped back and repulsed an attack from the outside, or real front. Thus they fought, looking for all the world like a long line of these toy-monkeys you see which jump over the end of a stick. Thus they fought for four long hours, cut off from all commanders, corps, division, and brigade, cut off from ammunition-trains, and only cheered by the noble example of General Giles A. Smith, whose command, broken by the first onset—all except one brigade—had rallied behind the works of the Third Division. Firing to front and rear, and to either flank, they held their works, only changing front by jumping over the parapet as five assaults were made upon them, successively from front, rear, or flank, until the rebel onset was checked long enough to make sure the safety of the immense wagon-trains already saved by the Sixteenth Corps.

The next works of these men I saw, and seeing them, laughed. Experience had taught the utility of fortifications, and they fortified not only the front, but facing the rear and every way, so that they could hold out if surrounded. They were not going to be caught without ammunition either; for each company had its little powder-magazine in a safe place, well stored with ammunition gathered from the battle-field. No grumbling was heard about building the works. All the spare time of the men was devoted to finishing up their pet works, standing off and regarding the effect of each addition with something of the same paternal feeling that an artist exhibits in regarding the power of each master-stroke in finishing his picture.

We hear a great deal about hand-to-hand fighting. Gallant though it would be, and extremely pleasant to the sensation newspapers to have it to record, yet, unfortunately for gatherers of items, it is of very rare occurrence. This year's campaigns have probably seen more of it than any other of the war. When men can kill

one another at six hundred yards they generally would prefer to do it at that distance than to come down to two paces. Still as each army grows wiser in military matters the fighting must naturally become closer and more desperate, and those who have the firmest endurance, the greatest self-control, must win. This war is not one between mere military machines as soldiers are in Europe, but of rational, thinking beings, fighting with the highest of motives on our side, and with the belief that theirs is the highest of motives on the part of the enemy. When such men are thrown in deadly personal contact with each other the strife is deadly indeed. On the 22d of July, in that part of the battle to which I have already alluded, it chanced that I saw hand-to-hand fighting in that same Second Brigade afore mentioned. A man was actually well-nigh dismembered, the rebels pulling his feet, to take him prisoner, and our boys pulling his head to save him. Men were bayoneted, knocked down with the butts of muskets, and even fists were used in default of better weapons in that deadly strife. Officers used their dress swords, which they had hitherto considered as mere playthings for the parade, to hack down a troublesome enemy. A rebel colonel, who had laid hold of the colors of the Twentieth Ohio Regiment, was bayoneted by the color-guard, who at the same instant saved the colors of the Seventy-eighth Ohio, their bearer, shot through the heart, having dropped the precious flag among the enemy. Men begged for more cartridges as they would for bread, and made every one count, as the horrible sight in the ditch testified the next morning.

So much for hand-to-hand fighting. While there are thousands of such brave men in the field our country can never go to ruin, and the honor of our flag will be upheld against traitors, enemies, at home or abroad.

In a protracted attack like that on Petersburg or Atlanta, although not actually a siege, still the operations have to be carried on more or less after the principles of one. The works are more solid, more substantial, than mere field-works. The men make their bunks right behind the works so as to be protected from the pieces of shell and bullets. The parapets are made thicker and higher to resist the heavy artillery fire of the enemy, and batteries are erected at commanding points to keep up a constant fire upon the enemy. These batteries are made very strongly, and are often casemated, or roofed with a heavy bomb-proof of logs and earth. It is amusing to watch the operations of these batteries. They are arranged with the most consummate skill, so far as regards position, etc. No sooner does a rebel battery dare to speak than you will hear a volley from all the guns that can see it, and a dozen or more shells of every shape and size will strike exactly in the embrasure of the hostile fort. This practice of concentration of fire renders the enemy exceedingly chary of using his guns unless he thinks he has us at an advantage.

Sharp-shooters play an important part in the operations of our army. Hiding themselves in a good position they soon build a little pit, digging with the bayonet and tin cup, if they can not stand up to use a spade, from which they annoy the enemy most immensely. Their keen eyes readily detect the slightest portion of an enemy exposed, and they generally mark it with a quick bullet. Many a trick is resorted to by them to induce the enemy so to expose himself. Sometimes they will all raise a tremendous shout, and when the enemy bob up to see what is going on they give them a telling volley, and then roll over and kick up their heels with joy. Nothing short of an actual attack in force will dislodge these sharp-shooters; and it is rarely that one of them is killed. They take the same pride in their duty that a hunter does in the chase, and tally their victims in three separate columns—the “certainly,” the “probably,” and the “possibly” killed—thinking no more of it than if it were not men they hunt so diligently. The enemy also have efficient sharp-shooters who climb high trees and with their long-range rifles soon make themselves felt in our camps.

Besides the fighting population of our camps there is a population constitutionally opposed to warfare—cooks, ambulance nurses, stretcher-bearers, shirks, and sometimes surgeons, who all come under the class technically called *bummers*. These are treated by the fighting men with a sort of cool contempt, no matter whether necessity or inclination keeps them to the rear, and they have a hard time. Frequently the rear of the army is a much more dangerous locality than the front line, for the missiles passing over the front line, must fall somewhere, and often demoralize whole hosts of “bummers,” who build miniature fortifications to live in, and collect together in crowds; for misery loves company. Any favorable ravine thus peopled immediately becomes denominated “Bummer’s Roost.” Here they spend their days in cooking for their nurses, if they are cooks, or attending to their own business, if their object be to escape duty and danger. Among them originate all sorts of marvelous reports of immense success or terrible disaster. They always know just what General Sherman said about the situation at any given time; and from them start many of the wild stories which penetrate the columns of our best papers.

To watch these cooks, freighted with the precious coffee for the men in the trenches, as they go out to the front three times a day, is amusing. From continually dodging the passing shells or stray bullets their forms become bent and stooping. As they approach the line, the men in the trenches commence shouting, “Hey, bummer! Run quick, bummer!” “A man was killed just there, bummer!” With such encouragements the coffee at last reaches its destination, and being distributed among the eager men the bummer is soon at liberty to hurry back to the “Roost.”

NORTHERN FARMER, OLD STYLE.

IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:
 Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a fool:
 Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooïn' to breäk my rule.

II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways true:
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
 I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
 An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
 "The amoighty's a taäkin' o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,
 An' a tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
 I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
 But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
 Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
 An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my yeäd,
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
 An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaäy.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
 Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
 'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understond;
 I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

VII.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
 "The amoighty's a taäkin' o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.
 I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste:
 But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
 Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen;
 Moäst loike a butter-bump, for I 'eerd un aboot an' aboot,
 But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled un oot.

IX.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun un theer a-laäid on 'is faäce
 Doon i' the woild 'enemies afoor I comed to the plaäce.
 Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as deäd as a naäil.
 Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my yaäle.

X.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste: theer warn't not feäd for a cow:
 Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now—
 Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feäd,
 Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäd.

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
 Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
 If godamoighty and parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
 Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

XII.

Do godamoighty know what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
 An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
 And I 'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty year.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'ääpoth o' sense,
 Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a fence:
 But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
 Wi' 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow!

XIV.

Looäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,
 Says to thessén naw doot "what a mon a beä sewer-ly!
 For they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin' fust a comed to the 'All;
 I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all.

XV.

Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
 For who's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
 Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
 Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
 Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed fields wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
 Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
 But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?
 Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an' a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
 I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
 Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of September. The interest in the military operations of the month centres about four topics: the siege of Petersburg, the operations in the Shenandoah Valley, the siege of Atlanta, and the attack on Mobile.

General Grant resumed operations against Petersburg July 21, by a feint movement north of the James, the object of which was to divert Lee's attention from a formidable assault intended to be made on the fortifications east of Petersburg. For several weeks preparations had been making for this assault, and by means of a ravine within our lines Grant had succeeded in running a mine to a point just in front of Cemetery Hill, the salient of the Confederate fortifications on this side. The feint movement proved a greater success than the assault. General Foster had held an important position at Deep Bottom, across the James from Jones Neck, and protected on his flank by gun-boats. This position was three miles above Malvern Hill.

At this point a pontoon-bridge stretched across the river. On Thursday, July 21, another bridge was thrown across below, at Strawberry Plains, and the next morning a portion of the Nineteenth Corps crossed and held guard on the north side. The movement succeeded in alarming the enemy, and there was for two or three days a sharp skirmishing. On the 26th the Second Corps was marched across, and a considerable force of cavalry under Sheridan and Kautz; and to heighten the effect of his demonstrations in this direction Grant, in full view of the enemy, sent the long wagon-train of the Sixth Corps across. The Second Corps was all on the north side of the James on the morning of the 27th, and immediately advanced across Strawberry Plains against the enemy, who lay behind earth-works half a mile in front. Having traversed this space under a severe fire, a flanking movement was successfully executed, turning the enemy's left. The intrenchments were abandoned, and Miles's brigade, Barlow's division, captured four 20-pound

Parrott guns, which were left behind in the embrasures.

That night the Second Corps recrossed the river to co-operate in the assault, which was set for the 30th. On the morning of that day the mine was exploded at forty minutes past four o'clock. The mine was 400 feet in length, with two galleries; it connected with our lines by means of a covered way. It was charged with eight tons of powder, and the explosion was like an earthquake. This was the signal for the assault. The exploding mine had blown up one of the enemy's batteries together with a North Carolina regiment, and had made a gap in the works. Now a thundering cannonade opened from a hundred and fifty Federal guns, and the troops rushed to the assault. During the previous night the line had been formed with the Ninth Corps in the centre, supported on the left by the Fifth, and with the Eighteenth massed in its rear. Ledlie's division, together with the Fourth, both of the Ninth Corps, were selected for the storming party. Ledlie's leading in three lines, each consisting of a brigade, marched up into the crater formed by the explosion. There was here a fatal delay, and when the division at length pushed up the crest of Cemetery Hill they were repulsed. Then the Fourth Division, consisting of colored troops, followed, and were also repulsed. Some of the soldiers tried to hold the crater against the enemy; others quickly made their way to the rear. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the Federal loss was estimated at between five and six thousand men. General Bartlett and his staff, together with Colonel Wild, were captured in the engagement. August 3 a truce was granted by Lee for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded. August 6 the enemy exploded a mine in front of the Eighteenth Corps, but no injury was done.

On the 9th an explosion occurred at City Point, which, although accidental, resulted in a loss of a hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The accident occurred at the wharf a little before noon, just as the 11.30 train was starting for the front, and in the following manner: The *J. E. Kendrick*, loaded with ammunition, was lying at the wharf, with several other barges, and it was in this boat that the explosion took place. The barges near by were destroyed, the wharf was torn up, the large Government warehouse was crushed, the railroad cars shattered, and the buildings on the other side of the railroad were leveled with the ground. The loss of property was nearly two millions.

A fortnight after the unsuccessful assault on Petersburg General Grant moved again. The Second Corps had a few days previously embarked on transports, and on the 12th went down the river a short distance, but returned during the night, and landed again on the north side of the James, at Deep Bottom. At Dutch Gap, near this point, General Butler was engaged in digging a canal, to cut off six or eight miles of travel around an awkward bend of the river, and also to avoid obstructions in the river. This work was impeded by an annoying fire from the enemy on the north side. On the 13th also the Second Corps was reinforced by the Tenth, and the entire command was formed on Foster's right. An attack was made on the enemy's position, resulting in the capture of five hundred prisoners, six cannon, and two mortars. The Confederates retired to a stronger position. This time Grant appeared to be in earnest on the north side, and on the 18th his lines extended from Dutch

Gap to White Oak Swamp. While the Confederate line was drawn out to confront this extension of Grant's, the Fifth Corps on the 18th marched to Reams Station, surprised a force of the enemy guarding the Weldon Railroad at that point, and took possession of the road. About noon a portion of Hill's Corps advanced from Petersburg and attacked Warren, but were repulsed. The next day a larger force attacked, and succeeded in flanking the right of Warren's Corps; a large number of men were captured, but the fight was maintained with great tenacity until the Ninth Corps, which had been held in reserve, came up to the support of the Fifth. The enemy was then driven back over the ground which he had gained, and the road was again held by the Federals. Warren's loss in the battle is estimated at five thousand men. The Second Corps recrossed the road Saturday night, and came up to the support of the Fifth and Ninth, who were again attacked on Sunday, the 21st, but succeeded in driving the enemy and capturing a large number of prisoners. The Confederates, having on the 24th left the front of the Fifth and Ninth Corps, reappeared the next day at Ream's Station on the Federal flank and rear, which was protected by only two divisions—the First and Second—of Hancock's Corps. These divisions were engaged in destroying the railroad, and were unexpectedly attacked. Some breast-works had been thrown up at the station, and here the Federals awaited attack, their line taking the form of a crescent, the centre beyond, and the right and left flanks across the railroad. Three assaults were made by the enemy and successfully repulsed. Then followed a desperate charge. The Confederates were mown down by the musketry from the breast-works; but they pushed on, and the right centre giving way the works had to be abandoned by Hancock, who withdrew with his men to a neighboring wood. From this wood he made a successful rally against the enemy's flank, but night coming on terminated the severe conflict. The enemy lost heavily, and Hancock lost between one and two thousand taken prisoners. The position of the Fifth and Ninth Corps on the road remained undisturbed.

In our last Record we brought the operations in the Shenandoah Valley down to July 12, when the Confederates retreated from before Washington across the Potomac. They were pursued by General Averill, who overtook and fought them on the 19th, gaining the victory. The pursuit was continued to Winchester, where Early was reinforced, when Averill, after fighting him on the 23d and 24th, fell back to Harper's Ferry. On the 26th the enemy again occupied Martinsburg. In the battle near Winchester the Federal loss was 1000 men. Colonel Mulligan was among the killed. On Saturday the 30th the Confederate General M'Causland, with a few hundred cavalry, entered Chambersburg, and on the refusal of the citizens to give him five hundred thousand dollars set fire to the town in about fifty places at once. The flight of the citizens from this sudden calamity was attended with great suffering, which was aggravated by the insolence and cruelty of the enemy. The loss of property was nearly four millions of dollars, and more than twenty-five hundred people lost their homes. On the 8th of August General Sheridan was placed in command of the Middle Military Division, superseding General Hunter, his force consisting at that time of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, together with Crook's, Averill's, and

Kelly's commands. Averill and Kelly had just gained an important success, and Sheridan pushed on after the retreating enemy. On the 10th of August a slight engagement occurred with Early's rear guard. The pursuit was continued to Strasburg. On the 14th Mosby attacked Sheridan's rear at Berryville, and disturbed his communications. This, together with the fact that Early was now strongly reinforced, led Sheridan to fall back; on the 21st his line extended from Berryville to a position on the Martinsburg pike, General Wilson's cavalry holding the advance at Summit Point. This position was on the railroad from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, and seven or eight miles from the latter, near Charlestown. Sheridan was here attacked on the morning of the 26th, and was compelled to fall back to the heights around Halltown.

General Sherman, after the battle of July 22, determined to transfer his army to the west of Atlanta. On the morning of the 28th the Army of the Tennessee was swung around to the right of the entire army. Major-General O. O. Howard succeeded M'Pherson in the command; and on this account, it is said, General Hooker resigned his command of the Twentieth Corps. Howard's three corps now threatened the Macon Road. Logan's corps, the Fifteenth, had the advance, and had just got in position when a corps of Hood's army attacked him furiously with infantry and artillery. The battle, lasting until 5 o'clock P.M., was fought mostly with musketry; the enemy lost heavily, and was repulsed. At first the event seemed likely to prove favorable to the Confederates; indeed, at one time Logan's flank was almost turned; but afterward the tide turned, and the result was decidedly a Federal success. When Hood assumed the command of the Confederate army he had 46,000 men. It is estimated that in the battles of the 20th, 22d, and 28th his losses have amounted to at least half that number. On August 8 General Sherman's line extended from the Chattanooga Railroad to within a mile and a half of the Macon Road, Schofield holding the extreme right. A dispatch from General Sherman, dated twenty-six miles south of Atlanta, on the morning of September 3, states that the army withdrew from about Atlanta on the 30th, and had made a break in the West Point Road, and gained a good position from which to strike the Macon Road, Howard on the right near Jonesboro, Schofield on the left a few miles above at Rough-and-Ready, and Thomas in the centre. The enemy were strongly posted at Jonesboro, but Sherman planted his whole army between Atlanta and this outpost, and an attack made on the latter, September 1, resulted in its capture by General Jeff C. Davis, with 10 guns and 1000 prisoners. The enemy retreated south to another station (Lovejoy's) on the Macon Road, and were followed. In the mean time Hood at Atlanta, finding himself cut off from supplies by Sherman's army, evacuated that important strong-hold, blowing up his magazines. The Twentieth Corps, under General Slocum, immediately took possession. Sherman says that his losses will not exceed 1200 men, and that he has 300 Confederate dead, 250 wounded, and 1500 prisoners.

On the 27th of July Stoneman and M'Cook started on two separate expeditions against the Macon Road, after reaching which it was designed that the two commands should effect a junction. Stoneman passed around Sherman's left near Stone Mountain, and M'Cook around his right, Stone-

man met with determined opposition, was surrounded and captured, with a good portion of his command. M'Cook succeeded in striking the road on the 30th, three miles south of Fayetteville, where a dépôt was burned and six miles of the road destroyed. M'Cook had that morning captured a large wagon-train near Fayetteville. He was now 40 miles south of Atlanta. He commenced to return, passing through Newman toward the fords of the Chattahoochee. He was attacked at night after crossing Whitewater Creek, but succeeded in driving back the enemy. At Newman the next morning he was again attacked, and nearly surrounded. He succeeded, however, in cutting his way out with about 1200 men. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing was roughly estimated at about 1000 men. These unfortunate expeditions were soon after followed by a third under Kilpatrick, which succeeded in destroying several miles of the railroad and getting safely back to camp.

By way of reprisal the Confederate General Wheeler, on the 14th of August, with a force estimated variously at between two and five thousand men, attempted the interruption of Sherman's communications by an attack on Dalton, which was defended by Colonel Siebold with four hundred men. General Wheeler demanded the surrender of the place, which Siebold refused. The latter was able to maintain the defense until the arrival of General Steadman with reinforcements on the 15th, when the Confederates were forced to retreat.

On the 21st of August General Forrest, with from 1500 to 2000 cavalry, succeeded in entering Memphis, most probably with the design of capturing Generals Washburne and Hurlburt, and of freeing the inmates of Irving Prison. In these objects they did not succeed. They suffered quite heavily in killed and wounded.

On the 5th of August Admiral Farragut, with fourteen gun-boats and three Monitors, passed between forts Morgan and Gaines into Mobile Bay. The fleet had passed the forts at half past eight o'clock. In passing, the *Tecumseh*, one of the Monitors, struck a torpedo, and went down with nearly all on board. Captain Craven, commanding the Monitor, went down with her. In the mean time the Confederate fleet, consisting of the ram *Tennessee* and three gun-boats—the *Selma*, *Morgan*, and *Gaines*—had joined the forts in the attack on Farragut's vessels. The most formidable vessel of the enemy's fleet was the ram *Tennessee*. The *Selma* had been taken, with 90 prisoners, but the *Morgan* and *Gaines* driven under the shelter of the fort, but the ram still remained uninjured. At Farragut's order the whole fleet attacked the *Tennessee*, the iron-clads closing upon her and firing their broadsides into her port-holes. In this way Admiral Buchanan, her commander, was wounded, and she surrendered, with 20 officers and 120 men. The casualties on board the fleet amounted to 129 killed and wounded. There are two entrances to the Bay, viz., Swash Channel and Grant's Pass. The former and more eastern of these, between Mobile Point and Dauphin Island, was the one selected by Farragut. It is commanded by Fort Morgan on the right and Gaines on the left. Fort Gaines surrendered on the 8th, with 56 officers and 818 men. Fort Powell, which commanded Grant's Pass, was evacuated. On the 23d Fort Morgan, being invested by General Granger's forces on the land, and at the same time by Farragut's fleet, surrendered with a garrison of 600 prisoners.

August 4, the fifty-five Federal officers held under fire in Charleston were exchanged for those which, as a retaliatory measure, General Foster had ordered to be held under the Confederate fire in the harbor.

A new Confederate privateer, styling herself the *Tallahassee*, on the 11th August, appeared off New York harbor. The *Tallahassee* is an iron steamer, with two smoke-stacks, two screws, about two hundred and thirty feet in length, twenty feet beam, and draws about nine feet of water. She is fore and aft schooner rigged; mounts three guns, one small one on the top-gallant fore-castle, a long 32-pounder amidships, and a 24-pounder aft. She carries four waist boats. Her crew consists of about one hundred and twenty persons, including the officers. A great number of vessels, most of them coasting schooners, have been captured by this privateer. Thirteen vessels were dispatched in pursuit by the Navy Department.

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago on the 29th of August. Though nominally a Convention of the Democratic party, it was intended to represent all who are opposed to the present National Administration. Delegates were present from each of the 23 States of the Union. The Convention was called to order by Mr. August Belmont, who said that "four years of misrule by a sectional, fanatical, and corrupt party had brought our country to the verge of ruin. The past and present are sufficient warnings of the disastrous consequences which would befall us if Mr. Lincoln's re-election should be made possible by our want of patriotism and unity." The dissensions in the last Convention were one of the principal causes which gave the reins of government into the hands of the present Administration, and this Convention was urged not to fall into the same error, but to sacrifice any opinions and convictions the moment they threatened that harmony and unity of action which was indispensable to success. "We are here," said Mr. Belmont, "not as war Democrats nor as peace Democrats, but as citizens of the great republic." Mr. Bigler, formerly Governor of Pennsylvania, and Senator in Congress, was chosen as temporary Chairman. He said, "The termination of Democratic rule in this country was the end of the peaceful relations between the States and the people. The men now in authority, through a feud which they have long maintained with violent and unwise men at the South, because of a blind fanaticism about an institution in some of the States, in relation to which they have no duties to perform and no responsibilities to bear, are utterly incapable of adopting the proper means to rescue our country from its present lamentable condition."

The Convention was permanently organized by appointing as Chairman Hon. Horatio Seymour, the Governor of New York. In his speech upon assuming the chair he inveighed bitterly against the present Administration and the party now in power. "They were," he said, "animated by intolerance and fanaticism, and blinded by an ignorance of the spirit of our institutions, the character of our people, and the condition of our land. Step by step they have marched on to results from which at the onset they would have shrunk with horror; and even now, when war has desolated our land, has laid its heavy burdens upon labor, and when bankruptcy and ruin overhang us, they will not have the Union restored except upon conditions unknown to the Constitution. They will not let the shedding of blood cease even for a little time, to see if Chris-

tian charity or the wisdom of statesmanship may not work out a method to save our country. They will not even listen to a proposal for peace which does not offer what this Government has no right to ask. This Administration can not now save the country if it would. It has placed obstacles in its pathway which it can not overcome. It has hampered its own freedom of action by unconstitutionality." The failure of the policy of the Administration, he said, was not due to any want of courage or devotion on the part of our soldiers; they had done all that arms could do; and had wise statesmanship secured the fruits of their victories, there would to-day have been peace in the land. "This Administration," he continued, "can not save the Union. We can. We demand no conditions for the restoration of the Union. We are shackled with no hates, no prejudices, no passions. We wish for fraternal relations with the people of the South. We demand for them what we demand for ourselves, the full recognition of the rights of the States." This speech, of which we have given only a few points, was received with great applause.

The Platform of the Convention was presented on the 30th. It consisted of a series of six resolutions drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose, consisting of one member from each State, chosen by the respective delegations. Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, was Chairman of this committee, and Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, one of its members. We give an abstract of this Platform, quoting textually the two most important resolutions:

(1.) The party will in the future, as in the past, adhere to the Union under the Constitution.

(2.) "Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the federal Union of the States."

(3.) Denounces the interference of the military authority of the United States in elections, declaring that "a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control."

(4.) "Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test-oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed."

(5.) Denounces the conduct of the Administration in respect to our prisoners of war.

(6.) Expresses the sympathy of the Democratic party with our soldiers, and promises them, in the event of its attaining power, the care, protection, and kindness which they have so nobly earned.

This Platform was adopted with but four dissenting votes. The Convention then proceeded to the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, the following names being proposed: George B. McClellan, of Pennsylvania; Lazarus W. Powell, of Kentucky; Thomas W. Seymour, of

Connecticut; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire; and Horatio Seymour, of New York. Mr. Powell declined, saying, that in the present crisis the candidate of the party should come from a non-slaveholding State. Mr. Harris, of Maryland, in seconding the nomination of Thomas H. Seymour, denounced General M'Clellan as a tyrant who had first stricken down the liberty of Maryland by ordering the arrest of the Legislature. Mr. Long, of Ohio, followed in the same strain. He said that M'Clellan had been the willing instrument of a corrupt and tyrannical Administration, and had gone even further than Lincoln in the perpetration of tyrannical measures. Mr. Morgan, of Ohio, replied, defending General M'Clellan for his arrest of the Maryland Legislature. A conspiracy, he said, had been formed to procure the secession of Maryland; several members of the Legislature were among the conspirators; and M'Clellan took the best measures in his power to thwart the treasonable scheme. Had he not done so he would have been guilty of the vilest treason. A scene of confusion ensued, during which the Convention adjourned.

On the 31st the Convention proceeded to ballot for Candidates. Governor Seymour, of New York, peremptorily refused to allow his name to be used. The vote at first stood 162 for M'Clellan and 64 for all others. Several delegations then changed their votes, and the result was 202½ for George B. M'Clellan, and 23½ for Thomas H. Seymour. Delaware and Maryland voted for Seymour, who also received nearly half the votes of Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The remaining eighteen States voted unanimously for M'Clellan, whose nomination, on motion of Mr. Vallandigham, was made unanimous.

For Vice-President the following persons were proposed, who received on the first ballot the number of votes appended to their names: George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, 54½; Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, 13; George W. Cass, of Pennsylvania, 26; James Guthrie, of Kentucky, 65½; Augustus Dodge, of Iowa, 9; James D. Catton, of Illinois, 16; Lazarus W. Powell, of Kentucky, 32½; John S. Phelps, of Missouri, 8. On the second ballot the Chairman of the New York delegation said that this State having cast its 33 votes for Mr. Guthrie against his wish, would now vote for Mr. Pendleton; all the other candidates were then withdrawn, and Mr. Pendleton was unanimously nominated.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have accounts of isolated encounters in different quarters; but the general current of intelligence is favorable to the new empire. The Emperor Maximilian has granted an amnesty to all prisoners whose offenses are strictly political; other prisoners sentenced by courts-martial to punishment of more than ten years' hard labor or imprisonment are freed from the excess beyond this. He has also ordered that the French military code shall be adopted in Mexico as far as circumstances permit. The Emperor appears to be endeavoring to maintain a conciliatory policy and establish a constitutional government, and has asked the advice and co-operation of notables of the several States.

EUROPE.

In the British Parliament, on the 25th of July, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Lindsay whether the Government intended, in concert with the other European powers, to endeavor to bring about a cessation of hostilities in America, Lord Palmerston said that at present he thought there was nothing to be gained by intermeddling. Assurances have

been given to the French Government that as soon as the Emperor Maximilian formally notified the European Powers of his having possession of the government Great Britain will recognize him as Emperor of Mexico. The discussion upon the alleged fraudulent enlistment of emigrants to America was continued, and Government was doing all in its power to obviate the evil. The emigration from Ireland had diminished since Government had warned the peasantry of the sufferings which awaited them in America.—Parliament adjourned on the 29th. The Queen's Speech stated that the formalities having all been arranged, the British protectorate over the Ionian Islands had ceased, and these islands had been united with the Kingdom of Greece. The revolt among some of the New Zealand tribes had not been suppressed. The distress arising from the want of cotton had abated. The condition of the revenue had been so favorable that considerable reductions had been made in taxes. The strictest neutrality would be observed between the belligerents in America.—Experiments on guns, shot, and armor are being zealously prosecuted. By the latest results a target of 6 inches of iron and 29½ inches of oak was penetrated by 220-pound steel bolts, and 4½ inches of iron was shown to be no protection against 100-pound steel shot. Shot of chilled cast iron of 100 pounds were sent clear through 4½ inches of solid iron, deep into the wooden backing. It was supposed that with heavier iron shot the backing would also have been penetrated. These chilled iron shot, after passing through the iron armor, break up into fragments of a few ounces, so that they combine the properties of steel shot and of the most explosive shells. These iron shot cost only one-twentieth as much as steel ones.—Three men have been tried, convicted, and fined £150 for procuring men to enlist on board the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*.—Orders have been issued that no ships of war belonging to either of the belligerent powers in North America shall be allowed to enter any of the British ports for the purpose of being dismantled and sold.—From a telegram dated London, August 25, we learn that the United States frigate *Niagara* had captured the privateer *Georgia* twenty miles off Lisbon, had landed her captain and crew at Dover, and dispatched the vessel to New York. The *Georgia* at the time of her capture was sailing under the British flag.

The last scene in the Polish insurrection was enacted on the 5th of August by the execution of five of the most prominent leaders. These were Romuald Trangut, the recognized chief of the government; Raphael Krajewski, Joseph Toczyski, Roman Zulinski, and Johann Jeziranski, heads of different departments. Twenty-two men and four women had been sentenced to death by the military tribunals, but the Viceroy commuted the punishment of seventeen of the men and all of the women to banishment in Siberia for longer or shorter periods.

The Danish war has ended. The Danish King, by an agreement signed on the 1st of August, cedes to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria all his rights to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg. In order to simplify the boundary certain exchanges of territory are made, the lines to be settled by a definitive treaty of peace. Provision is made in this agreement for the debt of the kingdom; the Duchies to pay the war expenses of the Allied Powers. Denmark thus loses about one-third of her population.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair presents its most humble compliments to its friends, and begs to repeat what it has said very often, that it is not its province to decide upon the acceptability of communications for the Magazine. They should be addressed simply to the Editor or to the Publishers, and they will receive the most courteous consideration. If sent to the Easy Chair it merely hands them over to Rhadamanthus Niemand, LL.D., the perfectly accomplished editor; and Dr. Niemand does not regard them with the least increase of favor because they come through the hands of the Easy Chair. Nor is any thing gained in the way of especial recommendation by intrusting them to the Easy Chair, for Dr. Niemand always puts it upon its honor—"Have you read this, and is it good?" is the terrible question of Dr. Niemand. And if the abashed Chair, hoping to save some doubtful, trembling candidate, hesitates in its reply, there comes the final inquiry, "If you were Editor would you accept it?"

Now the Easy Chair, being by nature, and it hopes in practice, an honest piece of furniture, and being thus specially put upon its honor, must answer truthfully, if it is in a position to answer at all: and in the great majority of cases it would be obliged to say, "Since you put the matter in that shape, Dr. Niemand, if I were in your place—which thank Heaven I am not—I should not accept the article." Whereupon the Doctor makes answer, "Since you have read the article, Mr. E. C., and do not think it available, I will decline it. Your unfavorable judgment decides the matter."

But suppose, on the other hand, the Easy Chair can conscientiously say, "I think I should accept this article," it only means that it thinks it among the best that have come into its arms. It can know nothing of the other hundreds that fill the pigeon-holes in the Editor's sanctum. He receives a score where the Chair receives one, and by the simple doctrine of chances it is probable that he has just twenty times as many good ones. Whether the two or three best will be found among the Chair's five or the Editor's hundred, the latter functionary must decide. Thus while the Chair's unfavorable opinion, supposing it given, is decisive against the acceptance of a MS., its favorable opinion is not at all practically decisive in favor of acceptance. The Easy Chair confides in the good nature of its friends, especially as they must see that their interest is not served by the application through it: for R. N. may very possibly accept a paper which E. C. would decline; but he can not accept any article because E. C. thinks it good. The Easy Chair can therefore best serve its friends by not reading the MSS. sent to it; so that when R. N. asks, "Have you read this MS., and would you accept it?" E. C. can answer, "I have not read it, and leave the whole matter to you."

Taking advantage, therefore, of the absence of Dr. Niemand, who is at present rustivating at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, the Easy Chair ventures upon this loud whisper to its friends: Take or send your manuscripts quietly to the Editor or the Publishers, at their office, not at their houses.

Now that the sage of Brooklyn Heights has become the late and lamented, the weather, and especially his favorite "heated term," has been playing all manner of pranks. In truth, it has been

gambling without reason. Seven continuous weeks of heated term without a friendly shower is an ardor more passionate than pleasant. A lurid sun burning in a brassy sky at morning, a mist as of perspiring brass during the day, and a brassy moon setting spectrally at evening are phenomena from which we should probably have been spared could we only have retained E. M., the genial monitor of the weather. But he is gone, and apparently all our clouds and calculations are gone with him. There were many curious-looking people to be seen strolling upon the Battery during the intolerable dryness of the mid-summer. Their eyes were fixed upon the Heights beyond the East River, and could their parched tongues and lips have articulated we should probably have heard them adjuring the weather-clerk to come again as the poet said Queen Guinevere came—

"In a sunlit fall of rain."

But E. M. has gone, and with him all the stability of the seasons.

Yet the great city seemed never so full as when it was hottest. Indeed, if Grant had only closed Nassau and Wall streets at both ends a dozen times in one day he might have filled his wasted ranks with ease, and the work have been accomplished. An indolent Easy Chair rolling along looked in vain for the grass that was to spring between the pavements. Indeed, no steed but Pegasus could be safely fed upon the hay cut this summer in Broadway between the Bowling Green and Union Square. Such streams of life coursing through the hot channels of the city and almost choking them! Such fierce eagerness; such doubt, hope, despair; such a motley crew—boys and girls, men and women, Don Quixote, Hamlet, Squire Western, Fagin, and Isaac of York, jostling, hurrying, muttering, scowling, smiling, grimacing, cursing—all elbowing on to make money, to lose it, stretching out to seize the prize, grinning, and dropping dead. "Dust we are: to dust we must return;" and in sad and ludicrous truth, all hurrying from the grave back again to our precious dust.

So the Easy Chair got upon wheels and rolled off into the Connecticut Valley. The serene pastoral scenery of this region has the kind of completeness and elegance that is always associated with the English landscape. The gentle winding river, the graceful hills, which are mountains by courtesy, the broad luxuriant meadows, the fertile fields, the drooping, generous, single trees and pretty clustering groves, the neat, thrifty villages, the universal luxuriant tranquillity, leave a soft picture in the memory and imagination of which they are never weary.

But the traveler of to-day presently observes an increasing crop in the peaceful valley, which the luckless Puritan farmers of Deerfield were not cultivating when the Indians came whooping down upon them from the hills. Nor did the traveler of twenty years ago observe it. It is a very neat crop, regularly planted and carefully tilled—the most useless and the most profitable crop, for its extent, in the valley. For it is that "good creature" tobacco. As we rumbled and whizzed through the teeming fields the meditative Easy Chair could not but reflect how man, the king, subordinates every thing to the indulgence of a whim, or a trivial or even pernicious habit. Smoking, at least, is a

vice which has the full benefit of clergy; nor does the Easy Chair mean to deny the solace of Milton's pipe, or of the weed that Sir Walter Raleigh "drank." Whoever chooses to fight under that dreary old pedant James may do so, and blow out as many pipes as possible. But the interesting fact is, that, after all the moral and sanitary tornadoes that have burst upon the lazy fire that burns at the human mouth, it still burns on, and the most Puritan fields are gradually coming to pay tribute to it. There is unquestionably something pleasantly Catholic in the spectacle of a man seating himself comfortably and reading placidly through the fumes of his tobacco the last tremendous onslaught upon it in the Magazine or the medical journal. With what urbanity the smoker regards Poor Richard's statement that two cigars a day is seventy cents a week—or two dollars and eighty cents a month, which is thirty-six dollars and fifty cents a year; and that for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents a year innumerable and incalculable benefits might be conferred upon the human family—and you, dear Sir, you, with an immortal soul, saved from this beastly, filthy, nasty, disgusting habit, conducive to blindness, paralysis, epilepsy, catalepsy, bad breath, and an early grave. Certainly there never were such admirable and prolonged arguments that ended so absolutely in smoke.

Poor Richard and the moral censor might certainly hope and expect that the remorseless, hydrostatic pressure of the new tax-bills upon tobacco would reduce its use; but alas! it will be found probably merely to have stimulated the domestic growth, and to have changed the foreign supply. There are men still among us who remember when, in their golden youth, the best Havanas could be readily bought for twenty-five dollars a thousand, which, as Poor Richard will at once see, would have allowed two cigars daily and an extra one on Sundays. Such men must be pardoned for thinking that the world has changed for the worse. As the price has risen, however, the result has been not what P. R. would have wished, but the source of supply has been changed. Twenty years ago a cheroot was occasionally smoked by a China trader. It was not a very pleasant smoke; but within a few years the import and supply of Manilla cigars, to replace the Havanas, which the increasing price had rendered more inaccessible, has been enormous. And that the deleterious tobacco supply may not fail, the domestic production has been enormously increased.

It appears that from 1839 to 1849 the domestic tobacco crop decreased more than 19,000,000 pounds; but it increased from 199,752,655 pounds in 1849 to 429,390,771 in 1859; and during the last five years it has been greatly developed in the Northern States. In 1859 Ohio raised more than 25½ millions of pounds; while in the ten years ending with that year New York raised her production from 83,189 to 5,764,582 pounds. Exemplary Massachusetts raised hers from 138,246 to 3,233,198 pounds; and steady old Connecticut, which, despite her virtue, still connives at cakes and ale, swelled her growth from 1,267,624 to 6,000,133 pounds. "It would seem surprising," says Mr. Kennedy in his Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census, "that a crop which is said to impoverish the soil more than any other, and to injure to some extent every one who uses it, should be found so desirable as to increase 106 per cent. in ten years." With excellent gravity the worthy Superintendent then immediate-

ly repeats the fact as a solution of the surprise. "But such is the effect of a ready market with remunerative prices." To borrow his own words, it would still seem surprising that there should be a ready market for something that injures every buyer, unless perhaps we reflected that it benefits every seller. Which is probably as lucid a solution of the mystery as we are likely to reach.

Waiting at one of the stations in the valley, the Easy Chair contrived to get over a fence and accost an old man who was snapping off the stalks of the tobacco plant. Complacent patriarch of the poisonous crop, he spoke with the confidence of knowledge.

"Forty or fifty good loads to the acre," said he; "a little well-rotted manure or phosphate in the hill; and be sure to rotate."

The Easy Chair suggested that it had heard the crop might be pushed continuously upon a well-fed soil, like onions.

"I have tried it both ways," quoth the Patriarch, calmly snipping off heads. "Sow it well; choose the best plants; set 'em out carefully: these here were planted out about the 10th of June, and will be ready for cutting at the end of August. I am breaking the heads to let the leaves spread." In the West Indies all but four leaves are sometimes stripped off, when the cultivator is more bent upon quality than quantity.

"And how much will you get to the acre?"

"Wa'al, a ton is a great crop. Fourteen or fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds."

"The price is good now," insinuated the Easy Chair.

A benignant smile slowly overspread the countenance of the Patriarch, who continued to snip and beam, ejaculating that "tubbakker is about as pooty a crop as a man can raise."

"Do you smoke?" blandly inquired the Chair.

"No," replied the Patriarch, sobering, and with the air of a deacon who had been accused of profanity.

As the Easy Chair stumbled back again over the fence, it turned and watched the Patriarch, who somehow seemed to it to be Poor Richard himself. For although it is solemnly conscious of the Superintendent's truth that the pooty crop injures to some extent all who use it, yet Richard loves a penny, and proportionably two.

If you see buildings in the Connecticut Valley which are strange to you, you may be quite sure that they are sweat houses for the tobacco. It is a tradition that the crop impoverishes the soil. But such a tradition would hardly have arisen in a region where the soil was liberally fed and renewed. In the West Indies and our Southern States tobacco is thought to be the cause of so many desolate and abandoned fields. But the slave system of agriculture is always and every where the most expensive and exhaustive, whatever the crop may be.

HERE are some pleasant, thoughtful verses, which the poet calls "Autumn, from a New England point of view:"

Bearing the shining sickle in his hand,

And crowned with chaplets of the nodding wheat,
Autumn, the Reaper, stalks along the land,

With drifts of dead leaves blown about his feet.

The scarlet glories that enrobe the woods;

Witch voices haunting groves of ash and elm;

Inverted skies that float in silent floods;

Make the wide landscape an enchanted realm.

No more is heard the mower's ringing blade,
 No more the blackbird whistles in the sedge;
 No more the crimson-fingered village maid
 Seeks the wild fruitage of the berry hedge.

But from the hills the smiles of Summer die,
 And trailing vapors float in dismal shrouds;
 And swiftly through the blue fields of the sky
 The winds, like shepherds, drive the fleecy clouds.

Now comes the mellow Indian Summer time,
 When wold and woodland, stretching far and fair,
 In panoramic splendor lie sublime,
 And waver in the illuminated air!

November seems with golden June to join,
 And from the morning windows white-embost
 The Fairies of the warm west wind purloin
 The silver pictures of the artist, Frost!

As some sad lover, touched with soft regret,
 Pauses, remembering all his lady's charms,
 Then chides the weakness that can not forget,
 Then turns again to seek her happy arms,

So the weak Year, too foolish and too fond,
 Reverses his slow steps, and backward goes;
 Irresolute to break so sweet a bond,
 And leave unmiss'd the Summer's latest rose!

Caught by unequal gusts the vane on high
 From point to point perpetually swings;
 And like some giant fowl that strives to fly,
 The wind-mill flutters its enormous wings!

In orchards heaped with fruit the beggared trees
 Sigh hoarsely each to each with windy words,
 And toss their bare arms to the fitful breeze,
 Like frantic misers loth to lose their hoards!

The russet fields, resigning to the flail
 Their golden sheaves, are yet not all bereft,
 For here and there, drab-dress'd, the Quaker quail,
 Like gleanings Ruth, secures what man has left.

But more suspicious the marauding crow
 Still eyes the sentry-effigy askance,
 That guards its post through all the storms that blow,
 And spins and swings as in an elfin dance.

By lonely lakes and marshy-bottomed vales
 The water-fowl assemble night by night,
 Till all the covey, warned by colder gales,
 Trails to the south its long loquacious flight,

In countless tribes that blur the harvest moon,
 And make the heavens clamorous as they go;
 Haply if ere they reach some far lagoon
 No sportsman's tube shall lay their leader low.

For now the Pilgrim festival is near,
 When all the varied crop is safely stored,
 Honored Thanksgiving! to New England dear!
 When fowl, or wild or tame, controls the board.

Once more around the old familiar hearth
 The household draws, and tuneful voices ring;
 And annual games, well-worn and rustic mirth,
 Swell high the honors of the Harvest King.

Yet even while we pledge his jovial reign
 Our gayest songs are saddened in their tone;
 For a new ruler, with his boisterous train,
 Usurps the realm and climbs into the throne.

And all too soon the bounty-dropping star
 Dips toward the darkened verge and sinks below;
 While o'er the waste white Winter's clattering car
 Approaches swift, whirled in a cloud of snow!

TENNYSON did not act wisely in changing the title of his new volume from "Idyls of the Hearth" to "Enoch Arden;" for Enoch Arden is an idyl of the hearth, and Tennyson has virtually created that kind of simple, domestic poem of which, in his former volumes, "Dora," "Walking to the Mail,"

"The Gardener's Daughter," "Audley Court," "Edwin Morris," and "The Brook" are memorable and exquisite illustrations.

It is very pleasant to find this impression recorded in the *Quarterly Review* in 1842; twenty-two years ago, by that friend of Carlyle's whom he calls "the noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him;" and again, "the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling." His name can not be mentioned to one at all familiar with his life and his exquisite biography by Carlyle but the passionate pathos of his own lines musically sighs through the mind:

"Wail for Dedalus! all that is fairest!"

He wrote of Tennyson: "We have now reached that class of poems which stand first on our list, and which we have entitled idyls. We have reserved till now all special mention of them, as holding them the most valuable part of Mr. Tennyson's writings, a real addition to our literature. They have all more or less of the properly idyllic character, though in three or four of them marked with the rapid and suggestive style of the ballad. In all we find some warm feeling, most often love, a clear and faithful eye for visible nature, skillful art and completeness of construction, and a mould of verse which for smoothness and play of melody has seldom been equaled in the language. The heart-felt tenderness, the glow, the gracefulness, the strong sense, the lively painting in many of these compositions, drawn from the heart of our actual English life, set them far above the glittering marvels and musical phantasms of Mr. Tennyson's mythological romances, at first sight the most striking portions of his works. Among the happier specimens of this class two are pre-eminent—"The Gardener's Daughter" and "Dora." These are both of them idyls in the strictest sense of the term, and might rank with the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and with some poems of Goethe, as anecdotes drawn from rustic life and rounded into song. As compared with the antique models we see in them all the gain that Christianity and civilization have brought to the relation of the sexes and to the characters of women."

This is just appreciation, and it is simply and truly expressed. Yet had Sterling lived to read the "Idyls of the King" he would have found the same human heart beating in those "mythological romances" as in "The Gardener's Daughter." At the time Sterling wrote he was confused by a theory that a poet of to-day should choose his subjects from the life of to-day. It is certainly well if he does; but it is not essential that he should, any more than it is a cardinal condition of a true American literature that it shall describe Niagara, the Prairies, or the Indians. It is the letter that killeth. The noblest, truest, and most Christian poem of this time is the Queen Guinevere of the "Idyls." But the scene and the persons are all shadowy and fabulous.

In the new "Idyls of the Hearth," as we hope the poet will yet call them, he touches a more solemn stop than in his previous domestic idyls. But the scope is still the same; it is to show the master springs of tragedy and romance in the homeliest or most familiar conditions of life. It is not without a start of surprise that the reader finds in these most dainty and elegant of verses the same kind of inspiration as in Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," and "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." Yet in the one

case the homeliness of the condition seems to affect the sentiment; while in the other the purity of the feeling refines every form under which it appears.

The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title "Wakefield," of a man quietly withdrawing from his home and severing himself for many years from his family, yet stealing to the windows in the darkness to see wife and children, and the changes time works in his familiar circle, is reproduced in "Enoch Arden," except that the separation is involuntary, and the unbetrayed looking in upon the changes of years is not a mere psychological diversion but an act of the highest moral heroism. Indeed the tale is profoundly tragical, and like the last idyl of the King is a rare tribute to the master passion of the human heart. It is not the most subtle selfishness, whispers the poet; it is the perfection of self-denial. Xavier de Maistre says that the Fornarina loved her love more than her lover. Not so would Raphael's Madonna have loved. Not so loved Enoch Arden. There is no nobler tale of true love than his.

It is told with that consummate elegance in which Tennyson has no peer. The English language has a burnished beauty in his use of it which is marvelous. In his earlier verses it was too dainty, too conspicuously fastidious, and the words were chosen too much for themselves and their special suggestions and individual melody. But his mastery of them now is manly. It is as striking as Milton's, although entirely different. There are a Miltonic and a Tennysonian blank verse in English literature—is there any other? Could there be, viewed in every aspect, a more perfect piece of literary art, for instance, than the idyl called "The Brook," in the Maud volume? Hear how the bubbling, hastening melody of the stream, melts into the pensive stateliness of the poet's meditation:

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows:
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars:
I loiter round my cresses;

"And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Yes, men may come and go, and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother Edmund sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace; and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb;
I scraped the lichen from it. Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

There is nothing so fine as this in the new volume, and undoubtedly "The Brook" is the perfection of Tennysonian art. But, on the other hand, there is a manly tragic hold of the heart and imagination in Enoch Arden which certainly indicates no decline of power, if also no new force and direc-

tion. The minor poems in the new volume are either poor for Tennyson, or merely curious. The "Experiments" in various metres are all failures as poems, and as experiments they are impertinent. We ask pictures of a painter, not the emptyings of his port-folio; nor do we go to a concert to hear Liszt or Thalberg practice the scales.

Yet this volume, with all the others of Tennyson, are an invaluable study to every literary aspirant and neophyte; for as his poems are the most striking illustrations of the fondness of the literary spirit of the age for the most gorgeous verbiage, so they are the most noble examples of a luxuriant tendency constantly restrained and tempered by the truest taste. He has gained severity and simplicity without losing richness, and force without losing fire. Literature is not the record of thought only—it is thought *and* the vehicle of thought. Gold is very precious; but gold carved by Benvenuto is priceless.

"A DISAPPOINTED MAN" pleads his case so pathetically that the Easy Chair is sure of gratifying its readers if it listens with them to the argument once more:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Behold me once more at your elbow entreating audience. Many weeks ago I wrote you a letter or two about the sorrows of unappreciated men of letters, who go about, not seeking to devour any body, but somebody to devour—men whose souls and bodies depend in a great measure upon their success with editors. I say nothing of others dependent upon them. I have no pallet to paint, if I had the heart to conceive, the wretchedness, the absolute want of little children, and the tortures of the mothers, when the father's purse is empty and his heart is sad because he hath been turned away—no, not *turned*—denied admittance to the pages of some magazine or periodical.

"In the August number of your Magazine I have seen a letter from "A Hopeful Man," who has a word to say upon the same subject; and I doubt not but that there are many others, who never will say any thing with pen and ink, who feel grateful for these pleadings in their behalf.

"Be this as it may, I can not but feel, and I have not come to the conclusion rashly, that there is need of reform in this little matter of deciding upon literary contributions. Let me state one case which often occurs; it may illustrate briefly one phase of this vexatious question. We set out, be it remembered, with the supposition that an editor was, or should be, the judge of what was best for his readers, just as a physician knows what pills to give sick people. Now for my illustration: Bombastes edits a magazine, and it obtains a good circulation. It makes money for its proprietors and fame for its editor, when suddenly Bombastes disappears from the scene (dies, if you will, like the heavy father in the play), and another editor comes to wield the sceptre. The subscriptions increase amazingly; the whole land rings with the sagacity, the tact, the judgment, the discrimination of the new editor. How is this? Did not Bombastes suit the popular taste? Did he not select the first-fruits of genius? Ah no; he did the best he could, honest man, but his best was not the best for the proprietors, as the success of the new editor proves. Has the literary excellence of the age suddenly improved? Not at all. The times are contemporaneous, but what Bombastes threw away as quartz the new editor saw contained gold, and he worked his vein to profit.

"Take the list of contributors to any magazine. They are well known to the readers, and the contents of the magazine are simply a reflection of these several individuals; so that some periodicals might not improperly be called, 'Wit, Essays, Flatness, Poems, Turgidity, Romance, and Stupidity, by Brown, Jones, and Company.'

"Sometimes I almost think that rotation in office would be a good plan to put in force with editors. Bear in mind that I am one; but fortunately for my own peace of mind

and conscience I am not obliged to sit in judgment upon any tales, poems, or what not, for these are not in the province of my journal. If rotation was proposed, I know very many who would second the motion with the hope of reform in the matter of decisions.

"Badinage aside, however, I admit freely that editors are conscientious, well-meaning men, but there are some abuses that need correction; and it is in the hope of exciting reflection that I have written these letters.

"I have seen one editor (who should have been more consistent because he rose from nothing himself) take up an article, just glance over it, turn page after page, take a birds-eye view of the contents, and in two minutes' time scratch off a line of rejection to the unlucky author, and then lay the MS. away.

"Now if I had not known the contents of the article he was reading I should have thought it was either so horribly written that he couldn't decipher it, or else that it was of the blood-and-thunder style, and plainly unsuitable for his purpose. It was neither. It was a beautiful fairy-tale; and the author feeling hurt at the summary manner in which he was treated took the article to another editor on the same paper and had it accepted at once. This is a fact.

"I might cite many similar instances, which go to prove that carelessness in an editorial room is almost a sin, certainly a moral delinquency, which the *offender* ought to suffer for—not the contributor.

"All this discussion about editors and their responsibilities has been confined solely to those who sit in judgment upon fiction, or works of sentiment and feeling. Of course in weightier matters of the law, in business life, finance, the laws of commerce, etc., etc., this extreme sensitiveness does not prevail, and if an article of this kind is declined the man of common sense does not feel grieved. He knows nothing of that other wound which is sharper than a serpent's fang. Suppose your little darling child went tottering forth upon the street, and a ruffian should smite him on the cheek—your grief, agony even, would be too deep for utterance, and that is just the feeling a disappointed contributor has.

"I am not so unreasonable or unpractical as to imagine or suppose for an instant that a literary man should *never* lose his labor. The merchant loses his goods, the mechanic his time. Shall we of the pen eat locusts and wild honey for all time? But a year of losses! an unprofitable season, a bad run of luck, tale after tale sent back, poems rejected, essays declined, when this occurs is a man to blame for being disappointed? I fancy not.

"I must not dilate any more upon this theme, although it is as attractive as a field in June. It is endless. I acknowledge that it is hard to draw the line. We can not all be successful, we can not all have crowns, at least not visible ones; but there may be crowns that the eye sees not which shall sit upon the brows of them who bear pain, mental anguish, and bodily suffering, caused by actual want without a murmur. There is 'no cross without a crown,' and the disappointed contributor has at least the consciousness of having tried to act well his part, and we know that there is where the honor lies.

"Fine grapes grow upon the outside of vines, and noble clusters sun themselves in places where the ravisher's hand soon comes and gathers them, bloom, leaf, tendril, and all. But part the snarled stems and look within the grapery, and you shall see great drooping globes that burst with fatness, in whose hearts the red wine glows and scintillates, and whose emerald pulps have more lusciousness than those which woo the passer so imperiously. The indolent or indifferent searcher never finds these 'hide-aways;' and they hang their appointed time, then drop to the earth, and Nature takes them to her heart once again. Is there not some analogy between the fruit and the unappreciated? We are out of the way; we are unseen of men; few hands come into our solitary hearts and pluck us out to gladden homes; we linger our appointed time, and are heard of no more. But even as the clusters do not grow and ripen in vain, so it may be that we, too, are tried in this way for a just and wise purpose. To some, riches and honor; to others, thistles and the back of the hand. We are not cumberers of the earth. According to our abilities we perform our parts; and the

measure of our success, though it may not be what we desire, is perhaps all we have a right to expect. I know in making this admission I am overthrowing all my previous argument; but I prefer to be just and generous rather than to insist that my views are right, and those of every one else wrong.

"Dear Easy Chair, you have always had a tender word for the disappointed contributor. You have doubtless known full well yourself, in your old legs, the pangs of rejection, when some smarter upholstery or more sticky varnish has attracted a passer. Speak us kindly oftener; be genial with us as only you can be; and I am very certain that no matter how many times editors may 'decline us with thanks, and be happy to hear from us again,' we shall feel that in you we have an earnest advocate, a sympathizer, and a friend whose esteem is priceless.

"I am yours with respect,

"A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

Our friend states his case well and strongly; but he complains at bottom that man is fallible, and he urges a plea that is no more admissible in literary labor than in any other. So far as suffering is concerned, the case of the family of a day-laborer who can not get work is as pitiful as that of an author who can not sell his manuscript. It is not a hardship peculiar to authors, but to all men who live by labor. The Easy Chair forgets, and of course its readers have forgotten, whether it has told its correspondent of one of its friends who, having literary ability and aspiration, unfortunately found himself without a cent in his pocket. He could not even buy paper and ink to write, so he walked stoutly about the streets offering himself as a porter, an errand-boy, a Jack-of-all-work, until he happened into a publishing office, where a boy was wanted to write wrappers. "I am the boy," he said, and took hold at a dollar a week, writing wrappers. Character, cheerfulness, cleverness, and the best principle soon made their way, and the writer of wrappers is now in one of the most responsible editorial chairs.

Does not "A Disappointed Man" see that he urges a consideration which would be humiliating to manly pride when he speaks of the starvation of an author as an argument for more favorably considering his article? It is a reason for giving him money and food, but not for accepting his manuscript. Last month we were talking of the same general subject as connected with the criticism of pictures. But it does not seem to us a valid plea. If a painter brings a picture to our correspondent and says, "My children are starving," the Easy Chair is sure that its correspondent would instantly buy the picture. But certainly he would as readily give the money without the picture. His purchase of the picture is an act of charity; it is, in fact, alms-giving. Now surely there is no more celestial virtue than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; but it is, with equal certainty, great folly to confuse this kind of charity with æsthetic criticism, as some of our friends are inclined to do. Essays, tales, poems, and pictures are not necessarily good because the author or artist may be starving or unhappy; and to obtrude personal misfortune is merely to confuse and destroy a just judgment. Yet if the editor succumbs to his private sympathy he very soon spoils the Magazine and involves its publishers.

Nothing is more common than for an editor to receive a letter in which his correspondent informs him that the inclosed tale is the work of a young woman who has no resource but her pen, who is in very infirm health, and knows not what to do or where to look if her manuscript is refused. Now

what has the editor engaged to do? For the money which the buyers of the paper or magazine pay he has engaged to furnish literature that seems to him the best and most appropriate he can find. Has he any moral right to say to the subscribers—"This month I print, not what seems to me the best I can procure, but article No. 1, because the author has weak eyes; article No. 2, because the author has suddenly lost her father and has no means of livelihood; No. 3, because the author's older brother, who was the sole support of the family, has had a paralysis; No. 4, because the author has broken both legs; No. 5, because the author had no other means of sending his son to school for the winter; No. 6—? But at this point the reasonable subscriber may justly interfere with the declaration that he did not subscribe for a charity but for a magazine; and that, while hoping to be faithful to his humane duties, he prefers to select the objects of his relief for himself, and the magazine, therefore, will please to stop.

Does any honest man or woman wish to place a fellow man or woman in such a predicament as this? And yet this is exactly what is done by the extraneous information about personal circumstances. What would such a correspondent as we imagine think if, when she went to buy a loaf of bread, the baker should say, "Please buy this; it is made by a starving man;" and she should find it sour and unwholesome, and utterly unfit for her children? Would she not say, "I will give the starving baker of sour bread a penny, but I can not afford to buy his loaf?" When she returns and writes the letter to the editor, does she forget that her manuscript is merchandise, as the bread is, and that the editor may be willing, or may wish he were able, to send her some money, but can not honorably accept and print her story?

The instances and suppositions our friend "A Disappointed Man" mentions are interesting as showing how fallible men are. But did it need proof? There may be a hundred-fold better editor of this identical Magazine than Rhadamanthus Niemand, LL.D. But where is he? Who is to be the judge of his superiority? So, also, the poem which the Dr. declines with thanks, his coadjutor, Mr. Minos, may accept and applaud. Is any thing more proved than a difference of taste, of judgment? And if the opinion of Mr. Minos be found always coincident with the public taste, leading to a larger circulation of the magazine, while that of Dr. Niemand is always opposed to it, is it not pretty clear that the Dr. will be presently gently removed by the publishers who consult their interests?

HERE is a strain of the old, old song, delicately and sweetly breathed. *M*, who sends it, asks if it be poetry. It is at least poetic.

ROSEMARY.

Sometime, perchance, when this warm heart is cold,
These trembling fingers drop their treasures all,
And growing fairest from the crumbling mould,
The violets o'er me weave their azure pall;

When life has lost for thee its summer glow,
And in some idle hour old fancies stir
The embers of a flame which long ago
Love kindled for his willing worshiper;

You will recall the features, faded then,
Of one who loved you with such boundless faith
As made the after-dreams of careless men
A mockery of truth, its palest wraith.

Then, if too late repenting, you shall weave
Flowers of remembrance on my grave to cast,
My soul the offering shall with joy receive,
And cancel thence the shadows of the Past.

This little sonnet is in the same key:

FINIS.

That part of life is over, and I write
"Tis finished" on its sealed up pages fair;
Then looking upward through the solemn night,
Aflame with silver, drinking the calm air
More hopefully, I say, with quiet tears,
"The end is yet to be, when some green shore,
Hiding its wealth of summer bliss for me,
Shall bid my pilgrim footsteps rove no more,
And love, whose circle was unfinished here,
Glistens completed in a perfect sphere."

Has *M.* ever read the poems of Matthew Arnold? They have the same pensive, meditative strain. There is one of them, very little known, but in itself very beautiful, and a manly reply to the feeling of such verses as the preceding. The poem is called "Excuse," and here is part of it:

I, too, have suffered: yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so:
She is not cold; she is not light;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

* * * * *

Yet, oh! that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love!

His eyes be like the starry lights;
His voice like sounds of summer nights;
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe.

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry, "Long, long I've look'd for thee!"

Then will she weep:—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men;
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

There is a heroic tone in these verses which is very unusual in modern poetry. The music, too, is subtle and exquisite; and if Matthew Arnold can not stand with the greatest of the subjective English poets, he is certainly among the first of the second class.

Editor's Drawer.

IN the Pennsylvania Legislature, two years ago, there was a member named Charlie Wilson, from one of the northern-tier counties, who considered himself among the great orators of the day, and, when pretty well filled with "Harrisburg water," would get off for the edification of his colleagues some very rich illustrations. Being somewhat interested in a bill before the House, he made what he considered one of his master-speeches, during the delivery of which he used the illustration of "Nero fiddling while Rome was burning." He had scarcely taken his seat when a member tapped him on the shoulder and said,

"Say, Charlie, it wasn't Nero that 'fiddled;' it was Cæsar. You should correct that before it goes on the record."

In an instant he was upon his feet, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker—I made a mistake.

It wasn't Nero that 'fiddled' while Rome was burning; it was *Julius Caesar*!"

Happily for him, the Speaker was so busily engaged that he did not hear him; but some members near heard and enjoyed the joke. Afterward some one told him that he was right in the first place, which resulted in his reading all the ancient history in the State Library during the remainder of the winter, to assure himself as to who it was that "fiddled."

Now and then they have a little fun in Boston:

We have here a few of the first-class set of braggadocios with which nearly all *extensive* communities are blessed. At one of the private tableau parties given a short time since, there was present a sea-captain who always has something of more importance to relate than any thing that transpires during these *slow* times. There was to be a representation of the "Greek Slave," which he was very desirous to see, as he had seen the "original" at the World's Fair in London, and he would not on any account miss seeing the same here. When the curtain was raised, imagine his dismay at seeing a first-rate specimen of the Hibernian tribe, with pick-axe on shoulder, hat without rim, trowsers not reaching brogans, coat with one sleeve, waistcoat of fieriest red, plenty of buttons of the brightest, and all the implements of honest industry, ready for his task.

Imagine (as I said before) the effect of the truth *vs.* fiction brought before the seer of all sights, and the wholesome lesson brought home in so pleasing a manner, and you have a specimen of the style in which we members of the Serious Family enjoy our leisure moments.

THE *author* (?) of the two following says he sends them for us to use when our private "goak" machine is out of order:

In an inland town of New Hampshire lived, or rather staid, Amos P——, who to general shiftlessness added a strong attachment for hard cider and kindred stimulants and stupefiers. Amos, who was naturally pompous, displayed no little share of it in his cups, and the Academy boys had in consequence nicknamed him the "Superfalia," which title pleased him not a little.

On one occasion, when about two-thirds "over the bay," he reeled into the tavern stable, where a few days before a huge goat had been installed, an animal which Amos had never seen. As he staggered into the door-way the goat, taking his lurching movements as an invitation to hostilities, reared on his hind-legs defiant, menacing. At this moment Amos's eyes fell on the irate Capricorn. He stood for an instant with eyes distended; then sinking on his knees, and extending his hands in an attitude of supplication, in a voice hoarse with terror, he cried, "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Demon, give the Superfalia time to say his prayers!"

THE gun-boat to which I was attached on the Wilmington blockade had for second boatswain's-mate a comical little carrotty-haired Irishman, called Jerry, who would eat more scouse, chew more tobacco, and do more growling than any two men in the ship. Jerry had had no previous experience in his duties, having been rated to the position a day or two after he came aboard; and great was the merriment, fore and aft, at the dismal squeaks he elicited from his boatswain's-whistle, when ordered to call away a boat or pipe "all hands up anchor;"

or, in the richest brogue, bawl out, "D'ye hear, there, forre an' aft, the meal-bag will lave to-morrow mornin', an' thur'll be an opporthunity to sind away letthers!"

Jerry, however, was good-natured, and generally bore all the fun at his expense without remonstrance; but on one occasion the laugh was so uproarious against him that, if possible, he would never permit any allusion to the cause of it.

Some men of his watch were at work down in the fore-hold breaking out provisions, when duty on deck required a few more hands. Jerry went to the fore-hatch and sung out,

"Forre-hould, there!"

"Hallo!" came up from the depths.

"How many of yez is there down there?"

"Three of us."

"Come up the half o' yez!"

DR. H—— is one of those genial souls who can tell a good story, and who loves a good joke, even though it is at his own expense. At one time he had employed an Irishman to cut some wood at his door; and it being a very cold day, he invited him into the house to warm him and to drink a glass of cider with him (the Doctor never takes any thing stronger than cider). After Pat had become sufficiently warmed, the Doctor turned him out a glass, which he drank off with great relish. "Pat," asked the Doctor, still holding the pitcher in his hand, "what is better on a cold day like this than a glass of good cider?" "*Two of them, sure!*" was the ready reply. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that Pat got his two glasses.

THIS reaches us from Rochester, New York:

In the town of W——, Oneida County, in this State, resides a wealthy but ignorant and eccentric farmer, named Wilcox. Mr. Billings, from the neighboring city of Utica, called to see him one day on business, and was invited to stay to dinner. The substantial portion of the meal having been discussed, a piece of pie was placed before each person at the table. Taking his fork in hand, Mr. B. essayed to eat according to etiquette, but his proceedings soon attracted the attention of the host, who was industriously shoveling up the contents of his own plate with a knife.

"Mary!" shouted the hospitable farmer, "why don't you bring Mr. Billings a knife? Here he is a pokin' away, a tryin' to eat his pie with a fork!"

ON another occasion he was invited out to dine at the house of one of the "Upper Ten." When the dessert was served a dish of ice-cream was placed before the Representative from "Duress." It was a new dish to him. He tasted it, then beckoned to the waiter, and said to him, audibly,

"That is very good pudding, but did you know it is froze?"

THIS comes from Nova Scotia:

There lived in one of the settlements of this Province an enterprising individual who kept store and supplied the natives with groceries and very poor rum. It was his standing principle, which he took good care to put into practice, that the more water he put in his rum it was the better for himself and the health of his customers. After acquiring a snug fortune, besides a good farm which came into his possession by the dissipation of its owner, he suddenly became convinced that rum selling was a bad

business, and rum drinking a bad vice. He therefore sold out and retired to his fine farm, to live on the income of his lawfully-acquired fortune. The former owner of the farm became in a short time a miserable sot. He finally fell seriously ill, and in want of the necessities of life. The ex-liquor-seller, on hearing of his doleful condition, went to see him, and supplied his wants and comforted him the best he could. Among the things he said to him, was that he was very sorry he had ever had any thing to do with bringing him to his present condition by selling him rum. The sick man, in reply, said, "You have not the least occasion in the world to be sorry for all the rum you sold me, but you have reason to be sorry that more than half you gave me for the farm was *paid in water*. That was cheating. Good liquor is as good as gold; but you gave rain-water for rum, and I don't wonder you feel bad about it."

THIS comes from Ohio:

We had, last winter, as a man-of-all-work, a youthful "American citizen of African descent," named Tom. Tom is something of a genius, in his peculiar way, and though "not very hefty on work," as he expresses it, yet is "some" on witty sayings. Tom prides himself on the purity of his blood. "No mean, mangy wite blood 'bout dis yer chile," Tom is wont to say.

On one occasion Mrs. P——, "the lady of the house," found Tom in the kitchen giving way to a series of b'hoos, accompanied by a copious flood of tears.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter with you?" asked the kind-hearted lady.

To whom Tom replied: "Dey sez my brodder—b'hoo!—hab ben and gone and mar'd a wite woman—b'hoo!"

"I should think you would be glad of it, Tom," rejoined she.

"Wy, missis, I feel jes bad 'bout my brodder marr'in' a wite gal as you'd feel 'f you brodder 'd mar'd a *culled lady*."

DEAR DRAWER,—Most of your readers in Philadelphia are acquainted with Mr. Moon, the undertaker. The Rev. Dr. D—— relates the following concerning him:

Some time ago, while attending a funeral together, they were passing afoot, at the head of the procession, through one of the avenues of Woodland Cemetery, into which a pig, of tender age and infantile proportions, had accidentally strayed. Observing this, Mr. Moon was evidently ill at ease, as he was anxious that nothing should mar the solemnity of the occasion. With a majestic wave of his hand, and in a tone of the most earnest seriousness, he exclaimed, "Little pig! little pig! get out of the way! Out of the way, little pig! there's a funeral a-comin'!" Such an appeal to the better feelings of the animal had its due effect, and the young porker, with a single melancholy grunt, beat a retreat.

DURING the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

"What's your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No, Sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam*."

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no oder name, Sah. I'se Sam—dat's all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se free nigger now."

"Well, what's your father's and mother's name?"

"I'se got none, Sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else."

"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, Sah! neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.*"

THE following (from one of our theological seminaries), though it has its risible side, is really a fine illustration of the tough old Yankee faith in the spirituality of the final resurrection:

A certain deacon in Connecticut was on his death-bed. He had been a man of great influence in the town where he had lived for half a century. But he was a man of unusual modesty in his estimate of himself and his social position. One form of this lowliness developed itself in an unyielding antipathy to ostentation at his funeral, and in the monument which should be erected over his grave. He gave minute directions on the subject, and, among other things, charged his family to see to it that his grave-stone should be of the simplest sort, with no descriptive record of him, and not larger in size than the small stones which had been erected at the graves of three of his nephews who had died in childhood. His friends demurred at this, and reminded him of the incongruity of such a stone for an adult and a man of his position in society. The old man was immovable by any such arguments. His daughter then tried him with a more utilitarian reason, and said, "Father, such a small stone will be likely to be broken down in a few years. The name must be in very small letters, and will be covered over soon with moss, so that nobody will know whose it is." The old saint shook his head with a grim smile of triumph, and replied, "Well, at the Day of Judgment, if Gabriel can't find me without a big stone to tell him where I am *he may jist pass on.*"

HERE is something for the Drawer from Burlington, Iowa:

The Clerk in our post-office heard a tap at the window of the *Ladies'* Department, when who should he find there but a man by the name of Drake.

"Mr. Drake," said our Clerk, "will you please go to the other side; this department is for the *ducks*."

CHILDREN will ask queer questions, even in Sunday-school. A teacher says:

I have a class in Sabbath-school. One of the children, a bright little girl about six years of age, I noticed one day looking very intently at another of the teachers, a gentleman with a heavy mustache. After a long and earnest look, she turned to me with,

"Teacher, teacher! *has that man got a hair-lip?*"

OUR little Charlie, six years of age, affects courage that is really quite admirable while the *enemy is remote*. His bravery was severely tested during a violent thunder-storm last summer, when, shaking with fear, he buried his head in my lap. A terrible peal burst almost over us, and then paused an instant, as if to gather volume and violence.

In that pause the little head from my lap was uplifted; triumph shone in the flashing black eyes as, with the voice of a conqueror, he shouted,

"That's good! the old Thunder's *got hitched!*"

A CANADIAN Bishop, well known for his broad Scotch accent as well as his belief that it was not perceptible, was called upon by a brother Scot one day, whom he had not seen for several years. Among other questions asked of him by the Bishop was, "How long have you been in Canada?" "About sax years," was the reply. "Hoot, mon," says the Bishop, "why hae ye na lost your accent, like mysel!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Idaho Territory sends these characteristic stories of the West:

Any one who has visited this section knows the old guide and trapper, James Bridger. He has spent nearly fifty years of his life among the mountains and prairies, and is more at home there than in crowded cities. Some time since he had occasion to visit St. Louis, and becoming by accident separated from his companions he was soon completely bewildered; as he was wholly unacquainted with the names of streets and other localities he was unable to make intelligible inquiries as to the directions, and thought best to wait patiently for something to turn up. "So," he said, "after trying for a long time to find my way out of the cañon, I sat down on a stone, hungry as a wolf. There was plenty to eat in all the ranches, but not a soul asked me to take a bite, and I came near starving before I got out. To the deuce with such people! An 'Injun' is a beast, but he'll share his buffalo meat and stewed dog with you; and I'd a heap rather be among the red skins than with white folks the like o' them I saw in that cañon at St. Louis!"

At one time the Major (for that is Bridger's title, recognized by all who know him), while in charge of his trading-post at Fort Bridger, found the time rather heavy on his hands, and cast about for some source of amusement. He found a German of his party who possessed the rare accomplishment of being able to read intelligibly. He immediately hired the man for thirty dollars per month to read for him. By accident he soon after found a copy of Shakspeare, for which he exchanged a yoke of oxen. The reading commenced, and the old trapper was greatly entertained by the wit and wisdom of the bard. In its order, Richard III. was taken up. As usual, Bridger was listening intently to the colloquies, and considering the incidents of the drama, when they came to the scene of the interview between Richard and Buckingham, at which the former divulges his cruel purpose to murder the infant princes. When Richard openly avows his plot, "Who says that?" inquired the Major. "Richard," answered the reader. "Then hold up! stop reading! stop the whole outfit! Hang a man that would kill babies!" and the old man, pacing the floor overcome with indignation, thrust the book aside, and vowed he'd have no more to do with "*such beasts!*"

THIS comes from Natchez:

Mr. S——, of Concordia Parish, sent over to Natchez, to Mr. P——, for a good Spanish Jack. Mr. P—— sent the Jack, and also a note, in which he intended to say that he was a No. 1 *judge* of a jackass, and hence Mr. S—— might be assured that the an-

imal was a good one. But here's what he did say: "Mr. S——, I send you by the colored boy Pompey a good Spanish Jack. I did not leave the selection to an agent, but attended to the matter personally; and as I am a No. 1 *jackass*, you need have no fears about the animal!"

A FRIENDLY druggist in St. Louis writes:

The Rev. George B—— was an itinerant minister of the Methodist persuasion, and although in the pulpit he was sufficiently grave, and most seriously in earnest in urging the great truths of his high calling, out of it he was full of wit, mirth, and good-fellowship. He was also addicted to hospitality and good cheer; and having abundant means of his own, was not particular in confining his expenses within the narrow limits of his salary. For two years he was stationed at Alton, Illinois, and it was not long before his expensive habits began to give offense to many of his flock, who thought him rather extravagant for a Methodist preacher. Private remonstrances availing nothing, a church meeting was called with as little effect. He told them he would take no more of their money, and that they certainly could not deny him the right to spend his own as he chose. At this time there was no carding-machine in the neighborhood, and happening to find one for sale in a distant town he bought it, and set it in operation in Alton. Shortly afterward a jocular friend meeting him on the street, bantered him upon having fleeced his flock to such an extent as to compel him to start a carding-machine. "Oh," replied he, "if I depended on *my* flock for fleece, a small pair of hand-cards would be all that I should need!"

I HAVE heard him relate many curious incidents that came under his notice during his itinerancy in the Western wilds. The following I have never seen in print: Once at a camp meeting the preacher was much annoyed by many of his brethren going to sleep—a thing very liable to happen after services having been kept up to a late hour for several nights. While he was reproving some of the sleepers for the second or third time, a half-tipsy man came forward with a handkerchief of apples hanging on his arm, and taking one out made a centre shot on the bald head of a venerable old brother who was dozing in an adjacent seat, at the same time saying to the preacher, "You just go on with your preaching; I'll keep 'em awake!" It is scarcely necessary to say that there was no farther trouble with the sleepers during *that* sermon.

As *druggists* seldom appear in the Drawer, perhaps the following may be welcome:

At a drug-store in St. Louis, where whilom I officiated as prescriptionist, an order was brought in by Frank, Dr. L——'s negro servant, for two bottles of citrate of magnesia. This article, to be good, requires to be freshly made, and put up in strong bottles like soda-water, with the corks secured in like manner. It pops and effervesces beautifully when the cork is cut loose, and has a most refreshing taste, but it won't do for a steady drink. It has consequences. Frank waited while I prepared the medicine, which was for the Doctor's own daughter, and when he received it started off with one bottle in each of his coat-tail pockets. Either the agitation caused by the swing of Frank's coat-tail created an unusual pressure, or I had miscalculated the strength of the twine with which I tied in the corks, for before he got outside the door each bottle went

off with a report like a musket. Frank jumped as though he had been shot, and turning around toward me, with his eyes dilated like saucers, exclaimed, "My Lard! massa—suppose Miss Eliza had done took dat!" He evidently had but little doubt that she would have been blown into fragments.

DR. JOHN BROWN has just published a little sketch entitled "Jeems the Door-keeper." Jeems, it appears, was door-keeper at the United Presbyterian Church in Broughton Place, Edinburgh, in the days when Dr. Brown's father was minister there, and numerous good sayings of Jeems's are still remembered in the Doctor's family. On one occasion, after a charity sermon, one of the congregation, by accident, put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, and, starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was answered, "In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

A LADY at Mount Carroll, Illinois, writes to the Drawer:

In spring time it is customary on our prairies to set fire to the straw piles that have been left over from winter. The grass having come they are no longer needed, and the ground must be cleared for plowing. Of a pleasant evening they have a fine effect, dotting the distant horizon like immense camp-fires. The children were looking out of an open window up stairs the other evening when one of these was pointed out. Our three-years-old Annie looked musingly at it for a minute with her great blue eyes, and then exclaimed: "Oh, that's where they're making the sun!"

In New Orleans we have a friend who says:

A Lieutenant in our regiment, a tall, handsome, quiet fellow, speaking of one of the men who had been dishonorably discharged for theft, unblushingly stated that "Private Jones had been examined by a medical board and discharged, having been found so light-fingered that he couldn't pull the trigger."

Again, when on detached service at New Orleans, he said: "At the St. Charles they led me up from story to story, and finally gave me a room so high that they were obliged to leave me a waiter accustomed to the distance to look out of the window for me."

In copying and comparing the laws passed by the last Legislature of Colorado Territory we find the following section in the act regulating marriages. It is too good to be lost:

"Sec. 11. All fines and penalties occurring under the provisions of this act shall be paid into the county treasury, for the use of common schools in which the offense was committed."

THIS is capital from Chattanooga:

In the Fourteenth United States Colored Troops there are quite a number of young officers, members of different churches, who have been accustomed to hold Sabbath evening religious exercises. On last Sunday the Colonel of the regiment was absent, but his quarters were occupied by an acting adjutant and the correspondent of the Cincinnati *C*—, who are members of the Colonel's mess. The correspondent, I must state, was just recovering from an attack of fever. During the day a friend of the Adjutant

arrived from Nashville, and the conversation turned upon a trip to Lookout, but the difficulty was in obtaining horses. The visitor expressed his willingness to ride on a mule; but the Adjutant would not listen to the proposition, and endeavored to prevail upon Mr. D—, the correspondent, to give the visitor his horse and ride the mule. He declined, and the trip was abandoned. At night the Colonel's large quarters, in which the correspondent lay sleeping, was selected for religious exercises. The company of worshipers assembled, and the exercises commenced and progressed without interruption to the sleeping gentleman of the press, whose slumber was broken only by incoherent mutterings. At last, as one of the party was reading the hymn found in the army edition published by the Christian Commission, entitled "Is it I?" the closing line in each verse of which is "Come, let us go," these last words caught the ear of the slumberer, and throwing up his hands he exclaimed: "Going at last, gents? *I'll ride the mule!*" He was on his feet before he comprehended the situation, made the best of it, and was a listener until the close of the exercises.

HERE is a neat one from the mother of Annie Curtis:

All the bright little ones are not outside of bright "Little Rhody." We have an Annie, two years and nine months old. While holding a colloquy with her a few days since, her mother said, "You're mistaken, Annie." "No, I'm not Mith Taken; I'm Mith Turtith!" was her quick rejoinder.

A CORRESPONDENT in Minnesota writes to the Drawer:

I have a couple of "fax" which occurred in my own practice that, in my opinion, are worth printing, and here they are.

In 1857 the Statutes of California authorized the infliction upon the "Greaser" (native) population, for petty offenses "against the peace and dignity of the State," any number of lashes upon the bare back not exceeding forty.

We had just elected a "Pike" (as we called all Missourians) Justice of the Peace in our town, and he had "qualified according to law," when a complaint was made before him that a certain Greaser had violated the laws of the State by committing the crime of larceny to the amount of seven dollars. The complaint was made on Sunday; the warrant was issued, and defendant arrested, and asked to plead guilty or not guilty the same day. At this stage of the proceedings I was called upon, by friends of the defendant, to conduct the defense; and upon repairing to the court-room found the "Court" about to adjourn until the next day. Being somewhat prejudiced against the whipping law, and having often heard the person then acting as Court express the opinion that no other punishment ought to be inflicted upon "Greasers or Niggers," it occurred to me that I might elude the vengeance of the Court and the barbarism of the law by a little "strategy." Knowing that any sentence the Justice might give on Sunday would be void, my tactics were to wheedle the Court into a trial upon *that day—instanter*. Accordingly I read to the Court the statute providing that in "all criminal cases the accused shall be entitled to a *speedy* trial," etc., and construed the word "*all*" to mean especially cases occurring on Sunday, as in no other imaginable case would *that* word be necessary.

This was not very brilliant, I admit, but the

Court so understood it; and so the trial was had, the defendant found guilty, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, as I had anticipated. Then I arose and moved for an arrest of judgment and new trial (which was then allowed in Justice's courts in that State), upon the ground that the judgment was null, being rendered on Sunday; and in support of the motion read another statute which provided that no public officer should transact any business on the Sabbath, and I threatened to procure a writ of *habeas corpus* next day from the District Judge unless my motion was sustained.

The ire of the Court was huge. Turning with wrathful visage upon my client and myself, he thundered forth, "So, Mr. R——, you have turned *pettifogger*; I thought you was a lawyer, and am sorry that I was deceived. But, Sir"—and here he was specially emphatic—"but, Sir, I will have you to know, now and forever, that these infernal thieving Greasers can't escape justice in this court by any such trick! *Mr. Constable, you will see the sentence of the Court executed upon the prisoner forthwith!*" The Constable demurred, on account of the law. "Very well," said the Court, "I will do it myself." And he did; and probably the lashes were none the lighter on account of my strategy.

After the "thing was did" the Justice called at my residence to "inform me that I might better postpone my *habeas corpus* until the Greaser's back was well." It is needless to say that I concurred.

THE other "circumstance" occurred in this State, in the District Court for the —th District:

The action was a replevin of a cow, and was tried by a jury, who, after consultation, returned into court, and the Foreman handed up to the Judge this verdict: "We, the jury, find the cow in the plaintiff!"

Without reading the verdict aloud, the Court remarked that "the finding was intelligible, perhaps, but somewhat informal; and asked the Foreman if the verdict was intended to be in favor of the plaintiff?"

The jury, one and all, responded that such was the intention.

"Very well," said the Court; "Mr. Clerk, you may enter a verdict upon the record in proper form, and read it to the jury," at the same time *passing the verdict as returned* to the Clerk.

The Clerk looked at the verdict, and then whispered to the Judge. After consulting a moment the Clerk resumed his pen and recorded the verdict, and read it to the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken and answer. Is this your verdict as the Court has recorded it: In the case of *A vs. B*, you say that you find the plaintiff in the cow?"

"No, no, Mr. Clerk, that will not do!" interrupted the Court. And again there was a whispered consultation between the two officials; after which the Clerk again resumed his pen, and presently read to the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury," etc. "In the case of *A vs. B*, you say that you find the property of the plaintiff in the cow—and so you all say."

"No, no, Mr. Clerk; you misunderstand the direction of the Court," said the Judge. And amidst the "audible smiles" of the spectators and the loud laughter of the crowd outside, the Court and Clerk again consulted. And being sure he was right this time, the Clerk again wrote and read:

"Gentlemen of the jury," etc. "In the case of

A vs. B, you say you find the property of the cow in the plaintiff, and so—" But human nature could stand no more! A storm of "applause," in the shape of laughter, shook the court-room, utterly defying the sheriff and deputies, who in vain shouted "Order! order!" in stentorian tones. Pending the hubbub the Court wrote out the verdict properly, and it was duly recorded, and the plaintiff finally got his verdict and his cow.

THE celebrated Thomas F. Marshall being in the bar-room of the Capitol Hotel, at Frankfort, one night, got into an altercation with a young man named William Sneed. Young Sneed, in great excitement, jerked out a pistol, and throwing it upon the counter seized a glass tumbler, saying, "Now, Mr. Marshall, take that pistol, Sir, and I will take this tumbler and fight you, Sir!" Captain Marshall, with one of his peculiar leers, replied to this challenge: "Ah! Billy, I am too smart for you; you can't fool me! We know that you are more expert with the glass than you are with the pistol!"

"AWAY down East" is a town called St. George. In this town lived a man by name of Andrew Jobson. Andrew's reputation was not so good but that it might have been better. Once upon a time he went to Thomaston in his fishing-boat to sell some fish, and was espied by the sheriff. Andrew, seeing the sheriff come on board his boat, supposed him to be a customer for fish, and answered his question with all the confidence imaginable.

"I believe your name is Andrew Jobson," said the sheriff.

"Yes," said Andrew, "my name is Andrew Jobson, the world over, and I don't care who knows it."

"Then," said the sheriff, "you are my prisoner."

"Ah, but stop a moment," said Andrew; "not quite so fast; you have made a slight mistake in your man. It's my brother Ben whose name is Andrew."

JOE FOGLER and Michael Waterbutt were two worthy citizens of St. George. They were not overburdened with that goaheadativeness that characterized the majority of their neighbors; and they were often made butts of, for the wags of St. George to shoot their wit at. On one "town-meeting day," when business dragged slowly along, the young folks, to amuse themselves, nominated Joe and Mike—one for Superintendent of Schools, and the other Inspector of Weights and Measures. It was put to vote and they were elected. Contrary to every one's expectations, they did not "resign the honors," etc. Joe was very ignorant, and all the school-teachers had to be examined by him before they could be qualified to teach in St. George. One day a confident young damsel came to him to be examined as a teacher. Joe gave her a chapter in the Bible to read. She did very well till she came to Nebuchadnezzar.

"That's not right," said Joe.

"What's not right?" said the would-be school-marm.

"That's called Nebox-your-nozer," said Joe; and because she could not see it he would not give her a certificate.

Joe went by the name of "Neboxyournozer" ever after.

MIKE, on his election to the office of Inspector of

Weights and Measures, called the next day on the town-officers for the standard weights and measures. They said they had none. He told them he should give them short notice to have them, or he should enter complaints against the town. He went all through the town, and no battered pot or ancient scales would do. They must have new ones. On one of his official visits he was asked to dinner. Mike looked at the table, plentifully decorated with corned beef and cabbage, and coolly told them that "when he was on town business he expected something better for dinner than corned beef and cabbage." At home he never had any thing better than salted porgies. The joke of making Mike Inspector of Weights and Measures cost the town something over \$100.

JOHNNY, a youngster of some eleven years, was one day discussing probabilities with his little brother, a six-year-old. "When I am grown up," said Johnny, "I shall be married, and my children will call you 'Uncle Seneca.' And you'll say, 'Come here, my dear, and see what Uncle Seneca's got for you.'"

"Humph!" ejaculates the little one, "I guess I shall have all *I* can do to take care of my *own* young ones!"

I SEE in the Magazine for July, says a Wisconsin gentleman, a pretty good anecdote about Colonel B——, late of the Eighteenth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, but I can tell you a better one.

The Colonel, withal, is a lawyer and a politician, and, like many lawyers, writes a very poor hand, so that it is almost impossible for a person not acquainted with it to read it. Once upon a time he wrote to a political chum at Appleton, in which some important plans for an approaching campaign were divulged; but our Appleton friend was unable to read the letter. Finally, after showing it around to all the leading personages of the place, and getting all the aid he could, he was enabled to make out all the letter but one line at the bottom. A few days after receiving the Colonel's letter he was visited by the Colonel at Appleton, and after exchanging the usual salutations, and while surrounded by a bevy of acquaintances, the Appleton friend remarked to the Colonel that he had received the letter, and with the aid of the good folks of Appleton he could read it all but the last line; and producing the letter, remarked to the Colonel that none of them could make out *that*. "Why," says the Colonel, "that is 'Strictly confidential.'" The Appleton chum stood treat.

A FRIEND in Grovesend, Canada West, writes to the Drawer:

I was engaged in sheep-shearing, an operation which my little nephew, four years old, observed with a great deal of attentive anxiety. At length he eagerly asked:

"Uncle, when I get to be a big man can't I *peel* sheep too?"

A VERMONTIER sends the two following:

Jack N—— found a "bee tree" in the woods on the York State shore of the Champlain, and making his discovery known to a couple of his friends they loaded their scow with pails to hold the honey, and put across the lake to secure the prize as quickly as possible. But when, after an hour's chopping, they got the tree down, the bees turned out to be

the biggest and savagest of hornets, and stung the disturbers of their peace most unmercifully. The bee-hunters beat a hasty retreat, and reached home in a badly-swelled and sorrowful condition. They tried to keep secret the result of their raid into the "enemy's country;" but it leaked out, and one of Jack's neighbors called to quiz him a bit.

"Well, Jack," said he, "did you get much honey?"

"Wa'al, no," Jack answered, rubbing open one of his swelled peepers to get a squint at his inquiring friend, "we didn't git much *honey*, but we *broke up their gol-fired haunt!*"

OLD North was helping us in haying, and one day when I was turning the stone for him to grind his scythe we were talking of a neighbor who had been bedridden for years.

"What's the matter ails him?" North asked.

I told him that he had lost the use of his legs, suffered but little pain, and went on to describe his case as well as I could, adding that I believed the doctors were unable to name his disease.

"Well," said North, with a prodigiously wise, self-satisfied air, "I can tell ye what 'tis: he's got dyspepsy in the *legs!* That's what's the matter."

THE humors of the war come in. An officer in Georgia writes:

One night General —— was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal-light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain.

The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said:

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response; "put a hole through it any how."

HERE is an incident in the career of a Kentucky Colonel of Cavalry which is worthy of mention:

During General Buell's campaign after Bragg, through Kentucky, in the fall of 1862, Colonel T——'s regiment of cavalry was in advance, and being ordered by Major-General Thomas to mount and move forward, he gave the following original command: "*Prepare to get on your critters—GIT!*" It is needless to say the regiment "got" incontinently.

AND this, from the sea, is fresh:

Captain H——t, for some time in command of the ——, was a little green when he first entered the service. When he took command he, of course, gave the vessel a thorough inspection, examining every thing with the air of one that knew his business. Arriving at last at the magazine, the gunner's mate was showing him the different kinds of ammunition, and, among other things, pointed out the "canister" to him. "How is this?" says he. "I gave the Paymaster three or four lockers for his provisions, and I shall not allow him to put his canned meat in my magazine!" At another time, during an engagement, he ordered the "canister" to be cut to two seconds. Having recently resigned, I suppose he will now make "canister" an especial study.

FROM Nashville we have the following:

At the Provost Marshal's office of the good city of Nashville you enter by one door and make your exit by another. The crowd at the first is often intense, and the press to get next to it, so as to enter with the five or six that are admitted at a time, frequently so energetic that the guard has to charge bayonets to keep from being overwhelmed by the eager applicants. Some time since your correspondent was in just such a crowd, and the enthusiasm to enter becoming rather wild, the guard made a vigorous charge and cleared a considerable space in front of the door. One of the foremost, made thus suddenly to change his base, had a bottle of the "creeter" broken in the pocket of his coat-tail, and it flowed in all its potent fragrance on the floor. "Well," said an old veteran near, "I've seen a good many different sort of presses, but I never seed whisky pressed out of a fellow in that fashion afore!"

ONE of our neighboring stations was occupied a short time since by a colored garrison with a colored Provost Marshal. Not a man in it, from Marshal down, could read or write. Passes were procured by the applicant's writing it out to suit his wishes, and taking it to the "officer commanding," who would then affix his mark at the foot of the right-hand corner. An acquaintance related to me his experience. Having written his pass, and had it properly "countersigned," he comes to dignified Africanus on picket duty. Picket takes the pass upside down, looks at it carefully, and turning to our friend says, "Sar, dis pass won't do. Dat mark ought to should have been on *dat* corner!" It took some time to convince him that it was properly made, but after conning it over a second time after it was handed him right side up, he agreed to "let dat man pass."

THE humors of the Navy come out in such jokes as these:

Our excellent gun-boat, the *We-no-shepokes-slow*, had been out of port quite an extended period. Our mess was the owner of some butter, which, following rules and regulations naval, outranked by seniority all other butter that came upon the ship. While admitting its abstract right to do so, we nev-

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A RURAL TABLEAU.

LITTLE JENNIE finds it hard work to sustain the character of "Moses in the Bulrushes," sitting on an Ants' nest.

ertheless voted that it had clearly no right to outrank us to the extent that it did; and consequently various curious chemical processes were detailed, each of which was equal to the task of deceiving us into the belief that the new product would "taste like butter just from the churn." Our caterer, being a man of extensive family experience, had the ear of the mess, and boldly asserted that first washing in diluted chlorid of lime, followed by a cleansing bath of pure water, was an infallible cure. But where should we get the chlorid aforesaid? The doctor was appealed to, who had no chlorid of lime, but had what was just as good—chlorid potassium.

Caterer was not posted on chlorid potassium, but considering the authority good, gave our steward instructions how to manipulate the strong. At dinner-time he brought upon the table two plates in appearance of yellow butter, in reality of beautiful soap.

The imperturbable Ensign H— got the first mouthful, but with a slight grimace swallowed his disgust and the soap. With an anathema on that hollow tooth he passed the dish to our fastidious paymaster with eloquent laudations. Paymaster took the bait unsuspectingly, but without making a

sign was taken sea-sick, and "rushed frantically" to the side.

When all that could be were sold and marked, the joke was saddled upon the Doctor and caterer, each of whom accuses the other of immense chemical ignorance to this day.

OUR Irish young lady boarder, or maid-of-all-work, is very knowing. I said to her that I should get some German silver spoons for the kitchen. "Och, and ye hadn't better be gittin' ony o' them kind, for the German washes all out of them, and laves nothin' but the silver."

AN officer in the Eighteenth Missouri mounted infantry sends the two following:

We have a jolly old Captain, who is every thing good and efficient as an officer, a friend, and a gentleman; but he never deemed a close study of the dictionary as essential to getting a living or subduing this wicked rebellion. One hot day the Captain, floating around, sat down under the arbor in front of my tent, and, picking up a late paper, commenced to read aloud the heading of the telegraphic column as follows:—

"Repulse—of—a—sortie—at—Charleston."

Says he:

"Sortie? Sortie? A. Sortie? Cap, have the rebels any general by the name of A. Sortie?"

"Certainly," said I; "I've heard of old Sortie frequently."

"Well, I guess I have," said the Captain, "come to think now; I've heard of his being repulsed very often."

THE Captain is a very obliging gentleman, and not long ago, lying under a tree, after a halt, I was feverish and sick. Seeing the Captain passing in the direction of the Surgeon's tree I asked him to be kind enough to tell the Doctor to send me a strong Seidlitz powder or its equivalent. "Certainly," said the Captain; and going straight to the Doctor's he addressed him thus: "Doctor —, Captain — is very sick, and wants you to send him a Seidlitz powder. Yes, and ef you hain't any, send him some quivalent."

IN Carlisle, Pennsylvania, lives a negro by the name of Jim Black, and who is as black as his name would

indicate. Jim owns a cart, and having harness made to fit himself, acts the part of a horse, and does considerable carting for people. Upon one occasion John B. Noble, a butcher, better known as Beefy Noble, employed him to cart a load of beef to market. As he was proceeding with the load along Main Street the cars passed. Imagining himself a horse, he took fright, ran away, upsetting the cart, and turning its contents on the street. After making the circuit of several squares he was stopped, with eyes and nostrils dilated, and snorting in imitation of a horse. It is needless to say that Beefy never again employed him.

THE principal part of the inhabitants of St. George are directly or indirectly engaged in the fishing business. A worthy minister, going about seeking for "a call," came to St. George. In his sermon, speaking of the Saviour, he said, "He had no pride; he treated alike the rich and poor, the high and low; he even condescended to take for companions poor, mean fishermen, the most degraded class of people on the face of the earth." The minister went away from St. George wondering why he got no "call."



A HINT FOR POLITICIANS.

PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.—"Now, Kernel, there's a Delegation as is a delegation; real hard-fisted fellers, as 'll work as well as vote for a friend, and won't stand no nonsense." CANDIDATE.—"Proud to know you, Gen'lm'n. Come, let's liquor!"

Fashions for October.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—PROMENADE ROBE.



FIGURE 2.—CIRCULAR PARDESSUS.

THE PROMENADE ROBE is of light stone-colored merino, with mazarine blue taffeta forming the ornament. This is outlined by a narrow black velvet, which has an edging of black lace. The robe is made *en soutane*, that is, the body and skirt are cut in one piece, without seam at the waist.

The "CIRCULAR" represented above is of black velvet, trimmed with crochet ornaments and fringe, crimped and plain tassels alternating with each other.—Another style of pardessus consists of a "circular," with a *gilet* front, the circular falling free from the apex of the breast.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXIV.—NOVEMBER, 1864.—VOL. XXIX.

A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Second Paper.]



PIMO INDIAN GIRLS.

[WAS now on the borders of a region in which the wildest romance was strangely mingled with the most startling realities. Each day of our sojourn at Fort Yuma brought with it some fabulous story of discovery or some tragic narrative of suffering and death. There were vague rumors of silver veins found on the banks of the Colorado of such incredible richness that Washoe was left in the shade ; there were hints of a gold-

en region east of the Rio Verde and north of the Gila which Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans had been trying to reach for over three centuries, now opening up with all its glittering treasures : credulity was taxed with the marvelous stories of mineral wealth in and beyond the San Francisco mountains. No longer was the narrative of the brave old adventurer, Francis Vasquez de Coronado, to be deemed a mere

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romance, for truly the Indians "had great store of gold." Their precious bullets were already finding their way down to the Pimo villages and Fort Yuma—a fact that I could not doubt, since I saw many of them myself. Nor was it beyond credit that Friar Marco de Niça found in this region, as early as 1540, "a greater use and more abundance of gold and silver than in Peru"—if but half we now heard was true; and who could doubt it with the evidence of his own eyes? The least imaginative and most incredulous reader of the old Spanish chronicles could not dispute the statement of Antonio de Espejo, that he found in his journey to the Zuñi, in 1583, "rich mines of silver, which, according to the judgment of skillful men, were very plentiful and rich in metal." But far beyond these musty records of early Spanish enterprise were the verbal narratives to be heard every day from men who had explored various portions of the country lying to the north of the Gila, and along the range of the 35th parallel of latitude. At the store of Messrs. Hooper and Hinton, in Arizona City, I saw masses of pure gold as large as the palm of my hand brought in by some of these adventurers, who stated that certain Indians had assured them they knew of places in the mountains where the surface of the ground was covered with the same kind of "heavy yellow stones." Neither threats, nor presents, nor offers of unlimited reward could induce the wily savages to guide the white men to these fabulous regions of wealth. "Why should we?" said they—and with good reason—"you are already taking our country from us fast enough; we will soon have no place of safety left. If we show you where these yellow stones are you will come there in thousands and drive us away and kill us." It was equally in vain the white men offered to buy the gold from them. Whisky, knives, tobacco, blankets—all the Indians craved had no effect. On that point they were immovable. The excitement produced by the information they had given, and the effect of their obduracy in refusing to disclose the locality of the "yellow stones," alarmed them, and they evaded all further importunities by saying they knew nothing about it themselves; only the old men of their tribes had told them these things, and they thought it was all a lie. If the statements gathered up in this way were not corroborated from so many different sources it would be easy to attribute them to a natural proclivity on the part of mankind toward the marvelous in every thing connected with the discovery of the precious metals. But we have this story in various shapes throughout Arizona, not only from different tribes of Indians, but from wholly different races of men, and all tending toward the region north of the Gila and east of the Rio Verde. Felix Aubrey, the famous explorer (killed a few years ago in an affray at Santa Fé), tells us, in his journal of 1853, that he found gold in such abundance along the banks of the Colorado that in some places "it glistened upon the ground." After

crossing a branch of the Gila he met some Indians from whom he obtained over fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold for a few old articles of clothing; and he further mentions that these Indians use gold bullets of different sizes for their guns, and that he saw one of them put four such bullets in his gun to shoot a rabbit. Next day his mule broke down, and an Indian gave him for it a lump of gold weighing a pound and a half less one ounce.

As an offset to these exciting reports, corroborated to a great extent by the masses of virgin ore brought in from time to time, the stories of escape from the barbarous Apaches that inhabit the country, their sagacity, cruelty, and relentless hostility to white men; the thrilling accounts of suffering from scarcity of food and water, and the various perils of life and limb encountered in the rugged mountains and rock-bound cañons were well calculated to moderate the enthusiasm with which we looked forward to our tour and its probable results. Still, hope was ever uppermost, and I doubt if there was one in the party who would have taken less than fifty thousand dollars, cash in hand, for his chances of a fortune, unless it was George, our unhappy driver, who on the occasion of every new proof tending to show the unbounded richness of Arizona, groaned aloud in agony of spirit, as if he thought gold and silver of no consequence whatever compared with the treasures of Mary Jane's affection.

Conspicuous among the mines of which we had glowing accounts was the Moss Lead, near Fort Mojave. This mine was long known to Iretaba, the distinguished Mojave Chief, who, in consideration of friendly services rendered him by Mr. Moss, the first American proprietor (whose name it bears), conducted him to it. Iretaba has reaped his reward in his recent visit to San Francisco and the Atlantic States. There was also the "Apache Chief"—a silver mine, said to be quite equal to any thing in Washoe, though it may be long before the dividends satisfy the stockholders on that point. The town of La Paz was growing into importance. Miners and traders were opening out the placer region to the eastward, and the accounts brought down by stray "pilgrims" were of the most flattering character. Walker's and Weaver's diggings, and the placers on the Hasiampa, were represented to be so rich that fortunes could be made in an incredibly short time, if there was only water enough to "wash the dirt." But lack of water and abundance of marauding Indians were a constant source of trouble to the miners, who somehow were always getting poorer the longer they staid there. The few that I saw come down to Fort Yuma were bronzed, battered, ragged, and hungry; they went into Arizona with an outfit, and were leaving it without any fit at all, unless it might be that mentioned by Shakspeare. If after their experience of the dry diggings they were not fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, I certainly don't know what possible use they could make of their time

in future. Yet the general concurrence of testimony was encouraging. It was beyond question a region rich in the precious metals. Water was the principal desideratum. The season had been unusually dry. It was not so always: the time would come when Heaven would shed some tears of commiseration upon the suffering miners.

New and rich silver veins had been discovered a short distance above Fort Yuma on the Colorado, which were attracting considerable attention. In the vicinity of Castle Dome, twenty-five miles from the river and thirty-five from the Fort, the veins prospected were numerous and extensive, and the ores of a very promising character. I saw some of them myself, and am satisfied they contain a great abundance of lead. No assays had been made that I heard of, but gentlemen who owned in them assured me there was silver in them as well as lead, whether much or little remained to be seen. The main trouble about the Castle Dome district is, that if ever it becomes a valuable mining region, some different arrangement must be made for the supply of water. At present it has to be hauled, or carried on pack animals, a distance of twenty-five miles. The country is one of the roughest ever trodden by the foot of man. I think it must originally have been designed for mountain sheep, which are said to abound in that vicinity. These animals have prodigious horns, upon which they alight when they tumble down the cliffs. How they get up again is difficult to conjecture. My own impression is that they are born there, and are pushed over by other sheep.

Very little work has yet been done in the Castle Dome district, although some hundreds of claims have been prospected, and extensions run upon the most promising. None of them that I heard of have as yet been run in the ground, except on Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The Eureka, another district of recent discovery, lies on the banks of the Colorado, about



CASTLE DOME.

thirty miles above Fort Yuma. Considerable attention has been attracted to the silver veins alleged to exist in this district. I saw quantities of the ore, which certainly present some very fine indications of galena. A gentleman presented me with a specimen from one of his mines, containing a piece of pure silver about the size of a marrowfat pea. Whether it was melted out of the rock or into it I have no means of knowing, though my confidence in the integrity of the donor remains unshaken. I believe there is silver in Eureka, and I believe a very good yield will come out of it as soon as the parties who hold the claims sell out to some other parties. At present the great drawback to mining here is, that the owners of feet have no money to expend in extracting their wealth from the ground; and when people who have money desire to invest, the men of feet demand extraordinary sums, because they think claims that attract capital must be of extraordinary value. Offer one of them fifty dollars a foot, and he will refuse a hundred; but let him alone till his beans give out, and he will sell for fifty cents. For this reason, although claims are numbered by the score, and cities contain-

ing from one to three houses are springing up all along the banks of the river, very little work has yet been done in the development of the mines. The Guadaloupe and the Rosario, from which some promising ores have been taken, will probably be in successful operation within a few years. It is not improbable that by a proper system of smelting the average of the ores found in the Eureka and Silver district would yield a hundred dollars to the ton. Abundance of mesquit and cotton-wood grows in the valleys and bottoms, and there is water enough in the Colorado River, even at its present low stage, to run several steam-engines.

Is it a matter of surprise that, under the influence of these glowing reports, I begin to look upon Arizona with distended eyes; that an internal conviction possessed me that I was born under a lucky star, however roughly the world had used me up to the present date? All the trials and tribulations of past years; my early experience as a whale-fisher; my public services as an Inspector of Customs, so ungratefully rewarded by a note of three lines; my claim agency at Washoe, and the bankruptcy that resulted from my investments in the Dead-Broke and Sorrowful Countenance, were but the prices paid for that valuable experience which was now about to culminate in discoveries that would electrify the world, and result in an effort on my part to liquidate the public debt? When I walked out, on the plea of exercise, I secretly picked up every conspicuous stone by the way-side, examined it carefully, and thought it contained indications; I burrowed into gravel and sand banks, and carried a hammer in my pocket for the purpose of knocking off croppings; I closely investigated the general configuration of the earth; I entered into negotiations with my friend Poston, the original projector and principal owner of Arizona City, for the purchase of a thousand water-lots. In fine, I laid all my plans with such foresight and sagacity that the result astonishes me. But of that anon.

We remained a week at Fort Yuma, at the expiration of which, all being ready—damages to our ambulance repaired, stores laid in, an escort provided, letters written home, and orders given to forward the Indian goods designed for the Pimos, Maricopas, and Papagoes, as soon as possible—we bade good-by to our hospitable friends at the Fort, and set forth on our journey. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, stretched vast deserts dotted with mesquit, sage, and grease-wood, and distant ranges of mountains rugged and barren, but singularly varied in outline. A glowing, hazy, mystic atmosphere hung over the whole country—according well with the visionary enterprises and daring explorations of the old Spanish adventurers, who, three centuries ago, had journeyed along the banks of the Gila—the river of the Swift Waters.

Little was there now to indicate the grandeur of this wild stream of the desert during seasons

of flood. A glaring sand-bottom fringed with cotton-wood and arrow-weed, through which in shallow veins the water coursed, leaving here and there patches of sand as a resting-place for numerous aquatic fowl, whose wild cries disturbed the solitude, formed the chief characteristics of the Gila in January, 1864. A few miles beyond Arizona City we struck off to the right, and for the next ten or fifteen miles traveled on the upper stratum of the Gila bottom, which we found well wooded with mesquit. The roads range any where within two or three miles of the direct route. Every traveler seems to take a road to suit himself, the chief object being to find one that is not cut up by heavy Government wagons. I had a new experience here—apparently smooth roads so full of “chuck-holes” that it was impossible to go a hundred yards without danger of breaking the wheels of our ambulance.

Quail were very abundant as we drew near our first camping-place on the Gila. I killed about two dozen on the wing; that is to say, I was on the wing myself when I shot, but the quail were on the ground. If that does not amount to the same thing I crave pardon of the sporting fraternity. Travelers in Arizona can not afford to waste powder at \$2 per pound, and shot at \$1, on mere fancy shots. No man belonging to the party was permitted, on pain of the severe displeasure of our commander-in-chief, to kill less than four quail at a shot. I killed three once, and only succeeded in evading the penalty that attached to the offense by boldly asserting my belief that there were only three grains of shot in the gun.

We camped at Gila City, a very pretty place, encircled in the rear by volcanic hills and mountains, and pleasantly overlooking the bend of the river, with its sand-flats, arrow-weeds, and cotton-woods in front. Gold was found in the adjacent hills a few years ago, and a grand furor for the “placers of the Gila” raged throughout the Territory. At one time over a thousand hardy adventurers were prospecting the gulches and cañons in this vicinity. The earth was turned inside out. Rumors of extraordinary discoveries flew on the wings of the wind in every direction. Enterprising men hurried to the spot with barrels of whisky and billiard-tables; Jews came with ready-made clothing and fancy wares; traders crowded in with wagon-loads of pork and beans; and gamblers came with cards and monte-tables. There was every thing in Gila City within a few months but a church and a jail, which were accounted barbarisms by the mass of the population. When the city was built, bar-rooms and billiard-saloons opened, monte-tables established, and all the accommodations necessary for civilized society placed upon a firm basis, the gold placers gave out. In other words, they had never given in any thing of account. There was “pay-dirt” back in the hills, but it didn’t pay to carry it down to the river and wash it out by any ordinary process. Gila City collapsed. In about the

space of a week it existed only in the memory of disappointed speculators. At the time of our visit the promising Metropolis of Arizona consisted of three chimneys and a coyote.

The next day we traveled over a series of gravelly deserts, in which we saw for the first time that peculiar and picturesque cactus so characteristic of the country, called by the Indians the *petayah*, but more generally known as the *suaro*, and recognized by botanists as the *Cereus grandeus*. A difference of opinion exists as to whether the *petayah* is not a distinct species from the *suaro*; but I never could find any two persons who could agree, after exhausting all their erudition on the subject, upon any point except this—that neither of them knew any thing about it. I am inclined to believe the *petayah* is the fruit of the *suaro*, of which the Indians make a kind of molasses by expressing the juice. They also eat it with great avidity during the season of its maturity; and it is a common thing, in traveling along the road, to see these gigantic sentinels of the desert pierced with arrows. The Indians amuse themselves shooting at the fruit, and when one misses his aim and leaves his arrow sticking in the top of the cactus, it is a source of much laughter to his comrades. The ribs or inward fibre of this singular plant become quite hard when dry, and make excellent lances, being light, straight, and tough. It presents a green, ribbed, and thorny exterior, with branches growing out of it toward the top, resembling in general effect a candelabra. Some of them grow as high as 40 or 50 feet; the average is probably from 20 to 30.

At Mission Camp, 14 miles from Gila City, we had a fine view of the Corunnasim Mountain, distant about 10 miles on the north side of the Gila. Mr. Bartlett compares it to a pagoda, and so styles it in the sketch accompanying the description in his book. I think the Spanish name is more appropriate. The peaks bear a strong resemblance to those of a mitred crown, and, seen in the glow of the setting sun, would readily suggest the idea of that gilded emblem of royalty. I made a sketch of it from our camp, embracing a large scope of country bordering on the Gila.

We had a very pleasant time here. Small game was abundant, and we lived in princely style, or rather, I should say, in such style as no prince or potentate in Europe could afford to live without an extraordinary change of cli-



GILA CITY.

mate. For dinner we had quails, ducks, rabbits, frijoles, and that most gorgeous of camp-luxuries, so highly appreciated by our friend Ammi White—good fat pork. We had Chili colorado and onions and eggs, and wound up with preserves and a peach-cobbler. Doctor Jim Berry, our contraband, was in high feather. His face and his top-boots were resplendent with grease and glory. He danced around the fire, stirred the pots, tipped the frying-pans, titillated the gravies, scattered his condiments over the fizzing game, sang snatches of that inspiring ditty, “Oh, Baltimore gals, won’t you go home with me?” and, in fine, was the very perfection of a colored Berry. Jim was a wit, a songster, a gallant gay Lothario, a traveler, and a gentleman—or, at all events, a gentleman’s son. He belonged to the aristocracy of Maryland, and claimed the head of one of the first families as his distinguished progenitor. He said he had brothers who used to go to Congress, but now they were secesh and belonged to the Suvern army. Of course we praised his skill as a cook, which elevated him to the seventh heaven. Flattery was food and raiment to him; without it he would wither and die. “I know I’s a good cook; I know I’s de bess cook in de worl’,” he would say, with genuine satisfaction beaming from his eyes; “I kin make omlit, en fricasee, en pumkin pie, en all kinds o’ sass—I kin; en ef I had de conbeniences I’d make corn pone.”

The mental afflictions of our driver, George, reached their culminating point at this scene of moral and physical enjoyment. Unable to stand the general flow of soul, he retired behind the baggage-wagon and held a private conversation with himself, which ended in such a series of pathetic groans that Dr. Berry, in the fullness of his heart, rushed to the spot and offered him a tin plate filled up with peach-cobbler. “Look-a-here, George,” he said, sympathetically, “sighin’ and groanin’ won’t do it any good. I was wuss in love den dat once, en-nuffin but peach-cobbler would set on my stomach. Eat dis,

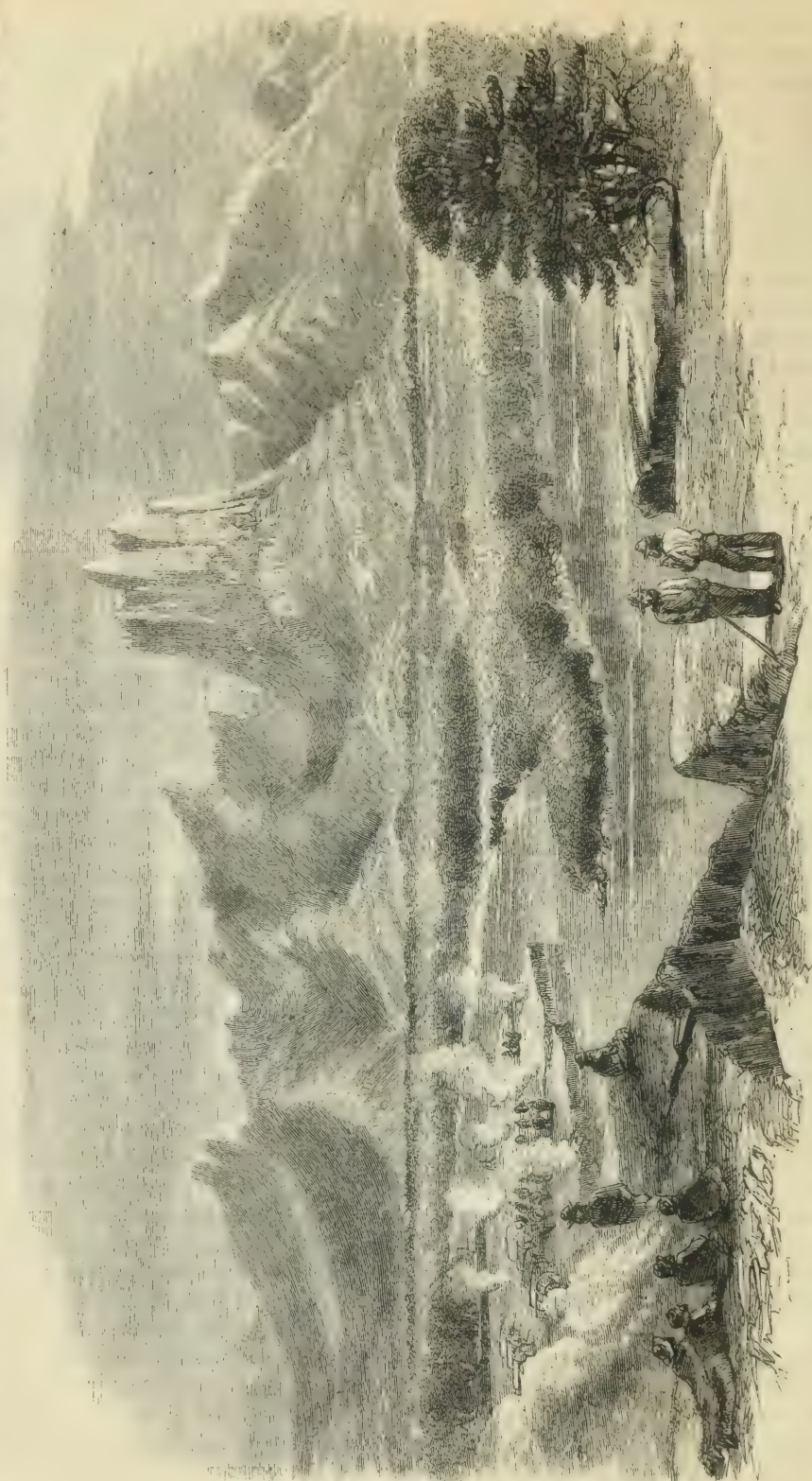
George, it's very soothing to de pangs ob unrequited affliction!" George took the proffered remedy, but I was unable to perceive any diminution of his lamentations during the night. On the contrary, it was not until I had thrown several clods and both my boots at his head that he ceased to disturb my repose.

The next point of interest on our journey was a volcanic peak, distant fifteen miles from Corunnasim Camp. Some of the escort who had preceded us had already mounted this singular pile of rocks, and could be distinctly seen prospecting for gold. We found here a station at which hay was supplied for the Government teams. Two soldiers had charge of it. Had I not been told that the loose stack of forage near which we camped was hay I should have called it brush-wood. It grows in bunches, and is cut with a hoe. When dry it makes good fire-wood. The animals seemed to relish it, though I should as soon have thought of feeding them on cord-wood. Our camp at Antelope Peak was as pleasant as the most fastidious traveler could desire.

The weather, as usual, was quite delightful—soft, balmy sunshine in the afternoon; clear and frosty at night; and atmospheric tints morning and evening that would enchant an artist, and set a poet to rhyming. Under the inspiration of the occasion I made a sketch, which is at the service of the reader.

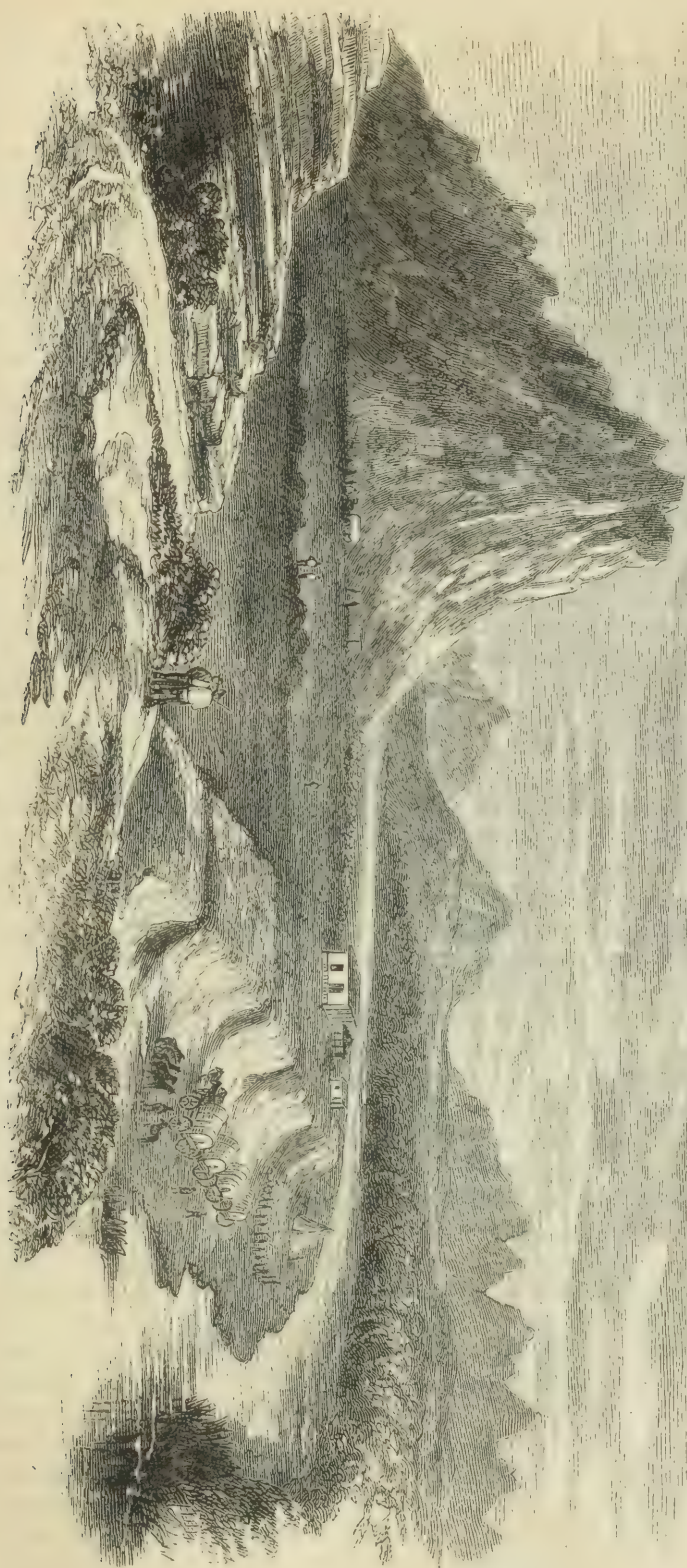
Desert mesas and sand-bottoms formed the characteristic features of our journey from this point to Texas Hill and Grinnell's Station. While the Company were encamped at Grin-

nell's, Poston, White, and myself crossed the Gila, and rode about six miles to the ranch of Martin and Woolsey, situated near the Aqua Calliente. Mr. Woolsey had left, a few days before, with a large quantity of stock for the gold placers. We were hospitably entertained by his partner, Mr. Martin, who is trying the experiment of establishing a farm here by means of irrigation. The soil is excellent, and the prospect is highly encouraging. An abundant supply of water flows from the Aqua Calliente. We had a glorious bath in the springs next morning, which com-



MISSION CAMP—CORUNNASIM PEAK.

ANTELOPE PEAK.



excellent mark we made for any prowling Tontos that might be in the vicinity. It was here that the Indians who had in captivity the Oatman girls made their first halt after the massacre of the family. The barren mountains in the rear, and the wild and desert appearance of the surrounding country, accorded well with the impressive narrative of that disaster.

It had been arranged that our party should meet us at Oatman Flat, where we were to camp for the night. We rode for about ten or twelve miles over the mesa, following the tracks made by King Woolsey's wagon, and then struck for the river, thinking we were opposite the Flat. Experience has since taught me that there is no safety in diverging from the main road or trail in Arizona, however circuitous it may appear. We soon found ourselves involved in a labyrinth of thickets and arroyas bordering on the river, through which we struggled for three hours before we could get to the water. When we finally made our way down to the sand-bottom, the oppo-

pletely set us up after the dust and grit of the journey. They lie near the point of the hill, about a mile and a half from Martin's. I consider them equal to the baths of Damascus, or any other in the world. The water is of an exquisite temperature, and possesses some very remarkable qualities in softening the skin and soothing the nervous system. A Mr. Belcher lived at this place for four years, surrounded by Apaches. Indeed it was not quite safe now; and I could not but think, as Poston, White, and myself sat bobbing about in the water, what an

site side of the river presented a perpendicular wall of rocks which forbade any attempt at an exit; so we had to turn back and struggle through the thickets and arroyas for two hours more, by which time we found ourselves on a mesa covered with round smooth stones, apparently burned and glazed by fire. All around us, as far as sight could reach, the face of the country was a continued sea of dark glazed stones, bounded only in the distance by rugged mountains. Following the road over this dreary waste we at length descended from the mesa,

and reached the stretch of sand-bottom opposite Oatman's Flat. In crossing the river, which appeared to be only a few inches deep, our animals sank in a bed of quicksand, and had a fearful struggle before they could gain the opposite bank. As usual, I rode a mule defective in the legs. They were too short by at least twelve inches, and it fell to my lot to be the only member of the party who was thoroughly and effectually ducked. I must say, however, my labors in the quicksand were not wholly lost; for they afforded infinite diversion to my friends Poston and White, who stood on the opposite bank enjoying the picturesque attitudes which I chose to assume while the mule was plunging and struggling to rid himself of his burden. I would take a ducking any time to oblige a couple of disinterested friends, having full faith that they would pull me out at the last extremity.

We found our party encamped in the bottom. Antonio Azul and his interpreter Francisco were in great joy. The Pimo Indians had heard that the white men of San Francisco had put them to death with great ceremony and much rejoicing. Faint rumors had reached the Pimo villages that Antonio and Francisco had been paraded about the city for many weeks, to be tortured by the white squaws; after which, public vengeance being satisfied, their ears were cut off, and their bodies hung up by the heels to a tree, and fires placed under their heads, as a matter of general amusement. Such was the indignation of Antonio's people when they saw his wife and children weeping and wailing for these cruel atrocities—doubtless the invention of some mischievous teamster—that they resolved to take summary vengeance upon some half a dozen Americans who resided at the villages. Mr. White's half-brother, Cyrus Lennan, fortunately received a letter about that time dated at Fort Yuma, stating that Antonio and Francisco were safe, and would be at Oatman's Flat on a certain day. Immediately a delegation of Pimos, headed by Antonio's son, started off to meet them. This was the occasion of the rejoicing. The meeting had just taken place. Antonio and his son had tipped fingers and grunted in token of joy; Francisco had appeared before his astonished friends in the full glory of brass buttons, sashes, feathers, beads, and brilliant yellow cheeks; and now they were all seated around the camp-fire, and the unsophisticated delegation were listening to the wonderful history of the adventures and observations of Antonio Blue-Bottom and his doughty interpreter, Francisco, Knight of the Yellow Cheeks.

A good supper, prepared by the skillful hand of Dr. Jim Berry, amply compensated us for the tribulations of the past two days; and a glorious night's rest on the bosom of our mother earth set us up for any thing that might transpire to tax our energies for some time to come.

Having started our escort and baggage-wagon on the road a small party of us made a visit to

the grave of the Oatman Family, whose sad history had been the theme of much conversation in camp since our arrival in this desolate region. A small inclosure near the road, with a board and inscription, marks the spot. The bones of the unfortunate emigrants were gathered up in 1854 by Mr. Poston, and buried here. He carved the inscription with his pen-knife on a piece of board from his wagon.

Although a detailed narrative of the massacre of the family and captivity of the Oatman girls, written by the Rev. R. B. Stratton, was published a few years ago, a brief sketch of their eventful career, for which I am indebted in part to Mr. Stratton's narrative and in part to verbal details furnished me by Mr. Henry Grinnell at Fort Yuma, may derive a new interest from the drawings made by myself on the spot. It will show, at least, as well as any thing I can offer, some of the causes which have so long retarded the progress of Arizona.

Early in January, 1851, Mr. Royse Oatman and his family entered that portion of the New Mexican territory now called Arizona, in company with an emigrant party of which he was a member. Originally the party numbered some eighty or ninety persons, but disagreements had divided them during the journey; Mr. Oatman and his friends took the Cook and Kearney route from the Rio Grande, with a train consisting of eight wagons and some twenty persons. After a series of continued hardships and disasters they reached Tucson entirely destitute of provisions, their stock broken down and most of them unable to proceed. At this point the lands were good, and inducements were offered them to remain a while for the purpose of recruiting. The families of Oatman, Wilder, and Kelley resolved to push on, in the hope of being able soon to reach California, of which they had heard glowing accounts. They were very poorly provided for the journey; but to remain with their large families, under the discouraging prospect of supplies from crops not yet in the ground, seemed to them almost certain to result in starvation. With their jaded teams and a slender stock of provisions they pushed forward across the ninety-mile desert, and arrived about the middle of February at the Pimo villages, where they hoped to procure fresh supplies. It was a bad season for the Pimos. Their grain had nearly given out, and they had little or none to spare. Wilder and Kelley, however, concluded to remain in consequence of some bad accounts of Indian depredations on the road to Fort Yuma. Mr. Oatman saw nothing but utter destitution before him if he tarried among the Pimos, and he was sorely embarrassed what to do. His stock had been reduced to two yoke of cows and one of oxen, and was so jaded after the long journey from the Rio Grande that it was not probable they would hold out much longer. Nearly two hundred miles of a desert country lay between the Pimo villages and Fort Yuma; and beyond the Colorado there was still a terrible desert to pass before they could reach

the southern counties of California. While suffering the tortures of anxiety and suspense, with the gloomiest prospect if they remained, a Dr. Lecount, who had extensively explored the Pacific coast, arrived from Fort Yuma, and reported the route safe. He had seen no hostile Indians, and had heard of no recent depredations on the way. Encouraged by this information Mr. Oatman determined to push forward at once for California; and accordingly, on the 11th of March, he set out with such slender outfit of provisions as he could procure. Traveling for seven days under great difficulties, his family on the verge of starvation, his cattle scarcely able to drag the wagon, he was overtaken by Dr. Lecount and a Mexican guide at a point below the Big Bend of the Gila. It was evident from the exhaustion of his team that he would be unable to reach Fort Yuma without assistance; Dr. Lecount agreed to hurry on as fast as possible and send back assistance from the Fort, which was still distant about ninety miles. The first night beyond the Oatman camp an attack was made by a band of Indians upon Lecount and his guide, and their animals stolen. Left on foot, without any means of subsistence, they were compelled to hurry on or starve. The Mexican was sent ahead to procure assistance. It was thirty miles back to the camp of the Oatmans. Lecount saw no alternative but to push on after his guide. He left a card, however, conspicuously fastened to a tree, stating what had occurred, and warning the emigrant party behind to be on the look-out for the Apaches. Although the Oatmans camped at the same spot they failed to see the notice; or, as some suppose, Mr. Oatman saw it and concealed it from his family in order that they might not be uselessly alarmed. On the 18th of March they spent a dreadful night on a little sand island in the Gila River. A terrific storm blew the water up over them: their scanty supply of provisions was damaged, their blankets and clothing wet through, and the starving animals driven nearly frantic with fear. It was a wild and desolate place, many days' journey from any civilized abode. Hitherto Mr. Oatman, naturally a man of sanguine temperament, had borne every disaster and braved every danger cheerfully and without flinching, but the presentiment of some terrible doom seemed to have fallen upon him at this place, and he was seen by some of the family to shed tears while sitting in the wagon. The next day they proceeded but a short way, over a very rough mesa, when the jaded animals utterly refused to move. It was impossible to urge them on with the loaded wagon—their strength was spent, and the faithful creatures seemed ready to lie down and die. By unloading the wagon, and pushing the wheels from time to time, the distressed emigrants succeeded at length in getting upon a narrow flat, bordering on the river, where they halted a while to recruit.

The sketch on the following page represents the upper entrance into this little valley. A curious

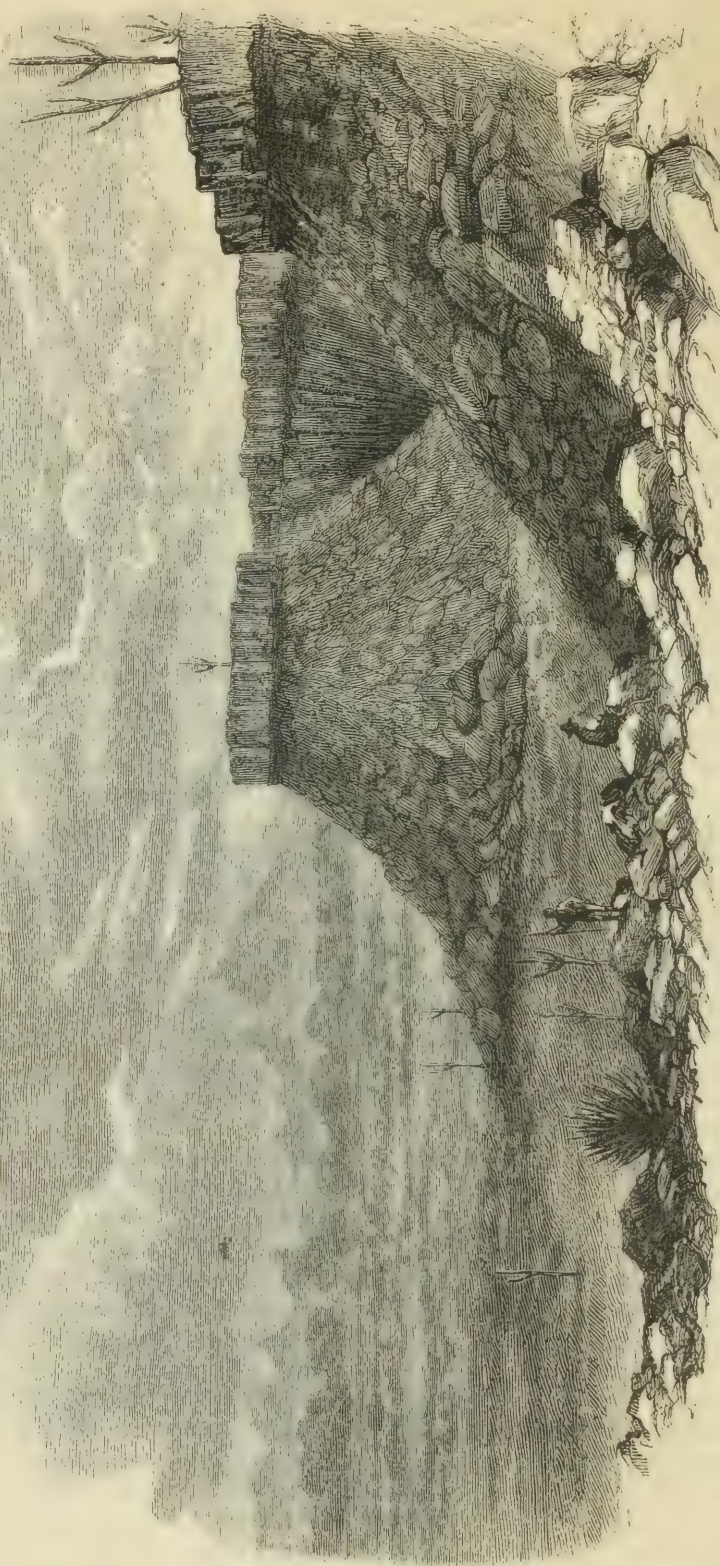
mesa formation, not uncommon in Arizona, is seen on the right. The dark bluff resembling a colossal tower is the termination of the strata forming the mesa. From the summit, upon which stands, like some giant sentinel, a solitary *suaro*, the vertical depth to the valley is about two hundred feet. A mile beyond the tower, the lower extremity of the valley or flat, through which the road runs, is abruptly walled in by nearly a similar embankment of natural fortifications, presenting apparently no place of exit. Upon a close inspection, however, a thin yellowish vein is seen winding up the brow of the precipice. This is the road to Fort Yuma; and the summit of the mesa is the scene of a tragedy which will be ever memorable in the history of Arizona.

Crossing an arroya, or dry bed of a creek, near the bottom of the mesa, and passing through some dense thickets of mesquit and ocochilla, the struggling family found themselves at the foot of a rocky bluff more difficult of ascent than any they had yet attempted. Again they unloaded the wagon, and for hours they toiled to get their packs and wagon up the hill. To one who has passed over the road even in its present improved state it seems marvelous that they ever succeeded in making the ascent, weak and dispirited as they were; but success at length crowned their efforts, and they sat down upon the edge of the precipice to rest after their labors. Mr. Oatman was greatly dejected. It was observed by his family that he looked anxiously down the road over which they had passed, and that he never before seemed so utterly despondent. The sun, which had blazed upon them fiercely all day, was now just setting. They were beset by difficulties. Before them lay a vast desert; behind and to the right a wilderness of mountains. It was starvation to stay, and almost inevitable disaster to go forward. Mrs. Oatman, the noble wife and mother, always patient, hopeful, and enduring, busied herself in attending to the wants of her children and in uttering words of encouragement to her husband. He, however, seemed utterly overwhelmed with gloomy forebodings, and continued to look back upon the road till, suddenly, an expression of indescribable horror was observed in his face, and the next moment a band of Indians was seen leisurely approaching along the road. The children perceiving instinctively that their father—to whom they had always been accustomed to look for protection—was agitated by no ordinary emotions, became alarmed; but he succeeded by a strong effort in maintaining an appearance of composure, and told them not to be afraid, that the Indians would not hurt them. It was a favorite theory of his that misconduct on the part of the whites was the cause of all trouble with Indians, and that by treating them generously and kindly they would not prove ungrateful. Strange that one who had lived in frontier countries should so fatally misconstrue the character of that race!

When the Indians came up Mr. Oatman spoke

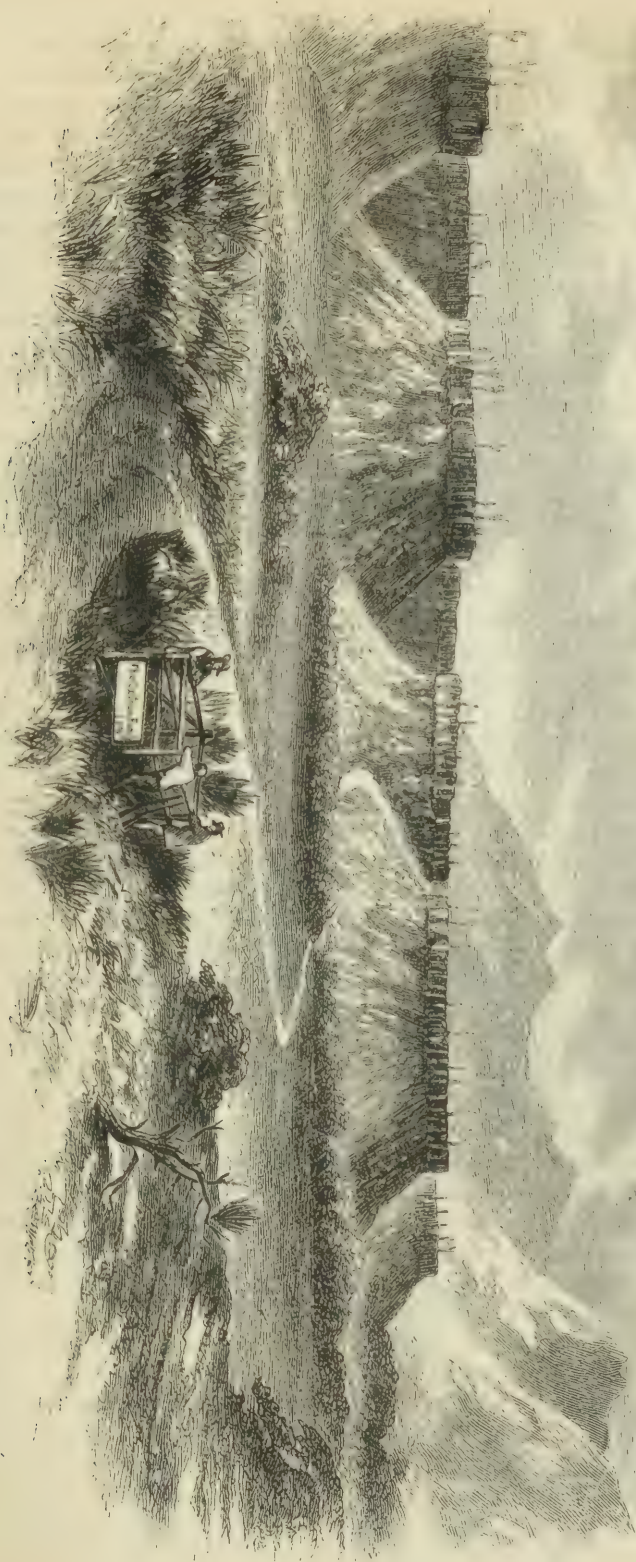
to them kindly in Spanish, and motioned to them to sit down. They sat down, and asked for tobacco and pipes; which he gave them, and they smoked a while in token of friendship. Then they asked for something to eat. Mr. Oatman told them his family were nearly starving—that they had a long journey before them, and could ill spare any portion of their scanty stock. However, he gave them a little bread, and said he was sorry he could not give them more. After this they stood off a little and talked in a low tone, while Oatman set to work to reload the wagon. It was observed that the Indians looked anxiously down the road as if expecting some approaching party. Suddenly, with a terrific yell, they jumped in the air, and dashed with uplifted clubs upon the doomed family. Lorenzo, a boy fourteen years of age, was struck on the head and felled to the earth the first blow. Several of the savages rushed upon Oatman, and he was seen for a moment struggling in their midst, but soon fella mutilated corpse at their feet. Mrs. Oatman pressed her youngest child to her bosom, and struggled with a mother's heroic devotion to save it, shrieking in piercing accents, "Help! help! Oh, for the love of God, will nobody save us!" A few blows of the murderous clubs quickly silenced the poor mother and her babe; and in less than a minute the whole family, save Lorenzo, Olive, and Mary Anne, were lying dead or moaning in their death-struggles upon the ground. Olive, a girl sixteen years of age, and Mary Anne, a frail child of eleven, were dragged aside and held in the iron grasp of two Indians. Lorenzo, the boy, was stunned by the crushing blows which had fallen

upon his head, and lay bleeding by the edge of the precipice. In his narrative he states that he soon recovered his consciousness, and distinctly heard the yells of the Apaches, mingled with the shrieks and dying groans of his parents. The savages, seeing him move, rifled his pockets and cast him over the precipice. Upon a careful examination of the spot—as shown to the right of the road in the accompanying sketch—I estimated that he must have fallen twenty feet before he struck the rocky slope of the mesa. That he was not instantly killed or maimed beyond recovery seems miraculous. Strange dis-



MESA TOWER.

SCENE OF THE CATMAN MASSACRE.



cordant sounds, he tells us, grated upon his ears, gradually dying away, and then he heard "strains of such sweet music as completely ravished his senses."

Thus he lay till reason became gradually restored, when, with great difficulty, he crept back up the hill. The sight of the dead bodies of his parents, brothers, and sisters, lying scattered about by the broken wagon, mutilated and bloody, was too much for him, and for a while he felt like one laboring under some horrible phantasm. He knew that his sisters Olive and

Mary Anne had been taken captive, and the fate to which they were doomed was even more dreadful to him than the sight of the murdered family. Sick at heart, and faint from loss of blood, he turned away and crept toward the river. A burning thirst consumed him. He thought he was dying. With incredible difficulty he reached the river, where he satisfied his thirst and slept a few hours. — Thus refreshed he resolved upon an attempt to reach the Pimo Villages, which though distant a hundred miles, was the nearest place known to him, when he could hope to procure relief. During the next two days he made his way along the road — sometimes walking, sometimes creeping on his hands and knees, resting every few minutes when he could procure the friendly shelter of a bush; at times delirious, and constantly haunted by the horrible dread that he might again fall into the hands of the Indians. He grew weaker every mile from hunger, thirst, and fever; and, worn down at last, lay down to die. A strange noise aroused him from his stupor. Upon opening his eyes he found himself surrounded by wolves, panting and lapping their tongues for his blood. He

shouted as loud as he could, and threw stones at them. The nearest he struck with his hand. Rising again he pushed on, the wolves following closely at his heels. About noon of the second day, as he was passing through a dark cañon, two Pimo Indians, riding on fine American horses, appeared before him, and seeing so strange an object fixed their arrows and raised their bows to shoot. He addressed them in Spanish, telling them he was an American, and begging them not to kill him; upon which they lowered their bows and manifested signs of in-

terest and sympathy. When they learned what had happened they gave him some ash-baked bread and a gourd of water. Then they told him to await their return, and rode away. He staid a little while, but fearful of treachery started on again. Wandering along the road till he came out of the cañon and overlooked the plain, he discerned some moving objects in the distance, which he speedily recognized as two white-covered wagons. He knew they must be Americans. Overcome by emotion he sank to the ground unconscious of all his sufferings. Within an hour or less he was aroused by the voice of Wilder, saying, "My God, Lorenzo! what has happened?" The wagons contained the families of Wilder and Kelley, who had started for Fort Yuma. Next day the unhappy sufferer was safe among the Pimos. The emigrants halted a few days until he gained sufficient strength to join them. He traveled with Wilder and Kelley to Fort Yuma, which they reached after a journey of eight or ten days.

As soon as the Apaches had concluded the massacre of the Oatman family and plundered the wagon of its contents, they fled across the river, taking with them the two captives, Olive and Mary Anne. These unfortunate girls had seen their parents, brothers, and sisters cruelly murdered, and were now dragged away, bare-headed and shoeless, through a rude and desolate wilderness. Ferocious threats and even clubs were used to hurry them along. Their feet were lacerated, and their scanty clothes were torn from their bodies in passing over the rocky mesas and through the dense and thorny thickets. Sometimes the younger sister faltered from sheer lack of strength, but the savage wretches, unmindful of her sufferings, beat her and threatened to dispatch her at once if she lagged behind. She said it was useless to try any more—she might as well die at once. A brutal wretch of the tribe seized her as she sank to the ground, and casting her across his back started off on a trot. Thus they traveled till late in the night, when they halted for a few hours. On the following day they met a rival party of Indians, among whom was one who had lost a brother at the hands of the whites. The strange Indians charged furiously upon the captives, and would have killed them but for the resolute interference of their captors, who were not willing to lose their services. On the third day of their journey, after the most incredible hardships, having traveled over two hundred miles, they came in sight of a cluster of low thatched huts down in a valley. This was the Apache rancheria. The captives were ushered in amidst shouts and songs and wild dancing. For many days the savages indulged in their disgusting revels. The two young girls were placed in the centre of a large circle, and compelled to witness sights so brutal and obscene that they were filled with dismay. They prayed that they might die before they should be subjected to the cruel fate that threatened them. The tribe consisted of about three hundred, and lived in the

most abject condition of filth and poverty. From this time, for many months, they lived a life of servitude, working from morning till night for their captors, and subject to the most cruel and brutal treatment. The scantiest pittance of food was allowed them, and that they had to gather themselves. Often they were without food for two days at a time, save such roots and insects as they could secretly devour while gathering supplies for the lazy wretches who held them in bondage. The younger sister, Mary Anne, was of a weakly constitution, and gradually declined under the terrible hardships to which she was subjected. There is a touching pathos in the gentleness and fortitude with which she bore her sufferings. She seldom complained; and it was her custom when alone with her sister to sing hymns, and say she thought God would take pity on them some day and deliver them.

In March, 1852, the tribe with whom they lived was visited by a band of Mojaves, who were in the habit of trading with them, and a bargain was made for their purchase. The Mojaves remained a few days carousing with their friends, and then set out with their prisoners for the Colorado. A dreary journey of two hundred miles over a desert and mountainous country, during which they suffered hardships surpassing any thing they had hitherto endured, brought them to the village of the Mojaves, where they were received with dancing, shouting, and jeering. The crops on the Colorado were short, and here again they suffered all the horrors of gradual starvation. Even some of the Indians died from insufficiency of food to sustain life. The gentle child, Mary Anne, worn down by the fatigues of the trip and want of nourishment, wasted away gradually till it was apparent to Olive she was dying. The sisters one evening sat hand in hand. Mary Anne sang one of the favorite hymns she had been taught by her mother. Then gazing with steadfast and loving eyes in her sister's face she said, "I have been a great deal of trouble to you, Olive. You will miss me for a while, but you will not have to work so hard when I am gone." The Indians gathered around in mysterious wonder. But the dying girl saw them not. A smile of ineffable happiness beamed upon her features. Peacefully she sank to rest in her sister's arms. Olive was left to bear the burden of life alone.

It is the custom of these Indians to burn their dead. Preparations were made for this ceremony in the present case; but the wife of the chief, pitying the distress of the surviving girl, prevailed upon him by much entreaty to let Olive bury the body according to the custom of her people. A grave was dug in a little patch of ground which had been cultivated by the sisters. They had often worked together in this little garden, and talked of their happy home before misfortune had come upon the family. All that was mortal of the gentle captive-girl was here consigned to the earth. Olive was thenceforth without friend or companion.

During these dreary years the brother, Lorenzo; had vainly striven to procure the rescue of his sisters. Of course no aid was furnished by the military authorities at Fort Yuma. The only person there who took any interest in the matter was Mr. Henry Grinnell, a private citizen, who from 1853 up to the date of their rescue never ceased to exert his energies to that end. And here a singular coincidence occurs. While the Grinnell expeditions, organized through the generosity of a merchant-prince—Mr. Grinnell, of New York—were prosecuting their search at the Arctic Circle for Sir John Franklin, an erratic nephew of the same Grinnell, who from love of adventure had wandered into the wilds of Arizona, was nobly devoting his energies to the rescue of two emigrant girls who had fallen into the hands of the Apaches. If there is nothing in blood, surely great hearts run in families; for here was one, without means, doing as much for the cause of humanity as the other with all the resources of fortune.

Through the services of Francisco, a Yuma Indian, the purchase of Olive from the Mojaves was effected by Mr. Grinnell, in February, 1856. She was brought down to a place on the Colorado at an appointed time. Here Mr. Grinnell met her. She was sitting on the ground, as he described the scene to me, with her face covered by her hands. So completely was she disguised by long exposure to the sun, by paint, tatooing, and costume, that he could not believe she was a white woman. When he spoke to her she made no answer, but cried and kept her face covered. It was not for several days after her arrival at Fort Yuma that she could utter more than a few broken words of English. Subsequently she met her brother, and was taken by him to his residence near Los Angeles. After that they lived a while in Oregon. I believe they now reside in Rochester, New York.

Between Grinnell's and Oatman Flat is the former overland mail-station called Burke's, of which nothing remains but a small hacqual on the bank of the river, occupied at present by two soldiers who have charge of the Government hay. The route taken by myself and friends on the opposite side of the Gila compelled us to leave Burke's considerably to the right, which I greatly regretted, as I was desirous of seeing an Apache chief whose body, I was informed, dangled from a tree within a few miles of the station. Subsequently in passing down the Gila, I had an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. I was traveling without an escort, in company of Mr. Allen, a trader from Tucson, and having seen what we supposed to be fresh Apache tracks on the main road, it was deemed prudent to make a short cut through the bottom in order to reach the station as soon as possible. On the way, near the point of a sand-hill to the left, Mr. Allen directed my attention to an open space fringed with brush-wood and mesquit, in which a sharp fight had taken place two years before between a party of three Americans, one of whom was King Woolsey, and about fifteen

or twenty Apaches. Mr. Woolsey, who has since become quite famous in Arizona as an Indian fighter, had contracted to supply the Government with hay, and was returning from the grass range with his loaded wagon and two hired hands, entirely unsuspecting of danger. They had but one gun with them, which by good luck rather than precaution was charged with buck-shot. In emerging from the bushes, where the road approaches the point of the sand-hill, a terrific yell burst upon them, and in a moment the Apaches sprang up from their ambush and charged upon them like so many devils incarnate. Woolsey said: "Hold the mules, boys, and give me the gun!" which they did with great coolness. The Indians wheeled about and dodged, but kept shooting their arrows with such fearful dexterity that Woolsey thought it advisable to give them a load of buckshot. The distance was too great, and no damage was done. At this the savages renewed their diabolical yells; closer and closer they crowded, the brave little handful of whites standing coolly by the wagon and mules, ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The leader of the Apaches, a warrior of gigantic stature and hideous features, rushed forward brandishing his war-club, and called upon his men to follow. Woolsey waited until the chief had approached within twenty paces, when he discharged the other barrel of his gun. Down tumbled the yelling savage, with a hole through his head. In the panic and confusion that followed, it was deemed advisable, as there was no more ammunition, to cut loose the mules and retire to the station. Here they procured additional force and armed themselves. Returning as soon as possible to the scene of the conflict, they found that the cowardly wretches who had attempted to murder them had fled, not even taking time to destroy the wagon. The chief lay just where he had fallen, stiff and stark, as peaceable an Indian as one could wish to meet of a summer's afternoon. It is a curious fact that the Apaches never remove their dead. A superstition seems to prevail among them on this point; and I have been told that they will not approach a spot upon which one of their comrades has been slain.

Woolsey and his party determined to make a conspicuous mark of the dead chief, from which marauding Indians might take warning. They dragged it to the nearest mesquit tree and hung it up by the neck, leaving the feet to dangle about a yard from the ground. This affair took place something more than two years ago.

On a pleasant sunshiny afternoon in March I stood by the tree and gazed with strange feelings upon the dead Apache. The body was dried and shrunken, and of a parchment color. One of the feet and both hands had been cut off or torn away by the coyotes. The head was thrown back, and the eye sockets glared in the sun. A horrible grin seemed fixed upon the mouth, and when a slight breeze gave motion to the body I was startled at the ghastly but life-like expression of the face as it slowly turned

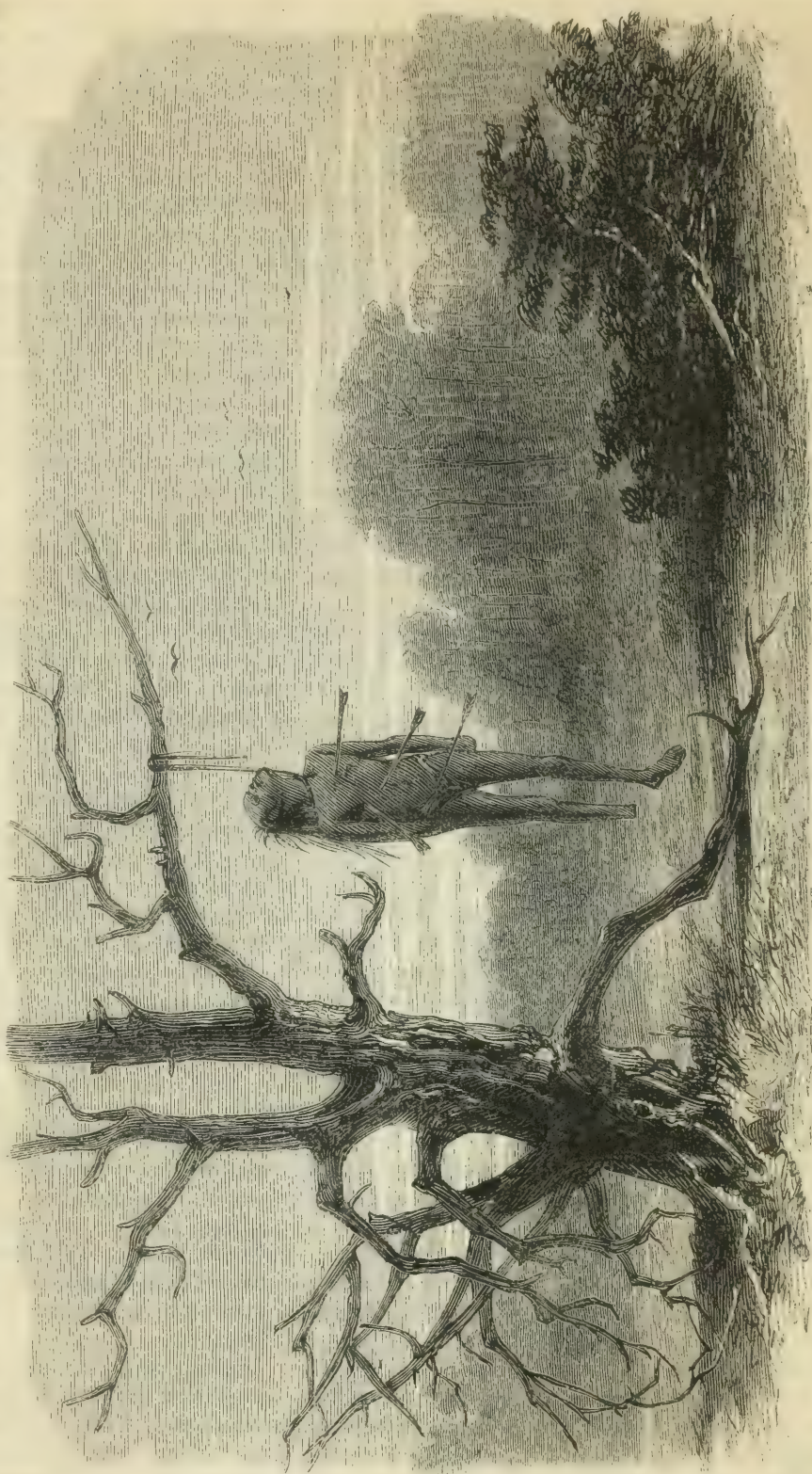
and stared at the bright blue sky. Arrows were sticking all over the breast and abdomen; doubtless tokens of barbarous hatred left by some passing Pimo or Maricopa. The sketch which I succeeded in making is so characteristic of life and adventure in Arizona that I must be pardoned for introducing it.

Six miles beyond Oatman's Flat we reached a pile of rocks, jutting out of the desert plain like an island, which, upon a near approach, we found to be the celebrated Pedras Pintadas. We camped a while to examine the inscriptions, and make some sketches. There seems to be a mystery about these painted rocks which yet remains to be solved. Antonio, our Pimo Chief, said the inscriptions were made a great many centuries ago, in the time of the Montezumas, and this seems to be the general tradition of the Indians. I could not believe, however, upon a close examination, that they were of so ancient a date. The figures are rudely impressed upon the rocks with stone and painted over; some of them being apparently of recent date.

Mr. Poston's opinion is—and I am disposed to coincide with him—that these paintings are the records of treaties made at different times between the Indians of the Gila and those of the Colorado.

From this point of our journey till we passed through the cañon above the Big Bend of the Gila nothing of special interest occurred.

At the Maricopa Wells, the scene of a great battle, fought in 1857 in front of the station-house, between the Pimos and Maricopas on one side, and the Yumas on the other, was pointed out to me. Of seventy-five Yumas who had at-



APACHE HANGING.

tempted, in connection with the Hualpais and Mojaves, to overthrow the Pimos and Maricopas, but three lived to tell the tale of their disaster. Their allies deserted them in the hour of extremity, and the bones of seventy-two Yuma warriors still moulder on the plain. Mr. R. W. Laine, now an express messenger for Wells, Fargo, and Co., saw the fight and gave me a most thrilling account of it.

A few miles beyond the Maricopa village, on a rocky hill to the right of the road, our attention was attracted by a spectacle at once startling and characteristic of the country through

APACHE CRUCIFIED.



which we were traveling. Looming up on the side of the hill, in bold outline against the sky, stood a rude cross upon which hung the dried body of an Apache, crucified about two years ago by the Maricopas. The legs and arms were fastened with cords, and the head hung forward, showing a few tufts of long hair still swinging about the face. It was a strange and ghastly sight. The Maricopas do not profess the Christian faith, but this much they had learned from the missionaries who had attempted their conversion, that crucifixion was a species of torture practiced by the whites. As it was a novel

mode of punishment to them, the probability is they adopted it as a warning to their enemies not to come in that neighborhood again.

An hour more and we were snugly lodged at the mill and trading establishment of our friend Ammi White near the Casa Blanca. Crowds of Indians from the neighboring villages came in to welcome us; and for several days there was no end to the shaking of hands and complimentary speeches that signalized the arrival of the Superintendent and his party. I vow the labors through which I went on that occasion surpassed all the fatigues of the journey; and if Mr. Dole does not give me full credit for my sufferings in his report to Congress, I shall always consider him deficient in gratitude. As for Poston, he lost ten pounds of flesh; and the only reason I was more fortunate was that I had none to lose, being by this time as dry as a mummy.

In the old Spanish records of the expeditions made

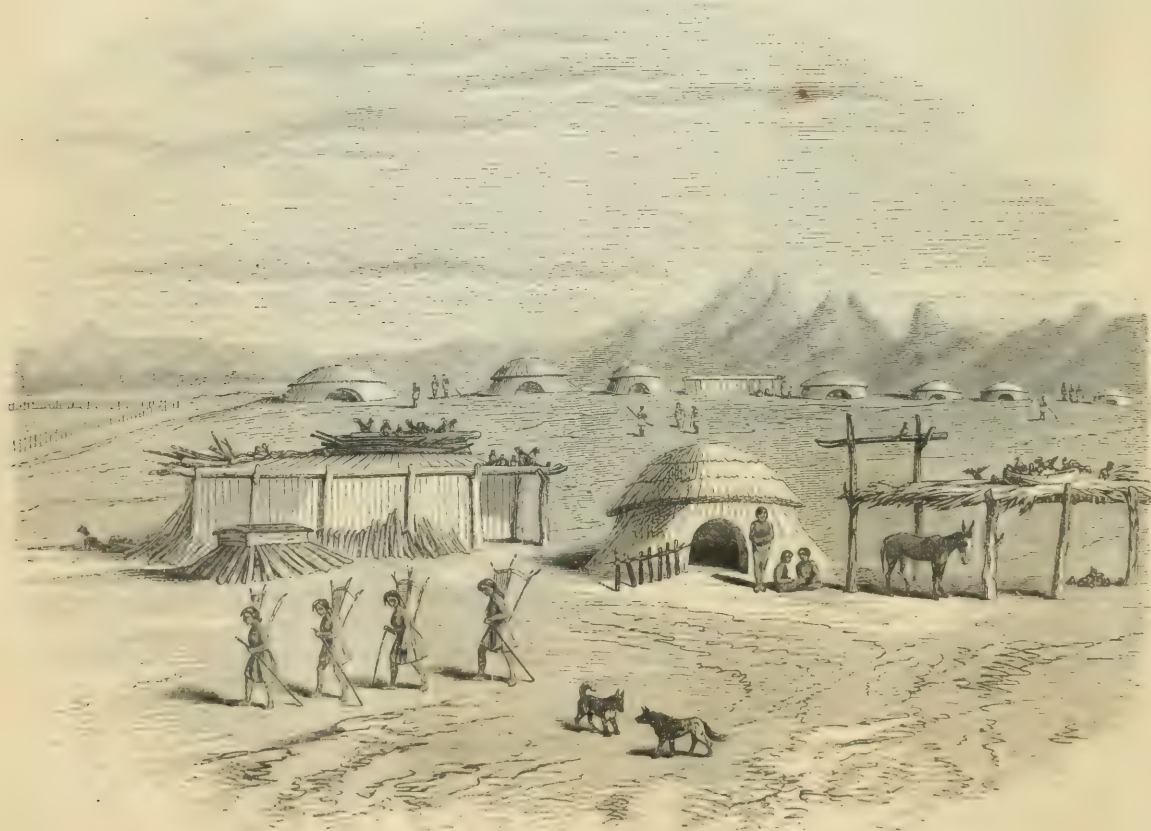
to the Gila River, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, special reference is made to the Pimo, or, as the Spaniards called them, Pimas Indians. As far back as 1539 Friar Marco de Niça encountered, during his famous expedition to the north of the Gila, a tribe whom he designated the Pintados, from the fact that they painted their faces. These were probably the Papagoes, who are of the same nation as the Pimos and speak the same language. In the seventeenth century Father Kino explored the country of the Coco-Maricopas south of the Gila, and also gives an account of the Pimos, with



WHITE'S MILL.

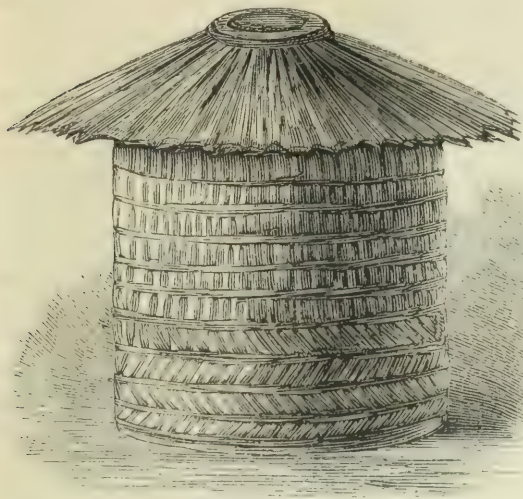
whom they now live in juxtaposition. Savedra, an excellent authority respecting the Indian races of Sonora, having spent much time among them, says the Pimos, Maricopas, Cuchans, and Mojaves are all "Indians of Montezuma:" in proof of which he refers to one custom common to all—that of cropping their hair across their foreheads, leaving the back part to fall its full length behind. This statement is corroborated

by the Pimos of the present day, who proudly boast of their descent from the Montezumas. The most interesting fact in the history of these people is, that as far back as the records extend they lived, as they do to this day, by cultivating the earth; showing a direct affinity with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Alarcon, who visited the great valley of the Colorado in 1540, mentions that it was cultivated to a consid-



PIMO VILLAGE.

erable extent by tribes having a fixed residence and permanent abodes. Unlike the Apaches and the mountain tribes to the north, who live a wandering and predatory life, the Pimos have always manifested a friendly disposition toward the whites, and seem much devoted to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising.



PIMO VARSOMA.

In consideration of their industry and their amicable conduct toward Americans, the Government of the United States, in 1859, caused a reservation to be set apart for them, embracing all the lands which they had in cultivation at the period of the acquisition of Arizona. The survey was made by Colonel A. B. Gray, and embraced 100 square leagues of arable land, most of it susceptible of irrigation. The length of the reservation is about twenty-five miles—breadth, four; and the River Gila runs through it from one end to the other. Three large acequias take their head near the upper boundary; one on the south side of the river two miles below Sacatone, and the other on the north side. These, with their various branches, comprise nearly five hundred miles of well-defined acequias, and extend over a tract of land eighteen miles in length. We have authentic history in proof

of the fact that for three hundred years the same land has been under cultivation, producing two crops a year without manure or renewal of any kind; yet it continues as productive as ever. It is probable the deposits left by the water are of a fertilizing nature. The return in wheat is twenty-five fold. The season of wheat-plant-



PIMO HAMPTA.

ing is December and January. Tobacco and cotton, which flourish with remarkable luxuriance, are planted when the mesquit leaves put forth—generally about the 1st of March. The summer rains commence about the 25th of June, by which time the wheat harvest is over, and corn is then planted in the same ground; also pumpkins, melons, and other vegetable products requiring great heat and moisture. Considering the rude system of agriculture pursued by these people, and the indolence of their young men, who seldom do any thing but ride about and gamble, it is remarkable what crops they have produced on this reservation.

The number of Pimo villages is 10; Maricopas, 2; separate inclosures, 1000; total population, 6000. In 1858, the first year of the Overland Mail Line, the surplus crop of wheat was 100,000 pounds, which was purchased by

the Company; also a large quantity of beans called *taperis*, and a vast quantity of pumpkins, squashes, and melons. In 1859 Mr. St. John was sent among them as a Special Agent with a supply of seeds and some agricultural implements. That year they sold 250,000 pounds of wheat and a large supply of melons, pumpkins, and beans. In 1860 they sold 400,000 pounds of wheat—all the Mail Company would pur-



PIMO WOMAN GRINDING WHEAT.



PIMO WIDOW IN MOURNING.

chase. They had more, and furnished the Government and private teamsters all that was necessary for transportation from Fort Yuma to Tucson. Beyond this they had no market, except for about 40,000 pounds of wheat which Mr. White purchased for the supply of Fort Breckinridge. In 1861 they sold to Mr. White 300,000 pounds of wheat, 50,000 pounds of corn, 20,000 pounds of beans, and a large amount of dried and fresh pumpkins, which was all intended for the supply of the California column. The greater part of this crop was destroyed or given back to the Indians by the Texans under the guerrilla Hunter, who arrived at the Pimo villages that year, robbed Mr. White of his property, and took him prisoner in their flight to the Rio Grande. The Pimos sold, during the same year, 600 chickens and a large amount of other stuff, showing a gradual increase of production under the encouragement of an increased demand. In 1862 they sold to the Government over a million pounds of wheat, included in which was a portion of the previous year's crop, returned to them by the Texans. They furnished pinole, chickens, green pease, green corn, pumpkins, and melons for the entire California column, subsisting nearly a thousand men for many months. In 1863 they furnished the Government with 600,000 pounds of wheat, and disposed of about 100,000 pounds made into flour and sold to miners and traders. Their crop was smaller than usual, owing to the breakage of their main acequia at a critical period of the season, and in January, 1864, they were nearly out of wheat, but still had a good supply of other products.

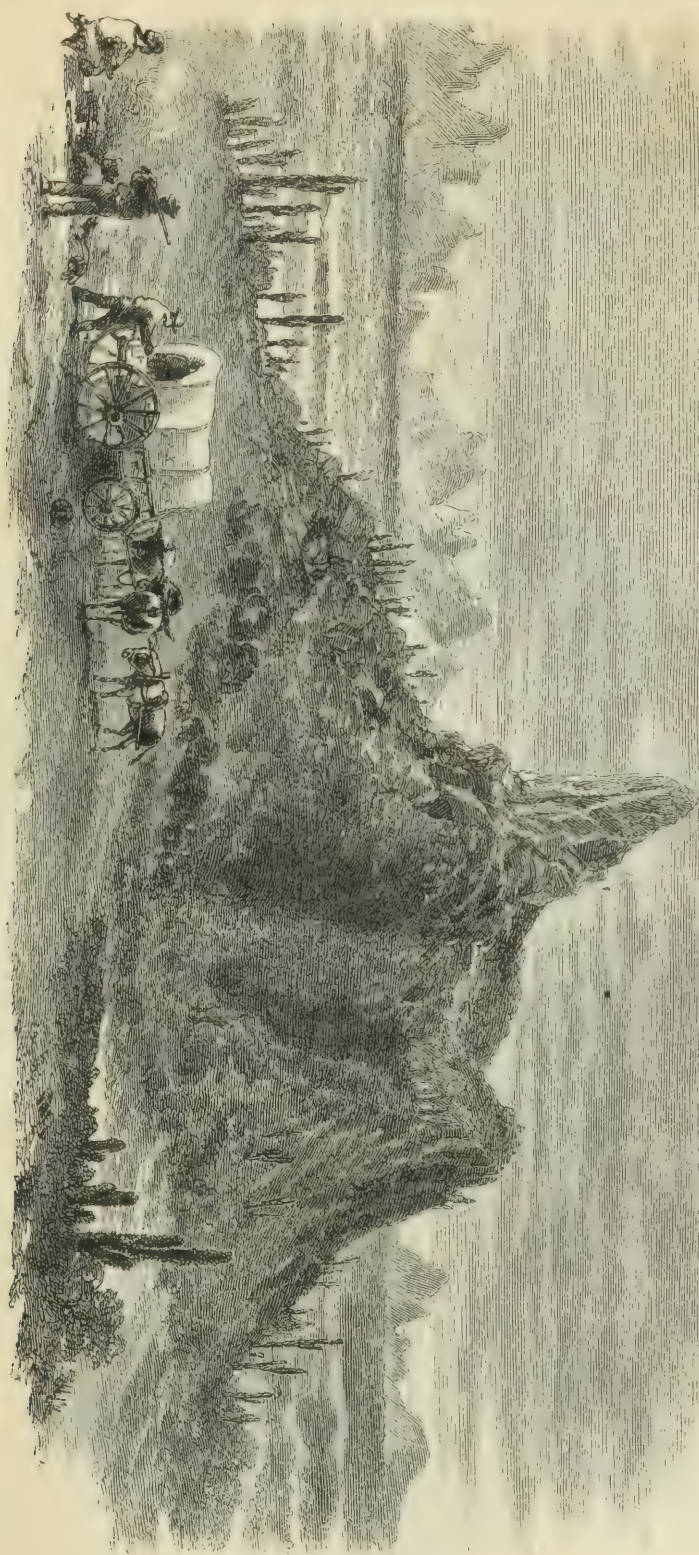
It will thus be seen that the Pimos are not a race to be despised. They have always proved themselves good warriors, and have been uniformly successful in resisting the incursions of the Apaches. Their villages have afforded the only protection ever given to American citizens in Arizona. If it were not for the Pimos and Maricopas it would now be impossible to travel from Fort Yuma to Tucson.

Many of the customs which prevail among this interesting people might profitably be introduced into our judiciary system. As administrators upon the estates of deceased members of their tribe they are especially worthy of imitation. No wrangling about wills, no jealousy among relations, no grabbing of effects by avaricious lawyers disturb the exit of the dying man. Peacefully and without worldly concern he shuffles

off the mortal coil, satisfied that all will be well when he is buried. His property is fairly and equitably distributed among his people. If he be a chief, and possessed of fields and corn and cattle, his death is a windfall to the community. The villagers are summoned to his burial. Over his grave they hold a grand festival. The women weep and the men howl, and they go into a profound mourning of tar. Soon the cattle are driven up and slaughtered, and every body, heavily-laden with sorrow, loads his squaw with beef, and feasts for many days. All the effects of the deceased become common property: his grain is distributed; his fields shared out to those who need land; his chickens and dogs divided up among the tribe; and his widow is offered by public proclamation to any man who desires a wife. If she be an able-bodied woman, capable of doing much work, she is generally consoled within a few days by another husband, though custom allows her to howl for the last until the conventional demands of grief are satisfied. Marrying a wife with a tar-covered face having its inconveniences, the new husband is also permitted to wear tar, which doubtless has a tendency to cement the union. The bow and arrows, blankets, beads, paints, jews-harps, and other personal effects of the deceased are buried with him. The body is placed in a sitting posture, with the face toward the sun; over the grave sticks and stones are placed; and thus he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking till the day of resurrection.

At the Pimo villages Mr. Poston and myself organized a party consisting of Captain Gorham, Lieutenant Arnold, and thirty of the California Volunteers, with ourselves, under the guidance of Mr. Cyrus Lennan, a resident trader, to visit the Casas Grandas, situated about twenty miles above, near the Gila. The first night we spent at the Sacatone Station, from which the Tucson road diverges across the ninety-mile desert. Following the banks of the river next morning through dense groves of mesquit, keeping in view, a little to the left, a peculiar conical peak,

EL PEACHO.



mesquit groves, and in about half an hour's ride from the river reached the famous Casas Grandas of the Gila. Mr. Bartlett has given so correct and elaborate a description of these wonderful ruins that I shall merely, for the information of the general reader, refer to a few points of prominent interest.

The remains of three large edifices are distinctly visible, one of which is in a remarkable state of preservation, considering its great antiquity and the material of which its walls are composed. This grand old relic of an age and people of which we have no other than traditionary accounts looms up over the desert in bold relief as the traveler approaches, filling the mind with a strange perplexity as to the past. What race dwelt here? by what people were these crumbling walls put together? how did they live? and where are they gone? were questions that we were reluctant to believe must forever remain unanswered; and yet modern research has not to this day approached a solution of the mystery. The earliest account we have of the Casas Grandas of the Gila is that of Mangi, who visited them in company with Father Kino in 1694. He speaks of the main ruin as a great edifice, with the principal room in the middle four stories high, and the walls two yards thick, and composed of strong mortar and clay;

which forms a prominent land-mark, we traveled some eight or ten miles, till we struck the remains of an ancient acequia, very large and clearly defined. This was evidently the main artery of a series of acequias, by which a large tract of river-bottom was irrigated in ancient times. That villages and farms extended over a vast area of valley land in this vicinity was evident from the quantity of broken pottery and indications of cultivation we found on all sides. Mesquit-trees, apparently falling into decay from age, now stand in the bed of the main acequia. Diverging to the right when within a few miles of White's ranch, we struck out through the

and also mentions the existence of twelve other ruins in the vicinity. Only three of these are now seen above the surface of the ground, although there are evidence of many more in detached mounds which abound in the neighborhood. The probability is that the main building, which at present forms the most prominent object in view, was the nucleus of an extensive city. From the account given by Father Pedro Font of his visit to this region during his journey from Orcasitas, in Sonora, to Monterey, California, in 1775, '6, and '7, it appears that he found the Casas Grandas very much in their present condition. The Indians, he states, had a tra-

dition among them that these Great Houses were built five hundred years ago.

Each group of ruins stands upon a slight eminence distant from the other a few hundred feet. The tower or central part of the principal building is about forty feet high, and there were originally four stories in the main body of the building, as well as we could judge by the holes in the walls, in which are still seen the ends of the round poles, or rafters, which supported the floors. Several of these that we took out are some five or six inches in diameter, and seem to be composed of a species of cedar. The ends show very plainly marks of the blunt instrument with which they were cut—probably a stone hatchet. It is evident the use of iron was unknown to the people who originally dwelt here. Mr. Lennan informed us that during a previous visit he had made some slight excavations in the ground, and found a number of bone awls; and other instruments of flint, stone, and bone have also been discovered, of which we had accounts from Mr. White.

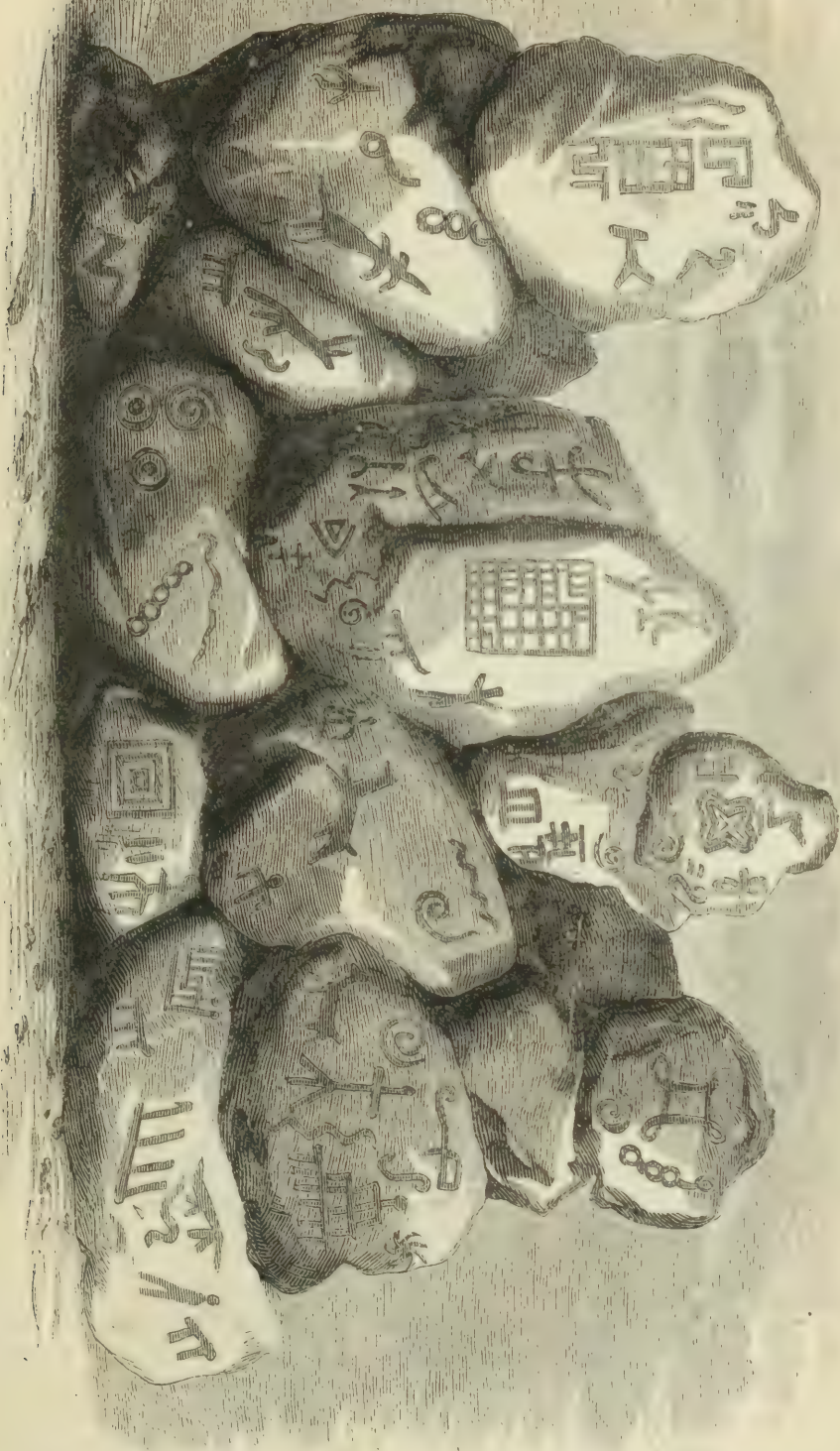
The walls of the Casa Granda are composed of a concrete of mud and gravel, very hard, and capable of long enduring the wear and tear of the seasons in this equable climate. The upper portion has been somewhat washed and furrowed by the rains, and the base is worn away to such a depth as to threaten the permanency of the whole fabric, from which one may judge of its antiquity. This concrete, or adobe, was cast in large blocks, several feet square, presenting originally, no doubt, a smooth flat surface; but the outside has been affected by the changes of the seasons. The inner surface is as smooth and hard as the finest plastered room. At the time of Mr. Bartlett's visit there were traces of rude paintings and hieroglyphics to be seen on the interior walls; but these have been either so

defaced as not now to be perceptible, or washed away by heavy rains. I saw no hieroglyphics in the building except the names of some Texan adventurers and California Volunteers, scribbled with a piece of charcoal. Rude sketches of Jeff Davis hung by the neck and President Lincoln fleeing from the vengeance of the Chivalry indicated rather forcibly that we were not beyond the reach of sectional prejudices. One name was especially worthy of note—that of Paul Weaver, 1833, a famous trapper and pioneer, whose history is closely identified with that of Arizona.



THE PAINTED ROCKS ON THE GILA.

THE PAINTINGS ON THE ROCKS.



The outer dimensions are fifty feet north and south, and forty feet east and west; the thickness of the walls at the base four feet. I made a sketch and ground plan of the building, both of which differ from any that I have seen published.

We spent half a day very pleasantly in exploring these interesting ruins, and took our departure for the camp on the Gila late in the evening, well laden with curiosities. Every member of the party had his fragment of pottery and specimen of adobe and plaster.

The next day we returned to the Sacatone

and prepared for our journey across the desert. Little did I think, in parting from our kind friend Mr. Lennan, who had interested himself to make our visit to the Casa Granda both agreeable and profitable, that we were destined never more to meet in this world. A brief narrative of his subsequent adventures and death will afford the reader a better idea of the present condition of Arizona than any thing I can say in the way of description.

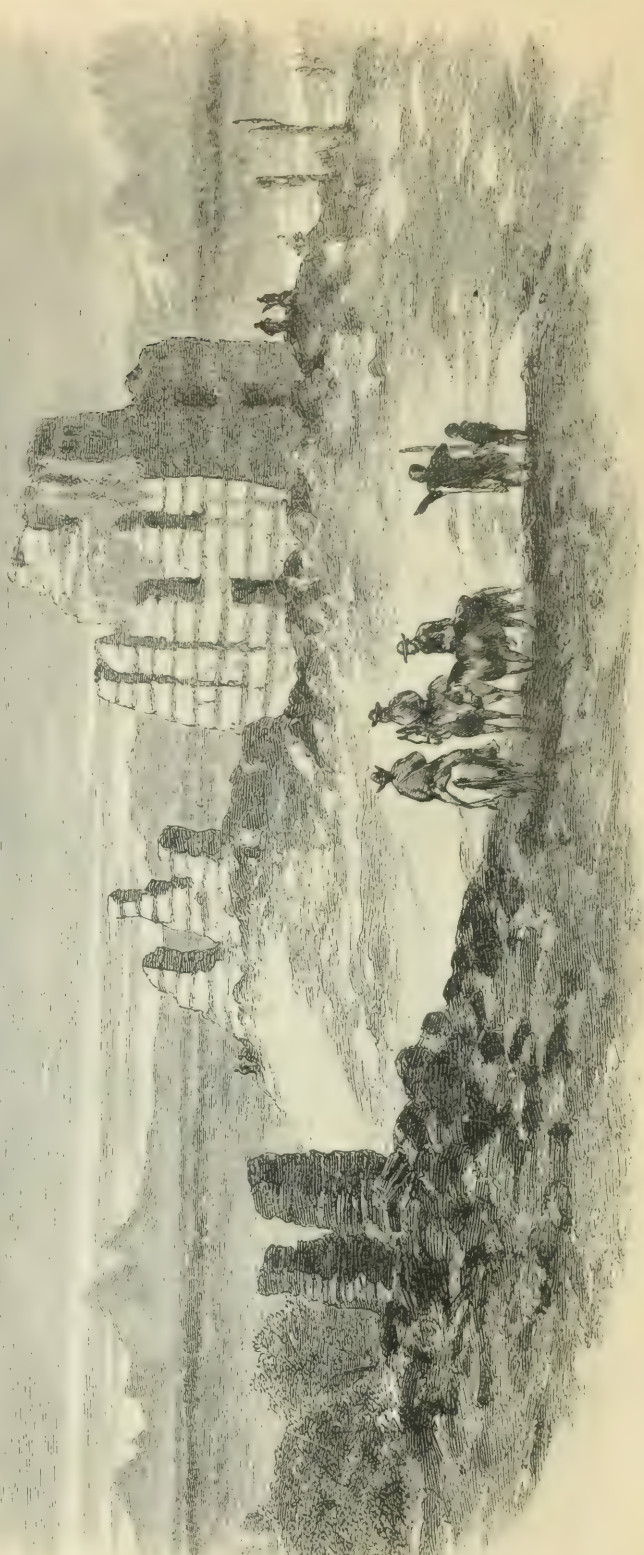
About the middle of January twenty-eight head of stock were stolen from the corral of Messrs. Peoples and Dye, on the Antelope ranch, twelve miles north of Weaversville; at Granite Creek sixteen head were taken; and King Woolsey lost thirty-three head of cattle from the Aqua Frio ranch, thirty miles southeast of Fort Whipple. The miners in the vicinity had also lost many animals, and were almost destitute of transportation. A company was organized under the command of King Woolsey to follow the trail

of the missing stock, and, if possible, punish the depredators, who were supposed to be Pinal Apaches. Twenty-eight men, well-armed and equipped, set out on this expedition. Following the trail from the Hasiampa to the Aqua Frio they crossed twelve miles above the Frog Tanks, thence to the mouth of Black Cañon, which they followed down to the San Francisco River, striking it at the head of the lower valley. All this time they were on the trail of the stolen stock, but had not as yet seen any Indians. When out sixteen days from the Hasiampa they fell short of provisions, so that it became necessary

to divide the company and send a small party down to the Pimo villages for fresh supplies. On the return of this party they all started up the Salinas from its junction with the Rio Verde or San Francisco. At that point they were joined by a party of fourteen Maricopas, under the chief Juan Chivaria, headed by our friend Cyrus Lennan, who had volunteered to join the expedition. Stock had been stolen at the Maricopa Wells from Mr. Rogers who was hauling up the Indian goods; also from the Maricopas. Lennan had generously offered his aid to recover the animals. As it subsequently appeared this stock was stolen by Mr. Rogers's vaquero. I saw two of the mules myself in Tucson. The Indians, however, were killed on general principles, and the recovery of the stolen animals did them no good in this world or the next. Another American named Fisher accompanied the expedition. All joined and traveled a day and night through Endless Cañon; scaled it, and traveled for thirty-five miles on the ridge, when they descended into a small valley surrounded by mountains. There

was no outlet to the valley, and no way of getting into it other than the way the company entered. They were still on the trail of the missing animals; stopped at what is now called Bloody Tanks, and having traveled all night without eating, they built up a fire for the first time in daylight and set about cooking their morning repast. As soon as the fire blazed up some Indians answered it by building another on the top of a high mountain to the east. Not long after the Indians discovered themselves, and advancing toward the camp began waving their guns, yelling, and making other hos-

tile demonstrations as if bantering the white men to come up and fight them. King Woolsey sent up Tonto Jack, an interpreter, to learn what they had to say, and at the same time to tell them it was not the wish of his party to fight them; that he wanted them to come down and he would give them some pinole. As a reason for this invitation it is alleged that nobody could tell whether the Indians were friends or enemies. Mr. Dye states that when they came close enough to talk they were very bold in their manner, and said, tauntingly: "We are your enemies; we have stolen



CASAS GRANIDAS.

your horses and cattle; we have killed you whenever we could; and will continue to kill you whenever we meet you. If you are not squaws, come on and fight us." After a long talk, and the profession of peaceful intentions on the part of Woolsey and his command, the Indians were finally persuaded to come into camp. Most of them laid down their arms outside as directed; a few secreted their bows and arrows under their serapas; and while they were talking others, coming in one by one, brought the remaining arms along with them, till some thirty or thirty-five were gathered in camp. Woolsey told them, after some talk, that he would give them a passport, informing all Americans that they were good people, and requesting that they should be treated as friends, with which, he said, they would be all right hereafter; nobody would molest them. Par-a-muck-a, the chief, came up, and waving his hand with a haughty air, ordered Woolsey to smooth a place on the sand for him to sit upon; that he was a great chief, and didn't choose to sit on the rocks while talking. Woolsey, suppressing his indignation, calmly folded up a red blanket and offered it to the chief. Par-a-muck-a sullenly accepted the gift, and spreading it upon the ground sat down. These were the preliminaries of an Arizonian "treaty." Then Woolsey called up eight of the Maricopas and stationed them on his left, informing them that they should assist in signing the document. The white men were drawn up on the right, and were instructed to be "on hand." These movements created a good deal of suspicion. The strange Indians were evidently uneasy. For a moment there was a deathlike silence. Suddenly Woolsey drew his pistol, leveled it, and shot Per-a-muck-a dead on the spot. This was the signal for the signing of the treaty. Simultaneously the whole party commenced firing upon the Indians, slaughtering them right and left. Lennan stood in advance of the Maricopas, and was warned by Woolsey to make sure of a lame Indian with a lance, who was eying him suspiciously. "I'll look out for him," was Lennan's reply; and the slaughter became general. Those of the Indians who were not shot down instantly fought with desperation, retreating a little way and then turning back. Some of them kept running, and shot their arrows as they ran. The fight, if such it could be called, lasted seven or eight minutes. Lennan had incautiously closed upon and shot an Indian near him, forgetting the lame one against whom he had been cautioned, who the next moment ran him through the body with his lance. Dye coming up killed this Indian. Lennan fell back on the ground, exclaiming, "I am killed!" He lived only a few minutes. The lance passed directly through his breast, cutting a portion of his heart. The only other person wounded was Tonto Jack, who was shot in the neck with an arrow. Juan Chivaria, the Maricopa chief, fought with great courage, and did good service. These were found to be Tonto and Pinal Apaches. Four

of them were recognized as Pinals, belonging to the tribe of Mangus Colorado. Twenty Tontos and four Pinals lay dead upon the ground. Others were seen running off with the blood streaming from their wounds, and it is supposed some of them died. Of the whole number that came into the council it is estimated that not over five or six escaped. During the fight there were more Indians seen on the hills; but they were afraid to come down. The scene of this massacre has been appropriately named the "Bloody Tanks."

Mr. Lennan's body was wrapped up in a blanket and packed on his own saddle-mule as far down as the junction of the Salinas and Rio Verde. It was found impossible to carry it any farther, and his companions dug a grave and buried it near a cotton-wood tree, upon which they cut his name and the day of the month. A brush-fire was made over the grave to destroy the traces and keep the Indians from finding the body. The Maricopas then left, and those of the party who belonged north returned to the Hasiampa.

Mr. Lennan was a young man of kindly and genial manners, much beloved by all who knew him. His death derived a sad interest to me from the fact that he had shown great hospitality to us during our sojourn at the Pimo villages, and subsequently had been our guide and companion to the Casas Grandas. I was most favorably impressed by his good-nature and friendly interest in the objects of our tour, and felt that we, as well as our fellow-traveler Ammi White, had suffered a personal loss.

AT HOME.

SMOKE-SHROUDED was the shell-plowed field,

Charge followed charge through fire and flame,
Once more our stubborn line of steel

Stood as the dark squares onward came.
Our Colonel, faint and smitten sore,

Spurned down the gusts of leaden rain,
"Close up, dear boys, our Flag before
Has never called in vain!"

His voice filled up the thin ranks torn,
Twin cheers and volleys rent the vale,
Our standard-bearer, pressing on,
Fell in the answering hail.

A stripling caught his dear bequest,
Straight to their midst he hewed his way,
Flung out our banner o'er their crest,
And held a score at bay.

Loud rang behind our tribute roar,
Fast in his steps our rifles pressed,
And reached him staining with his gore
The standard on his breast.

As soft we raised him—for the day
Was won—his white lips flecked with foam,
Faint murmured as he strove to pray,
"O! will they hear of this at Home!"

A CRUISE ON THE "SASSACUS."



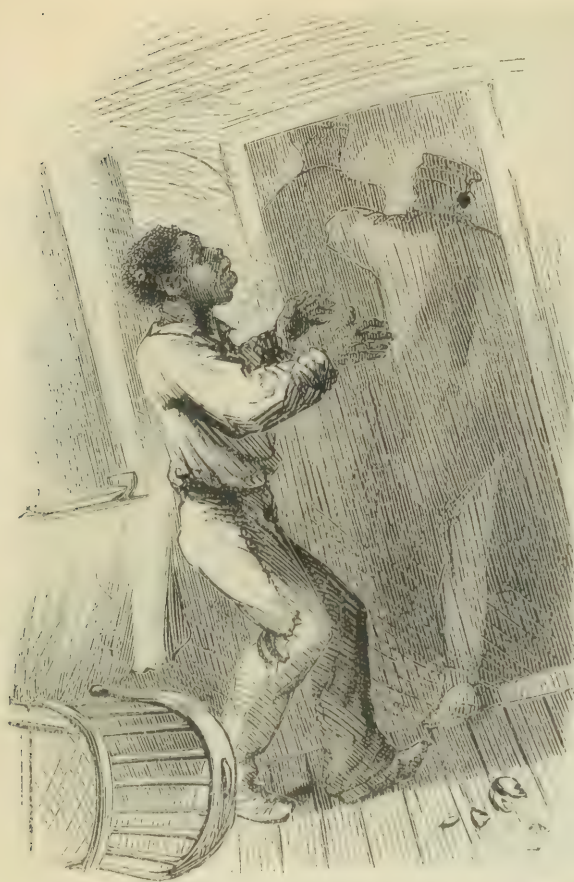
THE COLLISION.

THE most inexplicable interruption of plan and changes of destination attended the outset of the career of the United States steamer *S—*. An instance of this, and the only one of sufficient interest to merit record, resulted in her participation in a week of events most interesting and exciting.

These have been jotted down, for though three years of blockade may have rendered them not unusual, yet their minutiae seem rarely to find access to the public eye.

On the morning of the 3d of December, '63, the *S—* left Washington, bound for New Orleans, having an iron-clad in tow. Farewells had been spoken, and the departure was looked upon as the beginning of a long cruise. There were the usual regrets and longing glances cast backward toward the receding city; and neither the beauty of the weather nor a bracing, invigorating breeze, could wholly dispel anxiety as to the uncertain future. Toward evening the clouds began to gather, and an increasing mistiness of the atmosphere gave indications of a storm. When darkness settled down, however, it had become clearer, and the full moon gave a dim outline to shore and water, distinct enough to preclude the necessity for anchoring. We were sitting after supper canvassing our prospects, and arguing upon various subjects—among other things, what a fine time we should have if, by accident, we should run ashore and the iron-clad run into us.

Various experiences were given to show the ease with which such a monster could go completely through a wooden ship, the great momentum, etc., and an argument was even started as to how far she would probably get into the ward-room before we could get out; as to the depth of water, too, the width of the river, and various interesting concomitants of escape from a sinking ship; when suddenly, as if a thunder-bolt had struck, there came a crash, a heavy lurch, a shiver of the whole ship—and, quicker than words can describe it, away went chairs, plates, and table, and every one vanished through the door and up the ladder. Yet not every one either, for a ward-room boy, simultaneously with the noise and concussion, had tumbled against a stanchion, and, in spite of the emergency and apparently imminent peril, it was most laughable to see his horror-stricken, despairing countenance, as, with eyes turned upward, round and white as saucers, and knees knocking together, he ejaculated, "Oh! we're gone!" On deck all was at first black as Erebus. There was running hither and thither; cries for help from the water; flashing of lanterns and loud shouts of command. The fact that we were still afloat was at once apparent, but the probabilities of remaining so were a question. The lights of the iron-clad showed her to be on our quarter, and not in contact with us; but a black object, like a phantom-ship, under full sail, was slowly drifting astern, and by the glimmer



"OH! WE'RE GONE!"

of lights on her deck all doubts as to the nature at least of our disaster began to resolve. Something or other had plainly run into us, and it was not our friend the iron-clad. As soon as the crash of collision was heard her engines had been stopped, her helm put hard aport, and she had sheered off, almost grazing our quarter. A boat was instantly lowered in answer to the cry for help which had appeared to come from the water, as well as to render assistance, if need be, to the other colliding ship. In this boat, with the sailing-master, went the surgeon, to look out for those who might perchance be wounded. Meantime, by the aid of half a dozen lights and considerable trouble, an approximate idea of our own injury was arrived at.

The ship had struck the *S—* forward of the wheel-house on the port side, and carried away nearly the whole of it, as well as apparently a part of the wheel itself. But more, and worse than all, five or six men were missing. The pumps were sounded as soon as possible, with the result of assuring us that the ship's hull was uninjured; not an inch of water was making. As quiet was now restored, the first thought perhaps to many was the natural one, after the discussion of the early part of the evening—"This is the end of *this* cruise, at any rate!" The next, and more humane one, was of anxiety for our poor fellows who must have been lost overboard.

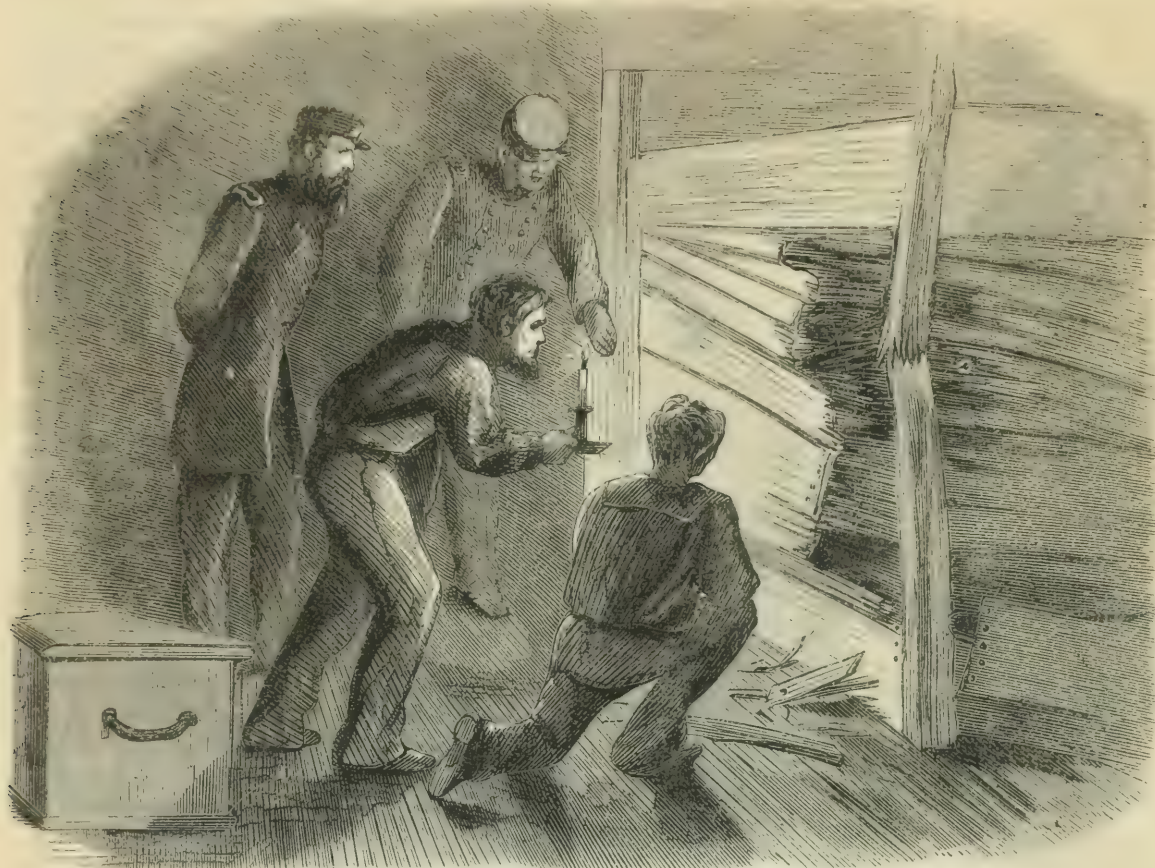
As one boat's crew was away, the names and even the number of the missing ones could not at once be ascertained; and the return of the absent boat was awaited with deep interest.

Upon boarding the other vessel, which had soon drifted out of sight in the darkness, she was found to be the *W—*, a brig out of Boston, with lumber, bound for Washington. Her captain was found in a state of great nervous trepidation, either from imminent danger of going down—as he at once said his ship was leaking—or from anticipation of being severely handled for running into a man-of-war. Whatever may have been the cause, he shook as with an ague. We soon had reason, however, to form a good opinion of him; for though having but few men, and knowing his own ship to be badly injured, perhaps sinking, he had instantly lowered his boat as the same cry we had heard reached his ears, and had succeeded in picking up two of our missing men.

These two had been found together, both wounded by the wheel, which had struck them as they fell—one, who could swim, heroically holding up his companion, who could not, till assistance should arrive. The injury received by the brig was rather severe, and amounted to having a hole stove through her port bow, about ten feet in length by three or four in breadth, smashing several bunks, and rather unceremoniously dislodging their occupants. In this nice little aperture were stowed about a dozen square feet of our iron sheathing and a good part of our wheel and wheel-house. Farther aft than this were a few other evidences of collision of a similar nature as well as torn rigging, dislodged lumber, etc. The captain and mate, upon going below with our officers, surveyed the major opening through which the outside darkness was visible with rueful countenances, but of course denied any fault in the matter on their part, and even talked of damages of another nature to be recovered by a court. The result of the investigation and inquiry was a conviction that the brig had been recklessly steered across the *S—*'s hawse under a mistaken idea as to distance, and suddenly, when too late, the helm had been put hard down. She was found to be not leaking badly, and was therefore left with no misgivings as to her sinking. The two wounded and half-drowned men were properly cared for and taken back to the *S—*. The other missing men were never found or heard of, and must have been killed outright by our powerful wheels.

It was impossible of course for us now to proceed, and a report was made of the extent of our injury to the commander of the iron-clad. As it happened a commodore was on board, who gave orders for us to return to Washington, and took the responsibility of proceeding in the iron-clad without escort to Fortress Monroe.

Upon that accident depended the events to be narrated, for the circumstances of war wait for no repairs, and another ship supplied our place at New Orleans. Weeks passed, and with completion of repairs came most agreeable orders for a cruise, on what is called the outer blockade, a sort of independent search for blockade-runners, any where between two or more defined points. In the latter part of January we



EFFECT OF THE COLLISION ON THE BRIG.

joined the North Atlantic Squadron, and at Norfolk completed such preparations as were necessary for the cruise, such as sending down topmasts and crows' nests, and lightening ship to some extent of superfluous ammunition.

With the most pleasing confidence in the unsurpassed speed of the *S*—it will surely not be wondered at that every day's delay seemed most irksome. We were anxious to try her to advantage behind the swiftest of the blockade-breakers, and when upon leaving Norfolk she tried a run of fifteen or twenty miles for the benefit of the admiral, and accomplished the distance at the rate of fourteen and a half knots an hour, the eagerness for active service increased.

On the morning of the 28th we steamed seaward. Does any one whose days are filled with the anxieties of business or the allurements of pleasure ever wonder how the hours pass on a cruiser, where the monotony of the most routine of all routines reigns for days together? The most unimportant and trivial subjects excite debate, the most worn and threadbare remarks on more than threadbare past events spice the meals and fill up the chinks. The past experience of most of our officers afforded vivid examples of such a life, and though instead of an inside blockade we were to try now for the first time an outside and freer one, yet we could not but anticipate a good deal more of the same sort of monotony.

Yet we were destined to most agreeable disappointment. Scarcely were twenty-four hours

passed ere a sail was made and we gave chase. There was no black smoke to mark her as a blockade-runner, but all sails were to be overhauled without distinction. It proved to be merely a schooner heavily laden but having correct papers.

Another and another were chased with the same result, then a steam transport filled with our own soldiers, and the next day several craft of various description. But on the morning of the third day out, having arrived upon the appointed cruising ground, a thin curl of dark smoke was descried upon the horizon.

Down went the helm, around came the ship's prow. Four bells!* and we were off for the anticipated prize. The wind blew freshly, dead ahead, and the white-capped waves tossed their spray over our bows, but so low were we in the water that it hindered us but little. An hour passed and yet another, and the wheel-houses and upper deck of the chase were above the horizon. The distance between us, at first about twelve miles, had now decreased by three, but a thin mist filled the atmosphere and was slowly settling upon the whole sea. Speculations as to whether the chase were a prize or one of our own steamers had been all along rife, but her actions began to convince us. Evidently a swift steamer, the foam under her paddle-wheels, which could plainly be seen by a glass, as well as the increased volume of smoke from her fires, evidenced a desire to escape. Interest increased, and repeatedly were glasses leveled to measure

* Ahead fast—to the engineers.



THE CHASE THROUGH THE FOG.

the advantage we were gaining. Impatience at the settling fog began to add fears that she might be hidden before we could overtake her. While the interest was the warmest and impatience most irritating, and the fog becoming more and more dense, some part of our machinery began to heat and the wheels to move more slowly. It was most provoking. Oil was useless, and constant streams of cold water would barely allow a moderate rate of speed. Fortunately a change of course on the part of the chase, by altering the effect of the waves upon us, relieved the strain upon the heating parts, and again we were under full headway. Still gaining slowly but steadily upon it, the dim mass ahead loomed up to us through the fog.

A heavier bank than usual had accumulated upon her port side, and suddenly changing her course full three points, she plunged into it out of sight. This manœuvre seemed to settle all doubts as to her loyalty, but to increase those of her capture.

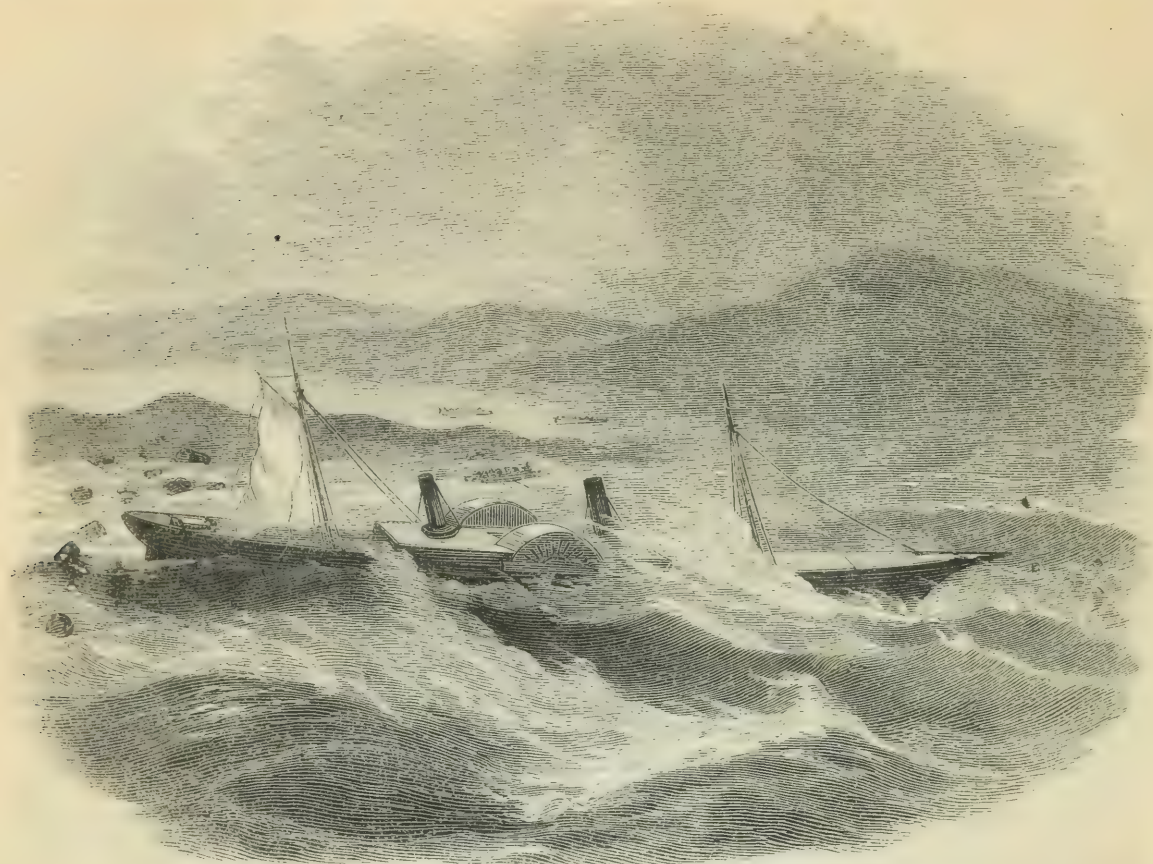
Still we kept the same course, reasoning, as it proved correctly, that once in the fog she would resume her original course, and trust to our having changed when she did. In less than five minutes the fog thinned, and there she was, still ahead, though a little on our port bow, but nearer.

It was estimated that now hardly three miles were between us, and at half past two o'clock in the afternoon a 100-pounder Parrott rifle was trained on her, and a shot fell just outside the foam of her wheels. Not a signal was shown, nor a sign of slackening speed returned, and in ten minutes the order was given, "Fire to hit." Another shot was fired, and anxiously we watch-

ed it, a little black speck in the air, as, splendidly in line, it struck apparently into her quarter. Colors were now flown from her peak, but the mist was too thick to enable us to read them, and still she kept her speed. Another shot and another whistled after her, and a flash from one of her stern guns sent back reply. Interest had now become excitement; every pound of steam was crowded on to urge us forward. The gong sounded to quarters. Our whole battery was cleared for action, and every preparation made for the fight.

Was it the *Alabama* or *Florida*? What a chance for distinction to overtake and capture one of those noted pirates! The distance now rapidly diminished, and firing ceased; not a sound save the plashing wheels and rushing waters broke the stillness. Eagerness for the fight yet anxiety as to its result filled every heart. We were prepared for no disappointment aside from those of battle; and when we neared and could distinguish every part of the chase, and read the numbers still flying at her peak, and comparing their interpretation with the appearance of the ship, be convinced that it was indeed one of our own steamers, imagination can alone conceive the change in the mind of all from excitement to indignation.

It would be as impolitic as useless to add more: we turned about and steamed again for our station. Weeks afterward we heard from those who were on board that steamer that the reasons for her not having come to after the first fire were considerably at variance. One story was that we were taken for a new Anglo-Rebel ram that was expected; another, that the captain was in great haste.



BLOCKADE-RUNNER "WILD DAYRELL" ASHORE.

Whatever may have been the reason it resulted in drawing the *S*— from her station, so that on her return, at about dawn of day, another but thicker and blacker smoke was in sight, in toward the shore, about off Stump Inlet. Not only this, but a long, low hull, with raking masts and smoke-stack, lay below the smoke full in sight. Swiftly, like a hawk on its prey, the *S*— sped toward her. Scarcely six miles away, clearly visible as she was to us, almost, indeed, within range of our guns, yet she tried to escape. Too close, however, in-shore, under which her pilot had attempted to crawl along in the dusk past the innermost blockaders, she struck, and even then the utmost efforts were quickly made to save her. A kedge was led out from her quarter, bales on bales of goods were thrown overboard with almost incredible rapidity, but they had miscalculated our speed and draught. Ere more than the first effort could be made we were within range, and a shot whistled over their heads. Helter-skelter ran every one for the boats, and leaving every thing as it stood, with the engines still moving, they fled precipitately. A narrow creek led inland, and with all dispatch they pulled up into it and disappeared. One or two shots from a rifled howitzer were fired ahead of the flying boats; but no heed was given, and so short was the time ere a bend in the creek had hidden them from view that a more effective and telling reminder could not be sent. The surf dashed against her sides and at times completely washed her decks. Clouds of smoke

and steam poured from her, mingling with the spray. It seemed certain that the rebels must have set her on fire, great as was their haste. Quick were the willing hands that lowered our boats almost before the anchor touched the bottom, but it was a perilous task to attempt through such a line of surf to pull boats never built or intended for the work. The wind was blowing freshly, and every moment seemed to increase the swell and break of the waves around and over the stranded ship. Nor was this all. Even were the ship itself not on fire, we knew full well that every inflammable substance had been thrown under her boilers to increase her steam, and the clouds arising from her looked ominous.

Every moment increased the probability of her blowing up, especially as the blockade-runners have an unpleasant habit of fastening down the safety-valves and putting on the blowers at the moment of abandoning the ship. Every instant was precious, and without a moment's hesitation at the danger of surf or steam, the boats were away and rolling among the breakers ere the last shot fired over the retreating rebels fell in the water beyond them.

Bravely the boats passed the first breakers, and soon tossing against the prize, one and another scrambled from them up the ship's side. The first thought and attention was given to the engines and boilers. The safety-valve was found so securely fastened that the most vigorous efforts failed to relieve it. One may only imagine the sensations of those who were thus so in very

contact with destruction, uncertain whether one, two, or three minutes might not end all in one complete and terrible explosion. While ready hands were thus busy above the boilers, others below were hauling the furious fires or drenching them with water. The peril was imminent beyond expression. Again and again did the brave men apply themselves to the resisting valve till day, though only measured by seconds, was more than reckless. Yet soon success rewarded exertion, and a scream of escaping steam relieved the tremendous pressure that had been accumulating.

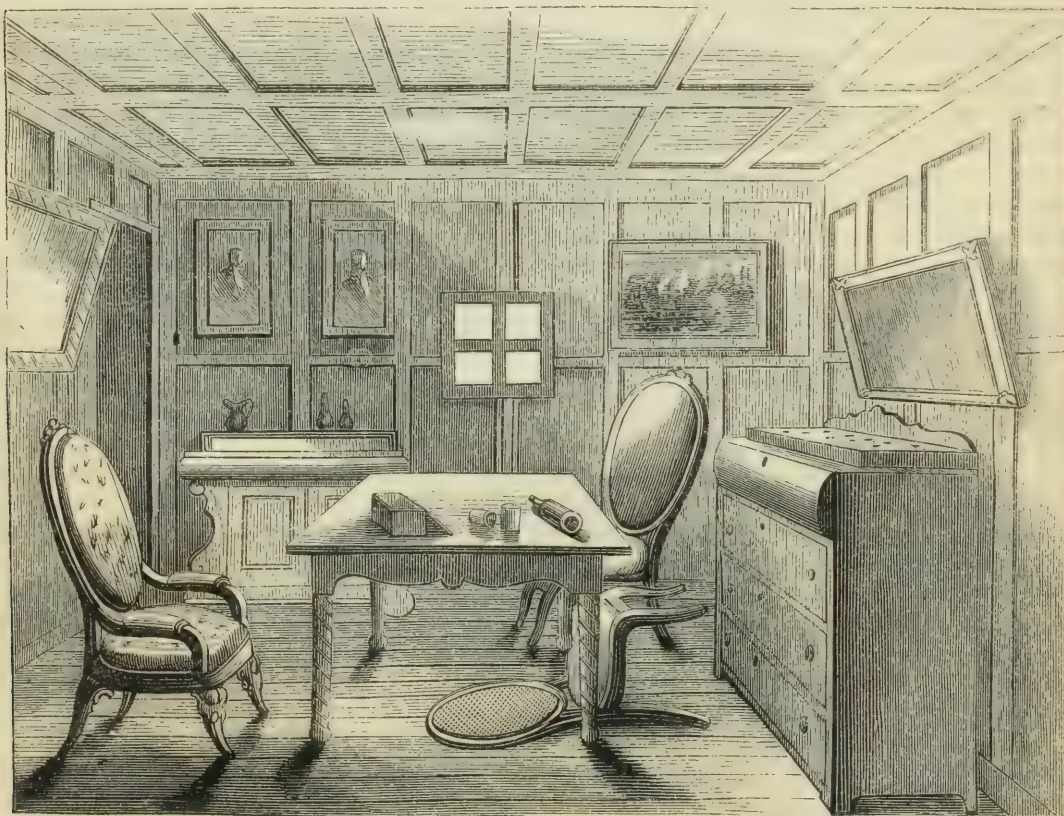
The ship was not on fire, though it was evidently no fault of her former crew; for matches, signal-lights, and all sorts of inflammable materials hastily piled together, but more hastily abandoned, declared their intention. Yet, after all, fire would have given little trouble, for almost every part of the ship from keel to pilot-house was of iron. She was in most filthy condition. Paint had long since given place to whitewash, and whitewash to the effects of wind and rain. Heavy cases of goods from firms in New York, and of shoes marked as from Lynn, Massachusetts, were lying about the deck, or lifted half upon the rail in the attempt so hurriedly made to lighten ship. In the hold bales of dry goods were still swinging from the whips; while in the cabin all sorts of articles of toilet or apparel, hastily emptied trunks and valises, bottles and glasses, were strewn about the floor. Her log-book showed her to be the *Wild Dayrell*, of whose speed and successful trips to the Confederacy the public had often heard.

She was three days out of Nassau, and sev-

eral times before had been chased by our cruisers, but had proved too fast for them.

Her lading was merchandise of every description, bushels of oranges and barrels of liquor.

The kedge, before spoken of as led out from her quarter, was found to have had a strong but light cable attached, and led to the shaft around which the motion of the engine had tightly wound it. All danger from fire or steam disposed of, attention was turned to continuing the laudable exertions of her former occupants. The tide seemed unfortunately to be falling; for though the surf was still as heavy, yet bare hill-ocks of sand began to appear in dangerous proximity to the *S*— herself. To get ashore would have been almost to insure destruction; for every one knew that in twenty-four hours the rebels would have soldiers or a battery down upon the beach; and while they might at first prove little more than an annoyance, proper exertions for getting again afloat would be seriously interfered with. Prudently, therefore, the *S*— retired a little further from the shoals, and again anchored to await the return tide. Meantime a strong hawser was made ready and men set to the task of lightening the prize, beginning with the coal which almost filled her bunkers. Most unfortunately, as is well known, a strong penchant exists in a Jack Tar for whisky, and, as is also pretty generally known, he usually manages to get it by hook or crook if ever placed in its vicinity; the utmost vigilance, moreover, is hardly ever able to avert such an issue. There was no exception in this case. The most trusty men were sent below to stave in every barrel, jug, and jar of intoxicating liquor, and guards were stationed over them;



THE CABIN OF THE "WILD DAYRELL."

but the men seemed to get drunk from the fumes, and as the guards were also soon drunk, it is fair to suppose they were drunk from sympathy.

The coal came up slowly. Those who hauled on the end of the rope somehow always worked under the lee of a bulk-head or wheel-house, and there seemed a tendency of the whole line toward the same point; so that the aftermost man gave place at almost every second pull, and came up to the head of the line. In fact, the strong smell of whisky soon began to direct unmistakable suspicion toward the vicinity, and, in a word, so many men were getting under the influence of liquor that the officers were obliged to get them into the boats and abandon work.

With the rise of the tide another boat put off from the *S*—, with a hawser. It was safely carried through the breakers and made fast to the bow of the prize.

Meantime, as might have been expected, one of the return boats, with her hilarious crew, in attempting to pass the surf was nearly capsized and grounded, tumbling about half a dozen men overboard. This cold bath was most beneficial; they were so far sobered as very sensibly to stay overboard and lay hold of the boat and haul it into deeper water.

When all was ready on the ships, and the tide nearly at its height, both engines were started, the hawser tautened, the prize yielded slowly, very slowly—stopped again, then stuck fast, one long, strong pull and snap! the cable parted in the hawse-hole.

The transfer of a cable under such circumstances is no easy matter, nor is it one of a few moments, and ere another could be made ready the tide was falling. Nothing could therefore be done save to wait another tide, and meantime renewed efforts were made to get the coal out. After the precaution taken to destroy all liquors the work was expected to proceed more successfully.

The wind increased in freshness as dusk began to close around, and it required considerable nerve to look calmly upon the shoals so near us and hear their sullen roar, beating as they were upon an enemy's coast. Yet every thing was kept in readiness for getting underway if the wind should increase too dangerously. All boats were recalled, and no one remained upon the prize. The work on board of her had proceeded more successfully than before, and nearly all the coal had been thrown overboard. About midnight the hawser was again tautened, and though only the stars furnished their feeble light, the *S*— was tasked her utmost to haul that ship from the strand. Again the hawser broke and the effort was given up. Lights now appeared on the shore, and back among the trees several could be seen moving hither and thither. Morning would probably bring the rebels upon us, and it was almost regretted that the steamer had not been at once destroyed. Morning brought no change, however, save that the *Wild Dayrell* was two hun-

dred feet farther on the beach. As the weather was clear and beautiful, and no special necessity apparent for leaving, a third trial was resolved upon.

In accordance with this determination boats and crews were made ready as before, when another actor appeared in the drama. A sail was made out approaching from the direction of the Wilmington fleet.

It proved to be the *F*— man-of-war. She came up, and anchored.

Assistance was volunteered, and almost at the same moment four boats loaded with men and officers put off from her for the prize. The men from the *S*— were already hard at work hoisting coal, tumbling heavy barrels, etc., over the side, guards being as before stationed over all goods of value, the cabin, and its stores. Without any ceremony, or so much as "by your leave," all orders were broken down, and like freebooters the new-comers began lightening ship in a very different manner from the first design. Had the commander of the stranger not made his appearance on the scene at this moment blood would have followed.

Fighting is too nearly allied to displeasure in a sailor's mind to allow much of an interval between a word and a blow, and even the presence of the commanding officer hardly restored order.

He, being senior to the captain of the *S*—, gave orders to desist from work, as it was now apparent upon sounding about her that she never would float again. Orders were also added to save whatever provisions were needed by the crews of either vessel, but to take provisions *only*.

In about two hours goods apparently most bulky had entirely melted away. However comprehensive the word "provisions" may be the large proportion of articles which thus disappeared could hardly be included.

It was most fortunate that not a demijohn of liquor remained after the destruction of the morning, or authority, and even force, would have been of no avail to control so many.

As it was, however, all went along pretty smoothly for nearly half an hour, till suddenly the sharp crack of rifles, and the whiz of a score of bullets overhead, hurried every body in preparation for the destruction. The blue lights and matches were this time more effectually piled together, and every part of the ship insured for complete and simultaneous combustion.

Then came the gauntlet of a quarter of a mile along the beach, from which the firing was now pretty constant. The wind was blowing directly on shore, and as nothing but muskets had yet been fired at us the sound seemed not to have reached the *S*—. The bullets whistled overhead, into the boat's sides, among the oars, and through hats and coats, but not a man had yet fallen. Sturdily the men lay to the oars till the boat fairly flew. It seemed utterly impossible to reach the ship without the loss of



ATTACKED BY SHARP-SHOOTERS.

many men, and in spite of the peril of the situation we could not but feel a sort of contempt for such poor marksmen. But now they have seen from the ship the little curls of smoke out of the bushes, and an admonition to the rebels to retire is hurled from the hurricane deck—one, two, three howitzer shells burst over or in the infested shelter; and now not a marksman can be seen along the shore. The curling tongues of flame that now shot out from the decks of the *Wild Dayrell* showed that the torch had been faithfully applied; clouds of lurid smoke poured from the holds, and enveloped the whole of her light masts, sails, and rigging.

To insure complete ruin of her engines, and to preclude the remote possibility of her ever serving again either her owners or the rebels, both the *S—* and *F—* took position, and shot after shot was fired through the iron hull. Bursting shells soon tore immense holes in bows and stern, or threw masses of shattered deck and cargo high into the air.

In three hours the anticipated prize lay upon the beach a complete wreck.

Ere the night came again we were off for our outer station; but hours after dark the red light from the still smouldering fire marked to us the spot we had left.

Subsequently we learned that the *F—*, having lain at anchor until the following morning, was attacked from the shore by the rebels, who had brought down a light battery.

Several holes through various parts of the ship, and several killed and wounded, attested their superior skill over the misnamed sharpshooters who had fired upon the boats. It was now the sixth day out, and though at starting the prospect of finding any blockade-runners seemed limited, yet the whole time, thus far, had been filled with the excitement of chase. Every one was willing, therefore, to prophesy that not another one would be seen for a month, and it seemed very probable.

By dawn of day our cruising ground was

reached, and with its earliest glimmer "Sail, ho!" was shouted from the mast-head.

A thin, black smoke just dimmed the verge of the horizon, and again four bells started the *S—* in pursuit.

Rapidly at first, because not yet ourselves discovered, we gained upon the stranger, till just as the hull was becoming dimly visible, she seemed to spy us, and for an hour not a rod appeared to have as

yet been gained by the pursuer.

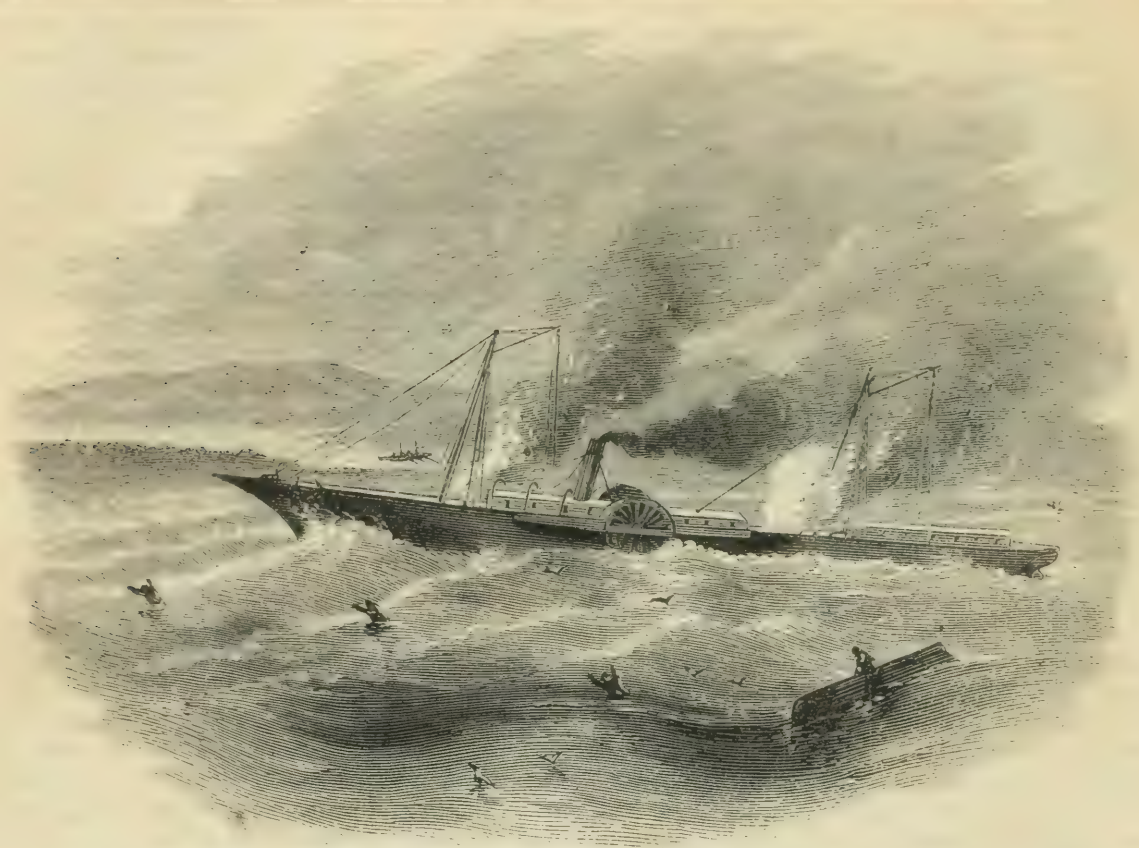
The smoke became thicker and blacker, and had her name been written in gigantic letters upon the cloud it could not have rendered more certain the character of the chase. The sea was smooth as a mill-pond, and only a gentle wind blew over its unruffled surface.

It was splendid weather for speed, and pursuer and pursued made the very most of it. Mile after mile, hour after hour, the chase kept on. The same difficulty with heating machinery occurred as before, and the same means were tried to obviate it.

More and more distinct grew the stranger, though scarcely a mile an hour diminished the distance between us. The white foam could be faintly distinguished under her paddle-wheels at the end of the sixth hour, but gradually, as if to run for some port, she had changed her course shoreward, and unless greater speed could be attained might yet escape or be stranded and destroyed. Every fire was cleaned, and every pound of steam that the boilers would bear was crowded on. We were now moving at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The smoke-stack



THE ADMONITION.



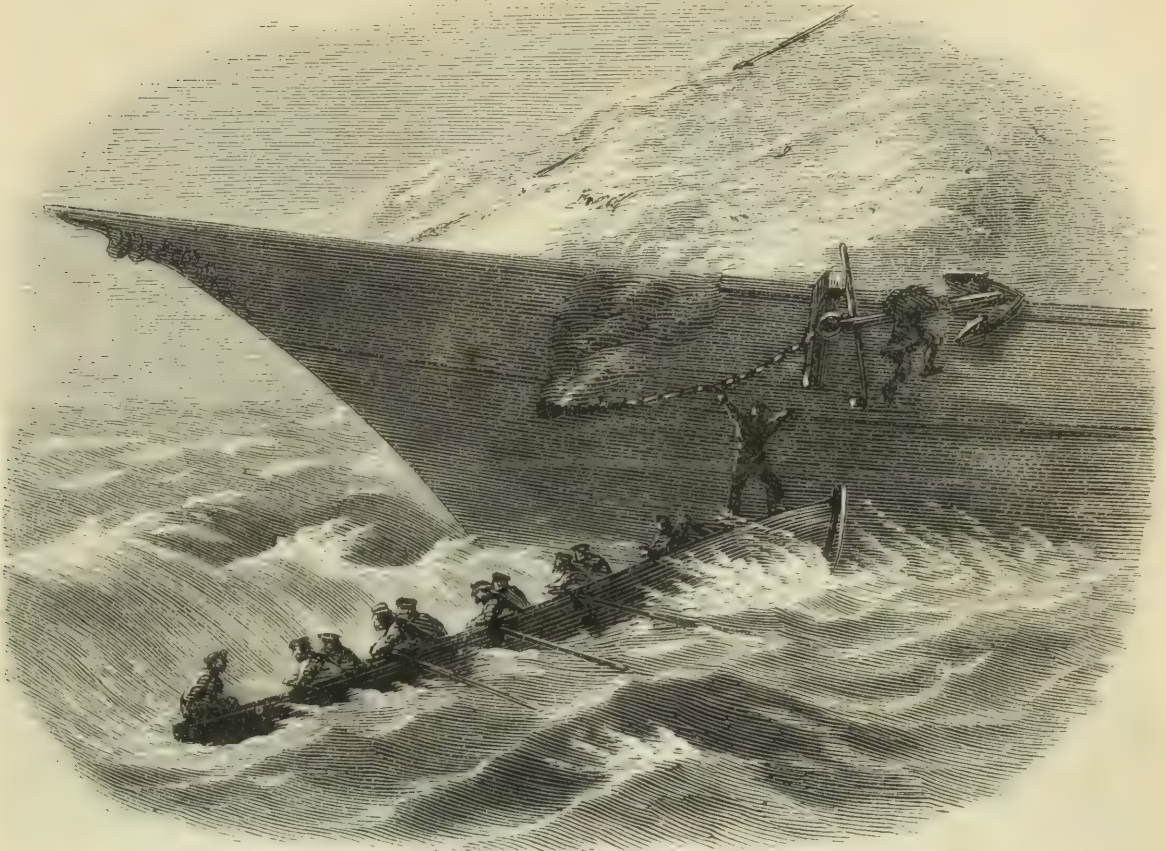
THEY RUN HER ASHORE, SET HER ON FIRE, AND ESCAPED.

was gradually turning brown from the heat, and flakes of paint peeled off and fell upon the deck. So intensely hot did it become that one could not stand within six feet of it, and men were stationed with hose and buckets of water in order to quench the first appearance of flame in the deck through which it passed. Bales of goods began to float past us. They were lightening ship. "Land, ho!" came from the mast-head look-out, and far away a low dark border to the horizon could be seen with a glass. Oh for ten miles more sea-room or another revolution of our wheels! Yet, after all, she will be overtaken ere she can reach the shore; for the distance is now barely three miles between us, and there are yet twelve miles to run. There was no time for a mathematical calculation as to how likely a steamer gaining on another scarcely two miles an hour, and both moving at such speed, would be to overtake her in a run of twelve miles; there seemed no time for any thing in the excitement of the chase, though the very minutes appeared hours. The shore grew bolder and plainly visible even without a glass.

The 100-pounder rifle could carry a message, and it was called in requisition for the purpose. A shell was fired. It rose high in the air, and, like a speck, could be seen on its course till a little puff of smoke took its place directly over the flying vessel. No notice was taken save apparently to hasten her flight. Another followed, and another swept her decks; but the running hither and yon of the excited crew and the cool indifference of the man at her wheel were the only results.

It was now evident that she would succeed in stranding, and most probably be set on fire. The water was shoaling rapidly, and the leadsmen's song changed at every cast of the lead, till "by the mark five" had become "deep four," and it was time to slacken speed. Another cast of the lead, and "by the mark three" gave new cause for anxiety. "Stop her!" "Back her!" were the orders of almost the same breath; but the cast still gave three fathoms.

The chase struck hard and strong ahead of us, going at full speed. Simultaneous with the shock her boats, full of men, touched the breakers, and one capsized. Without regard for the men struggling in the water, the other boats pulled swiftly through the surf and up one of the numerous inlets which cut the coast, and across which, fortunately for them, the ship had stranded. The *S—*'s boats, fully manned and armed, were also in the water ere the last man had left the prize's decks. Yet before the intervening space could be crossed the catastrophe we had feared was come about. A dozen streams of smoke were beginning to creep lazily upward from different parts of the ship, and every moment increased in volume. She was on fire. The former experience with the safety-valve of the *Wild Dayrell* rendered a similar hazardous exposure more to be dreaded; especially since a tremendous pressure of steam was evidenced by the almost incredible velocity of her revolving wheels, as well as the complete absence of any appearance of steam above decks. Yet not a moment was given to hesitation. As the first boat touched the ship's side officers and men jumped aboard. Meantime another boat



AS THE BOAT TOUCHED THEY JUMPED ABOARD.

had put off from the *S*— to rescue, if possible, those who were still struggling among the breakers.

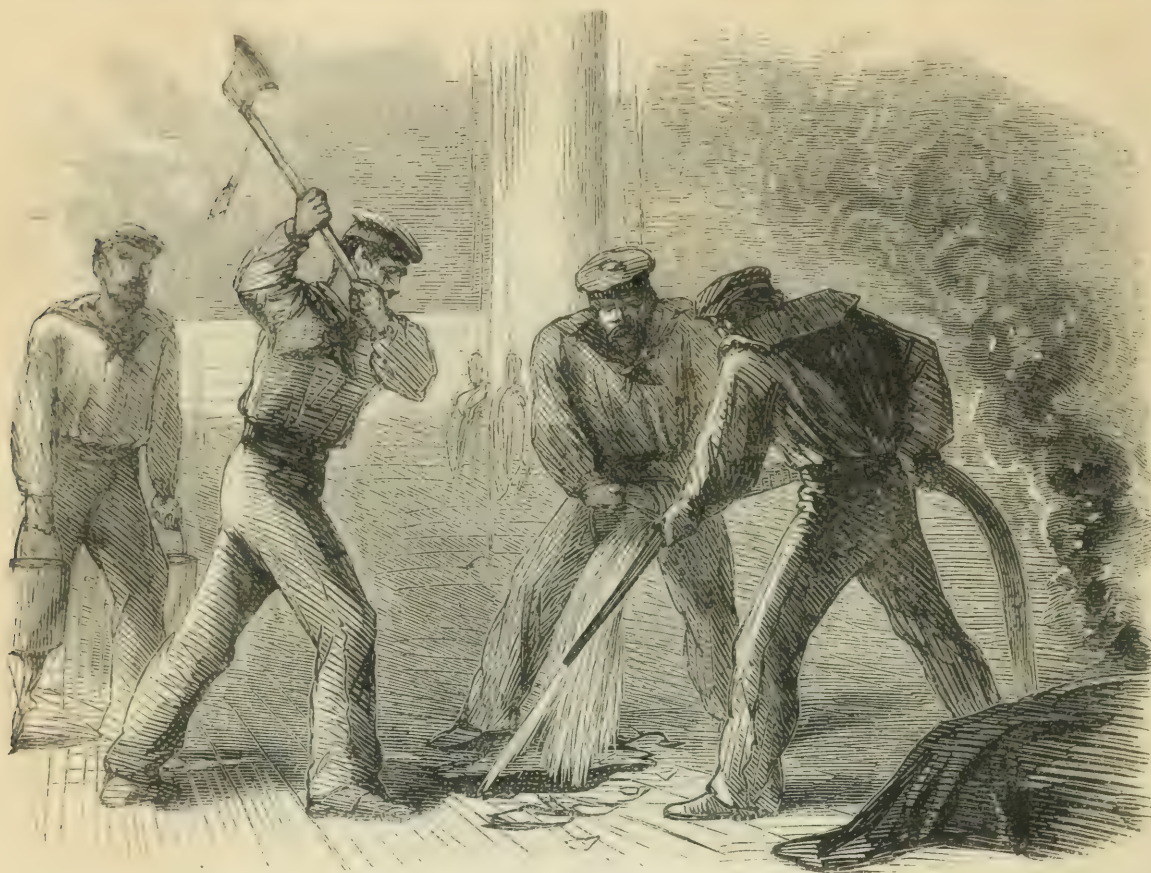
The utmost exertions, and a venturing close upon the reef although the boat was most unsuited to any such work, were unsuccessful in rescuing more than one man.

He, who proved to have been the purser of the ship, was found clinging to the capsized boat, and had the additional advantage of a life-preserver round his body. Sick and almost dead from exhaustion and swallowing so much salt-water, he was hauled on board the *S*— and reserved for future use. Arrived on the deck of the burning steamer the first thought and effort was directed toward the engine-room, and in a moment more the escaping steam relieved all anxiety from that quarter. The next and perhaps simultaneous one was for the fire. Tarpaulins were covered over every hatch, and the ship's buckets, quickly found, were soon employed to pour a constant stream of water upon them. This was not enough, the blackness of the smoke, and the strong odor of turpentine,

showed that it was no ordinary fire raging below. A small fire-engine was sent from the *S*—, and for several minutes the progress of the workers was viewed with deep interest. The smoke seemed to grow still blacker, and red tongues of flame came at intervals from the crevices to mingle with it. Every moment increased the peril, for traces of ammunition on deck showed what might be the character of the cargo below, and the thought that a single spark in the magazine might at any instant blow ship and men to atoms made the blood run cold. This increase of flame, however, was but the last flaring of the candle, and very soon scarcely a



THE PURSER.

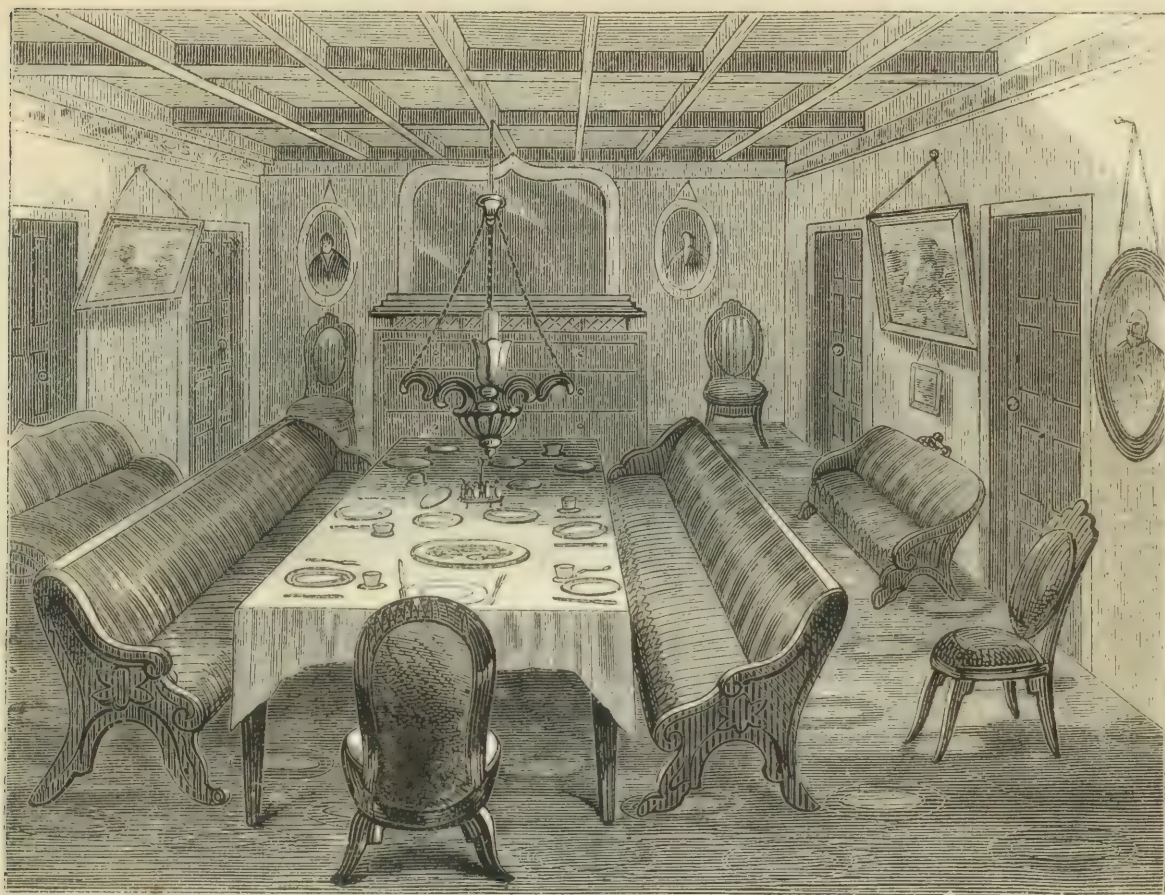


PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

trace of smoke or fire rose from the deck. The water was rising every moment, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained of getting the ship again afloat. A hawser was led from the *S—* to her, and the short interval before high-tide was filled up with soundings and preparation for a long strong pull. The steamer proved to be the *Nutfield*, perfectly new, and, as her papers showed, laden with arms and stores for the Confederate Government. She had been chased the day before, and escaped only to find herself at night in the very midst of the inside blockaders off Wilmington. Eluding these and again putting straight to sea, daylight had brought her within range of our watchful look-outs, and the result was before us. In a short time various points in the deck were found to be getting hot, and an ominous hollow sound under the footsteps indicated the activity of the flames below. Holes were cut where the deck was hottest, and streams of water poured down with the little fire-engine before mentioned. In the cabin of the prize, which was most luxuriantly furnished, stood the breakfast-table hastily abandoned. A lavish expenditure of turpentine had soaked every thing both of food and furniture, but the fire had fortunately failed to take, and nothing appeared injured. The same profusion of wearing apparel was strewn about the cabin as on the *Wild Dayrell*, and the same evidence of hasty abandonment were visible in the state-rooms. It was, however, now high-tide, and inspection of cabin and cargo was changed for active exertion to save the ship.

The engines of both steamers were started, the cable tautened, the prize moved, and a cheer was given as she seemed to be afloat, but the wind, which had increased, was rapidly forcing the *S—* over upon a neighboring shoal, and with a terrible shock she struck.

Quick as lightning the cable was cut, and just in time the powerful wheels launched the ship ahead upon the swell, and once more in deeper water. It was over, and every one breathed freer. There was no alternative now but to wait once more for the tide, and fill the interval by lightening the beached ship of part of her cargo. Cases of muskets, rifles, and swords were passed up from the after hold, where alone the fire had been entirely quelled, and being too valuable to be thrown overboard were transferred to the hold of the *S—*. About forty cases had been started before night came, so that upon the midnight tide hopes were entertained that she might be made to float. Another hawser was stretched before dusk, and every thing made ready, but fortune seemed against us. The tide rose, the engines were started, the cable tautened, strained, and broke. It was provoking; but it was determined on the following day to endeavor at least to save part of the most valuable cargo. In accordance with this plan men were set to work at daylight. Cases of needles, hardware of every sort, saddles, bridles, gun-tackles, machinery in order and out of order, writing paper in bales upon bales, dry goods, and fancy articles, were piled in one solid mass from upper deck to kelson.



CABIN OF THE "NUTFIELD."

It was found advisable to save the arms in preference to all else; and while the work was going on various were the exclamations of congratulation at having within three days stranded two swift blockade-runners, and not a few that the *F*—, which had interfered before, must now be far away, when lo! a steamer rapidly approached. It was she! Consternation and anxiety lest the former scenes should be repeated rendered the instant order from the *S*— to burn the prize a most agreeable one. It seemed a hard fate for a ship so beautiful in model and finish, built and equipped, as she evidently had

been, at an utter disregard of all expense; yet the necessity for her destruction was apparent, and every preparation was hastily made.

The bodies of the drowned men lay upon the shore close by the ship, in which they had perhaps most hopefully set out from home; and one, just on the edge of the surf, lay with white face exposed to the burning sun, and his hands were folded across his breast as if in sleep. The sight was a sad one, but other scenes soon called away all unpleasant reflections. Every body was now in the boats, and the fires from every part of the ill-fated ship were again springing forth.

The new-comer once more took position with the *S*—, and opened fire of shot and shell; and soon, warped by heat and riddled with shot, the iron hull of the blockade-runner lay before us a shapeless wreck. One of the poor fellows lying upon the beach was discovered to be still alive, and occasionally raised himself weakly upon his arm and waved his handkerchief for help. He lay upon the outline of surf, and at times the icy



THE DROWNED.

water would break completely over him. What could be done? Not a boat in our possession would pass and repass the rolling breakers to the spot in safety, and to capsize was merely to leave our own men in the same pitiable condition. He was too weak to cling to a line, and no plan for his relief was deemed prudent, even though the only alternative was to leave him to die. The experience with the *Wild Day-rell* warned against

delay; and even without it, the sudden appearance at this juncture of a troop of rebels upon a distant road, casting up clouds of dust as they dashed along, decided the apparently dreadful alternative to be as justifiable as necessary.

Leaving the *F*— still at anchor, once more was the *S*—'s prow turned seaward.

The prisoner we had taken stated that, in the case of the *Nutfield*, owners and crew had been most sanguine of making many a successful trip, and that her cargo was valued at half a million of dollars. During her flight from the *S*—



ABANDONED.

several rifled guns and tons of lead had been thrown overboard, as well as the cases that had floated past us. Our prisoner, too, showed pretty conclusively by his conversation that his sympathies were with our enemies, and gratitude for saving his life seemed to be the last and least of all his thoughts. Opportunity soon occurred of transferring him to a prison on shore, for a few days virtually ended the cruise on the outer blockade. Upon returning to Beaufort for coal orders were found awaiting us to the Sounds of North Carolina, and, as the event proved, to battle.

ON THE WAY TO THE DIAMOND MINES.

I.

CAPTAIN JEAN was rightfully the hero of adventures, for he ran away to sea at the age of seven years. Having suffered some chastisement at the hands of his mother, a warm-hearted, violent-tempered woman, for the commission of a misdemeanor—he had fallen down a well, or something of the kind—he fled with sobs to the first retreat that offered, and there, having cried himself to sleep with anger and grief, awoke hours afterward, heavily rocking on deep water, to find, in the midst of singular sensations, that he had unconsciously secured a passage on board the good ship *Last of her Line*, bound from Lubec to New Orleans, and thence to Liverpool and Canton.

When the captain of the ship came to throw himself on his bed for a few hours' rest something peculiar caught his eye, and directly afterward the light of his swinging lamp revealed to him a little curly-headed cherub or imp cuddled among his royal blankets, and now sound asleep again. The captain's first salutation was a round oath; and he put out his big brown paw to sweep the vermin away, when he bethought him how things might be, and that here some mother's lost darling was hidden farther and farther away by the hourly flight of wind and wave, while she vainly searched the night

for him; and in his warm inmost heart he remembered just such another at home, crying in his sleep at that moment, perhaps, for the father who had that day sailed away from him while he watched his mast sink slowly down over the edge of the sea. So he summoned his servant, had a little bed rigged for the uninvited guest, made out from him what he could of place and parentage, gave him a posset, and, when they two were alone again, abandoning dignity, even so far forgot himself into fatherhood as to sing the little waif asleep.

Next day the sailors greeted the unexpected passenger with acclamation. They were superstitious; he was a good omen. An angel found asleep on the captain's pillow could bode only fair winds and sunny skies and all genial prosperities of voyage. They adopted him forthwith for their own, each one emulatory of the other in the matter of his education, till between them all he mastered the arts of reading, writing, and tobacco, and became as native to the ropes as any spider. Thus, as after one or two voyages the captain's family joined him in foreign ports, and the *Last of her Line* did not return to Lubec, he gradually received promotion, mounting from ship's monkey to cabin-boy, from cabin-boy to seaman, and so on till at last, after many fluctuations of years and fortunes, at the

age of twenty-one he ranked as second officer of a fine brig that ran regular South American trips for the owners, and the hands of which did a little irregular business for themselves. For Captain Jean (so he had been called ever since he, with one companion, had navigated into harbor the old *Last of her Line*, when master and mates had alike forsaken her as a worthless wreck)—for Captain Jean, brought up at sea, seldom long enough on shore to comprehend or like the sensation of solid earth beneath his heel, knew little of landsmen's laws and cared less—they never gave him salvage for the old *Last of her Line*—and, in the simplicity of a truly honest heart at core, never understood the sin of smuggling. So, many articles admitted otherwise into Brazilian ports only under onerous duties, were surreptitiously supplied by the hands of the brig *Buffer*, who realized a pretty profit from their various contraband transactions.

But when Captain Jean had arrived at this point of worldly success, and found himself first mate of the brig *Buffer*, it occurred to him one day to visit the little town of Lubeck, whence he had heard he derived his origin, and of which he preserved very vague recollection. He had a curiosity, moreover, to discover from what sort of stock he had sprung. His last reminiscence was of a tall, red-haired woman, who, snatching him out of a spring, had first half-smothered him with kisses, and then smartly applied a tingling rod, in order that he might learn to beware of fresh water till the latest day he lived. His first discovery was when he skirted the edge of the ancient grave-yard upon his way, his eye caught sight of a mossy and tiny stone, erected, as it said, in memory of Jean, and where he paused to read his own name, by which he judged that he had been given up for dead and gone years ago. The next thing that he found was a gray-haired dame, a tinge of gold yet gleaming in the silver of the locks, who sat knitting in the sun, and only gave a sudden startled glance at his tread and the towering of his broad, tall frame beside her, as if the sound of the first had reminded her of something far back in her lost youth. She looked up at him again a moment; then she looked down perplexed; then she took out her great silver-bowed spectacles, adjusted them, and surveyed once more, from top to toe, this accommodating stranger, who so quietly received her inspection. Something troubled her; she shook her head.

"No, no," said she; "I buried Jean."

"You had a son called Jean, then?" asked the stalwart intruder.

"Ay, lad, I had him," said she. And then, at the sound of his voice, at the light of his eye, at the touch of his sleeve, this way and that, the fibres of her heart pulled, all the mother-instinct beset her, she looked at him wistfully, and rose and fell upon his neck and wept.

This pleased Captain Jean mightily. He regarded women as a mysterious and reverend order of beings—not human, like men, but a kind of awful fay, dwelling in an inner circle, and

governed by a different law. Such of them as haunted the ports were but diabolical simulacres, had nothing to do with women in the abstract—women in the abstract, who were multiplex and manifold marvels of emotion, and to whom, by this sign, he was glad to see his mother belong.

He spent that day and many succeeding ones in recounting to her his experiences, and in listening, in return, to the recital of her quiet years of home-life. She put before him her best old china, of whose impossible butterflies and birds and blossoms he seemed to have dimmest remembrances; opened for his delectation her precious jars of long-since candied sweetmeats; laid him in her lavender-scented sheets; informed the neighbors with jubilation that this her son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found; with a smack of her old vixenish vitality uprooted the little grave-stone, as if she had got the better of Fate in the matter, and meant that Fate should know it; and finally and every day had Cicely prepare the nicest viands in the nicest way of which her old French cookery had imparted the love to the little maid; for the mother was of foreign extraction, though born on the shores of the Province of Maine, upon this side of the Atlantic.

And Jean lingered and enjoyed it all, and planted and weeded in his mother's garden, and sat on the wharves every sunset looking out to sea and fishing for flounders, and, by-and-by, taking his personal bearings, found himself more attached to this fine old lady than he had ever been to any thing in the course of his life, excepting the old *Last of her Line*.

But I doubt if, after all, this simple filial attachment was the entire cause of his letting the brig *Buffer* make a trip without him. He might, it is true, have staid at home just and merely for his mother; but Cicely made it doubly sure. For Jean was a young man unacquainted with maidens. He studied the adopted daughter of the house as a novelty; watched her come and go with the happy smile on her face; saw her rise glad-hearted, fresh as a rose, with dew-bright eyes, in the morning; bade her good-night while a little pensive grace hung in languid fashion about her in the evening. Here was somebody his mother had reared; consequently she must be like his mother, worthy and sterling. Not pretty?—to him she was beautiful. Only commonly good?—to him she was an angel. All at once Jean surprised himself walking airily like some nightly wayfarer under an unexpected sunrise; but the sun was in his heart, a strange, rare, beautiful feeling there wrapping him in an atmosphere of joy and buoyancy, and leaving him in love. Now, for a week or two, it was fresh, fragrant dawn with him, till by-and-by a deepening, widening emotion came, as if day verged on noon, and Jean experienced a dim sensation which another person than he would have interpreted as meaning the necessity that existed for something reciprocal in this affair, unless love were a most one-sided thing indeed.

But Jean did not even know that it was love. His mother found it out for him.

"Jean, I am jealous," said she.

"Jealous, mother?" answered Jean, opening wide his shining blue eyes.

"Yes. When you first came home it was me you watched, me you followed, me you waited on, me you talked to. Now—"

"Well, mother—now?"

"Now it is Cicely."

"Cicely!"

"And I am only the old woman."

"Fie! fie! for shame! But is it so? Well, she is a pretty thing to watch, to follow—is she not now, mother?"

"Pretty is that pretty does. And Cicely 'll find any man in a good wife. I'll not deny that."

"Wife!"

"Yes, wife! What else are you making great eyes at her for?"

"George! I must be an idiot. I never thought of that," said Jean, a long breath lifting his shoulders and a shiver racing all over him.

"So much the better for you," said the sententious old lady.

But the thought was dealing havoc with Jean. He was trembling like a leaf. Cicely his wife. Heaven while he was yet alive. Freehold in an angel. In her smile by day and in her heart by night. "Oh no, no, mother!" cried he. "That can never be. Cicely will never look upon the likes of me."

And at that the mother fired.

"I should like to know why not?" she exclaimed. "Who is there better for her to look at? Who is she to play the upstart? What right has the girl to hold herself above my boy? Be still with your nonsense or I'll put her on her knees before you. Cicely indeed! Why, I all but took her out of the street!"

"Mother!"

"Well, well; I don't go to say 'twas her fault. Squire Andersgelt cheated her father and mother out of what they had; and of course the child couldn't hinder their dying, she was only a baby. But it was a great shame of them."

"You *have* got reason on your side."

"Now but wasn't it of them?"

"A rascal can get to the windward of any one."

"I wish he hadn't taken so much wind out of my sails then as he went, or I'd speak plainer of him."

"I don't know how you could, old lady. But what's he done to you?"

"Don't you know? Why, he has a mortgage on the place!"

"This place?"

"What other?"

"For how much?"

"Well, there I rather got the windward of him. For more than it's worth!"

"Takes a rogue to deal with rogues—eh?"

"Why shouldn't I? He has a good two

thousand of Cicely's, you see now, her father's and mother's, that she'll never touch the first cent of."

"Well, mother, we must raise that mortgage. That will make it all fair."

"I wish you could. To tell you the truth—the real truth," said the old lady, bending over to Jean's chair with animated gesture, for she hardly knew which side of the question she was on, "he pesters Cicely's life out. He's—he's—in love with her."

"The presuming scoundrel! The daring wretch!"

"Hush! hush! how loud you talk. And I can't see what for now—she's a plain little thing though she's trig. She's a sight too good for him, and that's the naked truth!"

"By—"

"Hush, I say! And now I'll tell you, Jean. In about a year, in seven or eight months, the time of the mortgage expires. And he can foreclose. And he's said something about it—ye's, he has! And he's given me to understand that, if Cicely 'll marry him, he'll make it all over to her to do with just as she's the mind. And of course then I can live on in my little house and garden till the end of my days. 'Twon't be long. But I don't want to die in the work-house," said the old lady, beginning to cry.

"Belay there! Who's going to die in a work-house? Who does that while their son has hands? Don't you let me hear any more of that. I'll pay this mortgage, I say, if I have to take it out of the fellow's hide afterward!"

"But I don't think Cicely 'd mind now."

"Mind which? Marrying or hiding?"

"Pshaw! She was quite agreeable—that is to say, she used to cry some—but girls are always crying—and she didn't positively say no till you came home"—Jean's face brightened—"and now the Squire's been here a half-dozen times, and the minute she hears his dog bark she just ups and goes to bed."

"And what does Andersgelt say to that?"

"He shakes his cane at *me*!" sobbed the old lady.

"Andersgelt is a good-looking man, isn't he?" asked Jean, dubiously.

"Yes—for them that likes your black beauties."

"Rich?"

"Yes, oh yes."

Jean's voice fell as his heart did.

"Respected?" he asked.

"Well, he isn't a professor. But he's regular at morning service; he goes to prayer-meeting, and he spends with a free hand for the missions, and the ministers, and the Jews."

"Young still?"

"Just in his prime, you might say. A little past forty."

"Handsome house?"

"And every thing like a palace in it."

"Little stingy about such sort of things?"

"Not he. Sets a good table. And he'll

dress his wife, if he ever gets her, like a countess—no mistake.”

“Why don’t Cicely have him?” asked Jean, savagely.

“Because—because”—quavered and sobbed the old lady, “I think it’s—because she loves you!”

Jean’s chair spun over on the turf behind him, he had caught his mother in his arms and was kissing her face in every seam and wrinkle.

“Yes, yes,” said she, with half a laugh in the midst of her tears, when he released her. “It’s all very well. But I’d have you to know that you’re not kissing me.”

“Who then, pray?”

“You’re kissing Cicely.”

“I!” And while Jean was amazed at his mother’s audacity, he had a silent, sidelong gleam of an idea that if he were kissing Cicely the kisses would taste very different.

“Now, mother, don’t you fret,” said he. “I’ll pay this man his money if there’s any friend in New York or any gold in Brazil. Be at ease on that. And if I shouldn’t, you and Cicely could be happy in some other home of your own son’s making; couldn’t you, mother?”

“Yes,” said she, doubtfully. “Yes, I suppose I could. But I don’t *want* to be. I was born in this house. I was married in it. You were born in it. *He* died in it. *I* want to die in it too.”

“So you shall; so you shall. There, now, let your heart rest. He sha’n’t have the house, and he sha’n’t have Cicely.”

“I don’t know—”

“Not if what you tell me is true.”

“Do you suppose I’d tell you any thing else?” she cried, with anger as ready as ever. “Did I ever speak falsely? The mortgage—”

“I mean about her—about me—that—it seems like taking the name of the Lord in vain to say it, though I never minded doing that much, to be sure. I mean if it’s true, as you told me, that Cicely loves me, mother,” said Jean, humbly.

“Oh! oh! oh!” suddenly burst forth behind them both; and there stood Cicely on the step, with what could be seen of her face around her hands that were covering it, now as red as roses and now as pale as snow.

“She’s going to faint!” cried Jean.

“If she dares!” cried the old lady, comforted by Jean’s assurance respecting the payment of her debt, and yielding like any woman to the natural course of a true love affair.

But Cicely’s hands had dropped from her face, and though she was now the color of death her eyes were flashing with a maidenly indignation even while she reeled and caught at the door-post. For all that she would have fallen—for surprise, and anger, and shame, and battling hope made every drop of blood surge back upon her heart—had not Jean sprang and caught her to himself, and held her there with a strange, sacred feeling of awe, close, close against his breast. And here it occurred to the mother,

well pleased in spite of herself, that the adage declaring discretion to be the better part of valor was applicable to the present situation, and she hobbled into the house as fast as her feet and her cane could carry her. Yet this was not so fast but that, glancing over her shoulder—how could she help it?—she saw Jean give one long look up into the deepening twilight sky, then bend his face upon the face beneath it, while for a moment Cicely held away with averted head and repulsing hand, and then in sudden vehemence, blushing damask, smiling sunshine, she flung her arm about his neck and met his lips herself.

It was a lonely place where the cottage stood; nothing but fields between it and the harbor stretched, and seldom any rash observer loitered there. Night had fallen now; there was neither moon nor star, but a soft haze over all the sky. The two stood together, leaning half on the gate at the end of the garden, half upon each other. They said little; for it was with them the fullness of that ecstasy that needs no words; now and then lips met in long, silent kisses. His arms were wrapped about her; she could hear his great heart beat. Cicely was appeased, blessed, resting; she had never dared believe such joy in store for her, a little maid with the comeliness of youth—no other. Jean, in his own consciousness, seemed to stand far nearer to something high and holy than ever before; such a sacred significance had his rapture that he would have thought only an archangel up in the clear blue heaven could suffer such transport of deep and holy bliss. Every time he bent and kissed his promised bride a thrill coursed through him. He thanked God all the time from the inmost hollows of his heart, first for making her at all, and then for giving her to him. As they stood thus, peaceful and brimmed with gladness, a rustling sound broke on their ears; it was a dog brushing through the herbs and grasses; then, reaching the gate, he began to bay. Suddenly warned, Cicely would have turned for flight; but on the instant all of Jean’s enravishment flowed into a bristling defiance. He caught her closer, held her firmer, and awaited his rival. A few heavy, plunging heartbeats; still his arms surrounded her, and her head lay against his breast. Then a form took shape out of the semi-darkness, and Andersgelt stood before them. About them the trees were shaking down fragrance, the wind was lightly wandering, the fire-flies were dancing in errant gleams. He surveyed them, and took the scene in surely. His black, angry eyes burned upon Jean, who returned their glance with blue lightnings. Then he raised his hand in a vindictive gesture of menace, and whistling to his dog returned into the obscurity out of which he came.

The lovers went back to the door-side bench beside the rose-trellised porch. The old mother had been long asleep. They sat there in the soft hazy summer night, making no plans, murmuring only now and then, thoughtless of the future, contented to the utmost with each other

and the present. And when the clock from within told them it was no longer night but morning, they parted only to meet again after sunrise, and wonder, as conscious gaze met gaze, if the night had been a dream.

These weeks passed to them like a dream indeed. In their course a pleasant change came over Cicely, one not unusual under similar circumstances; there was a new brightness on her hair, a new bloom on her face, a soft lustre all about her skin, a color and illumination to her glance; smiles perpetually came and went upon her lips like bees making honey there, as Jean told her. Love, it seemed, was turning her into something positively pretty. When Squire Andersgelt saw her passing in those days he used to set his teeth and go home and look triumphantly at the date of the mortgage, as if to make assurance trebly sure. He knew that a prodigal improvident sailor could by no possibility have saved money enough to meet that; and once gone to sea again, and the thing foreclosed, why, Cicely should soon choose between himself for husband or the work-house for home to her adopted mother. He justified his scheme to himself by no other logic than that he chose it; that he had sought her before Jean ever saw her; that he would make her care for him; and that the evil would be in it if he could not provide more happiness for a girl of Cicely's intelligence than could that scape-grace with all his arts. As for poor Jean, his arts, so called, were comprised in his warm heart, his honest tongue, his ready hand, his robust beauty, like that of some young Viking, with the tan upon his cheek, the snow upon his brow, and the blue eyes shining from under the mass of yellow locks. It is true Cicely was a girl of intelligence, and had received the customary school education of the place; and also true that she contained more theoretical knowledge in her little finger, as they say, than Jean did in his whole hand: but the fact had its curious counterbalances, for if Cicely knew that brandy came from Bordeaux, Jean knew that washing-day came there but once in six months; if by any effort of imagination she could associate dates and palm-leaf fans, Jean could remember how he had climbed the tree and plucked the date; if she knew that Columbus discovered America, Jean had trodden on the spot where first he set his foot; if she knew that earthquakes sometimes swallowed cities, Jean had himself, he could tell her, been swallowed by one and ejected as a bad morsel; if she knew the world was a globe, Jean had proved it by sailing round it. His practical experience stood him in better stead than all the little she had ever learned from books might be expected to do for her. They were more meetly matched in that regard than Squire Andersgelt believed. And as all the knowledge in the world is not to be weighed evenly with one pure feeling, Jean stood for Cicely the king of men, and to him she wore a halo. He saw her moving about her daily tasks, and however trivial and commonplace they were she seemed to give a glory to

the work. He did not dream of downright marriage yet; he must deserve her first; it might have been too daring; he must make a nest fit for his bird; the mortgage must be paid; and then! He shut his eyes at that point as at something too dazzling to contemplate. So their future remained unexplored; they were pledged to each other, that was enough. And in this state word reached them that the brig *Buffer* awaited her mate. In the mean time when the day for the payment of the mortgage's interest arrived, and Jean had seen Cicely and his mother counting out the proceeds of the garden and of their needles, he had swept it all back into the drawer again, telling them to keep it for next time and idle a little now, after which he paid the sum himself, assuring his mother that when he reached New York he should find friends there that would arrange it all. Thus when the hour of parting arrived he had no funds in reserve for his proposed journey by coach—it was long ere the diabolical days of railroads—and consequently was forced to ship before the mast for the trip in a little schooner. Foul weather followed, they were obliged to beat off the coast, and the passage that should have taken ten days absorbed a month. This would have mattered little to Jean, for in parting with Cicely such assurance of her devotion had been impressed upon him that it was like sacramental meat strengthening his spirit, and giving him a perpetual treasure of happy reflection; but what *made* it matter to him was that when they reached New York at last he found the old Captain of the forsaken *Last of her Line*, on whom he had relied to purchase the mortgage of his mother's house, had taken advantage of the delay to slip his cable, as they phrased it, and be off for the unknown shore. This of itself was a grief to Jean, but, added to the condition of affairs, became too much. Still there was one other person who, he knew, would help him. It was too late that night, he would see him in the morning before the brig *Buffer* sailed. He went on board of the *Buffer* to sleep, with this understanding; and as had happened to him once before, in the morning he found himself out of sight of land, for a wind had sprung up in the night, and, mate or no mate, the Captain of the *Buffer* meant to take advantage of it, ignorant that Captain Jean had come on board.

In vain Jean swore and gnashed his teeth, there he was, and there he was to stay. What would, what should Cicely and his mother think? Captain Jean was at sea under new considerations; with such anchor on shore he would scarcely be any more the reckless thing he had been. What could they think of him? Forty days must elapse before a syllable could reach them. All his cheerful lightness went by the board; he threw safety to the winds; became ready for desperate deeds; and was in just the mood, as they made Brazilian headlands, that the Captain, who had a heavy contraband venture of his own on board, desired to see him.

II.

They had finished their business in the port of entry, discharged their cargo, received their freight, taken their papers, and now stood out to sea only to make the shore a little further to the north, under cover of the darkness and at their old rendezvous.

The proper signals had been given, the customary ones returned, Captain Jean and another put off in a yawl to make all right on land. That was speedily done: and swiftly and silently the boats came out to the brig's side to be laden, and swiftly and silently with muffled oars made off again into the darkness; while to expedite matters, in his burning impatience for home, Captain Jean himself became the master of one boat-load, and went on shore to settle and to receive the various moneys due on what would have proved, upon his return, a very profitable affair to all hands but himself, who happened to have no risk in it. This would occasion necessarily a fine economy of time in mutual courtesies in the banquet and the drinking-bout which ordinarily took place on board the brig *Buffer*, and would now be dispensed with altogether.

Jean and his two companions steered the boat into the shallow cove, and far within the tidal cave in whose upper recesses the smugglers bestowed their hoards. Then they unloaded the boat, and, hitching it below, went up to finish the business with the principals, who were no languid natives, but shrewd and subtle Portuguese.

The account had been rendered, the money passed, cigars exchanged with congratulations, a few remarks on the necessities and the time of the next voyage, and regrets that they had missed seeing el Senhor Capitan Jean on the last one, and with two stout bags of doubloons inside his jacket, Captain Jean and his companions turned to go.

They had traversed half the slippery way downward when suddenly a strange sound smote their ears—the click of arms; the damp walls gave it dull broken echoes; the water, the cave, the shore, the whole region seemed to be alive with it.

“Ha!” cried Captain Jean, “are they playing us false up there? But they are black-hearted rascals enough for it. I’ve been thinking, boys, that this is the last time I’ll help cheat Don Pedro of a real. There’s plenty of sweeter work to do.”

“There it is again!” said one of his companions.

“The sound is from below!” a horrible whisper came sliding down to tell them.

The next instant a bengola light like a bale-fire shed its terrific illumination through each remotest crevice of the place, and they saw the panic-stricken malefactors crouching above them, a line of soldiery standing firm below—and a sonorous voice bade them surrender in the name of the law.

Jean’s blood was up. He snatched at his pistols, meaning to die hard; they were useless;

in both the charge had been dampened. He awaited them then in his gigantic strength; he threw the first two that approached him over his shoulder and into the shallow sea; a moment more, and he was surrounded, overpowered, pinioned. The two soldiers had floundered to shore again; half the smugglers had thrown themselves into the water, and noiselessly glided away into the darkness and depth; only the three above were taken, and only Jean and his mates, the three below. Then stepping in file, the six were marshaled down to the water’s brink again, then up the path of thickets and through a kind of prickly chaparral, and out upon a highway. Here the officer in charge, a ruffianly sort of fellow, ordered a halt, and informed them, perhaps to cheer the weary road ahead, that, taken in the act of such an offense against the empire, there was but one punishment: and they began their march that night to perpetual imprisonment in the Diamond Mines.

“Henceforth,” said the officer, “you have forfeited all civil rights, and are the slaves of his Imperial Majesty.”

“Never!” said Captain Jean, in his lingua franca, that passed current every where. “Never while alive!”

The officer laughed. “We now,” said he, “take our way to the mountain region and the Diamond Mines.”

The Diamond Mines! Young slaves already decrepit, stooping over the shrunken river-beds, sifting interminable sands; victims of “veta” and malaria; distorted, maimed, branded, lashed, writhing; withered with pestilential fevers; suffering every indignity, pain, and misery, and sorrow—all that, with Death for the jailer, and no freedom till he turned the key. Jean nodded to the chief smuggler, with whom he was chained, and said in low, impressive tones, “Into those Diamond Mines I do not go alive.”

The answer came from an unexpected quarter. It was a smart stroke of the commanding officer’s riding lash along his face. Jean turned, gave the man one great glare out of his blue eyes that should have made him tremble. In his code in that regard there was but a single article: *Blood for a blow*. The officer, however, only laughed again, struck all their irons to make sure that they were sound, mounted his mule, the other soldiers did the same, the chained prisoners marched between, and they took up their way indeed to the mountain region and the Diamond Mines.

All that night they marched, and still after sunrise, until the hot hours of approaching noon; then they had reached a government station, were brought under shelter, and allowed food and rest. In the cool of the day they were commanded again to take the road.

At first Captain Jean refused to lift a foot; he remained there recumbent, and of course in sullen despair. Threats and oaths proving futile, the officer renewed the blow of the night before with the stinging knot of his whip. It brought no more effect to Jean’s fixed face than

the alighting of a fly would have done. Then the enemy bethought himself of a master-stroke; neither chivalrous nor humane himself, he had yet heard of such things in others. He straightway had the lash applied to the bare back of Jean's companions, till, finding it possible to endure their cries no longer, Jean sprang to his feet and precipitately led the way. The officer signaled his satisfaction by affording Jean himself the final flirt of his thong across the eyes; but upon him this time Captain Jean did not waste the fire of a glance; he had his plans matured and under way, and he meant that either himself or the officer should reach the Diamond Mines a dead man or not at all. He had eaten nothing since they started; but the Indians at the station had privately sold him a quantity of those coca leaves that they chew to support their strength, and which, unlike other stimulants, give great supplies of nervous energy without impairing any vital function. On this, as barely as it should be possible, he intended to live till he should have lost sufficient flesh to slip his palm through the handcuffs.

At that moment officer and escort alike should give their last look at the midnight sky in terror.

The road that they now pursued branched aside from the highway and followed a seldom-trodden trail, intersected by brawling torrents and mangrove thickets hard to traverse, leading now along the verge of sheer precipices, and now descending into the reeking depths of the luxuriant wilderness. If Jean had been a member of some daring adventure, the superb scenes would have made his brain expand with delight; as it was, he constantly felt lying against his heart, like a rasping shirt of thorns, that letter of his mother's which had been sent after him, reaching Rio Janeiro the night he left, telling that the little sum saved to meet the coming quarter-day and other expenses had that very night been stolen from them, they could not say by whom; and upon informing Squire Andersgelt of the same he had smiled and renewed his proposals to Cicely, and averring that when quarter-day came it was plain no fate could save them, and unless he hastened how could she tell what would happen! And Jean remembered with desperation how penniless he was even if he were free—and here he was a slave! Thus this little fact of New England life blotted out for Jean all the color and resplendence of the tropic glade, all the bold beauty of the porphyritic mountain-side. Close beside them, as they tramped, a river of whirling foam poured its white column from the lofty ledge above, and fell into a ravine whose depth was dark with a blackness that sunbeam never pierced; they crossed the abyss on a bridge of slender chains woven together with strips of hide, and only broad enough for their feet; over them waved and lightly balanced a canopy of blossoms where the wandering wild vines had laced together the tops of the gigantic trees on either side in an arabesque of dazzling hue, raining down a ravishing fragrance; under them the mist of the torrent rose in smoke, and

dropped down again into the unfathomable shadow. As they swayed to and fro on this filament between heaven and hell, even the doomed slaves held their breath till the solid earth should seize their steps again. As for Jean, he felt of his handcuffs with a victor's smile; he was scarcely any longer a man, but fast becoming kindred to the savage things that by night they heard horribly howling in the shades. Then, the bridge crossed, they wound up and down once more, till at last, dismissing the mules, they took to canoes and embarked on one of the shallow frothing river-courses—a maze of silver rapids and emerald glooms threading the heart of an enormous forest. Opaque here with the shadows of state-ly araucarias an arrow's flight in height; bewilderingly splendid there, where the dark dragon and cashew trees were tangled in vivid meshes of the sumptuous orchids, in magnificent trumpet and passion-flowers, each one festal, a freak of color and sunlight, a bursting star of penetrating powdery perfume, that made drunken all the heavy air about them; and in another place all again becoming soft and soothing to the eye, where the palm groves swung their lofty boughs in clear spaces, or where close down to the water's edge crowded the monstrous ferns, feathering at giddy heights their delicate sprays of fairest green against a sky of such clear brilliancy that to breathe its air seemed like living in the heart of some pure and vast jewel. Far in retreating hollows they could see the giant fig wreathed with the blooms of the white vanilla, that sent its softly-bitter sweetness floating languidly to find the river-course; or a sudden cluster of cacti, like living flames, wasted their wealth of startling color on the deadly coral snake that hissed at their feet, or fed with their beauty the melancholy song of the *Alma perdidida* that by night sighed through the spaces of the wood, what time the alligator, in his bronze plate-armor, lifted his terrible leer from the waters. By day the chattering monkeys tossed down the savage fruits to them as they passed; the birds fluttered among the sprays like flakes of colored fire; the great anaconda twined himself from stem to stem, his scaly sides glistening in azure and vermil and gold; they surprised flocks of rosy flamingoes fishing at the mouths of the affluent brooks; insects that were atoms of gossamer and light skimmed about them, they parted vast fleets of the *papillon bleu* hovering down the stream in the tide of air just over the current, and shedding back the morning radiance from their wide wings of filmy sapphire and silver and beryl; or others came in clouds about their heads, winged, as it were, with broadest petals of the pale wild rose. By night the garnet-star lighted their path—above them the great Magellanic cloud wheeled upon the ghostly shimmer of its way, the Southern Cross hung out of heaven its pendent mass of gorgeous jewelry; while below, the green beetle flickered in the swamps, they divined the little serpent thrusting up its head like a hood crusted with gems, and the very leaves in the breeze scin-

tillated with a phosphorescent fire. Surrounded by such glory, Jean almost forgot to curse.

By landing, and bearing the boat from below the score of cataracts to the smooth water above, by poling their way through rushing rapids, by rowing almost constantly against the current, by catching in their sail whatever breezes chanced to blow, they had at last gone as far as it was possible to go by water; and the escort, more weary than the slave, hailed the rugged foot-path once more that found them within but two days' hill-side march of the Diamond Mines.

They encamped that night on the edge of the forest, sheltered from a sudden storm by a natural abatis of colossal fallen trunks, out of whose interstices and round whose roughness the rarest, gayest, and most pungent flowers and fungi grew and rioted. Behind them the forest abruptly terminated with sudden tropical transition, having carried its luxuriance to the splendid end; below them a valley stretched, and on one side the hill rose a jagged mass of rock up and around which to-morrow they were to wind. As they laid the fire together in the lowering shadow, a little light moving far up the heights gleamed upon them; it descended gradually, and ere long they could distinguish the form that bore it—a miner stepping slowly down with a cup, like those earthen things found embedded in the Roman Campagna, out of which the flame issued at one end, while it was suspended by a bending iron rod from the front of his cap. He carried a packet of ore upon his back, yet in spite of it held himself erect in a certain lofty nobility, and with his strange color and stranger outline made a picturesque vision against the darkening sky. He was probably a half-breed, once condemned to death for some early bloodshed, and pardoned under the condition of perpetually carrying the ore and jewels from station to station: his stately gait and noble mien required no other witness to prove how trust-worthy a bearer. The dark thickened overhead, the air grew full of intensely suffocating heat, and suddenly a straight shaft of fire shot from the sky to meet the tiny flame of the cup, and the figure stepping statelily from jag to jag fell with the bolt and lay lifeless within a stone's-throw of the forest party, while all the welkin rang with the thunder-peal. Jean and even the Portuguese were struck to stone. Not so their masters. The officer uttered a contemptuous sentence; it mattered to him no more than the falling of a mountain mule; before another bolt could have found the time to gather he had his men unstrap the packet of ore and put it with their own affairs; he himself took from the dead miner's neck the little pouch full of its oitavas of diamonds and slung it about his own. Then a few blossom-strewn boughs covered the carrier's form from sight till to-morrow the vultures came. The whole incident had not required the quarter of an hour, and had no more effect upon the soldiers and their leaders than the plunge of a stricken hawk.

It was twilight when the storm broke, but

made blackest night in an instant by the downright rivers of rain; yet fiercely as the rain fell no drop reached them, for the woven mat of the forest roof was impenetrable. Now and then a blending flash showed the great plain lying below them, in stretch on stretch of broken shadow netted with glancing streams; showed the silver fall of the torrent of rain; showed the awful outlines of the wild beasts leaping past them, terrified shades, into the shelter of the woods and thickets. All the time the rattle of the thunder was followed by the low, long, muffled roar of the jaguar, the yell of the forest cat, and the shrill scream of the golden macaws in concert.

It was past midnight when the retiring tempest suffered them to sleep; and then the fire of fragrant cascarilla bark and ponderous iron-wood heaped high, the sentry sat on guard, and the others, well worn and weary, stretched themselves straight as the dead ore-carrier beside them, and forgot fatigues and woes alike in dreams.

All but Jean.

He could slip his hands through the handcuffs.

At last he was free. But not free unless his companions were; and not free while one of these men lived to follow on the track. He chewed his coca leaf and lay awake, and furtively eyed the sentry by the fire. He wondered then how strong he was—if this arm had any vigor, if this wrist had any nerve, if there could be any quailing in his spirit. And while the clouds parted and fled away over the valley, and on a jetty sky a slender waning moon lay with such clear-cut edges that she seemed like a beveled topaz in relief, Jean never let his fatal gaze evade the nodding sentry.

Nodding, starting, sinking, fallen—lost at last into profoundest slumber.

Then Jean's hands were loose. In a twinkling his links of chain undone. He would not unbind his companions yet, their hands were not as sure, their stroke as steady, they had neither the fire nor the hate that burned and corroded his soul. Stealthy as a panther he crept to the fallen embers and drew thence a great brand of the iron-wood. Now swift execution and not a tremor. A blow that let no groan follow it; another; the round was swift and deadly, but one remained. Over that man only he paused; he wanted all the evil in him, all the venom, all the rancor, to count when his arm fell. Over that man only he paused—paused till conscious sleep withdrew its veil from torpid sense and the sleeper had lifted his startled head—paused till in the light of the dying fire and the wasting moon he should see and know the gaunt demon glaring above him; and then blood had wiped out the blow.

Jean waked and freed the others. He was a man again. "Come," said he, "perhaps they are stunned. Perhaps they are dead. In either case let us fly." And hastily making such preparation as was indispensable they retraced their way to the stream, and with bounding ex-

ultation Jean felt the citavas of diamonds hard against his heart, and making his mother's letter softness itself. Not one moment did Jean tremble over his deed. It had been his life or theirs. He had been reared unchristianly, almost as a barbarian. In his apprehension, not law, but he himself, held the scales, and in such balance his freedom outweighed all their paltry beings. Gentle-hearted, sparing wasp and fly, he would never know a shiver of remorse for this dark night's work; it had been the act of self-defense; he had smitten nothing but reptiles. And then, if he had so much as paused to think of it, it might have seemed to him that even Nature herself set her seal of work well done upon the deed, when morning broke over them, and they staid to snatch some food in the garden of a long-deserted hacienda, which the wilderness had hastened to restore to itself with all the arts and strategies of most tumultuous vines and maddest efflorescence. It was the moment on the verge of sunrise; delicate pearl tints sheathed the atmosphere, and over them a golden breath diffused, while the whole heaven seemed nothing but one fresh, deep, and enormous perfume. The soft dark greenery glittered yet from the wet wings of the storm, the orange-trees hung their boughs of heavy snow, and scattered odorous dew upon the aloes underneath them, that, all starred and diamonded, blossomed as if in some old mage's realm every minute concluded for them the century. Out of the dripping thickets great creamy flowers looked in bland amaze, and shook themselves into a mist now and then as their stems grew too heavy to hold their shining weight; the pomegranate-trees, lifting themselves out of the clinging lushness of bush and brier, fanned their tawny flames with new lustre; the old heliotrope shrubs impregnated the rain-globes on their clusters of deepest, tenderest purple with most passionate, most intoxicating sweetness; and off from every leaf, every thorn, and every spike ran rillets of crystal and fragrance, till the scale of odors, as of colors, was complete. While they gazed it was morning; and the risen sun put forth one long spear and touched into life a miracle that had almost the power of effacing for them forever all memory of the dark and horror-filled night. It was an aged and lofty mimosa standing in an open space, and from each of its branches the wild aërides had slung their brilliant blossoms; and all along its rugged trunk daring lianas had climbed and bloomed, and climbed again and knotted themselves in a glory of petal and nectary, and every one was dashed with dew and laden with spice. Parroquets sat in the boughs, insects flirted about the flowers, in the nooks of the lianas humming-birds had built their nests; and over all some gigantic spider had ambitiously woven his immense web, and from the airiest tip to the lowest root the sheet of gossamer, threaded and beaded with moisture, hung quivering there, imprisoning in one vast net the tree, the blooms, and the humming-birds that, floating, glancing, flashing, like liv-

ing jewels and winged flowers themselves, were each a fantastic blaze, by turns, of chatoyant sapphire, emerald, and almondine. Every time a bird stirred, a flower fell, or a sigh of wind stirred through the heavy branches, the old mimosa shivered and trembled all along each sensitive leaf and fibre, and shook its beautiful burden into a sparkle of flying prisms and splendors. Then a flaw rustled all the garden, a light puff of wind came, turned up the edges of the shining veil, slowly stripped the tree, set free the darting humming-birds, and with half the gauzy insects tangled in it, and its shimmer strewn with brilliant petals, bore the gossamer lightly up and away like a vision into the sky.

And having watched the dazzle disappear, Jean drew a long breath and clutched the pouch upon his heart; and his associates, alternately shouldering the packet of ore, which they considered to be indemnifyingly theirs, they all plunged once again into the tortuous ways of the forest—ready to meet fever, famine, fatigue, and death, to lose or find the coast, the cave, and the brig *Buffer*, but never to become slaves for life toiling in equinoctial river-beds.

III.

While Jean had thus been wading through tropical sins and sights and sufferings, blistered with heats and tortured with stings, affairs had gone on in the little town of Lubec much as his mother had warned him.

Cicely grew sad and pale thinking of him, pining for him. The mother fretted and fevered herself—still no word, no whisper. Was he, after all, like any thistledown-hearted sailor lad, with a wife in every port? Perhaps he never meant to come back again. Whether he were in New York, or in Brazil, or in the deep sea itself, they did not know; but in an inspiration his mother had sent her letter after him, yet vainly waited for reply. Ah well, she had buried him once, she used to say; now let them bury him again. And as mail after mail came in, and came in empty for them, time brought round Squire Andersgelt's quarter-day.

Leave is light, says the old proverb; but Squire Andersgelt found Cicely's leave, at any rate, a heavy task to obtain. She had repulsed him as coolly and civilly as it was possible to repulse one who would take no repulse. There was something about this fresh, good little maiden that had bewitched the man—so innocent, and simple, and sweet, his own negation of such qualities demanded her; the oftener he saw her the more determined he became to win her, fair means or foul; the more surely he detected her anxiety and sorrow, the more surely he felt himself capable of giving her happiness enough to satisfy any woman; and such was the nature of his passion that her very grief made his gladness. Cicely used to wonder at the creature's pertinacity, for she said to herself in the glass every day that she was actually ugly now. Her eye was almost bereft of its brightness through so much watching and weeping, her step had no

longer any elasticity, and all her pretty girlish color had fled with peace. She was forever on the stretch of expectation, and did nothing but start and tremble. It is a sad thing for one to sit at home in ignorance and suspense; it sucks the life out of the heart, and slackens the very fibres with which one holds to being. Cicely felt fainter and sadder, and more desolate every day. Moreover, all this was to be concealed from Jean's mother, who must be made cheerful with reflected cheerfulness; and the old lady, well deceived, grew buoyant with hope as Cicely grew heavy with doubt. Poor Cicely! the very sunshine turned into shadow for her; she believed now that she was going to die, and was thankful for it; for if Jean were already dead she should find him so; but if he had forsaken her, what better could she do than die! In either case life was misery, and in the eternal sleep was rest.

She was in this mood when one day Squire Andersgelt came to present his case for the last time. She sat in the doorway of the little porch—the door at the back of the entry which ran through the house set open for the draft, for it was a sultry Indian summer day—and listened to what he must needs utter, while he leaned against the trellis of the porch and pleaded. Within she could hear the voice of the old lady, who had been a second mother to Cicely, singing as she could one part of an antique fuguing tune—a weak, thin, tremulous voice that had a ghost of sweetness haunting it like a smell of pressed roses in some long-unopened book—singing the beautiful, bounding, old-fashioned tune, and giving to the quaint flexures and trills, where breath is lost in breath, an indescribable effect as she quavered:

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow!"

And to Cicely's memory came the echoes of another tune as wild with the soul's sorrow as this one was with the soul's desire; and her own voice almost broke into its burden:

"As on some lonely building-top
The sparrow tells its moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone."

But she was not alone; for, whatever gentle sound came from within, without the strong, sturdy tones of Squire Andersgelt made a strange contrast. To-morrow it was in his power to foreclose the mortgage, to turn both her adopted mother and herself into the street. For herself, what would she care? But for the other one—the sweet old soul whose fires had long since burned out, and who sat softly singing there in her trust that Providence would not forsake her—for her it was too much.

"If I am, as you say, Sir," said Cicely, faintly, and with no little hesitation, "so dear to you, why are you willing to occasion my distress? Be generous to me, and let us live here still, and pay you rent as we have always paid

you interest; it will be for such a very little while. For she is old; and as for me, you see that I am dying."

"Dying? dying?" cried Andersgelt. "Never! That is the very reason why. If you stay here you will die; it is a moping place; you can pine yourself into the grave, so infernally alone. But look a moment: in my house the scene is new, it is light, it is cheery; you shall not know sorrow; I will prevent unhappiness; I will worship you, Cicely, far more as your husband than as your lover even, and I will spend my life in making yours content. Only come! And as for her, your mother, she can stay here if she prefers; or let her come with you; she shall still be mistress there as here; she shall be my mother as well as yours; the house shall be hers; she shall have sunshine, and plenty, and rest; her last hours shall be her best; we will both of us smooth her way, and when she leaves us feel her blessing staying after. Think of it, Cicely! Consent and come."

The picture was pleasant. Self-martyrdom, self-abnegation is the delight of some existences. There would be charms in the consent. Cicely yielded to the magnetism of the man for a single instant, and did think of it. And why not? If she could secure such peace, such ease, and such affection for her mother, why should she reject it? and that by a sacrifice of so brief duration? For she was convinced that with this weight dragging down her heart it could not even beat much longer. Yet the sacrifice was sacrilege. She bowed her head in her hands, and such scalding tears gushed through the fingers as might have melted a less selfish man.

Suddenly there stole over her as she sat a delicious change. Perhaps, in the effort of abandonment, the idea flitted through her brain she had died, and this was the first touch of heaven. A sense of peace penetrated her heart; her tears ceased flowing; a long sigh slowly bore away the power of sobbing further; a pang of long-foreign delight thrilled her. "It is coming," thought she then. "I shall not have to suffer any more." The man's selfishness was infectious. She forgot about Jean's mother. Then something caused her slowly to turn her head. Jean himself stood there behind her, his two hands resting on the two ends of the back of her chair. Perhaps it was they that made her feel that moment as if two wings were growing on her shoulders. She sprang past him into the house with a strength and vigor she had not dreamed of again possessing. She could not let Squire Andersgelt see how glad she was to meet this her true lover.

Then Jean stepped out upon the flat doorstone, opened the stout purse he wore at his belt, and showed its rolls of Spanish dollars and doubloons. "To-morrow, Sir," said he, standing on no ceremony, "your mortgage will be raised, for we retain the right of redemption. And now begone!"

Inside the doors that evening, with Cicely resting in his arms, Jean told her enough of his

adventure for her to guess the rest. She was wiser than many would have been, and did not suffer a breath of horror to repel her. She knew the sidelong savage law of one half his nature, and saw that by his code his deed was right. It was not that half, however, that she loved. Singularly now she thought no more of dying, and only dedicated all her future strength and life to the winning of his will to gentler and loftier law—to the teaching of that love whose beginning perhaps he had scarcely heard, and whose first and last is included in the one mandate of the Golden Rule. And how can you do unto others as you would have them do to you—how can you love your neighbor as yourself, until you have loved God better than yourself?

So the mortgage was paid; and the mother was to sing her old fuguing tunes in peace till with his feet beautiful upon the mountains the Beloved should indeed come across the hills and take her home.

As for Captain Jean, when he had sent to the brig *Buffer* the two bags of doubloons that belonged there, he applied the rest of his wealth to the purchase of a vessel that entirely pleased his fancy, for he could no more live upon dry land than a nautilus. When the wind blew hard and rumbled down the chimney, and not a plank or rafter trembled, Captain Jean felt sure the house itself was about to founder, and became possessed of an entirely new emotion, which he could call nothing but fear, and in very desperation he declared he must needs take to blue water or remain a coward for life. Cicely meanwhile had succeeded in her work to the point that, though with his rude logic he still reasoned that his liberty being his own he had the right to set his own price upon it, and for the time that it had been taken from him he considered so many oitavas of diamonds as fair equivalence, yet, since she was so earnest, so soon as he had doubled them, and that would be in a half dozen voyages, there should be returned to the imperial Don Pedro all that to which Captain Jean had helped himself. And there she contentedly acquiesced, still carrying on her works subterranously till victory should crown them openly. And this was all the easier for her to do, since, sailing his own ship, Captain Jean had the consent of no owners to ask, and took his wife with him out of every port he sailed: simmering over the sea to Spain, loitering in Ionian waters, or flying before the tropical winds in rich passages from island to island of the treasured South Sea Archipelagoes. Yet always, whether they wintered among the vines of Madeira or the palms of Trinidad, there was one little summer haven to which they constantly returned; and by-and-by, when death had taken the old mother, out of the storms of his great hearty grief it was Cicely's hand that steered Captain Jean into a holier haven.

MY SOLDIER.

UPON a hard-won battle-field,
Whose recent blood-stains shock the skies,
By hasty burial half-concealed,
With death in his dear eyes,
My soldier lies.

Oh, thought more sharp than bayonet-thrust—
Of blood-drops on his silken hair,
Of his white forehead in the dust,
Of his last gasping prayer,
And I not there!

I know, while his warm life escaped,
And his blue eyes closed shudderingly,
His heart's last fluttering pulses shaped
One yearning wish for me—
Oh agony!

For I, in cruel ignorance,
While yet his last sigh pained the air,
I trifled—sung or laughed, perchance,
With roses in my hair,
All unaware.

In dreams I see him fall again,
Where cannons roar and guidons wave—
Then wake to hear the lonesome rain,
Weeping the fallen brave,
Drip on his grave.

Since treason sought our country's heart,
Ah, fairer body never yet
From nobler soul was torn apart;
No braver blood has wet
Her coronet.

No spirit more intense and fine
Strives where her starry banners wave;
No gentler face, beloved, than thine
Sleeps in a soldier's grave—
No heart more brave.

And though his mound I may not trace,
Or weep above his buried head,
The grateful spring shall find the place,
And with her blossoms spread
His quiet bed.

The soul I loved is still alive,
The name I loved is Freedom's boast;
I clasp these helpful truths, and strive
To feel, though great the cost,
Nothing is lost;

Since all of him that erst was dear
Is safe; his life was nobly spent,
And it is well. Oh, draw Thou near,
Light my bewilderment,
Make me content!

EXPLORING THE MAGALLOWAY.

ONE morning Brown and I, after a night spent in a hayloft, sat down to a breakfast which set at unblushing defiance every rule sanctioned by approved usage. The scene of the repast was a log-house, at the source of the Connecticut. Hard by, breaking from its parent lake, tossing, foaming, and fuming, the Yankee river made its start in life in a spirit of lawless riot which held forth indifferent promise of the prosperous respectability of its later course.

The house consisted of one large room below, and a loft above. It was built of logs squared with the axe, calked with clay and moss, and well begrimed with smoke. There was a cavernous fire-place of unhewn stone, and a hearth of the same material, as picturesque in its ridges and depressions as one of the papier-maché models of Switzerland for the use of schools. In one corner the water of a natural spring was led, by a wooden pipe, into a large wooden trough, whence it escaped by a waste-pipe at the farther end; in another corner was a spinning-wheel, in another a bed; and in the fourth an accumulation of shabby children, the eldest boy making a trap for chipmunks, and the eldest girl rocking the baby's cradle. Of the table and the table-cloth perhaps the less said the better. They sustained a repast of which a pudding-dish filled with salt pork, and a milk-pan piled with dough-nuts, formed the more conspicuous features; while a green cheese, a dish of cucumbers, and two raspberry pies supplied a finish to the entertainment. The host and proprietor, Mr. Lewis Gookin, sat at the board in one of those garments which Garibaldi has made classic—a muscular, thick-set man, with a swarthy face and a knowing eye, while the hostess, lank, wiry, and energetic, vibrated between the fire-place, the table, and the family group in the corner, now cuffing the ears of a contumacious infant with the same unimpassioned vigor with which she tossed the dough-nuts in the frying-pan, and now turning toward the guests with the hospitable inquiry, "Wouldn't yer like nothin' more?" As for the latter, the guests, they were a pair of Sophomores on their vacation travels.

What peculiar attraction they could discover in three log-houses and a saw-mill, which then formed, and perhaps form to this day, the settlement of Lake Connecticut, it might not be easy to explain. But the settlement of Lake Connecticut was to them but the jumping-off place whence they proposed to dive into a remoter world of mystery.

Northward, beyond the lake, ridge above ridge in hazy distance, rose the high mountains which form the Canadian boundary, savage, pathless, unfrequented—because there is nothing to be got by going there: in short, a howling wilderness. As respects game, its promise was far from brilliant. A possible

deer, a not impossible moose, a faint chance of a bear, a racoon, a Canada porcupine, or a sneaking "bob-cat," were but a lean and meagre offset for hard work, hard sleep, and hard fare. These advantages, too, might be enjoyed elsewhere in large measure, at the price of no hardship whatever, and no other labor than paddling a birch canoe or lifting it over a portage. Superior barbarism, superior solitude, and the potent charm of the unknown, may possibly seem to a censorious criticism not wholly adequate to lure well-regulated minds along a path of such manifold and varied discomfort. But *De gustibus non*, etc.

Mr. Gookin, though he had never seen the regions in question, had willingly sold his services to the expedition. Being long-armed, brawny, and skillful with the axe, he promised to be a useful though not an interesting auxiliary. In refinement he rivaled a New York alderman. Every Saturday he got his newspaper at the cost of a five-miles' walk to the post-office; and thus illumined, felt himself prepared to debate the knottiest points of polity, theology, or war. The most preposterous and instructive feature of his character was his ancestral pride. He claimed descent, not from his namesake of colonial fame, but from the liberal Dudley, him in whose pocket was found after death that generous appeal,

"Let men of God in court and churches watch
'Gainst all that do a toleration hatch."

A galaxy of Indian fighters and revolutionary heroes enhanced his hereditary glories, so that he might well regard his employers as tinsel upstarts, conscious that in himself, the unwashed Gookin, reposed the type of a true noblesse.

Breakfast over, the expedition set forth. Gookin threw over his back a bag well packed with the needful, shouldered his axe, and, with no sign of farewell to wife or children, led the way at a sharp pace through the burned stumps of his potato field. We followed in his wake with gun, blanket, and knapsack. A two-hours' tramp along a bridle-path, through woods and swamps, brought us to the western edge of the second of the three lakes from which the Connecticut takes its rise. Here, to the profound contentment of one of the party, no trace of a clearing or cabin was visible, and woods, water, and rocks had it all their own way.

The point was now to get across the lake. To this end Mr. Gookin collected the trunks of dead pines, cut them into lengths, and shoved them into the water, where Brown and I lashed them together with grape-vines. This aquatic toil exercised a depressing influence on the mind of my comrade. His visage lengthened as it proceeded, and when—the raft finished at last—the fire was kindled, the kettle slung, and we sat down cross-legged around it to dine, it was evident that doubts and misgivings were preying upon his spirit. At length he spoke. The tenor of his words filled me with anxiety, and I hastened to draw him aside behind the neighboring bushes, lest, by a show of dissension between

the commanders, authority should suffer. Here, with some emphasis, he expressed himself to this effect—that he didn't see the use of going any further; that he'd be hanged if he saw the sense of tramping up and down through a beastly wilderness just because it *was* a wilderness; that it wasn't every body that had the tastes of a Pottawatomie redskin; and that, for his part, he generally went in for a faint touch of civilization.

Against these somewhat reasonable positions it was urged that a wider diffusion of Pottawatomie tastes was the grand desideratum of a bookish age; that if all Harvard College were emptied once a year into the backwoods, it would be well for their bodies and their immortal souls; that to retreat from any enterprise once begun was a disgrace which no lapse of time could wipe off; that if he wished to secede, he was free to do so, since coercion would by no means be attempted, but that, besides the ineffaceable ignominy of such procedure, he would have to take the back track alone.

Brown yielded to this reasoning, and unity of counsels was restored; yet the interests of the expedition, it was but too apparent, required that he should find himself as soon as possible in a position where advance was easier than retreat.

All being ready, we embarked, poled over the shallows, and, when off soundings, took to our paddles. The shore receded, the world of waters was around us; often, indeed, up to our ankles, for our raft was none too buoyant. In an hour or more we neared the eastern side, where the shore was fringed with matted alders after a fashion which made it impossible to say where water ended and solid earth begun. Thus it happened that, laboring with an inconsiderate zeal to effect a landing, Gookin plunged to his waist, to his own unutterable ire and the delight of Brown, who had begun to regard him with an intense aversion.

The party being reunited on the firm land, and Gookin having sufficiently stamped, sworn, and shaken himself, we set our course northeast by a compass, and began our march. It led us up a mountain, densely wooded, like all the rest. Around us was an innumerable host of trunks, straight and crooked, smooth with youth, or bepatched with the mosses and lichens of rugged old age; erect in pristine vigor, or staggering for support against their neighbors; knotted and gnarled, infected with goitres and tumors, warts and hideous fungi; or dribbling pitch and turpentine from frost-rent crevices and the stumps of wind-amputated limbs. Their dead comrades, in every stage of dissolution and every variety of posture, cumbered the earth below, overgrown with a vile mesh-work of vines and creepers, scrub oaks and scrub savins, matted juniper and trailing winter-green. Looking upward, we could enjoy at intervals a hand's breadth of sky between the leaves, and the surrounding circle of vision varied from three yards to fifteen. Now and then there was a "wind-fall"—a disgusting feature of forest scenery, ow-

ing its origin to the passage of a whirlwind, sweeping down the trees and piling them in masses. One of them, in a hollow place, where a gorge opened from the mountain, presented an aspect singularly unpleasing. It was of old date, for the forest had grown up around and over it. Some of the trees had their heels in the air, some their heads, some were prostrate and sprawling, and the rest pitched together at every angle which the tyrannical caprice of the tornado had ordained. All were more or less rotten, according to their nature and position. Some were a mass of pulp, delicately coated over with a sleek green moss, which, pressed with the finger, oozed water like a sponge. Others, less perishable, or lifted higher from the earth, still showed fight against the elements, and scores of red cedars in particular bristled out of every part of the pile in an execrable *chevaux-de-frise*.

From its extent and the nature of the ground it was hard to get round it, so we essayed to scramble through. Brown reached the top, where a faithless log squelched beneath his foot, and let him in. A spasm convulsed his visage as the thought flashed upon him that he was about to bring up on the hairy back of some bear, catamount, or wolf domiciled below. Finding a more eligible resting-place, his agitation subsided, and without trying to extricate himself, he sat, half buried among sticks and branches, singing with a sardonic humor which did him honor:

"Oh, happy am I!
From care I am free!
Oh, why are not all
Contented like me?"

Having cleared the windfall and passed the crest of the mountain we began our descent on the other side. Now and then a partridge would rustle off among the underbrush, and as he stopped to look back we knocked off his head with a rifle-ball. At length, as the forest grew dusky, we found ourselves in a deep valley between the mountain we had crossed and a much higher ridge, which we reserved for the next day.

Here we found a brook, if brook it could be called, half buried as it was under fallen trees and the moss-grown decay of the forest, tinkling faintly from its lurking-places, or sleeping, black and lustrous, in deep pools among the rocks. A few yards of level ground not far off offered a tolerable camping-place. Gookin took to his axe, and soon came staggering in with load after load of logs till he had gathered a heap large enough to supply a well-ordered family for a month. We, on our part, attacked with our knives the spruce-trees which in every stage of growth, from infancy to age, sprang in profusion from the crevices of the neighboring rocks, clasping them with their rugged roots, like the inexorable gripe of a drowning man. We cut the soft green boughs and laid them on the ground, each overlapping its neighbor, the larger below, the smaller and softer above. This was the bed, and a knapsack served for pillow.

Darkness closed fast in this deep and shadowed spot, but the flaring camp-fire took the place of daylight. A row of partridges, spitted on upright sticks, roasted before it; a mess of minute trout, jerked by Brown from the pools of the little brook, hissed in the frying-pan; and solid bread, with tea of singular flavor—both from Mrs. Gookin's larder—completed the repast. Long before it was over a thick blackness had settled on the forest. As we sat cross-legged before the embers Brown pointed to a ghastly white object towering in the outer gloom like a tatterdemalion ghost, whose ragged drapery flapped about him in the breeze. It was an old "canoe birch" tree, dead and dry, its top shivered by wind or lightning, and its bark hanging in tattered sheets. "Let's touch her off," suggested Gookin, and held a fire-brand to the tree. Quick as lightning there leaped up a spire of crackling flame, vivid as the blaze of a bonfire. Within the circle of the fierce illumination the jagged points of the rocks, the shaggy masses of the hemlocks and the firs, skeletons of dead trees, misshapen boughs, contorted roots, like knotted reptiles, stood forth in a fiery distinctness that made the outer caverns of darkness more portentous and suggestive.

It was but a momentary blaze, and the shadows again gathered about us. Gookin threw a fresh log or two on our fire, stirred it with a long pole, scooped a live coal into the well-crammed bowl of his pipe, wrapped himself in an old horse-blanket, and lay down on his bed of spruce. Claspings his horny fingers behind his head to relieve the asperities of the log which formed his pillow, and thrusting toward the embers a pair of cowhide boots whose tawny hues betrayed a life-long estrangement from the blacking bottle, he began, between puffs of pungent smoke, to enliven the night with anecdote and jest. He spoke of the Gookins of old renown; of one who, having enlisted as a ranger under the redoubted Major Rogers, was captured in the discharge of his military duties, and grilled by the Indians at Crown Point, and of another who slew a gigantic Englishman at Concord fight. There was one of his race to whom his thoughts recurred with an especial pride and tenderness, a certain Mrs. Jemima Home, who was, he averred, the most beautiful woman New England ever knew, and who, dwelling in a log-cabin in the township of Number Four, was, during the old French war, surprised by Indians and ruthlessly carried off. Arrived in Canada, her charms wrought with such vehemence on the ardent mind of a young French officer that he went stark mad, and would fain have drowned himself. Once more restored to home and friends, it became her lot, through the casualties of frontier life and her own redundant graces, several times to undergo a change of name, and a troubled life reposed at last in calm union with Mr. Amos Tute. Of her uncounted progeny the last sleeps in Brattleborough church-yard beneath these mournful lines:

"Here lyes, cut down like unripe fruit,
The son of Mr. Amos Tute."

And in good truth the tablet is there.

From such reminiscences Mr. Gookin passed to humbler themes. He spoke of the moose, the bear, the wild-cat, and the wolverine. He told how, on a frosty night, a yell from his wife waked him in time to see the green eyes of a tassel-eared lynx looking in at the window. He recounted the misfortunes of his neighbor Bill Henderson, who, setting a trap for a bear, caught his own cow. He himself had had a thrilling adventure with a bear, briefly touched upon as follows:

"One night I was out in the back lot looking arter some marten traps, and I see a big bear down in the holler. Well, it started me and made me kind o' sally back. 'Well,' says I, 'it ain't nothin' but a black stump,' says I. So I goes up close to it, and, no mistake, it *was* a stump!"

With such discourse Mr. Gookin beguiled the hours till the music of his voice gave place to deeper sounds. Brown, too, bundled in his blue Mackinaw blanket, lay unconscious as a mummy. I listened for a while to the hooting of a distant owl, and watched the sparks, which, streaming from the glowing embers, wandered like troops of fire-flies against the dusky sky till sight grew dim, and I joined my oblivious comrades.

At sunrise we were journeying again through the damp and misty woods, and in an hour or two, by dint of walking and climbing, reached the top of the mountain. Here, however, we were still buxied in the forest, and saw nothing but our usual very limited prospect of trees alive and dead, erect and prostrate. High above the rest one old pine reared its rustling top aloft, and against it a tall spruce, dead and blanched by the elements, had been blown in such a manner as to form with its numerous side branches a tolerable ladder. Up this I proceeded to climb, and as I mounted above the level of surrounding boughs, glimpses began to open of the stern world around—dim swells of distant forest, shaggy mountain tops, the gleam and flash of falling waters; till at length, shadowy and vast, the savage panorama lay revealed. North and south, east and west, stretched a virgin wilderness, no trace of human dwelling or sign of human toil. Far westward, bosomed in woods, Lake Connecticut glimmered like pallid silver. Circling toward the south a range of rugged mountains sank with sheer descent upon a gorge so deep and densely wooded that, though the nature of the ground showed it to be the channel of a water-course, no glimpse of the buried stream was visible. I observed the lay of the land, took the points of the compass, and descended.

At the foot of the mountain we found ourselves in a forest of pitch-pine. The ground was soft and slippery with the carpet of dry threadlike leaves which covered it, and as the day was hot, the breathless air was clogged

with the odors of the oozing turpentine. Next came a tract overgrown with dwarf savins. As we pushed and fought our way through, the prickly branches switched our faces in a fashion singularly provocative of ire, goading Brown to madness, and drawing strange oaths from the more philosophic Gookin. We lost each other in these execrable thickets; and when at last I had struggled through I saw before me a screen of young maple saplings, the green transparency of whose leaves betokened an opening beyond. Issuing from the cover I stood on a sheet of sun-scorched rock, where the crisp mosses crackled under the foot. Before me rose wooded heights basking in the sun, but a deep gulf intervened, and, advancing a few steps, I stood on the edge of a precipice, whence, looking down, I saw a riotous stream curveting in wrath, and lashing its headstrong way among rocks and boulders. I fired my rifle as a signal to Brown and Gookin. The whip-like report leaped in tingling reverberation from rock to rock and died in a discontented growl. To while the time I loosened a piece of rock and pushed it from the brink. It dashed rattling down the face of the cliff, gave rude thumps to the stunted firs rooted in the clefts, startled two crows from a dead tree below, sent them flapping and cawing down the gorge, and broke at last with a crash on a rock at the bottom. Brown and Gookin presently appeared, the former by no means in the sunniest of his moods. The announcement that one grand object of our toils was reached—that the expedition had at length arrived at the head waters of the Magalloway, kindled no responsive enthusiasm. And when he learned that our future path lay along the channel of this uproarious torrent his disgust found vent in muttered expletives. In fact, as we looked down on it, it promised no especial facilities as a thoroughfare.

The point was now to reach it. A parachute might have effected the object, but we were unprovided with such convenience. After some search and scrambling, however, we found a place at a little distance, where, clinging to trees and bushes, we got down without difficulty. Here an auspicious change came over the spirit of Brown. The stream, tumbling over ledges, whirling in pebbly basins, or lurking, sullen and dark, under the brows of projecting rocks, was eminently suggestive of trout. Brown hastened to cut a slender birch sapling; and having extemporized a fishing-rod we beheld him leaping, with earnest visage, from rock to rock, twitching a prize from each cascade and pool, and stringing them on a hooked switch. Meanwhile we made our bivouac on a flat boulder, encircled by the seething water. The dry drift-wood which had lodged against it supplied our fire, and here, cross-legged around it, shaded by the birches that edged the rocks above us, we smoked our pipes in placid contentment. Next, strapping on our knapsacks, we began a new stage of our journeyings. Sometimes it was jumping, sometimes it was

wading, sometimes climbing, sometimes swinging by the hands, sometimes balancing with outstretched arms over a fallen trunk which bridged a chasm. Sometimes the stream loitered gloomily among rocks darkened by sombre hemlocks; sometimes it sparkled over sunny ledges. Every where the forest, its verdant legions thronging hill and hollow, shaking their leafy plumes from the verge of crags, swarming like desperate climbers up the face of precipices, making lodgment in the chinks of protruding rocks, wedging them asunder, and again clamping them together with the gripe of embracing roots. As we descended brooks large and small joined the main channel, some tumbling in sheeted falls, some gliding, silent and black, from beneath masses of moss-grown logs and caverns of matted verdure. The country, too, became less rugged; and thus our torrent was presently resolved into a stream of fair proportion and decorous mien. As evening approached, however, listening in the stillness of the woods, we heard the plunge of a distant waterfall, indicating a relapse into old habits of riot, and following the sound, we saw the stream dashing at one bold leap into a basin of rock. On its brink we made our camp; and here, in a short time, we caught trout enough—the smallest a foot long—to feast a dozen men.

In the morning, the council-fire being kindled, we deliberated as to our future course. Brown was for getting to the settlements—he didn't care how—the quickest way was the best. Gookin opined that we had better pursue our journey on a raft. I was for making a bark canoe. The fact that none of us knew how was declared an insufficient objection. Gookin sought out a suitable spruce-tree, for there were no birches large enough, and, baring his brawny arms, contemplated his victim for a while, walking round it and whistling gently. Then, bracing himself to his work, the woods rang to his rapid and deadly strokes, while with each effort Mr. Gookin jerked upward from his chest a guttural sound singularly unpleasant.

The spruce-tree fell with a crash, and Gookin proceeded to hew off some fourteen feet of the lower part of the trunk. Next with his axe he carefully split the bark lengthwise. Then with wedges we pried off the pliant covering, which peeled readily, the sap being in full motion; till at length the log lay exposed in white and glistening nudity, and the great roll of bark lay whole and sound beside it. Now we cut tall straight saplings of the white ash, split them with the axe, trimmed them with our knives, lashed them together at the ends, braced them apart with cross-bars, and fortified them with numerous ribs of the same tough and pliant wood. For our lashings we used the fibrous slivers of the ash—the same of which the Indians make baskets—and the slender roots of the spruce, ripped in abundance from the surrounding soil. The frame made, we proceeded to lap the bark over it, the smooth side outward, sewing it firmly

with spruce roots thrust through holes made with a sharpened stick. At either end we closed the crevices with melted spruce-gum, and fortified the bottom with double sheets of bark resting on the ribs within. Our work was done! Had an Indian seen it he would have killed himself with laughing. We gazed upon it with pride; yet our pride was dashed with secret misgivings.

Another encampment by the waterfall, and at daybreak we prepared to embark. Tenderly, and with parental care, the canoe was placed upon the water. Cautiously we took our places, and, kneeling on the green and yielding bark, gently plied our paddles. She swam like a duck. Not an egg-shell of water came in at her seams. Our eyes met in mutual congratulation. As we glided down the placid windings of the stream—now in sunlight, now in the shadow of the woods—flocks of wild ducks winged their splashing flight across the surface, and dived under the alders which fringed the shore. It was a short-lived prosperity. A leaping and curveting of water in front gave warning of a neighboring rapid. Down we slid, each holding his breath in fear, not for ourselves—for the water was hardly deep enough to drown a rabbit—but for the frail bark which bore us and our fortunes. Five-minutes passed, and another rapid appeared. “Steady!—keep her head down stream! Look out there!—What the deuce!” Quick as lightning the canoe was ripped open, a flood of water poured in, and she swamped instantly. The sharp point of a rock, lurking invisibly at an inch below the surface, had caught her bows and cut an open gash, about four feet long, through the bark. We seized our luggage and waded laughing to the shore, while the wreck of the canoe, rolling over and over, went down the rapid.

An hour’s plodding through the woods and we came to a basin of dull waters, set deep among the forests. Here the stream we had been tracing is joined by a larger stream, and the result is a river usually navigable for boats. On a knoll overlooking the basin was the deserted hunting-camp of some strolling Indian, as appeared by the fish-spears, broken paddles, and vessels of birch bark scattered about the place. Thus far Fortune had smiled on us. Now her aspect changed, for clouds rose from the east, and rain began to patter steadily among the dry leaves. Had we lent ear to the dictates of a considerate philosophy and an enlightened woodcraft—had we built a shanty of poles well roofed with bark and carpeted with evergreen—we might, with the help of patience, cheerfulness, and tobacco, have weathered a week’s storm in comfort and content. We, however, were neither philosophers nor Leatherstockings, but a brace of restless collegians; and go ahead though the heavens fall must still be the word. So we addressed ourselves to making a raft. Gookin, strong as an ox, dragged the timber from the woods and launched it in a cove beside the deserted camp. We tore down the wild grape-vines from the neighboring thickets, and wading

to our waists lashed the logs together, while the river circulated about us with a refreshing coolness, and the rain hid the surrounding woods like a gray curtain.

All being ready we pushed off, each armed with a long setting-pole. Slowly we drifted down the current, till a quicker movement and an ugly tossing told us of an approaching rapid. There was a grating sound, an awkward thump, a spouting of water between the logs, and all was smooth again. Once more the tossing began, and again we entered the troubled waters. There was a rushing and a surging; then a heavy shock, which laid Gookin sprawling on the raft and nearly flung Brown into the river. “Shove her off!” roared Gookin, recovering his legs and pushing with his pole till he was black in the face. She would not budge; she was wedged fast on a sunken rock. The water broke over her; a grape-vine snapped; the logs groaned and struggled under us. All was up with her. She was going to pieces, and we must abandon the wreck. The fir-trees on shore were dimly visible through the rain, with the river tumbling between, not more than three feet deep, but full of rocks and swift as a mill-race. Hooking our arms together and bracing ourselves with our setting-poles, we began our progress. Once or twice the current nearly took us off our legs; but, climbing over boulders and plunging through gullies, we reached land at last.

Here, to a melancholic temperament, the prospect was not cheering. The black trunks of the trees trickled with water, and every bough hung dank and dripping. The rain still pelted down, while under foot was a compound of black oozing mud, spongy leaves, and the pulp of rotten wood. From such material it behooved us, bedrenched as we were, to provide our night’s lodging. To this end we rolled together five or six large logs, and covered them with sheets of bark, peeled, with the help of our hatchets, from the neighboring trees. This was our bed. Over it, at the height of three or four feet, we made a sloping canopy of bark, supported by a frame-work of poles; and in front, after many failures, we contrived to build an enormous fire.

While Brown and I thus busied ourselves the unwearied Gookin was looking for a white pine, and by good luck found one to his liking close at hand. Forthwith he assailed it with his axe. The chips flew from his strokes like fragments of an exploding shell; a wound yawned in the huge trunk; a groan, a crash, a hideous tearing of branches, a shock that shook the forest, and the regal tree lay prostrate. The next step was to hew a “dug-out,” or wooden canoe, from the massive trunk; and that day Gookin deserved, if he did not win, the honors of champion axeman of New England. All the afternoon the woods echoed with his blows; and long after night set in, lighted by a bonfire of pitch-pine, he still labored at his task. But toil must find rest at last, and we all presently

betook ourselves to our luxurious repose. The deluge had ceased, and the rain came down with a quiet pertinacity that promised long endurance, trickling and dropping among the innumerable leaves after a singularly weird and rueful fashion.

"You call this pleasure, I suppose!" said Brown, lying down with a countenance of ineffectual disgust.

He was reminded that it was but an ordinary contingency of forest journeying.

"The forest be hanged!" retorted Mr. Brown; "and if ever I catch myself in such a scrape again I wish I may be shot!"

In reply it was freely admitted that, owing to a deficiency in extent and remoteness, the forests of New England were no longer capable of affording any high degree of enjoyment; and a hope was expressed that he would be prevailed upon to make one of a party in the next summer to explore the country about the sources of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan.

Brown's ire at this suggestion surpassed his powers of language. He responded with a growl, muffled himself in his wet blanket, and fell asleep. Gookin now rose and went to the fire to throw on a score of logs, and prepare, in a tin coffee-pot, a fresh supply of the delicate tea which his wife had contributed, and which, for our better encouragement, we laced with a little cognac. This done he returned to his couch, bringing his coffee-pot with him. Gookin did not lack brains; and, but for obstinacy, coarseness, self-sufficiency, arrogance, an unwavering eye for the main chance, and a few other trivial drawbacks, he might have been a good fellow. His potations developed the full extent of his colloquial powers, and he discoursed with an unflagging volubility on heavy questions of state craft and the manners and customs of the settlement of Lake Connecticut, the mistaken policy of the Administration and the insufficient profits of the lumber business, the prospects of the Presidential election and the coquetry of Polly Foster, the patriotism of Washington, the beauties of his Farewell Address, and the unjustifiable course pursued by Bill Henderson in a transaction concerning a pig. Thus the hours stole on, till midnight would have struck had there been a clock in the neighborhood, when, at length, content with each other, and at peace with all the world, Mr. Gookin and I resigned ourselves to sleep.

Before daybreak Gookin was at work again. In an hour the canoe, which looked like a magnified horse-trough, was finished. We dragged it down to the water, shoved it in, and embarked in a drizzle which would have drenched us if we had not been drenched already. Gookin sat astern, Brown amidships, and I took the forward paddle. Now and then, as we went down a rapid, we got an ugly thump against a rock; but our ill-favored craft would have stood the butt of a battering-ram. Brown was disconsolate, nay, sulky. He paddled languidly, and when exhorted to work with a will flung

his paddle down, muffled himself in his spongy blanket, and declared that he who had got him into the scrape might get him out again. Mr. Gookin, who belonged to the Democratic party, and in whose cranium the organs of reverence were invisible, did not disguise the feelings which these demonstrations inspired, and while working away at his paddle gave utterance, from time to time, to various general observations touching laziness, effeminacy, want of pluck, and the like, bearing forcibly on the case before him. This was far from ameliorating the mood of Brown, to whose many grievances was added the circumstance that we had nothing to eat except half a pint of rice, which we kept for final emergencies. As for game, nothing more respectable than a musk-rat ventured out that day. Thus, from early morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, we pushed our way down the lifeless Magalloway, now gliding between dribbling forests, now twisting like a snake through an expanse of saturated meadows. The weather remained an alternation of rain and drizzle, drizzle and rain. At length, as we judged, we neared the end of our voyage, the point where the river breaks suddenly into a series of obstreperous rapids two miles in length. Here, should we chance to be drawn in, canoe and voyagers would be smashed in an instant, and our exploration closed in a manner the most unsatisfactory. So we kept a wary look-out ahead for the first symptoms of the commotion, but nothing met our eyes but the same lazy sheets of leaden water. We knew that from the head of the rapids a portage road used by lumbermen descended to a cluster of rude houses and farms on the river three miles below—the last outpost of Yankee civilization—and this haven we hoped to reach before night.

"Here we be at last," exclaimed Gookin, pointing with his paddle toward the left bank. "There's the road; don't you see it? Wake up, Mr. Brown; you're coming to housen."

On the shore appeared a narrow clearing notched out of the forest. On one side was a small log-hut, or shed, tumbling in ruins, and opposite appeared the opening of the road, or path, descried by Mr. Gookin. No sign of the rapids was to be seen, but we heard, or thought we heard, them plunging in the distance. We landed, braced on our knapsacks, and, as there was no time to lose, set off at a "dog-trot" down the road. The soaked and dropping boughs met overhead, and the way was beset with stumps, rocks, and knotted roots. Misgivings soon assailed us, for the road diverged from the river and descended into a dark swamp. Presently, to our disgust, it forked into two branches. We chose the larger one. Soon after this divided into three. Again we chose the largest, and pushed on, with muttered execrations. It was clear that our road was no path to the settlements, but a sledge-track cut by lumbermen to haul timber from the swamp; and accordingly it split at last into five or six scarcely perceptible foot-paths, wandering off

into the depths of the matted labyrinth. Resolved to see the adventure out, we followed one of them, pressing aside the heavy pine boughs which showered us with their watery contents. Gookin was ahead; I was close behind. Suddenly he vanished. At the next instant I was plunged after him into a mixture of cold water, leaves, branches, and floating logs. It was a deep run, the drain of the swamp, hidden under brushwood and fallen trees. Scrambling out in all haste, I turned to aid the submerged Gookin, when I beheld his visage, contorted with rage, issuing like a Triton from the deeps, and glaring about for an object on which to wreak his ire. Instead of choosing the party who had pitched upon his back and nearly drowned him, he turned upon the wretched Brown, who was about fifteen yards behind, and charged him, with violent anathema, with having caused his misfortune. Thus assailed, Brown plucked up a spirit, retorted abuse with menace, and threatened the offender with the butt of his gun. The undaunted Gookin flung down his axe, advanced three paces, doubled his horny fists, and squared himself for battle. And now the arches of that gloomy wood might or might not have echoed the din of conflict had it not been suggested to the combatants that the bottom of a swamp was a spot ill chosen for the settlement of their difference, and that if we wished to reach a shelter that night we had better be quick about it. Gookin listened to reason, shouldered his axe again, and led the way with seven-league strides back to the logger's hut.

The distance was about three miles. When we reached the place it was nearly dark and raining hard. Half of the hut was tumbling in ruins, the other half was in tolerable condition. We had friction-matches in water-proof cases. Gookin split open a pine log, and with the dry slivers from within we kindled a fire against the most dilapidated wall of our hostelry. The logs were well soaked with rain; but as soon as they were dry it was clear that the whole would be in a blaze. Against such a contingency we provided the trunk of a young tree for battering down the wall, and a pile of saturated branches to whip out the fire. This done, we all fell asleep, involved in a steam-bath of an influence singularly soothing and soporific. Soon the suffocating heat waked us, and we beheld the side of the hut in a light flame. Escaping through an opening we had cut for the purpose, we knocked down the burning wall, put out the fire, and having rekindled it under safer auspices fell asleep again.

In the morning we saw the sun blazing over the forest and sparkling in the drops hanging from every leaf. Mists were rolling from the river and clouds melting from the sky. With appetites whetted by twenty-four hours of abstinence, we breakfasted on our half pint of rice, and once more embarked in our floating horse-trough. Half an hour more and we saw the white rapids leaping and tumbling in the

sun, found the true road to the settlement, landed, sent the canoe down stream with an ignominious kick, and saw her sucked in among the riotous surges. At nine o'clock, from the edge of the forest, we looked down on the settlement of the Magalloway, and beheld that classic stream, embellished with the homes of a hard-headed yeomanry, winding amidst meadows rich with the corn and vine—that is, maize and pumpkins—and shadowed by the mountain to which aboriginal vagabonds have left the graceful name of Asesquoss.

Thus did we close in triumph our grand exploration of the Magalloway.

THE REAL COST.

"IT is very hard," cried Miss Farthingale's ghost, with some asperity, "and quite an unusual proceeding! People, as a rule, have some sort of consideration shown them in such cases; a warrant of death, as you may say, served on them, a death-bed scene, weeping friends, *something* like decency and propriety."

"But if you would have disease of the heart," suggested Mercury, blandly. (For be it known that the old story of Mercury conducting the ghosts of the dead to the lower regions is true after all; and the messenger of the gods was taking the ghost of Miss Farthingale to the Styx.)

"I don't believe it," snapped the lady, in a sudden passion. "You will never convince me that I am dead."

"Oh, Madam! upon my honor! you are as dead—as—as that American President who let his rascally Secretary of War send the guns off South; I forget the name—I had a few drops of Lethe this morning—an excellent tonic, but makes one oblivious for an hour or so; but pray be convinced: don't you hear the disturbance they are making about what was once you on the chair yonder? They are sending now for a physician. Much good may he do you!"

"It is very uncomfortable," sighed Miss Farthingale, as she floated out at window.

Every one (that is, every one of any consequence) knows the Farthingale mansion on —th Street, near —th Avenue; and will recollect that —th Street, after the peculiar fashion of such cross streets, falls into a rapid decadence as it recedes from that magic precinct: hence Mercury and Miss Farthingale found on their route brown stone dwindling into brick, brick growing shabby, rusty, reckless, dingy, giving way then altogether to tumble-down, staring, wooden buildings, about whose doors played or screamed, as the case might be, woeful little toddlers, in whose dirt and squalor and sickliness it was hard to find any of the tender grace of childhood—a wretched neighborhood, at which Miss Farthingale gave a little shudder of disgust.

"Shocking! Good Mercury, why do we come this way? It would have been so much more agreeable down the—"

"But we have yet to verify your accounts."

"Accounts! I have none. Papa settles all my bills!"

"You mistake," rejoined the god, severely.

"Every man or woman has in life an account current with the justice of which you hear so much and see so little; and, according to its tenor, dies solvent or insolvent. This is yours; tolerably correct, I think, you will find it. We are very exact about our book-keeping, only with us matters often take a different look from that they wear on earth. The little transactions sealed and forgotten by you, sometimes in our sight, stretch through your lives into eternity, in an infinite series of consequences; so that even your morning's shopping, Miss Farthingale, set down on that last page at which you are looking, may prove of consequence. Stop here, if you please."

"Here" signified the third landing of a black and broken staircase in one of the staring wooden houses. A woman in rusty black was going in at a little door, and Mercury and Miss Farthingale flitted in behind her. In the room were two children, not indeed squalid and clamorous like those without, but silent and hungry-eyed; and on the wretched bed a wan, wrinkled face looked eagerly up from the pillow.

The woman in black sat down with a hopeless, weary air.

"I've heard," she said, sullenly, in answer to the anxious looks that met her, "that God cares for all; but seems to me He has forgotten us—guess we are left out, since there's neither bite nor sup for us. This whole blessed day I've framped looking for work, and there's just none to be got—to give out, that is. I reckon women oughtn't to have families. I might have got a job on a Singer's machine, if you and the children, mother, could shift for yourselves and live on air while I was learning to work; or, if I was alone, I could learn fluting, or take a turn at hoop-skirts, or cigar-making; but there ain't no calculation made for women with bed-ridden mothers and a couple or so of babies: guess they ain't no business to live; and as for all the talk about soldiers and soldiers' families, that's trash, and so I told them. Says I, *I* am a soldier's wife; *my* husband died for his country, as you call it; he did his duty like a man, and fell fighting with the foremost. We were well enough till he turned soldier. He always kept us comfortable; and now I'm left with a poor old mother that can't stir or help herself, and two children, the oldest going on four year; and, for the pension—it's a help, is eight dollars a month, if I can get any one to leave at home while I go (and many's the time and many's the one that spends a whole day there waiting in the crowd); but it won't keep a family of four; try it, if you don't believe it. I want work; so does hundreds more—soldiers' wives like me, widows like me—that you might stay snug at home; and they only ask for something to do at home, because of the children that they can't take with them or leave behind

them; and I tell you, mother, there ain't work for such. I see ladies to-day—real ladies, good ladies, that is working day and night, too, for poor souls like us—I mean them down there in Chambers Street that are trying to do something for the working women; and when they heard what I wanted they looked sorrowful like, and said they were doing their best, but such a few bodies seemed to take thought for the poor mothers like me, that must work and must keep at home, and they couldn't help me nuther; and here I am, beat out and clean discouraged."

"Dear me!" fluttered Miss Farthingale. "What a peculiar person!"

"But what makes me worst of all," went on the woman, quite unconscious of her airy audience, "and to feel ugly and like hating my kind, is when I see some of them grand ladies figured out in their silks, sweeping along the streets, or stepping out of their carriages, holding up their skirts as if mine might hurt them, as some did yesterday; acting as if there wasn't any sorrow in the world. They've a right to their money, and to live soft and lie easy—I don't begrudge them; but when coal's double about, and bread as hard to come by as the truth, and poor folks like us can't so much as see meat and sugar and tea and butter, and our husbands and sons and brothers low in their graves, fighting for them too—and can't help us—to see them for whom it would be so easy never once taking thought how we fare, it stirs my blood, I own. Some on 'em's good to us, God bless 'em for that! but there's blood on them laces, and dying groans in the rattling of them silks."

"Molly!" cried the voice from the bed, "nay, Molly, them's hard words. Don't go on like that."

"I tell you there is," persisted the woman, "and if them's hard words so much the worse, for it's the truth; and what's more there's treason in it too. I heard the men talking it over only t'other night at the place there—Simpson's, I mean—and they said how it was even in the papers, that the gold went out of the country for their silks and their jewels, and that sent the rags they call money now lower yet, and meat and drink and fire higher yet, till poor folks soon would have to quit living; and all this went agen the Government, though my head's such a muddle I don't just see how, but they made it out clear enough; and while our poor fellows freeze, and scorch, and groan, and die, for every blow our brave boys strike for the country the fine ladies strike two against it; and for all that they say the like was never seen of their dressing and flying about, and that they all seem mad together."

"Some of that's talk, mayhap," persisted the voice from the bed. "Poor folk will have their grumble, Molly."

"Tell you, then, what I seen myself only yesterday," persisted the woman—"a lady buying a shawl, a flimsy cobweb thing, fit to keep out neither wind nor rain, to be laid away in a drawer the best of the time, and she paid three

hundred dollars for it. I saw her. I saw the bill, for I stood and watched her; three hundred dollars! Why, that would make us, and the woman up stairs with her baby, and the two lame women—one of 'em's down now with rheumatiz, and the Lord help her, for it's hard enough when they are both lively—and the old woman with the little grandchild, and a dozen others, snug and happy: think of it all going for that cobweb! She was a pretty young lady, delicate like; but she looked ugly to me. I said to myself, that thing ain't yours; you've no business with it. You go to your church and hear that all men and women are your brothers and sisters, and you let your brothers and sisters starve that you may go fine. You make flags for our soldiers, and throw them flowers, and do worse than the rebels with your extravagance; and thinks I, grand as you are, it's a heavy debt *you'll* owe to justice, if there be such a thing."

Involuntarily Miss Farthingale glanced down at the slip in her hand, on which figured item: Lace shawl, three hundred dollars.

There came just then a tap at the door, and entered a lean figure in a scimped, ill-fitting, faded gown, and a wonderful cap, clearly made of shreds of muslin, for which odds and ends of embroidery tacked thereto apologized in vain. She carried a little black steaming tea-pot and some slices of bread and butter.

"I knew you'd been out all day, Miss Clemens," was her half deprecating salutation, "and that grandmother can't stir about much, so I run down with a little of my dinner. Take a cup of tea now; it will set you up nicely."

But the woman by the table folded her arms and shook her head.

"Much obliged, and it's kind of you, Miss Lucy; but I'm stronger and younger nor you be, and if I can't work I won't eat the little you've got."

"If a body ever heard the like of that!" cried Miss Lucy, pouring a cup of tea and taking it to the bed; "here, grandmother, *you* take a taste now or I'll get down-hearted, and I s'pose the babies can have some if they like," holding out the bread to the hungry-eyed children, who seized it ravenously. "Why, what would become of poor folks if they didn't lend a hand to each other!"

"Certain, the rich folk wouldn't trouble about us," muttered the other, bitterly.

Miss Lucy, who had been beating up the pillows for the sick woman, stopped and turned about.

"Well, I don't just think that, Miss Clemens; rich folk do look after poor ones a heap; but you see there's such a lot of us, and it's different to pinch along from day to day, and only to see and hear about it; and when they do undertake to help, why ten times out of the dozen they gives to the wrong ones, and then get sick of the whole on it; and the benevolent societies is fairly run down, and *they* go asking for money too, and folks that don't look into it can't help thinking charity's like a sieve; and then they

don't think. When a lady buys a fan and pays five dollars for it, why she knows, to be sure, that she could get just as good for coolness for a dollar and a half, or for that matter for the half, and that off in some dirty back streets where she has never been are hungry, ragged people; but she don't know as we do, Miss Clemens, that up stairs that poor woman is dyin' with consumption, and not a pillow to her head, only the bare wooden settle; and her little baby worse off nor some little half-starved kitten, and that three dollars and a half or less would give 'em what they haven't had for weeks—a decent meal and a fire; and another lady gets a dress just to look pretty and fresh, and the trimming costs more than we can earn in a month; but—don't you see?—what the eyes don't see the heart don't feel; though if the good Lord only would open their eyes! if they could know just once what it was to feel hungry, let alone the rest—that cravin', cravin', all the time! And do you know when I has it, I am such a fool I make it ten times worse, for I keep on thinkin' and hankerin' after all the nice things that ever I ate, though I try not, and mayhap I get to fancyin' how good a bit of meat would taste, and how I could broil it so easy on the coals, and what a little it would cost, till my mouth waters fairly. Come now, Miss Clemens, you eat a bit, and the next time I do a piece of work that don't suit and don't get paid, why it will be your turn."

Miss Farthingale looked at the hungry family ravenously devouring the bread, and measuring its scantiness with dismayed and famished looks, and then at the items on her account:

Three handkerchiefs	\$18
Comb	15
Ten yards chenille fringe.....	20
Cloak	92
Lace barbe	10

"If one could but draw a check!" she said to herself.

"Ah!" answered Mercury, as he flitted out at the window, "if post-mortem checks were but possible, there would be founded the greatest charity ever known; but it is with you, Madam, as with millions before you—too late. Your account is closed."

Miss Farthingale followed in silence (she was engaged in an unusual and delicate operation—thinking) till he stopped just over a desolate barren of sand, half hidden by raw fog, through which she could dimly see rude sheds, in which were huddled gaunt, ragged, woeful-looking men. In virtue of her ghostship she was insensible to atmospherical changes, but the demeanor of the men proved that it was cold—bitterly so. Some were plainly frozen; some walked and ran about to restore circulation to stiffening toes and fingers; some huddled together, trying to gain warmth from the contact of their miserable bodies—all of them, worn almost to skeletons, tottering, haggard with want and despair. In one corner a group of the miserable wretches were struggling for something with a famished

ferocity horrible to witness in human beings. Miss Farthingale looked and recoiled in disgust. The prize for which they were contending was a large rat. From another quarter she heard a sound of talking, and saw a number of the unfortunate men, not yet so utterly transformed by extreme misery—newer arrivals perhaps—sadly talking over their miseries.

"The worst of all," one was saying, "or it seems worst to me, is that so many of our folks forget us. I always thought women faithful, tender-hearted creatures, and that *they'd* stick by us at all events. And jest look at the rebel women here! Do you remember that plantation, Davis, where all the pictures were on the walls, and the vases and flagree gimcracks that ain't no good standin' round, but not a carpet or a curtain in the house? All gone for soldiers' blankets. And the girls, real ladies, brought up to do nothing, working away on them coarse army things, and wearing their calicoes—grit to the back-bone—ready, I do believe, to cut off their hair to make ropes of, like some women that I once read of, if there had been any call for them. And look at ours! Why, the papers say there never was seen any thing like their extravagance and their giddiness. We starve, and they dance; we freeze, and they flash out in diamonds and silks, till even the press takes it up, and tells them they are crippling the Government, and, for very shame's sake, not to dance over graves. For our poor families, God knows what comes of them. I set it down first for rebel bosh till I saw it with my own eyes in a Northern paper that the Colonel sent down. I wonder how they think we like to hear about their doings, and have the rebels throw it in our teeth that even our women don't care for us!"

Miss Farthingale tossed her head.

"At this rate one had best join the Sisters of Charity at once. Probably these *gentlemen*" (with contemptuous emphasis) "would be satisfied if all the women went about doing disagreeable things in those hideous bonnets."

Mercury shrugged his shoulders and spread his wings for further flight. The lady followed sulkily, but started in genuine astonishment with her first glance at the inmates of the long, cheerless room in which she found herself. She had discovered there familiar faces; her cousin Harry (a Federal captain), and some half a dozen young men whom she had known in her lifetime, and who for some months back had been held prisoners in the Libby. Captain Harry, newspaper in hand, was declaiming angrily:

"The lovely Miss M. F——e, of —th Street. That is my cousin Mollie Farthingale. 'Her diamonds were valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, and she—' The devil take it! paragraphs like that are worse than being mewed up here on half-rations and treated like dogs. Sounds like 'the loved ones at home, watching and praying for our return,' don't it? Pleasant stuff that for a fellow's meditations, lying in a

wooden bunk without a blanket, or on a damp floor, trying to fancy that the home people haven't forgotten him after all. No wonder the 'rebs' are willing to lend us a paper like that. It takes the pluck out of a man sooner than their slow torture. One might stick it through, thinking that some one cared, but to be forgotten before you are dead—"

"Well, we aren't sure of that last," put in a cheery voice.

"No, but it looks curiously like it; no doubt many good souls do think and toil for us, and our Government is true to us; but it cuts deep to think of the women, for I believe prison makes one soft. You get to know the value of kind looks and soft words, and to long so for home and women's faces, and then to hear of them, gay and careless, not as ever, but *à l'outrance*—madly, deliriously—strikes coldly on a prisoner's heart. If Molly Farthingale, or any of these gay girls had one thought for us, for the country, for any thing but the whirl they call pleasure, could we find them quoted in such—"

Here Mercury was attracted by a sniff from Miss Farthingale, whom indignation had hitherto kept speechless.

Abuse like that was very ungentlemanly and undeserved. Men made a mighty hue and cry about their poor little ribbons and laces, but what of their horses, and their horrid wines and cigars? and she was only a poor little girl, and knew nothing about their dreadful politics; and what had her lace shawl to do with the currency, she should like to know? and how could she know about vulgar people that talked loud, and used bad grammar? and was it her fault if they were starving? and wasn't this a free country? she would like Mr. Mercury to tell her that; and if so, hadn't she a right to buy diamonds if she liked, and how could any body ever have any thing nice if they only bought just what they needed? and what were pretty things for, if it was wrong to buy them?

There always would be poor people. It was an institution of God, and she didn't think it right to meddle with it; and as for the soldiers, she was as sorry for them as any body, and she had made, oh! quantities of havelocks, and scraped lint to an unlimited extent; but what would they have? If all the girls went into mourning and cried all day long, that wouldn't melt the Richmond officials; and how did their Redovas interfere with their comfort? For her part she thought it selfish of Cousin Harry, and for the men on Belle Isle, they were positively impertinent; and why should she have an account with justice? She thought it was only wicked old male people that needed that sort of book-keeping, and that girls and women had nothing to do with such dreadful things.

In short, Miss Farthingale had hysterics, and Mercury finding reasoning in vain, god as he was, had no other resource than to hustle her into Charon's boat, and send her across the Styx as fast as possible.

THE DECLINE OF TRAGEDY.

A DISTINGUISHED German writer said of the ancient Greek Comedy, that it was "the child of the greatest energy and enjoyment of life"—the primitive pleasure of a natural people, unvexed by the exactions of courts, and safe in the possession of life, person, and estate. The essence of Comedy is a ludicrous collision of differing minds, manners, and events. As society advances to a higher stage of civilization satire parts with its simple good-nature, and becomes the instrument of personal ambitions and enmities, which naturally seek the stage as the most convenient and public field for their exhibition, as well as the safest, since it is not easy to make a personal quarrel out of that which has given pleasure to the whole town. Nothing could be more cruel than the exhibition of Dryden's foibles and affectations in "The Rehearsal;" yet every body laughed except the old and decayed poet, who could only say pathetically how much he felt the indignity to his white hairs and his long service in the field of letters. One relishes extremely Dr. Johnson's purchase of a stout oaken stick when he heard that Sam Foote intended to bring him on the stage; nor do we think that we could have blamed Cumberland if he had resented Sheridan's attack upon him in "The Critic" in the same practical manner. Dr. Swift used to say that he liked Tom, Dick, and Harry in particular, although he detested mankind in general; and in Comedy the reverse of the proposition is or should be true, and while we laugh at mankind in general, we have no right to exhibit Tom, Dick, and Harry for our own entertainment and emolument. There is no harm in displaying the virtues of any individual, and not much in delineating his sufferings, if it be done with a delicate and honorable hand; but there is something discreditable in making merriment out of any body's personal deformities, or mental eccentricities, or private weaknesses. Great genius may sustain great skill in such a work; but when in inferior hands, as it usually is, it becomes merely impish depravity. We laugh with the mimic—but we seldom respect him.

Tragedy is always more earnest than Comedy, and is therefore less inclined to mean and disreputable resources. There is a dignity in all human sorrow which abashes the insolent and sneering observer; and puts a little flesh, if only for a moment, into the most obdurate heart. For the mysterious vicissitudes of life and death, of prosperity and adversity, of pride and of penitence, of human weakness and of an avenging Nemesis, which darken the tragic stage—what are they but the counterfeit presentment of every man's experience in this world of sorrow and of failure?—of real agony and intolerable bereavement?—of bitter self-reproach and the gnawings of a violated conscience? Why does the whole pit cry at the maudlin and mouthing rhetoric of Kotzebue's "Stranger?" Why do we dilate with sympathetic emotions at the horrors of some cheap French melodrama, while

the heroine coughs herself out of this vale of tears? Why do we go weeping to our beds, the dupes of a simulated suicide, and wonder why there is not more poetical justice in this world, or, at least, in the theatre? Why but because there is so little poetic justice and rounded success in the life of any one of us. Why but because we feel that there is something infinitely mournful in this selfish strife between man and his brother; in this failure of the virtuous and triumph of the vile; in the struggle which Right must maintain down to the last hour of the world's existence against pitiless and treacherous and domineering Wrong.

As a consequence of the natural elevation of Tragedy, there will always be a tendency upon the stage to pretentious and superfluous declamation. Perhaps those who have ridiculed this have been too apt to forget how difficult it must be for a performer, however anxious not to overstep the modesty of nature, to remain perfectly self-possessed, and to keep his tone and manner down to those of ordinary social intercourse. Habit is omnipotent; and the many amusing anecdotes of Mrs. Siddons—how she "stabbed the potatoes" at a dinner-table, and frightened a mercer out of his senses by asking him, in her deepest tragedy tones, if his goods would wash—seem not unnatural when told of the finest Lady Macbeth in our theatrical history. But it must be remembered that the utterance of the tragic stage does not pretend to be that of everyday life; and it is certainly better for an actress to be a little over-energetic upon the stage than to mince through her murders, and herself die with a genteel simper. But there is a ranting upon the boards which is compensated for by no intelligible purpose nor well-considered plan—which has not even the merit of lofty declamation—which is mere hissing and roaring set off by unmeaning strides and gesticulation—which is furious without force, and energetic without taste or judgment; from which may the Tragic Muse deliver pit, box, and gallery! We have seen the comic actresses ridicule this exceedingly droll exaggeration of an exaggeration, and we have wondered that the lesson was lost upon their tragic sisters. But it was. Nay, even the merry ladies themselves, whenever the manager blundered into giving them a tragic part, would go through the same performance with a seriousness equally amusing.

All these spasmodic shoutings and antics bear about the same relation to true tragic vehemence which the best tavern-sign bears to a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tragedy should excite either terror or pity; but these unhappy performers inspire only the last—for themselves, and not for the characters which they personate! This kind of acting is purely traditional. It comes down to us from a time when, to make a tragedy, William Hayley directed the writer to

Take a virgin from Asia, from Afric, or Greece,
At least a king's daughter, or Emperor's niece.
Take a hero, though buried some ten years before,
But with life enough in him to rattle and roar.

Take a horrid old brute who deserves to be racked
And call him a tyrant ten times in each act!

What makes the matter more ridiculous is that, although we have discarded plays of this description, we still retain the style of acting which was well adapted to them. We do not bully and bluster in the right characters, nor yet in the right places. Poor old Bajazet and Tamerlane have long since gone to their account—Eudocia, Eumenes, and Artamon are no more; yet we still cling to the top-lofty style of declamation, although we have but the tamest text to declaim.

There is no form of literature which has shown such a persistent and dogged determination to die out as English Tragedy. It arose almost at once and in great vigor; its culmination was illustrious and immortal; and then began that slow decay which no intellectual activity has been powerful enough to arrest. The superb tragedians of the age of Elizabeth were succeeded by a far inferior but still vigorous class of writers. These were followed by the frigid and French declaimers of the age of Anne; and after these, so far as the theatre is concerned, there is literally nobody worth mentioning for the purposes of this discussion. Many tragedies have been written, and some of them have been produced, during the latter period, but they have had small effect, and have made no mark upon the literary history of the time. This meagre and mortifying penury crept upon us during a period when the Germans were actually creating a dramatic literature—when we were making a contemptible figure in no other department of letters—when several of the greatest English actors were in the full flush of their fame; and when the mechanical resources of the theatre were probably unrivaled in sumptuousness and ingenuity. Facts like these present a curious and perplexing problem. We can only venture upon a few suggestions.

English Tragedy arose at a period eminently fitted for its development. The traditions of chivalry were yet held in lively remembrance, nor had its institutions entirely disappeared. The discovery of far-off lands, full of a wealth and magnificence which until then had been deemed the mere fables of the poets, had quickened the imagination of the country; the throne was beloved by the people, and the people were beloved by the throne; the brilliancy of the court was the pride of the peasant, and the prosperity of the peasant was the pride of the court; the learning and the poetry of Italy had been engrafted upon English letters to quicken and inform them—to rescue them from ruggedness and pedantry, and to add incalculably to their raw material for poetic production; the Reformation had done its work of emancipating the intellect from monkish restraints and superstitious timidity; while the stage itself, heretofore rude and barbarous, was becoming a place of scenic splendors and of mechanical appliances at once ingenious, impressive, and convenient.

Yet this was but the gilded and welcome morning of following a long night of barbarism and violence, in which courts were full of wicked intrigue, of crimes which follow guilty love or eager ambition, of tortuous diplomacy and hard-handed violence. To an English audience of that period there was a simple truthfulness and probability in tragedy of which we can know nothing. It had all really happened but yesterday, and it might all really happen again tomorrow. It is easy to see how this gave verisimilitude to production, and quickness to representation. The romantic had not ceased to be impossible.

It is with far other feelings that we witness the representation even of the plays of Shakespeare. We may be touched, but we do not tremble; we may be affected but we do not believe; and whoever, like Partridge, in "Tom Jones," should allow himself to be cheated into a momentary confidence in the reality of the scene would unquestionably be thought a very ridiculous and simple-minded person, below the meanest of the minor "gods" in intelligence. Dramatic history is full of instances of the way in which audiences have been affected by the naturalness of acting. In ancient times, we are told, there was one actor who was put to death by the populace because he played the part of a murderer so admirably. Lord Byron fainted at Kean's last scene in Sir Giles Overreach. Our actors are safe from such fatal accidents, and nobody faints now at the theatre except by reason of improper ventilation. But cold-bloodedness is not all. We lack something besides that simple credulity which makes the theatre so delightful to children; we have lost something of the old appreciation of the heroic and the magnanimous when presented under ideal forms. New epics have apparently, and perhaps fortunately, become impossible. Are new tragedies—we mean tragedies which can be played, and which people will go to see—equally impossible? We will not read twenty-four books in decasyllabics, and our poets therefore wisely refrain from their manufacture; but are we still, in this locomotive age, in too much haste to listen to five acts of terror and pity without yawning? Perhaps not if the five acts possess any possible human, divine, or even infernal interest. But five acts for the mere sake of five acts is more than we can endure. We do not hiss, for hissing is a forgotten art; but we stay severely away from the theatre. As Voltaire said of theatrical composition in general: "Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux." So we take refuge in farces; we fly to short and smart melodramas; we give ourselves up to the fiddles and señoritas of the Academy; we frequent the horse-riding, and go where the rapid banjo calls.

It is curious to consider the English tragedies written during the last half century, and to observe from the very lists of the *dramatis personæ* how these inspired writers, whatever the ardors of composition, have always had their old, tat-

tered, weak-kneed, mouldy lay-figures before them, dressed up for the nonce in armor, in toga, or in Oriental robe and turban. Antonio, Alhaora, Alvar, Brutus, Duke Alphonso, Virginius, Cæsar—all manner of Roman, Grecian, Italian, Moorish gentlemen, long since dead, and entitled to sleep quietly in their graves! You go to the theatre to see a new tragedy, and behold upon the bills—

Pedro.....	<i>Mr. Wilkins.</i>
Angelo.....	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
De Montfort.....	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
Lorenzo.....	<i>Mr. Brown.</i>
Ferdinand.....	<i>Mr. White.</i>
Valdez.....	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Bianca.....	<i>Miss White.</i>
Isidore.....	<i>Mrs. Greene.</i>
Florinda.....	<i>Miss Brown.</i>

SCENE—Padua.

The reader need not be told what the costume of Miss White will be, nor what oaths Mr. Wilkins will swear, nor how both will use the old English of James Sheridan Knowles, nor how unlike any body who ever lived in Padua Mrs. Greene will be. If you are an ordinary human being you go out early in the action; but if you are a newspaper reporter you remain for your sins, and count the gapes in the boxes, or mark the dying struggles of Wilkins with a sense of relief.

And are we to go on thus forever? with the eternal Pedro and the everlasting Padua? Why, Beaumont and Fletcher had a Bianca; Webster had a Ferdinand; Massinger had an Angelo; Mr. Knowles had all the Italian names ever heard of. It has been "Scene—Milan," or "Scene—Padua," or "Scene—Verona," for three hundred years. Do you wonder that the poor people weary of the old scenes, old plots, old language, old Elizabethan slip-slop, old trunk hose, old slashed doublets, and fall back upon Women's Conventions, or Panoramas, or Tom Thumb, or Chemical Lectures, for entertainment?—that they desert the dear old rusty legitimate drama, and rush in regiments, glass in hand, to see Miss Cruikshank dance at the Opera? We, who in struggling for bread, butter, and beer, have had more of Pedro and Bianca than should have been equitably allotted to one poor devil, certainly prefer Miss Cruikshank (who is nature, with a little cotton padding) to the legitimate drama of modern construction; for we regard her, as she smirks at us, standing upon one toe in a glory of white gauze and lead, and the very best rouge, as by far the most legitimate of the two. People can hardly be said, nowadays, to go to the theatre to see what they like, but they will not go to see that which they like least. They prefer Miss Cruikshank, always fresh and smiling from the hands of her dresser, to the everlasting Pedros in their old red breeches and rosetted shoes.

Campbell somewhere remarks that the best English plays have been written by actors, and suggests, as a remedy for the admitted decay of the drama, that the gentlemen of the theatre go to work again. We would strongly urge this

view upon Messrs. Wilkins, Smith, Jones, and Brown, and politely beg of them to pay their devotions to the Muse, did we have any hope of a successful experiment. We suppose that they would be ready enough, for they have no misgivings of their ability to do any thing; but we will not be an accomplice in the dramatic crimes which these gentlemen would be sure to commit. For do you suppose that these men, who have been gasconading about in togas and tunics for so many years, could give us any thing but an uncommonly musty repetition of Pedro and Bianca?—that they could do any more than echo the long and strident lines with which their mouths and our ears have so long been filled?—that they could present to us more than the threadbare heroes and traditional heroines, and the dear, old familiar scenes?—the plays writ after a model, to be mouthed in the regulation manner?—plays full of lines which would come into the world with their backs broken, and the blotches of bad grammar all over them? We should, for all our pains, only add to that mountainous mass of intolerable dramas which already crowds the repertoires of the theatres. We beg Messrs. Wilkins and Co. to stick to their togas, wig-boxes, and rouge-pots, and to leave the pens and ink alone.

What, then, is to be suggested? Have we no tragic resources? Has the world become so absolutely happy and serene that poor Tragedy must die in dead earnest amidst the laughter of Comedy and the senseless roar of Farce—leaving her bowl to be turned into a kitchen utensil, and her dagger into a toasting fork?—her last tear shed, her last murder done, her last stride taken, and her last death-rattle executed? There is no crime, then, left to be painted?—no palpitating heart to be portrayed?—no sweet nature out of tune to be delineated?—no clinging affection repulsed to be presented?—no dark and dilating passion to thrill and tremble in her lofty speech? All the world, then, lies in measureless content upon couches of pleasure, or jigs it in a jolly round through Elysian meadows! Why, the perfectionist must have been busier than we supposed! The Millennium must have come upon us without the proper preliminary phenomena! Happy world, that has no material left in it for a tragedy! It is to be all giggle and make giggle hereafter!

Alas! this poor age, if it did but know it, if it could but see it and use it, has material enough for hundreds of tragedies, and to spare. With all our advances, and maugre our complacency, and in spite of our prettiest reforms, we have not yet escaped the doom imposed upon the sons of men! Still disappointment dogs endeavor, and death is beforehand with success in setting his seal upon the sturdiest enterprise; still we sow for others' reaping, and win laurels for others' wearing; still hunger gnaws at the hearts of the needy, and whispers to them of well-rewarded crime; still the great problems of human existence vex the minds of melancholy and wayward men to madness! The midnight

streets are full of the forlorn and wretched; the bells still toll, and the clods sound their farewell upon the lid of the coffin—and yet we go shambling and blindly blundering back to the past for the sources of tragedy! Are we such wretched and dry-brained pedants that we are afraid to write of the things which are about us—jibing us, squeaking and gibbering at us, mocking our lofty complacency—while we fill up our five acts with mummies from the pyramids and skeleton maskers from the Middle Ages? Was there ever such a pitiable delusion? The world is shaking with the struggle of man for freedom, and kings are tumbling from their thrones in an epilepsy of apprehension, and we must go back to early centuries for terror! It is full of desolation and despair, and we must fly to Greece for tragic pity!

We are not great sticklers for dramatic forms, nor indeed for forms of any kind after they have outlived their meaning and necessity. We should certainly prefer three good acts to five bad ones, honest prose to Elizabethan verse, and a total confusion of time, place, and action to a rigid adherence, at the expense of earnestness, to the rules of the rhetorician. We care little for the unities if they bring only stately dullness. The tendency of scholarly men to stand fast by the maxims of their predecessors would have left the old English drama pretty nearly below contempt, if there had not been other writers who followed the dictates of their own untrammelled judgment, and wrote according to laws of their own enactment. Sincerity of purpose of itself often insures skill in construction, and the genius of Shakspeare gave law to the greatest of his contemporaries. Coleridge, in an admirable passage, points out that the supposed irregularity of the Great Dramatist was “a mere dream of pedantry that arraigned the eagle, because he had not the dimensions of the swan.” If we have dramatic writing with a purpose, its forms will sufficiently and artistically and naturally take care of themselves.

We have, indeed, much to unlearn. Theatres are the conservatories of habit, and one generation of actors goes mimicking another until tone and gesture become traditional, and nothing but a revolution can rescue us from meaningless conventionalities. Writers follow the example of the actors, and strive to accommodate themselves to laws which are supposed to be irrevocable. No art can be subjected to fetters like these and live; for if art continue to exist it must be by its inherent force and originality, and its adaptation to contemporary thought and feeling.

Soame Jenyns, in a clever but forgotten poem, has the following:

“So rude at first the Tragic Muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
Where twisting trees a cooling arbor made.
The pleased spectators sat beneath the shade;
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;

Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine.
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose!
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And Gods descended from their towers on high.”

These smooth verses sufficiently designate the limits of dramatic simplicity and dramatic civilization. Between them lie the epochs of a variously advanced refinement, but at every period the stage is found the representative of present human culture and belief. Thus, during a time of monkish superstition we have the Miracle Plays, the Mysteries, the Lent Plays in Spain. The Father turns Adam out of doors with the anathema: “Get out of my house, you scoundrel!” Adam goes begging, and can find no home. The Four Seasons give him a spade and plow, but nothing to eat. Reason tells him to go to law with his father, which he does. Mercy pleads his cause; and the Father settles upon him bread, wine, lamb, and oil—each of which gifts is symbolic and significant, the oil representing extreme unction. Many of these dramas were much more literal; but the populace saw in them only the expression of their own unquestioning faith, and they gazed upon these rude and simple shows with a feeling of confidence and awe which we in these skeptical days find it hard to comprehend. But for such a time and such an audience no drama could be more strictly legitimate. Between such an exhibition and the exquisite comedy of Molière there is a wide difference, but in the veracity with which each appealed to the knowledge and tastes of the company they are the same. If the Parisian managers had persisted in giving “Adam and Eve” to the Parisian audiences, their course would have been not a whit less absurd than that of modern managers, who imagine that what was fit for London two hundred years ago is just the thing for New York in this present Anno Domini. Until we get a drama legitimate because it is contemporary, the theatre will be of far less service to morals, and certainly of far less interest than the menagerie or the wax-work.

But in these, as in all other matters of literature and art, we feel that we must wait the operation of natural causes, and that undue haste will be of little value. It is unquestionably a matter for regret, not that we can not extemporize a modern school of Tragedy which shall meet the actual wants and tastes of the time, but that we so resolutely endeavor to avail ourselves of so much which has become to this age hollow sham and unmeaning phantasmagoria. It is still more a matter of regret that no one should have the courage to grapple with the vast fund of material which society presents, and to make an honest endeavor at least to give to it a practical form. But for this, too, we must wait, especially grateful that we are not taxed to support it. The last in these times would be indeed a crowning misery.

LOST! .

I HEAR it in the dark and silent night,
Borne on the houseless wind, that one word, Lost!
Like the despairing cry of some poor soul
Whose helmless bark, shipwrecked and tempest-tost,
Floats on to where the angry breakers roar,
And dash against the beetling crags which stand
Like hoary giants, and along the shore
The cruel rocks reach out beyond the land.

It comes to me from regions where the wind
Blows keen o'er trackless fields of ice and snow,
Where the Aurora beams upon the night,
The long, long winter night, which passes slow
Into the long, long day; and towering high,
The toppling icebergs lift their jagged forms,
Swaying against each other; and the sky
Is pregnant with the weight of Polar storms.

It comes to me from off the desert's waste,
Where the dry sands, hot with the sun's fierce rays,
Stretch on and on through weary miles away;
The vulture on the prostrate camel preys;
The stolid sphinx looms hideous and tall;
In vain the eye searches for sign of bloom;
Down to the ground the cunning Arabs fall,
And o'er them sweeps the deadly, dread simoom.

It comes to me upon the raging storm,
The thunder utters it from out the cloud:
I see through half-shut eyes the fated ship,
And hear the angry breakers roaring loud;
I see mute hands uplifted to the skies,
As on the rocks the struggling ship is tost;
I hear amid the crash heart-piercing cries,
And wind and waves together answer Lost!

I hear it as I walk the city's streets
From haunts of vice where Satan holds his reign;
On strains of wild, delirious music borne,
In whose mad tones there sounds a wail of pain.
I see it stamped on faces in the crowd
In characters which all may read aright;
Sure as the sunset lining on the cloud
Foretells the certain coming of the night.

Oh, swelling heart which throbs within my breast,
What hast thou lost from out thine early years?
Why dost thou grieve when others are so gay—
What means these pent-up floods of bitter tears?
And in low tones the sad heart makes reply:
"I once held hopes I prized above all cost;
They were my treasures in the years gone by,
I grieve because I know that these are lost!"

AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

ON a certain March evening in the year of Our Lord 1751, Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George the Second and father of George the Third, died at his house in Leicester-fields, in the arms of Desnoyers, a French dancing-master who had been called in to soothe the last tremendous moments of the royal spendthrift with the twang of his favorite violin. On the 13th of the June following his widow gave birth to a baby princess, known to history as Caroline Matilda, the beautiful, imprudent, and unfortunate Queen of Denmark, about whose guilt or innocence there has been almost as much controversy as about that of Mary Stuart, and with as little likelihood of ever coming to a distinct and certain conclusion. The Princess of Wales was a stern-mannered, though in reality a loving and careful mother; still, so stern that once, when the little Duke of Gloucester was sitting deep in melancholy thought, and she asked him sharply what he was thinking of, he was able to answer, "I was thinking that if ever I have a son I will not make him as unhappy as you make me."

Caroline Matilda, it is to be supposed, bore her share with the rest; but we hear nothing of her life until the fatal year arrived when, at the age of fifteen, she found herself first the betrothed, and then the wife, of a fair-haired, under-sized, gay-tempered, handsome, dissolute young scamp of seventeen, Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark. "Diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales," with, adds Walpole, in another place, "the sublime strut of his grandfather (or a cock sparrow)."

The young queen was in her fresh girlhood; fair almost to a marvel, with light flaxen hair, shining like silver and of luxuriant growth, large, clear, bright, blue eyes, full red lips—the under one rich and pouting—small teeth white and even, and of a temper as bright and sweet as her face: lovely and fascinating enough surely to have made her lover for life the young profligate who kissed her publicly at Roeskilde when they met—perhaps moved for the moment by the sight of her girlish beauty—but who soon taught her what was the real worthlessness of his kisses, and of what infinite power of subdivision the instinct which it pleased his royal majesty to call love was capable. For the marriage feast was scarcely cold when Christian found "Milady," or "Katherine of the Pretty Feet"—about whose life the less said the better—a companion more congenial to his taste than the young English princess, whose soul was as pure as her face was fair. And not only "Milady," but all the roués and demireps to be met with in Copenhagen, to the scandal of decent people and the destruction of public morals.

Caroline Matilda found her Danish crown more thickly set with thorns than roses. Young as she was, and so sadly needing careful guidance, she had not a friend in her new home to direct or uphold her. Juliana Maria, the King's

step-mother, had always been his declared enemy (even, so Christian believed, to his attempted destruction), because of her own son Frederick, who would come to the throne could the crown prince, as he was then, be destroyed; so that she was the poor young Queen's enemy too, ex-officio if not by personal dislike, and laid snares and digged pitfalls whenever and wherever she could; the old grandmother, Sophia Magdalena, was kind enough, but even she cared more for power than for the right, and had spent her life in trying to keep her personal influence paramount in Danish politics; and the Princess Charlotte Amelia, the King's aunt—who seems to have been about the best of the set—lived only for religious practices and charities, keeping as far out of the reach of her royal nephew as she could, having been his favorite butt and the object of his rudest practical jokes time out of mind.

The final cause of her withdrawal from the palace was "a fright she received through the King's first page crawling into the dining-room on all fours, disguised as a savage."

So Caroline Matilda was absolutely unfriended, save by the Grand Mistress of her household, Frau von Plessen; and she, though a virtuous woman and so far desirable in a court where even common propriety was at a discount, was a harsh-tempered, domineering old-maidish kind of person, who made bad worse by injudicious advice, and by never being able to understand that sometimes it is better to drive with a slack rein and a silken lash than with tight ropes and a leathern thong. Influenced by this clever lady, Caroline Matilda put on an air of forbidding coldness to her husband (perhaps it was not much trouble to do that), with the idea, so common among women, and so mistaken, that the best way to secure a husband's vagrant affections is to deny or conceal their own. In this case, however, it was not so much concealment as confession, for the young Queen had no great fondness for her royal spouse; as, indeed, how could she have? Unless neglect, debauchery, and open infidelity were qualities calculated to win the love and esteem of a girl-wife virtuously educated. Nevertheless, she nursed him assiduously when he had the scarlet-fever; and when he recovered, he went back to his street-rows, his mistresses, his low pot-house riots, his assaults on the watch, and all the other disgraceful doings which made him the disgust and the talk of Europe.

The royal favorite in chief at this time was Count Conrad von Holck, lately appointed Court Marshal, but acting as a kind of private Master of Ceremonies to the monarch, arranging all the court balls and fêtes: also helping him in pleasures less innocent. He it was who accompanied Christian to and from Milady's house, "during which street riots were but too frequent;" who shared in all his vices, and who organized many a nocturnal orgy during the brilliant luncheons which he was in the habit of giving at Blaagaard, a kind of castellated pleasure-house, just outside

the north gate. And even when the Queen gave birth to a son—the future Frederick the Sixth—and all Denmark went mad with joy; always excepting the queen-dowager, Juliana Maria, whose son was thus doubly barred; even then, Christian and his favorite continued their excesses, and made the whole town ring with the echo of their misdeeds. Christian was seen one day in broad daylight returning from “*Milady’s*” in a state of intoxication, the people pursuing him with hootings and insults to his own palace-gates; in a word, the private and public annals of King, court, and favorite were of the worst kind. At last, however, the ministers arrested Katherine of the Pretty Feet, and put her in prison, after her royal lover had bought her a hotel and created her a baroness.

And now Christian and his court set out on their travels; taking with them, as surgeon and physician in ordinary, John Frederick Struensee, hitherto physician of Altona, and of the lordship of Pinneberg. And first the King of Denmark came here to visit the King of England. But “*Farmer George*” was not especially eager to favor his brother-in-law; so little eager, indeed, that when Christian came to Dover, he found no royal carriages waiting for him, and had to come to town in hackney-carriages. Even when he got to town, “*by another mistake,*” says Walpole, “*King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christian arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long, and the distance to Richmond still longer; so with all the dispatch which could possibly be made, King George did not get to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet in St. James’s to the King of Denmark’s apartments on the other side of the palace is about thirty miles (which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James’s, will never believe), it was half an hour after three before his Danish Majesty’s cousin could go and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace (in which they both were) to receive him at the Queen’s palace, which you know is about a million of snails’ paces from St. James’s. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Frigga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the north, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other’s embraces, about half an hour after four on the same evening.*”

Christian’s life in London was bad enough; but it was even worse in Paris, and the queen was carefully informed of all that would most pain and disquiet her, it being the policy of that nest of intriguers, of which Juliana Maria was the chief, to keep the young couple as far sundered in both life and love as was possible. It was not to be wondered at if she was cold and disdainful and full of wrath and bitterness, when her seampish husband came home after his seven months’ tour, and if she resented Count Holck’s familiarities and impertinences, and even added the new physician, Struensee,

to her black list, as one of the tribe of her enemies. She soon learned a different lesson, poor girl! Well for her if she had never done so.

But indeed Struensee’s policy was at the first quite puzzling enough to mislead her. He wished to reconcile king and queen, he said, and yet he enticed Frau von Gabel into a web of circumstances, compromising in appearance and fatal in the end. This Frau von Gabel was a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, almost a republican in her political creed, and therefore unable to live at court; but, whether royalist or republican, patriot before all. The king had made certain advances to her in times gone by, which it is scarcely necessary to say were repulsed; but now Struensee took up the dropped loops, and, assuring Frau von Gabel that the king was in every way reformed, and that he did really need her ennobling influence to keep him in the right way, urged her to admit his visits again—she, the Egeria to his Numa. Frau von Gabel consented; but soon found that all this talk of Christian’s great improvement was mere moonshine; he was as bad as ever, and a little more mad; and the character of Egeria was soon sought to be brought down to a lower level and to baser purposes. When she found this out, and deception was no longer possible, the poor lady died of grief; and the strange intrigue about which no satisfactory theory as to why it was, and to what use, came to an end. She died, hating Struensee: whom the queen hated too, for his share in the plot.

At that time, then, there was no love between the doctor and the queen; but soon after this the crown prince—her little baby—had the small-pox, and old enmities were forgotten in the new conditions of help and trust thus set up between them. Ever after this illness Caroline Matilda admitted Struensee into her intimate friendship; and so began the drama which ended in a cruel and a bloody tragedy. She was imprudent to an almost insane extent; she drove out alone with the handsome young doctor, walked with him alone, rode with him alone; at the court balls she danced chiefly with him, and suffered him to address her in a tone of temper and command, to say the least of it, astounding. These follies, and more to the back of them, got the young queen much ill-will, and caused many a biting comparison to be instituted between her and Mary Stuart, with Struensee for Rizzio. Together with her character, whether rightfully or wrongfully, the queen began to lose something of her sweet English modesty, and to play unwomanly pranks in public quite as damaging as vices. She hunted daily, bestriding her horse in man fashion, and dressed as a man in “*a dove-colored beaver hat with a deep gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat faced with gold all round, a buff gold-laced waistcoat, frilled shirt, man’s neckerchief, and buckskin small-clothes and spurs.*” She looked splendidly when mounted and dashing through the woods, but when she dismounted the charm was to a great degree

dispelled, for she appeared shorter than she really was; the shape of her knees betrayed her sex, and her belt seemed to cut her in two." At other times, when dressed like a woman, she was one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Struensee's political power was as great as his personal influence. The whole power of the state seemed to be vested in him: the queen being his tool, the king his victim, and the country his mere foot-stool whereby he might mount to supreme honor. All Europe began to talk. Then the talk got so loud that the Princess of Wales, Caroline Matilda's mother, made a long and toilsome journey northward, which, whatever the political motives assigned, seemed to have for its motive simply to see her daughter, and to remonstrate with her on her folly. Not that she herself came into court with clean hands; for the position of Lord Bute in her royal household had long been a favorite subject for scandal and satire. The meeting took place after some delay, and the mother's resolute removal of certain obstacles thrown in the way by Caroline Matilda; but no good was done. The king and queen came attended only by Struensee and Warnstedt, the favorite page, who were seated in the carriage with them; and when the Princess of Wales spoke to her daughter in English, she pretended not to understand her—she had forgotten the language! In fact, she showed herself as wayward and unmanageable as a naughty child who can not be reasoned with and who will not be controlled. Letters and envoys from both mother and brother (George III.) were received in the same manner; and thus the last drags sought to be put upon the downward course were knocked aside, and the royal lady's repute went on toward destruction.

What was it which, at about this time, made her write with a diamond on the window-pane at Frederiksborg, "Oh keep me innocent, make others great?" Conscience? Sorrow for past, or fear of future, sins? Or was it simply dissimulation, and the endeavor to deceive eyes whose sharpness of vision was, she well knew, spying out her weak places and gauging her misdoings? For we can not for a moment accept Sir Lascelles Wraxall's theory, and account her innocent in her relations with Struensee; every incident related and every induction to be drawn, point but to one thing; and whatever the political basis, whatever the greater worth of the Dano-Germanic alliance against that of the Russian, and the zeal of the physician-minister for his own ideas and his own views of statecraft, the question between the man and woman remains the same for both and all concerned. Unhappily for the half-mad, half-bad king, who, when Struensee dismissed honest old Bernstorff, had not a friend left. Given up to Struensee and the queen, he was now simply a puppet and a prisoner, with two black children—a boy and a girl—for his only companions, and Enevold Brandt, whom he hated, for his valet, chamberlain, pedagogue, and master—

Enevold Brandt, whom Holck had exiled and Struensee restored. In truth, Christian's condition was pitiable enough. Grant that he was mad, still the manner of life to which his wife and the minister doomed him was infamous. No one paid him the smallest respect, and once an impudent page even drove him into a corner, saying, "Mad Rex, make me a groom of the chamber." He was compelled to make personal appointments of men specially distasteful to him; and on one occasion, in revenge for having been made to sign an appointment as chamberlain for a man he hated, he made one of his stove-heaters a chamberlain; again, another time, he gave out that his dog Gourmand was a "Conference Councilor," and proposed his health, which the rest were obliged to acknowledge as *de rigueur*. This was to express his disgust at certain fault-finding and scolding which he had to submit to in council, showing that, as barking was the rule of the day there, Gourmand could bark as well as any of them, and so was quite as efficient a conference councilor. His chief amusement was smashing china and beheading the garden statues: in which odd play Moranti, his black boy, assisted him. For a change he would roll on the ground with the boy, biting and scratching him, or would fling papers, furniture, books, glass ornaments, any thing he could find, over the balcony down into the court-yard: once wishing to fling the boy and dog Gourmand after the rest. In public he was treated with contempt by his keeper, Brandt, who in private bit and beat him—he said by the king's own desire; and, indeed, the whole treatment of this unhappy wretch, during the reign of Struensee, was as damaging to the queen's repute as it was disgraceful and degrading.

The queen, influenced by Struensee, who, however, was loyally well intentioned in this, brought up her son on the wildest principles of "hardening"—a kill or cure system indeed for a delicate child. His food was of the simplest and poorest kind, and what we should call innutritious, and always cold; he had a cold bath twice or thrice a day; he was kept in a cold room without a fire, dressed lightly in thin silk, and went about barefoot, although he was a delicate baby of not quite three years old. His playmate and companion was a little fellow of his own age, called "little Karl," the natural son of a surgeon, who was allowed to fight with him and master him if he could, no one being suffered to assist or prevent. The queen was so severe with him, that when the attendants wanted to frighten him into good behavior, they used to threaten to take him to his mother, which generally succeeded. Struensee's coadjutor, the physician Berger, got a few of the more extreme rules relaxed; and, owing to his representations, this royal baby was allowed to wear shoes and stockings, to be rather more warmly clad, to have his rice boiled in broth instead of water, to have meat soup for dinner twice a week, and to have his room slightly warmed in the morning.

And now popular feeling began to take a very decided tone, and the ministry knew that the evil hour which has to come to all misdoers was drawing near. The queen and the favorite dared not show themselves in public; the guards were doubled at the palace, and various unusual precautions were taken; the most abominable satires and caricatures were printed and circulated, or stuck or scrawled on the walls, half in jest and half in earnest; the queen and the ministers would speculate on their future lives, and what they should do when the crash came, and they were forced to fly—they foresaw nothing worse; and all this while the indignation of the people and the anger of the European courts became louder and deeper, and of more ominous intensity and fierceness. Anonymous letters were sent to Brandt, advising him to put himself out of danger by ranging himself on the king's side, and against the minister; and he and Struensee had misunderstandings, even to the extent of the former proposing a kind of *coup d'état* to Falckenskjold, one of the Government, beginning and ending in the arrest of Struensee, and the transfer of the queen to himself; and then the great plot was arranged, headed by Juliana Maria and Prince Frederick her son, the king's half-brother.

The favorite's treatment of this young man had been most impolite. Insulted, neglected, irritated, his rank and near relationship with the king ignored or remembered only to fix a deeper sting, no wonder that he put himself at the head of a party determined to rid the country of a group of adventurers who had lost their heads when they had gained the top round of the ladder, and whose so-called reforms were neither popular nor understood, besides being nullified by the poison of the scandals attached to them. When a forged document was shown to Juliana Maria (at least, Sir Lascelles Wraxall says it was forged), wherein it was set forth how that the king was to be forced to abdicate, and how that the queen was to be declared regent with Struensee as protector—meaning, as it was argued to her, that the king and crown prince were to be murdered, Struensee married to the queen, and his children by her set on the throne—she felt that no time was to be lost, and that either she and hers must fall, or they. Means were not wanting, nor agents, nor adherents; they never are wanting when a tumult is contemplated, and good pickings are to be had out of a ruined palace; and the right time came with the rest. After a certain masked ball, where the queen had been most remarkably gay and most strikingly beautiful, and where, by the strange falling to pieces of a certain supper, all things were marvelously facilitated, the plot came to its culmination. The ex-queen, her son, and some others (Guldberg, Rantzau, Eickstedt, Köller, and the ex-valet Jessen), entered the king's bedroom at dead of night, where they first nearly frightened him to death, and then got him to sign orders for the arrest of Struensee, Brandt, Falckenskjold, the queen, and others of

minor moment. One by one those named were arrested and secured; and so was broken up in a few moments the coalition which had changed the whole face of Danish politics and the whole current of Danish society for two years.

Struensee, never a brave man, though so daring in political action, first fainted, then took to swearing horribly, and then gave way to abject despair. Brandt was philosophical, and even gay. Falckenskjold was calm and critical. But the poor young queen was impassioned and terrified, full of wrath and fear and desperation and anguish: now struggling with the soldiers whom Rantzau had with him to secure her; now trying to hurl herself from the open window, shrieking wildly for Struensee and the king; finally borne away to the fortress of Kronborg, ruined and disgraced forever. Young, lovely, with a good and noble nature that had been at first outraged and afterward misguided, we can not but pity her. Truly she had sinned in her degree; but she had been sinned against more grievously, and her wrong-doing had been retaliation rather than aggression. For, as was said before, we can not accept Sir Lascelles Wraxall's theory of her innocence, though her failings may be tenderly excused for the sake of the evils she had undergone.

The end soon came. Struensee, pressed and threatened, confessed to his liaison with the queen, circumstantially detailed; and when the queen was shown his confession, and told that if she denied it he would be tortured, she signed it in attestation of its truth, and so signed away her good fame forever. He was executed, with certain barbarous circumstances disgraceful to the time and people: having first seen his colleague Brandt decapitated and disemboweled before his face; Falckenskjold was sentenced to be confined on the rock of Munkholm for life. Caroline Matilda was removed from Kronborg to the castle of Aalborg, where she was kept a prisoner until released at the instance of England. Thence, she went to Celle, or Zell, the old residence of the former Dukes of Lüneburg, where she lived happily enough, much beloved by all who knew her, and cheered by the frequent presence of her sister, the Princess of Brunswick. Her only grief was the loss of her children, especially of the little girl—whose legitimacy, by-the-by, came under grave suspicion; but the king had formally acknowledged her at her birth. Here she saw Mr. Wraxall, the grandfather of her present apologist, then a young man, "just her own age," and who seems to have been greatly struck by her beauty, and interested in her fortunes. He describes her as very beautiful, though too fat; like her brother George the Third in feature, but harmonized and softened; charitable, gay, sweet-tempered, and discreet—all that the wronged princess should be.

Mr. Wraxall entered into the plot for her release, which had as its object the arrest of Juliana Maria and Prince Frederick, and the king's published order for her return to Copenhagen.

It is impossible to guess what new historic complications might have arisen had she not, in the midst of this under-current, died on the 11th of May, 1775, wanting less than three months of her twenty-fourth year. Of course people said she died of poison, that wide and convenient vagueness; but in truth it was of scarlet-fever, taking a typhoid character, and easy to be accounted for. One of her young pages had just died of this disease, and she, very foolishly, went into the room where the coffin was, and looked at the dead body. The sight haunted her, and the disease found her out, carrying her off in a very few days. When dying, she wrote to George the Third, solemnly protesting her innocence of all with which she had been charged; and also to M. Roques, the pastor of the French Protestant church at Zell, she said the same: "I was never faithless to my husband." So, at least, it is reported. Whether Sir Lascelles Wraxall's chivalrous theory respecting the unhappy princess be correct or not, the memoir has high merits, not only as a historical but as a literary production. Some of the details of court life are extremely curious.

MY REFUGEES.

DR. JOYCE came in while I was giving the Captain his dinner. It was not his hour for visiting my ward, so I put down my gruel-
spoon and looked up to see what was the matter.

"Can't you come out and see to this arrival?" he asked, stopping a few feet in front of me, with his finger on Tom's pulse, his hand filled with lemonade for Dick, and his eyes on Harry, so economical of his time was our little Doctor. In fact, I do not think that since I came to the hospital I had succeeded in gaining his undivided attention for a single full minute in working hours. I regarded this as an insult at first; but discovering at length how much he depended on these fragmentary notes which he took of his patients, I had learned to hide my diminished head, and consider myself once for all a lesser light in his presence. But there is a natural perversity about me, which in spite of such discipline "still lived." It was with an instinct for which I do not hold myself at all accountable that I turned away from him with as professional an air as I could assume, and began choking the gruel down the poor Captain's throat, as if the safety of the army depended on its descent therein, while I asked, in my most business-like tones,

"What is it?"

"Three—a man already gone with typhoid, wife, and a child—refugees."

"Hum! well?"

"I want you to get hold of the woman and feed her up: she's a mere shadow."

"And the man?"

Dr. Joyce looked round the ward; so did I. I had one empty bed. A little pale-faced boy had left it only yesterday, and gone—well to a

better rest, I trust; for I found a tiny Testament in his hand when I folded it with the other. It was open, and his finger was on a prayer—one of the old, old prayers which are always new, that his mother had marked for him. I had a fancy for the poor, home-sick fellow, and had looked at his empty bed with something of that feeling with which one goes into the twilight of a room a friend has left dark forever. I shrank from the thought of seeing a stranger there so soon; a very foolish fancy for a hospital nurse, of course, but some of these boys had become friends indeed in the long months I had cared for them. Besides this, I had as much work on hand as it seemed to me I could well attend to without a little larger allowance of strength than usually falls to the lot of womankind, nurses not excepted. There was Mrs. Cruppins had four or five empty beds, though she *was* the last person I should want to go to, to be nursed through a fever; and there was Miss Graves, she could take three more as well as not, even if she did go about her work like a martyr, and turn her ward into a church-vault, with her funereal face and her melancholy and interesting way of sighing over the men. What if the Doctor did prefer, and very naturally, to call on me? there was a limit to all things. So when I looked at him I was going to own up to my hidden depravity, and say that No. 2 didn't want the new-comer.

The Doctor is a discreet man, and can read the signs of the weather. He gave me a generous half of one of his professional glances, and remarked quietly to a curious young sergeant in the corner who had employed the time of my meditation in asking a volley of questions,

"Yes, half-starved, but thinks only of her husband and child; the infant is more dead than alive."

Something rose in my throat and choked me.

"What a heathen!"

"Who? I or the typhoid?"

"Neither of you," I responded, curtly; "bring him in here."

The Doctor went away with the least bit of a smile twitching the corners of his mouth. I felt too humble just then to take any notice of it, so I meekly returned to the Captain and his gruel, gave him his powders, tucked him up for a nap, and when Dr. Joyce came back I was ready for him.

A number of these refugees had dropped into our hospital since I had been there, for two-thirds of the poor creatures are fit for nothing but a sick-bed by the time they reach Nashville, and I supposed I knew what to expect. But the sight I saw struck me dumb. Two shrunk-en, ghost-like figures, their clothes in tatters, covered with mire and blood, their faces so gaunt that, looking at them, a chill crept over me, as if I looked on Death.

But this was not a time to grow nervous. I roused myself with a start, and touched the man's hand to see if it were flesh and blood. In reply to my words of welcome he thanked me

in a feeble sort of way, putting his hand uncertainly to his forehead, like one of failing memory, and leaning heavily against the door. He evidently needed prompt attention, for the fever was far advanced. While the Doctor led him to the bed I had time to notice his short, thick-set figure, the shaggy hair falling about his low forehead, and the eyes that still showed honest and kindly, though they were deep-sunken and burned with fever; the scar of an old gun-wound in his neck, and his hands coarse and brown with labor. Before this war had made him what he was, he had evidently been of the poor of the earth. God's poor, were they? May we have mercy on all such!

He was far too weak to answer questions. I left him sitting wearily on the side of the bed for the Doctor to undress, and turned back to the woman. She was standing where I had left her, with her baby in her arms, her eyes following every motion of her husband's.

"Come," I said, "into my room, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"And him?" pointing toward the bed.

"You shall come back and see him."

She followed me slowly, hushing the wail of her half-starved child, but saying nothing to me. Indeed, she seemed to have hardly life enough left to speak. In an incredibly short time she and the child were washed and dressed in sundry garments of my own, which, though they could not be said to fit in the most perfect manner conceivable, especially on the baby, had at least the advantage of being clean. After they were fed and rested, I had for the first time a critical look at the woman. Slight, and worn, as the Doctor said, to a shadow; stooping shoulders, consumptive chest, and large, work-worn hands; a very pale face, one of the palest I ever saw except in death, with thin, dark hair lying against her temples, where I could see the great purple veins, and eyes which had once been bright black, but now were dulled and sunken. Out of them, when they were raised to mine, came a look so dumb with suffering, so dark with utter hopelessness, that I could not bear to meet it. It never changed. She smiled at me when I brought her baby fresh milk from the kitchen, or tended the little thing while she ate herself; she thanked me; her thin, quavering voice grown quite sweet with gratitude, but the dreariness of that steady look never varied by so much as a momentary gleam of light or softness. It reminded me of a picture I have somewhere seen, to which the artist had given the rather indefinite title of "Desolate;" but which, nevertheless, was a spirited thing, and had staid by me—the figure of a woman in relief against a stormy sky; around her a desert beach strewn with wrecks; her hair blown darkly about her face, and her eyes turned to the waste of waters: a lonely sea-bird startled from the cliffs, dipping into the foam of a chilly, green wave at her feet, and behind the purple line of water that bounded her vision the setting of a blood-red sun.

Perhaps you smile at my fancy. I think the woman herself might have done so had she known it. Certainly she would not have comprehended it. She sat, quietly rocking her baby, her hands folded over its little fingers, her eyes on its face.

"You have had a hard journey?" I questioned, gently.

"Yes."

"Was it very long?"

"Yes."

She looked at me then a moment without speaking. I understood her.

"You do not wish to talk about it now," I said. "I will not trouble you with any questions."

"Thank you."

She recommenced her low lullaby, and while I stood watching her somebody knocked at the door. It was Tim, the errand-boy. He delivered his message after his usual fashion, balancing himself first on one foot, then on the other, regarding me meanwhile with half-closed eyes, and giving his bushy head a series of little nods with an air of authority peculiarly pleasing.

"Davy Brown's heart's broke for his dinner, an' the sargint says his bandages 's come off, an' he wants you double-quick; an' Pat Mullins he's ben howlin' over his arm this hour."

Being serenely conscious that I had been absent but twenty minutes I answered his innuendo only by a withering look, closed the door softly, for my ideas of babies being rather vague I was not prepared to state whether the creaking of a latch would start one of those infantile choruses I live in such constant terror of or not, so I thought it best to be on the safe side. The hopeful Tim whistled on before me down the stairs, and I went back to my work, with my heart for the first time deserting my boys, and wandering to my room and its pale-faced occupant.

It was a busy afternoon. Brown must have his dinner, the howling of Pat the indefatigable must be stopped, and I must go back to the sergeant's arm. A solitary rebel in the corner took an hour of my time for his bandages and ablutions, spinning it out with remonstrances and complaints so many, and various, and profane, that I felt a strong desire to pull the sheet up over his head, tie it down at the four corners of the bed, and leave him there to struggle and stifle and swear at his own sweet will. There was a favorite drummer-boy, too, whose eyes asked mutely for help—a little patient fellow whom I had taken into my heart from the first day he came to me. I always had to time myself when I was caring for him, for fear I should be accused of partiality. Then some one had been awake all the night before, and must be read into a nap; and then there were letters to be written, and medicines to mix and choke down innumerable throats, and windows to open and windows to shut, and business with the matron, and messages to the doctor, and then at last suppers to get, and supper to eat.

My refugee had found her way down again to her husband. He was tossing now on his bed, delirious with the fever. There was little to do for him, however, and I saw she was neither a fussy nor an ignorant nurse, but sat quite still with one arm around her baby who slept, and the other attending to the sick man's every want; so I let her be. There was a bit of a room next mine, which had belonged to a nurse who was off duty, and home last week with slow fever. I obtained the promise of this for her, and when, at half past ten o'clock, I dragged myself up stairs, jaded and cross enough, I found her there. I saw her through the open door with the light of my dim lamp falling full on her bent figure and white face. She looked up at me, silently, her great dark eyes followed all my motions about the room. It gave me a nameless, uncomfortable feeling that made me turn and look over my shoulder, when I went into the closet, or a dark corner. I began to have serious fears as to the practicability of sleep that night, with nothing but an unbarred door between me and this ghost of a woman. In fact, I may as well acknowledge that I am naturally of a romantic turn of mind, and had anticipated the recital of her adventures in various forms; as, for example, whether she might be a spy, or a Southern aristocrat in disguise, and I believe I even speculated upon the possibility of a chalked negro.

But when I turned again, and saw how wearily she leaned her head upon her hand, how crushed and hopeless was the pressure of her lips, I forgot every thing but my pity. I went up and touched the hand which lay upon the baby's hair, and said: "I am so sorry for you!"

She quivered under my touch, and looked up at me, her lips working beseechingly. Then, I don't know how it was, but she began to talk, and I listened; I forgot that I was tired and sleepy; my romantic fancies dissolved like the dew. I forgot that she was ignorant and poor. I only knew that she suffered, and sat quite still to hear her story.

The woman's name was Mary—Mary Rand. I liked the name for her. Do you remember some one's saying—Tennyson, I think—of Mary the mourner at Bethany, that her "eyes were homes of silent prayer?" I thought of this often. Such a cry went up to God out of her mute look. I thought it must ring through heaven. I never heard from the lips of any preacher such a prayer.

She had lived in the southern part of the State. Her husband had done a small fishing business on one of the inferior rivers, getting but a scanty living for a wife and five little ones, though a more honest one than many of his kind to whom the South closes the avenues of useful labor. I could see the home in a picture while she talked. A house with broken roof and low doorway, half hidden under the great forest trees, which stretched out such giant branches over it, and cradled it so quietly all summer long; the little river that wound among the trees, over which the sunlight slanted and the

wind swept like a merry song; the tidy rooms within the house, this stricken mother then so cheery about her work, turning such smiling eyes toward the river which bore her husband's boat, or such reverent eyes up to the sky which showed so blue and still through the vines about the doorway, taking into her heart such happy thoughts of God in the silence of this home. He had given her; the children romping in the forest, or grouped about the door with the light on their chubby brown faces and tangled curls, or watching the river turn into molten gold when the sun set, and they waited for the father to come home from work, wading into the water to crowd in his boat for a sail of a few strokes length; then clinging to him up the path, and into the house, where supper stood waiting, and the mother too. An humble meal, and very poor the lowly home, but none the less dear for that. There was sunlight and love enough in it, as there must have always been under the sound of this woman's voice.

The man had been loyal from the first of the war. This, I suspected, was owing to the wife. She had picked up a little learning somewhere—enough to spell out her Bible; it was partly this, but more a certain crude refinement that asserted her superiority. Something there was in this woman's soul which spoke like a voice out of the darkness of all the circumstance which hemmed her in, and let you see how pure a soul it was, and what it might have been if God had given it light to grow in.

So, of course, she knew her country at once.

"I wasn't goin' to hev Stephen settin up agin the kentry," she said; "and by'n-by he see it as I did, fur he's an honest man in his 'pinions is Stephen, an' he used ter set the childern a hoorayin' fur the flag ter see which on 'em could holler the loudest."

Of course a harmless, ignorant fisherman, loving his country in the solitude of a forest, could not be left long undiscovered and unpunished in this chivalric Southern land.

"They found him out at last," she said. "A whole pack on 'em went at him every time he went to town with fish, and they didn't give him no peace; but he never caved in to 'em—not a mite, an' the more they worried him the more he sot up fur the Guv'nment; an' at last it come—what we'd ben livin' in fear on a long spell. It was one dark night—I remember how the wind was howlin' like among the trees—an' we heerd on a sudden a yellin' like a pack o' hounds outside the door, an' it bust open, an' some officers was there, an' a gang o' drunken men behind 'em. I knew to once what it meant.

"Stephen," says I, "they've drafted yer." He looked so like a tiger they durstn't touch him. His gun was in the corner, and I see him lookin' at it, so I knew as well as ef he'd telled me what ter do; but the officers, they'd spied it out, an' one on 'em he held me so I couldn't move, an' t'others panted their pistils on Stephen an' tuk him off; he couldn't help it no way. It made me wild-like. I got away from the man as held

me with a great leap, an' got the gun. They was jest out o' the door then, but I could ha' hit 'em. Stephen turned round an' see me, and says he :

" 'Don't, fur God's sake, Mary—they'll murder both on us!' An' then I couldn't see his face fur the dark, an' I knew he was gone. I fell down by the gun all in a heap on the floor; the childern was cryin' an' kissin' of me, an' tuggin' at my dress, but I never took no notice on 'em. I heerd the men howlin' outside, but I never moved. All to once there was a great red light out the winder, an' I heerd wood cracklin' an' smelt smoke in the bedroom, an' I knew they'd fired the house. I ketched up the childern—two in my arms, an' one on my shoulders, an' two pullin' at my skirt—an' run out o' the door. It seemed as ef a pack o' wild beasts was out thar in the burnin' light. They chased me a ways, till I got to whar the woods was thick an' dark as pitch; an' at last I found they was gone, an' I dropped down in a thicket like as ef I was dead, hidin' the childern under my dress. They might ha' murdered us all. There was wus things than that done up the river last week. By'n-by, as nobody come, I durst look round. I heerd the shoutin' a good ways off, an' I see a great light on the sky, an' knew the house was blazin' up. After a time it went out, an' the hollerin' was fainter, goin' back ter town. Then 'twas still, only the branches creaked, an' I heerd the wind blowin' over the river. The woods was dead black, an' I looked up to the sky, an' there wasn't a star to be seen, an' the great dew dropped down like rain. I huddled the childern up to me to keep 'em warm ef I could, an' the little things cried 'emsels ter sleep. They was very heavy, an' cramped my arms till they was stiff, but I didn't mind; an' it grew very cold, but I never thought on't. I only looked up whar the sky was dark, an' all night long I was prayin' fur my husband.

"When mornin' come we hid in the darkest place we could find, an' staid thar till the sun was jest over our heads. But nobody come after us; so I crawled round an' found some berries an' a brook fur the childern ter drink out of, an' I had two little ginger-cakes in my pocket, an' we lived on them all day.

"The next day it were jest the same. I never darin' ter go back, an' the childern cryin' fur someat ter eat. When night come I were too faint to move, fur all I found I giv to them. I had dropped down on the moss, an' was givin' up ter die thar, when all to once I heerd a noise in the bushes, and I says, 'O God! tuk care on the childern.' 'Yes,' says somebody close by; 'He's sent me ter tuk care on 'em;' and I jumped up with a great scream, fur there was Stephen alive, an' huggin' and kissin' of me an' the childern, an' givin' us a loaf o' bread he'd found nigh the old place as he crep' along in the thicket ter get a look at the heap o' ashes that was left. An' he telled us how he'd runned from the fellar as ketched him, an' we'd hide in the woods, an' all go North together, whar none on 'em couldn't touch us.

"An' I jes' put both my arms round his neck, an' I says, 'Stephen, God's giv me you back, an' I doan't ask no more. I guess He'll tuk care on us, an' we'll go.' I used ter read how He loved folks as was in trouble; I used ter believe it—maybe I was wrong, maybe not. I doan't know."

She stopped a moment, some strange, dark glitter creeping into her eyes. After that they changed only to grow more stony; and her voice, as she went on with her story, was cold and hard.

"So we tuk up with the woods for a home, an' 'twere all the home we hed fur three months. We dursn't go anigh the railroads, an' we traveled mostly whar the forest was loneliest, an' the swamps a-plenty. Thar was cold nights too, when the wind cut into us, an' the damp seemed ter choke us like; an' thar was rainy nights, when we crep' under the bushes, and Stephen he allers tuk off his coat ter cover the rest on us, an' thar were no stoppin' of him no way. An' I'd wake up a-cryin' in my dream, an' see his face while he slep' lookin' so white with the cold, an' the childern shiverin' all night; an' I'd lay an' cry an' cry, and the rain cried along with me on the leaves, but it never stopped fur all that. Sometimes we found a shed or a barn whar folks let us sleep, an' sometimes when thar warn't no rebel sojers anigh the place they'd let us in the house.

"But the starvin' come the wust. Folks give us meals sometime, ef we durst go out into the road ter hunt up a house. Then, agin, they cussed us, an' shet the door 'cause we was 'derved Yankees,' yer know. Thar was a few as give us a basketful o' victuals, and it lasted fur a long spell. When we couldn't get nothin', Stephen, he shot rabbits an' birds, an' we picked berries, an' ketched fish; fur he wouldn't never steal, that man wouldn't, ef he was ter die fur it. But there was days when we hadn't nothin', an' the childern cried an' teased fur food, an' I only jes' sot an' looked at 'em, an' hadn't nothin' ter give 'em, only ter hold 'em in my arms, an' tell 'em ter fold their little hands an' say, 'Our Father.' The poor innocents stopped cryin' allers, 'cause they thought He'd throw 'em down bread from heaven. In course He did give us someat mostly, or we'd all a ben under the grass; but He didn't send enough ter keep the childern. Four on 'em is dead. He didn't leave one big enough ter call me mother, or kiss me with its little comfortin' ways; there's nobody left but the baby. I doan't know why she stood it, when the rest couldn't. P'r'aps because I kep' it under my shawl mostly, an' it were the warmest of all on us.

"Jack went fust—that was his father's boy. He tuk fever in them marshes, an' kinder wasted afore we knew it. I went out ter hunt up some supper one night, an' left the boy with Stephen. After I'd ben a little ways I come back ter say good-by—I didn't know what fur, only I couldn't help it. He was lyin' in his father's arms, an' he says: 'When you come back with some sup-

per sing me ter sleep, mother.' So I says, 'Yes, Jackey,' an' I leaned over ter kiss him. 'Good-by, mother,' says he, an' he put up his little white lips. An' all the way I heerd it—'Good-by, mother.' It were like as ef the trees kep' tellin' it, an' the birds singin' it in their nests, an' the great blow o' wind that had come up, cryin' it over an' over. I put my hands up to my ears not ter hear it, an' I runned out o' the woods ter get away from it; for we must hev some supper, an' it were safer fur me ter go than Stephen—folks didn't notice a woman so much. I found a bit of a house anigh the woods as give me some bread an' a pail o' milk—they was Union folks; an' I was happy-like, fur Jackey would like the milk, yer know. All the way back I was thinkin' as how his eyes would laugh at the sight on't—pretty eyes they was, Miss, like his father's, blue an' bright like. Thar was a great white moon come up afore I got thar; an' I see how the light was down in the holler whar I'd left him like a sheet dropped on the bushes. Pretty soon I see 'em all—the childern standin' round all in a heap, an' Stephen settin' on the ground with his face in his hat. My heart kinder stood still all to once, but I walked along. Stephen he see me, an' got up, an' come up ter me. He didn't say nothin'; but only jes' tuk my hands an' led me to whar somethin' lay black an' still under a tree. An' I looked down an' I called out 'Jackey! Jackey!' but he didn't make no answer, an' I touched his little face, an' all to once I knew he was dead. I threw down the milk an' bread I'd brought so fur for him, an' I tuk his poor head in my lap, an' held tight hold uv his little cold hands. I hadn't ben thar, yer see, an' it come hard ter hev him die without his mother. I promised ter sing him ter sleep, an' now I were too late—he couldn't hear me. The moon was very white, and I heerd the childern sobbin' an' Stephen were callin' uv me an' kissin' uv me, but I couldn't answer him nohow, an' I couldn't cry. I doan't know much how the night went. I sat an' watched the little shaders from the leaves comin' an' goin' on the boy's forehead, an' thought how they kissed it like, an' how he wouldn't never feel me kissin' him agin. He were sech a pretty boy, yer know, an' I never were thar to see him die, an' I never sung that little song.

"'Twarn't only a week along from this when Stephen he got took. He went fur victuals an' didn't come home. We waited fur him all day an' he didn't come, an' we slep' all night alone under the trees waitin' fur him. But when mornin' come an' no Stephen, I knew ter once what it meant, and I war right. Somebody as knew him tracked him an' ketched him in a yard whar he was beggin' our breakfast. The folks was rebels an' guv him up easy. They tuk him along—two officers thar was—an' got a good piece with him; but they hadn't no han'cuffs an' was weakly plantation gentlemen. So he broke away. He knocked one on 'em down an' tuk his gun an' runned. T'other fellar he fired

an' hit Stephen in the neck; but Stephen is a firs'-rate shot an' the fellar dropped down. I doan't know whether he war hurt bad, but he never chased him any. Stephen crawled back pretty nigh us, an' 'twas the second day I heerd him groanin' in the bushes. He was lyin' thar all covered with blood when I come up. We got him down in a big swamp, an' thar we hid fur a long spell. We hed mostly warm nights while he were sick, an' no rain ter speak on; but the damp was like pison fur us all to be a breathin' on. I nussed him all I could, 'twarn't much in sech a place, an' I used ter crawl out every night ter find food fur to-morrer.

"'Twarn't fur as we'd gone after he'd got so's to be movin' afore the twins took sick. They didn't stan' it long, an' it were better fur 'em, poor things! When I see 'em both pinin' ter once, their little hands so poor an' white, an' heerd 'em moanin' in my arms, I were slow believin' of it. I thought it were enough to be lonely fur Jackey all the nights an' days—to be missin' of him every year, an' be cryin' fur the pretty boy he'd ha' growed ter be. I never thought I'd lose no more—I never *thought* on't. It come ter me one night when the childern hed ben sinkin' nigh most the afternoon. We hed stopped with 'em by a little brook whar the bushes was thick an' warm. On a sudden Stephen he called out, 'Mary,' says he, 'they're goin' ter see Jackey.' I looked up into his eyes an' I says, 'Stephen, it'll kill me.' He put his hands up ter his face an' I heerd him choke like. 'Mary,' says he, 'I can't comfort yer.' I never see him so afore. Thar hadn't never ben a time when he didn't cheer me up an' kiss me ef any thin' vexed me—I hadn't never borne the least uv a trouble alon' sence we was married. So I knew how it cut inter his heart to hev the childern took, an' how selfish it war in me ter forget he loved 'em jes' the same as I did. I shet my lips then an' never said another word.

"So we sat down ter see 'em die. The sun was settin' like a great red ball over the thicket. I remember how I looked round an' see a sparrow as crep' into her nest under the grass. The little ones was chirpin' at her, an' she was answerin' of 'em. I couldn't bear ter hear 'em no way. I thought how God was makin' a little wuthless bird happy, an' hed forgot me, an' 'was takin' all my little ones away. I wouldn't never hev 'em in my nest ter sing tu like she. I see every thing about me that night. I remember a great white rock an' sand-bank over in the field standin' out agin' the sun, an' how I thought the brook looked like blood, fur the light were so red on't. I see 'em all—I see 'em over an' over, an' yet I doan't think I tuk my eyes off the childern.

"Stephen tuk Katie, an' I held the boy, an' we sot tergeth by the brook an' see the night comin'. We never said nothin' to each other, it wouldn't do no good. Ef I'd spoke once I should ha' cried out, so I should ha' worried the little dying things. I heerd Stephen prayin' to himself over Katie—a sort uv whisperin'

prayer, as ef he didn't hardly know he was sayin' uv it; but I didn't say none. I never spoke ter God all night—I ders'ent; I might ha' cursed Him.

"Dick went fust. Katie she held out till nigh mornin', but I jes' sot with the boy stone-cold on my knee, an' never telled Stephen. I see him bendin' over the little thing in his arms, his face lookin' so white, even in the dark, an' I heerd him prayin', 'O God! leave one on 'em—leave one 'em—doan't take 'em both!' I couldn't ha' telled him no way. Katie wore past speakin' then; but I could jes' see her little face from whar I sat. Dick's hands was close in mine—I hadn't never let go sence they growed cold. I see after a while a bit of light shinin' in the brook, an' I knew the stars was out. But I never looked up at the sky. He was thar as had taken away my childern. He was so fur up. I thought He never cared. Ef He'd forgot me 'twarn't no use fur me ter be lookin' at His sky an' sayin' over His prayers. So I sat an' see the shinin' in the brook an' the two little white faces. I heerd Mattie hushin' the baby ter sleep whar I'd left her under the bushes. The little thing crep' up once an' put her warm fingers on my face an' kissed me.

"I heerd Katie moanin', an' I see Stephen holdin' uv her all night. When the fust mornin' light come in through the trees we turned an' looked at one another, an' they was both dead. We made 'em two little graves by the brook an' buried 'em thar. Then we tuk hold uv hands an' kneeled down on the moss, an' Stephen he prayed sech a prayer as I never heerd afore. It made me look up ter the sky fur the fust time an' see how blue it was, an' how bright the trees was in the sun, an' think how they'd be blue an' bright over the little cold things, jes' the same when we was gone, an' how we'd leave 'em all alone so fur behind us. Then I cried—oh, how I did cry! I hadn't cried afore fur weeks—I got so frozen like—an' I hain't dropped a tear sence.

"So we got up an' stepped over the brook, lookin' back ter say 'good-by' to the little graves, an' went on with Mattie an' the baby. We come ter safer travelin' soon, an' found a house by the road as tuk us in an' hid us up garret fur a spell. They was good to us, God bless 'em! an' guv us enough to eat; but all the nussin' an' warm fires was too late fur Mattie. They made a bed fur her up in the loft, an' when the poor little white thing put her arms around me and cried ter go to sleep, 'cause she was so cold an' tired, I knew to once what it meant. 'Twarn't only one sort o' sleep as would do her good, so I telled she might, tryin' ter smile an' say as how God would guv her a nice nap. I see her shet her eyes, an' I crossed her little hands, an' I telled God thar warn't nothin' left but Stephen an' the baby, an' ef He was goin' ter tuk 'em He'd better do it now while they had a roof to die under. But Stephen p'inted ter the little dead thing on the bed, an' asked me ef I'd get to whar she was, sayin' sech things ter Him as

had tuk her away from sorrer an' sufferin', an' made her a little angel to hum with Him forever. So he put the baby in my arms an' made me say a prayer over after him—he were allers the best on us both, Stephen were. It was I as learned him ter read the Bible, but I didn't never remember it like he. He tuk it all to once inter his heart, an' did what it telled him fur himself an' me too. I keep a doubtin' an' a doubtin', but Stephen he takes it all, Miss, jes' like a little child. Well, then we cut off some uv Mattie's yeller curls, an' he laid 'em in my Bible, so when I wanted ter kiss 'em I had ter kiss it too, yer see, and read the promise which telled me as how I'd never be forsook.

"After that we found we was suspected of bein' thar, an' the folks couldn't keep us no longer; so we was off agin—us three alone. Then we come across some Union sojers as tuk us up here in the cars, an' a chaplain as paid our fare, an' so we come here this mornin', Miss. Stephen he's clean beat out; but ef God hain't forgot all about us, an' he gets well an' strong, we'll go ter work an' get an honest home. I doan't know as I can ever call it home, an' all them little things as was playin' round the old place by the river lyin' cold an' stiff in the swamps."

Just then her baby wakened and began to laugh and coo at her in its pretty way, putting up its tiny hands to play about her face. There was something so warm and tender and full of life in the touch; I saw the chill melt out of her eyes; I saw her lips quiver. I am not ashamed to tell you what I did. I just went up to her, put both my arms around her neck, and her head on my shoulder, and began to cry. After a while I found that she was crying too. I knew that was a mercy to her; so I laid her down on the bed, and knelt down and said over some little short prayer, to which she seemed to listen. Then I put her baby in her arms, thinking it could comfort her best, shut the door softly, and went out.

Stephen Rand grew very sick. Dr. Joyce began to come away from his bedside looking quite grave. Whatever the wife saw in his face she did not comprehend, or else for some reason her own did not reflect it. Every day, early and late, morning and night, she was beside him, silent as a shadow, her patient face never turned from his.

The men began to watch for her as she came in each morning. Sometimes they would pass her baby round from cot to cot for a plaything, or they would send some cheery message to her in their hearty, soldier fashion, seeming pleased at her grateful smile. But as the days went on, and they saw how the fever was burning in her husband's eye and cheek, and caught snatch-es of the consultations the Doctor and I had over him out in the entry, I noticed how often they hushed their noisy jokes and laughter when they looked over to the man's corner, and how many anxious inquiries for our refugees met me every morning.

It puzzled me at first to see how entirely Nature seemed to have confused her rules in the hearts of these two. The man clinging to her, resting so in her strength and love, yet fancying still in his delirium that he was again her protector in the dangers of their forest life; taking with such a childlike trust the truths from the Bible she had taught him to understand, giving them back to her with a faith as pure as a woman's; yet withal a brave man, no coward in principle, no craven in danger.

And for the wife, her face, as I had first seen it, told what she was. What we mean by the innate religion of a woman was with her dimmed or missing. There are natures which *must* feel every wave, and tide, and current that pulses about them—which must try the *lowest* deep before they can anchor. Once bedded, the waters from very depth are still: the sea, however stormy, can not shake that which is sure and steadfast. Far beyond them, in shallow waves, some little craft will have anchored in the sunlight, and we who watch that other tossing in the surge, and hear the cry which calls from deep unto deep, perhaps turn away unpitying. For, we say, there seems a fairer haven, and they would not enter it.

With just enough intellect to stagger her faith, not enough to root it, the intensity of the life this woman had led had not yet worked out its own fulfillment. Looking a few steps onward to what was before her I trembled for her. What chance was God giving her? Would He not bring the soothing of a little rest into her weary days?

I used to wonder as I looked up often at her from my work, and saw how quietly she sat, "the same loved, tireless watcher," how her husband's eyes followed hers, and his voice called her, how they clung to one another—these two from whom God had taken all else but the knowledge of what they were each to each—I used to wonder how she could bear it to have him go.

Out of those busy days I have saved many pleasant pictures of her as she sat fanning the hot air about the bed, watching for all little cares for her husband, hushing her baby, or perhaps bowing her head, her lips moving as if in prayer. And I thought what it would be when for such tender offices no voice would call to her.

Once, I remember, I was busy over the Captain not far from her, and I saw her turn suddenly in answer to her husband's call.

"Mary, whar's the baby?"

"Here, Stephen."

She held up the little thing so that he could see it, her eyes on him, and not on the child. He put up his thin hand and touched its face.

"It's all we've got left, Mary, ain't it?"

"Hush, Stephen man! Yer too sick ter think on't now."

"No. I allers think when I'm awake the rest is better off. I like ter think who's tuk 'em."

"I doan't;" in a quick, sharp tone.

"Mary! Mary! yer must. Yer might tempt Him ter do wus things."

She made no answer, but I could see her thin lips compress suddenly, and I marked how the purple veins were swelling on her forehead.

Her husband passed his hand over the baby's puny face, and then looked up at her.

"Mary, ef I should be took—"

She stopped him with a low, sharp cry, and caught both his hands in hers.

"Stephen, yer won't," she said.

A bit of sunlight had fallen across the bed and touched the three, dropping off from her dark hair and her deep-set, glowing eyes, down on the sunken face upon the pillow, and then on the little child, who saw it with a bubbling laugh, and put up its hands to catch the golden motes that floated past.

She caught at it quickly, as if it were a promise.

"Yer've ben dreamin', Stephen," she said, with a nervous laugh. "The sun's come ter wake yer. Why, man, yer most well. I haven't seen yer luk so natural-like sence you was sick."

She bent over with a long look into her husband's eyes, and pressed her lips to his. She did not notice that a cloud had dimmed the warm light which was there but a moment before, and that the face which it had for the instant touched with a glow of health was pallid again in the gray of the dull afternoon.

That was some strange contradiction in her nature—this woman with the desolate eyes and frozen voice—which, while it accepted all life as without hope, for the graves which had closed above it, yet was so blind to the fact that she stood on the brink of another. Clinging so tenaciously to the one love yet left to her—feeling so sure that God *could* not take away her husband—who could wake her from her dream? Not I, surely. I watched her as the slow days passed—the morning sun, the twilight, the night that fell with such heavy shadows on the hospital floor—finding her alike with that steady look in her eyes and that firm hand which betokened as yet no shade of fear or doubt.

Sometimes I thought a glimpse of what was coming darkened before her for a moment. There was one day when her husband had been in wild delirium all night, and the morning had found him in a state of half stupor. She had stood long beside him, watching his almost lifeless face in silence. I came up, at last, and begged her to go down into the yard with me for a few moments for a breath of fresh air.

She turned with the quick movement of one in wonder at my question.

"I can't."

"But you will be sick yourself if you breathe nothing but this hospital air. The Doctor will look after your husband; and Tim, you know, calls me if I am needed."

"I can't."

"But if he is worse, and you can not then do any thing for him—"

She caught up her baby, stooped and kissed her husband's forehead, then followed me without a word. I led her out into the sunlight, and having some little nicety to cook for one of my boys I left her, and went into the kitchen. I could see her through the windows, pacing back and forth under the two or three stunted trees that grew by the fence, her eyes on the ground, the bit of blue sky above her head, and the fresh morning all about her. All about her—not shrinking from her dark, uncheerful figure and bloodless face, but touching them softly like a blessing. Back and forth—to and fro—I thought how soon she would walk back and forth, and to and fro alone in a desert world.

In a few moments I went out to get the other half of my breath of air. It was a little yard, but filled just then with drying clothes, drying pans, Irish maids, and maids of color.

A pretty mulatto girl stood coquetting with her lover over the fence. A swarm of little children were playing in the street—black and white alike; indeed, one was hardly distinguishable from the other, for they were all massed in the ditch, deep in the mysteries of "mud-pies." I noticed, in fact, that Young Africa had decidedly the advantage as regarded skill in their culinary operations; and as for strength of lung and fist, my little white brethren came off second best. For which I pitied the young gentlemen, and began mentally to reconsider the question whether I was an abolitionist. They did not form an unpleasant picture, however, with the light on their merry faces and gay dress; and the sound of their happy laughter rang like a bell on the morning air. Close beside me, too, on the steps, a little coal-black baby, belonging to one of our wash-women, lay cooing in the sun, making sundry demonstrations with its hands and feet, as if it fought with a whole race of imaginary slaveholders. I saw Mary Rand stoop to kiss it as she walked, looking at its chubby face and then at the puny little one she held nestled under her shawl. She stopped, too, with a long look at the group of children in the street, her eyes shaded with her hand so I could not see them. Then turning, as she resumed her walk, to watch the happy lovers at the fence. Yet she looked upon them all with the apathy with which we recall some bright dream. It *was* but a dream; we wake and it is gone. Seeking for it, we find only the silence of the night. So we sleep no longer, but wait for the daybreak. Well for us if it comes. But if He who said "Let there be light!" revokes His decree and the darkness lingers—then, also, it is well.

Presently the noon hour struck, and the father of the pugilistic baby on the steps came home from work, stopping a moment to come in and take up the little thing. The mother came out to meet him.

"Hi, Dan! it am an awfu' heat for ye to work, dis yere!"

"Hot enuff," replied Dan; "ye look beat out, little woman."

He stooped, with one arm still around the baby, and put the other about her neck to kiss her. The woman returned the kiss boisterously, but none the less lovingly for that, and looked up into his face with a hearty, happy laugh. Then they walked away, and down the street together. It was a little thing; but do you not know that the smallest knives are keenest? I turned toward the quiet figure which had been pacing back and forth. It was quiet no longer. She looked up at me quickly, her whole face quivering. Then she wrung her hands tightly across her forehead, hurried past me, and into the house.

We had some busy days after this. There were two deaths and a fresh relay of wounded, among whom were a number of rebel prisoners—whom I sent, by-the-way, to Mrs. Cruppins. I acquit myself of all unholy self-indulgence in this arrangement. I felt that I was serving my country in sending her enemies to the most uncomfortable place I had at command.

After the first gloom caused by the two empty beds and the sight of fresh suffering had passed away, the boys rallied from it into such a programme of jokes and laughter as quite filled the day. I began to think they had forgotten their sympathy with our refugees, and was musing upon the fickleness of human nature while I sat one morning in a meditative attitude before the kitchen fire, my sleeves rolled up, my eyes fixed reflectively upon a basin of arrow-root, and blessed with the consciousness that my face was slowly but surely turning to "celestial rosy red" over the coals. While thus occupied I neglected the warning of a familiar whistle, and was paid for it by hearing a suppressed snicker behind the door, and feeling the gaze of two very small gray eyes fastened upon me through the crack.

"Cool weather, ain't it?"

The remark was supposed to be addressed to some invisible infant whom I could hear crawling opportunely about in the same mysterious corner. The infant assented by a scream which set every one of my nerves on edge.

"Maybe we'd like our picter took," rejoined the Invisible.

Again the infant assented as before. The assent was followed by the same results. I buckled on my armor at this. I took off my arrow-root with a jerk, called indiscriminately on the various maids of the tub and ironing-board about me to go to the rescue of the musical child, repressed a strong desire to throw my steaming gruel at the eyes behind the crack, and marched up to the offender.

"Tim," I said, sternly, "is this you?"

"That's allers ben my 'pinion, Miss."

"What do you wish?"

"Dr. Jyce sent fur you, post haste."

My desire concerning the arrow-root this time got so far under way of fulfillment that I saved it and my dignity only by a sudden pull, and the lucky Tim escaped with a few drops on his hand. Enough, however, was perhaps as good

as a feast, for he grew suddenly dumb, and followed me meekly up the stairs, eying the while his reddened finger with a thoughtful aspect which gave me the greatest satisfaction.

The Doctor met me with a grave face.

"Well?" I said, stopping short.

"Stephen Rand—he can't last through the night, unless there is some change I see no reason to expect."

"Who'll tell her?"

"You must."

"Dr. Joyce," said I, "I'm no coward, and I never disobey orders; but I wish you'd find me a few moments to go away and cry first."

"Why—why, really," said this good man, whom I puzzled every day by my feminine developments, "I don't see how you can be spared just now. There's the man who came last night waiting for a fresh bandage; and Jones, and—I don't see how there's time just at present."

Of course there wasn't. I knew that very well. I must face duty if it put me in the front and held me under the guns.

I found the boys quite sober as I passed along finishing all most pressing work, and prolonging it, I am afraid, rather more than was necessary; for which I expect you will combat my assertion that I was not a coward.

"So he's going at last!" the Captain said, with a sorrowful glance into the corner. "I—I call that hard, poor thing!"

The sergeant called softly as I went by,

"Have you told her? If it was my wife—if I was you, I'd rather be under fire than have it to do!"

"I say, mum"—and Pat, the warm-hearted, was tugging at my sleeve with his one arm—"I say, how long'll he hold out?"

"Till night."

"May the Houly Vargin an' all the Saints have marcy on her!" he ejaculated, fervently. "She's sech a poor young critter, shure!"

But the thing that most unmanned me, more than all the anxious questions that met me from each bed as I passed along—the messages from Jones and Brown, or the condescending sympathy of the rebel—was the entreaty of my little drummer-boy, who had lain in agony with his wound for many weeks, and was himself marked with the touch of that unerring finger that no human care or love can parry: an orphan child, to whom now I alone was a mother, and so it was that even to look at him as he turned his patient face so mutely on the pillow brought the quick tears. Putting up his hand into mine he said, softly,

"Is the Chaplain here?"

The Chaplain was sick that morning, and so I told him.

"Who'll pray for that man?"

"My boy, he isn't afraid to die; he needs no chaplain."

"But his wife; she has such a white, white face!"

I was silent. I could not tell him how she

needed prayer—purer, better prayers than mine could be.

"I remember how mother felt when father died," he said, and spoke no more then, but turned his face quietly away. I saw that he folded his hands, and I heard the echo of a whisper on his lips.

I went up at last to Mary Rand and touched her shoulder.

"I want to see you a moment," I said.

She turned with a look of surprise, stooped a moment to touch her husband's forehead with her hand, then rose and followed me.

We sat down under a large entry window, quietly. I remember how the garish sunlight played about her worn face, and how the wind blew in gusts up the stairs and through the deserted passage.

"I have something to tell you," I began. But there I stopped, held fast by the look in her eyes. Dark, yet filled with the depths of some glowing light; transfixed like one who asks the question on which hangs an eternity. I caught her hand quickly and held it in both of mine. I could not speak. She understood the answer.

"I know"—speaking slowly in a voice that froze me—"I know what yer've come ter say. How long'll they give him?"

"The Doctor says the crisis must come to-night."

"To-night." She repeated the word slowly, like one whose memory is becoming treacherous. "To-night. Ef there's a God in heaven I hope He'll remember He's takin' all I've got left—all I've got left."

Her hand lay like ice in mine. She did not hear my words; she did not feel my touch which tried to detain her. She rose and walked slowly back, with uncertain step, as if she walked in the dark.

I found her when I came back in her old seat, in the same attitude of quiet watching, with the same unfaltering look, a shade paler, the lines about her mouth sharper, but her voice, when she spoke to her husband, clear and low in its love; and there was no cry or sobbing that might disturb his last few hours. That was in the morning. Once she left him, to go to the kitchen and feed her baby, but that was all. The broad noon-light struck at last in flakes of gold upon the floor. I brought up a little dinner, and tried gently to make her eat. She only shook her head, pushing it away. Through all the hot afternoon she did not seem to move her eyes from her husband's face. He was tossing on the bed in frenzy, calling for her, catching at her hand, but still he did not recognize her.

Her baby slept quietly on her arm. She did not seem to know it, holding it mechanically. Toward evening it wakened and cried. She paid no heed to it. I went up and took the child gently from her. Her arm remained in the same position as before. I could hear her quick, sharp breathing; but she did not look at me nor speak. I took the little thing away and found a negro girl to care for it, wondering as I

went, and felt the clinging hands about my neck, whether its warm touch could ever comfort her, and if God would not in mercy take them both.

The evening came at last. The boys were very quiet, and we sat watching through the windows the gorgeous hues of purple and gold that were in the sky. The great warm sun dropped at length behind the hills. The twilight began to creep in at the windows and fall heavily on the hospital floor. It wrapped her figure where she sat, one white, thin hand fanning her husband, the other lying clenched in her lap, her head bent toward the bed to listen to his ravings. Once, when he had called her name many times, I saw her drop the fan quickly and, creeping up, lay her head upon his arm with a long wail.

"Oh, Stephen, it's me! it's yer wife, Stephen! I hain't never left yer. Ef yer'd only kiss me once!"

Perhaps he understood her, for he put up the hand he held to his hot lips. She put her arm about his neck and kissed him once—twice—almost fiercely. Then she buried her face in the clothes. I could just hear her stifled cry, "Oh, my God! my God! my God!" three times—a cry that made me tremble. The evening wore away. Stephen Rand lay panting and weaker now as the night came on.

I sat watching the forms about his bed and the flickering of the newly-lighted lamps above the faces of my boys. Now and then some one called me, and I went silently to meet their wants. Often I could hear a groan from some sufferer, or the Captain's cough, but nearer and more distinctly Stephen Rand's labored breathing, and his wife's low voice soothing his delirium. Once the little drummer called faintly for some water. I went up to give it to him. He smiled as I left him, looking over to the corner.

"I haven't forgotten her," he said. So he turned away, and once more folded his hands.

I came back and sat down again. I could do nothing for him. His wife jealously watched for every care which now remained. I watched her face, wondering who would dare to comfort her when the morning came.

Presently her husband grew more quiet, and fell at last into an uneasy slumber, fitful and restless at first, but gradually he became quite still. The Doctor, with his finger on the pulse, looked, I thought, surprised.

Was it stupor, or rest? was it death, or life? The woman's eyes asked him mutely, but he could not tell her.

The light fell full upon her where she was crouched on the floor by the bed, her hands in her husband's. Her thin hair had fallen down about her neck; her face, with its drawn lips and hueless cheeks, looked more like death than the one on which she gazed. A soft, natural heat seemed to color that at last, and he stirred in his sleep. The Doctor passed his hand over the man's forehead, and I was sure his face brightened.

"Speak to him," he said to the wife.

She bent over, with her hair falling about her face so I could not see it.

"Stephen!"

He opened his eyes, and smiled faintly.

"Whar are ye, Mary?"

"Here, Stephen! I've tuk yer hand."

"Yes. I thought I'd got ter go away, Mary. God's guv me back ter ye!"

He was quite himself now—weak as an infant, his voice scarcely above a whisper, but natural in its tone; and the hand which his wife held had grown soft and moist.

She clasped it tightly, holding it up against her breast, and dropped her face upon the pillow by his, her hair falling over them both. Her whole slight frame was quivering. No one could see her face. Through the moments that passed before she spoke her husband touched her hair caressingly, and smiled. At last it came—a little, low cry, like a penitent child.

"Oh, Stephen! He's guv yer back, an' I won't never say hard things on Him agin! I thought—I thought, oh, my husband! I thought He'd tuk yer, an' left me all alone!"

I heard the sergeant's sobs from the other end of the room; the boys who had sat up in bed, holding their breath to listen, lay down again and turned their faces to the wall; the Doctor choked; and as for me I ran out of the room, locked myself in up stairs, and cried like a baby for fifteen minutes.

When I went to the drummer-boy a while after and touched his forehead I started at the chill. His hands were still folded as when he sought from the orphan's God a blessing for this humbled, grateful woman; and even while he asked he stood face to face. She was a stranger, but he took her in—in to his pure child's heart!

Who can tell what agencies that prayer set at work? Who knows what she owed to the boy lying so still and with such a smile before her?

THE CROW-CHILD.

MIDWAY between a certain blue lake and a deep forest there once stood a cottage called by its owner "The Rookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little pieces lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her as though dazzled by his own reflection.

The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks into silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest; and something even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny

lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's, when she felt angry or ill-tempered.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky pronounced it—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times. She was, therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion night and day. Together they ate and slept, and—when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had such deep eyes that Cora said they reminded her of two dark nights with a single star in each; and his hair was so glossy black it made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny motions, too—delighted in hopping about like a bird; and, young as he was, often managed to mount high up in a low-branching tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down again. Sometimes, when perched almost out of sight, he screamed, "Cor! Cor! come, take me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora often called him her birdie. She was generally kind, except when a cross fit came upon her. Then she would scold and grumble at him until he would steal from the cottage door, and, jumping lightly from the door-step, seek the shelter of his tree.

Once perched safely among its branches he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humor, and be quite ready, when he cried "Cor! Cor!" to come out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky, in turn, could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger.

Nep and Ruky talked often together, and though one used barks and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the straggler that dared to cross Nep's path, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near!—those great teeth snapped at their prey without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely pull Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the untasted bone. Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent saucily to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eye had seemed to kindle

so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing to do but to wait upon you," she cried, "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace."

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come. Ruky be good."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a big whipping when uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side, "Nep says 'No!'"

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed and sent supperless to bed.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were scalded with tears, and his plaintive "Cor, Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She never once looked up from those gleaming knitting-needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered, "Cor, Cor;" he even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn toward him, and, with a loving kiss, murmur as usual,

"Good-night, little birdie."

Instead of this she jerked her arm angrily away, saying,

"Oh, stop your pecking and go to sleep! I wish you were a crow in earnest, and then I should have some peace."

After this Ruky was silent. His heart drooped within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

Soon Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm, heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object wheel once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not either shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up horror-stricken—Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm—perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lit the candle, and peered in every corner. The boy was not to be found!

Then those fearful words rang in her ears—
"I wish you were a crow in earnest!"

Cora rushed to the door, and looked out into the still night.

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing tree.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from

the tree. Something black seemed to spin out of it, then in great sweeping circles sailed upward, until finally it settled upon a lofty tree in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but, with outstretched arms, cried out,

"Oh, Ruky, if it is *you*, come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices as a shadow like a thunder-cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher and higher, then lower and lower, until, screaming "caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Answer me, Ruky!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered busily together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore: there was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight would never come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars one by one and waited for the sunshine.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread crumbs near the doorway, hoping that Ruky would come for them; but only a few timid little songsters hovered about, and, while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills.

When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky!" they were frightened away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it all around his favorite tree. Before long, to her great joy, a flock of crows came by. They spied the grain, and were soon busily picking it up with their short feathery bills. One even came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she knelt down, with an imploring cry:

"Oh, Ruky, is *this you*?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and surrounding the crow who was hopping closer and closer to Cora, hurried him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rainy or shiny, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows and perhaps kill her own birdie first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, except once, when one of them lit upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barked with uproarious delight. The crow flew off with a frightened "caw," and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There were none to help her; for the nearest neighbor dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

After a while she remembered the little cup, and filling it with grain stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came they fought and struggled for its contents, with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He seemed contented to peck at the berries painted upon its sides as he hopped joyfully around it again and again.

Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wistful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully toward the bird.

"It is Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Alas! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Soon nearly the entire flock alighted upon a distant border of the lake.

Some foul carrion lay there, washed on shore by a recent storm.

The crows greedily hovered about it, and by many a sweep and pounce showed their delight.

"Oh, if Ruky should be among them!" cried Cora; and the thought pierced her heart.

Next gunners came. They did not care for the crows; but Cora trembled night and day. She could hear the sharp ring of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, pricking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into bright colors and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a night of wind and storm, it seemed to Cora that she must go forth and seek her poor bird. "Perhaps he is freezing—dying!" she cried, springing from the bed and casting a long mantle over her night-dress. In a moment she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could scarcely walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed scarcely to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart and promising never, never to be passionate again if she could only find her birdie—not Ruky the boy, but whatever he might be—she was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ear. With eager haste she peered into every fold of the drifted snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor, storm-beaten crow lying there benumbed and stiff.

Sure that it was Ruky she folded it closely to her bosom and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its glossy wing as she entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel and breathed into its

open mouth. Soon to her great relief it revived and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary she cast herself upon the bed, still folding the bird to her heart. "It is all I ask," she sobbed, "I dare not pray for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing tenderly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck; and she heard a sweet voice saying,

"Don't cry, Cor, I'll be good."

She started up. It was indeed her own darling! The starlight had faded away. Lighting her candle she looked at the clock. It was just two hours since those cruel words had fallen from her lips!

Sobbing, she asked,

"Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"

"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they're asleep?"

"Sometimes, Ruky," clasping him very close.

"Then you have been asleep. But, Cor, please don't let uncle whip Ruky."

"No, no, my birdie—I mean my brother. Good-night, darling!"

"Good-night!"

WOMAN'S PROFESSION DISHONORED.

THE delicate constitution and failing health of young girls, the sickness and sufferings of mothers and housekeepers, the miserable quality of domestic service, the stinted wages of seamstresses, the despair of thousands who vainly strive for an honest living, and the awful increase of those who live by vice, are more and more pressing on public attention.

What is the cause of all this? The chief cause is, that *woman is not trained for her profession, while that profession is socially disgraced.*

Women are not trained to be housekeepers, nor to be wives, nor to be mothers, nor to be nurses of young children, nor to be nurses of the sick, nor to be seamstresses, nor to be domestics.

And yet what trade or profession of men involves more difficult and complicated duties than that of a housekeeper? Where is skill and science more needed than in the selection, cooking, and economy of food? What wisdom and self-control are needed to perform all the duties of a wife! What can demand more practical science and skill than the care of infants and young children? What profession of man requires more knowledge and wisdom than the training of the human mind at its most impressible period? Where are science and skill more needed than in woman's post as nurse of the sick? And where is trained handicraft more important than in making, mending, and preserving the clothing of a family?

And yet where is the endowment and where is the institution that has for its aim the *practical training* of woman for any one of these departments of her sacred profession?

When parents are poor, the daughters are forced into considerable practical training for future duties, though many a mother toils to the loss of health that her daughters may have all their time for study and school.

In the more wealthy classes the young girl is subjected to a constant stimulus of the brain, involving certain debility of nerves and muscles. Books in the nursery—books in the parlor—books in the school-room surround her. Her body is deformed by pernicious dress, her stomach weakened by confectionery and bad food. She sleeps late in the morning, lives more by lamps and gas than sunlight, breathing bad air in close rooms or a crowded school. A round of scientific study and fashionable accomplishments alternate, while her ambition is stimulated to excel in any thing rather than her proper business.

School is succeeded by a round of pleasurable excitement till marriage is secured, and then—perhaps in one short year—the untrained novice is plunged into all the complicated duties of wife, mother, and housekeeper, aided only by domestics as ignorant and untrained as herself.

What would a watch-maker be called who should set up his son in the trade when he had never put together a watch, furnishing only journeymen and apprentices as ignorant as his son? If in addition to this the boy's right hand were paralyzed, he would be no more unfit for his business than are most young girls of the wealthy classes, when starting in their profession at marriage.

Then, on the other hand, women who do not marry, especially in the more wealthy class, have no profession or business, and are as ill-provided as men would be, were all their trades and professions ended, and nothing left but the desultory pursuits of most single women who do not earn their living. A few such can create some new sphere as authors, artists, or philanthropists. But the great majority live such aimless lives as men would do were all their professions ended.

Almost every method that can be devised to make woman's work vulgar, and disagreeable, and disgraceful has been employed, till now the word "lady" signifies a woman that never has done any of the proper work of a woman.

Dark and dirty kitchens, mean and filthy dress, ignorant and vulgar associates, inconvenient arrangements, poor utensils, hard and dirty work, and ignorant and unreasonable housekeepers—these are the attractions offered to young girls to tempt them to one of the most important departments of their future profession.

The care of infants and young children is made scarcely less repulsive and oppressive, and usually is given to the young or the ignorant. Thus the training of young children at the most impressive age, the providing of healthful food, and suitable clothing, and of most of home comforts are turned off to the vulgar and the ignorant. A woman of position and education who should attempt to earn her living in any of

these departments of woman's proper business would be regarded with pity or disgust, and be rewarded only with penurious wages and social disgrace.

Meantime, while woman's proper business is thus disgraced and avoided, all the excitements of praise, honor, competition, and emolument are given to book-learning and accomplishments. The little girl who used to be rewarded at school for sewing neatly, and praised when she had made a whole shirt for her father, now is rewarded and praised only for geography, grammar, and arithmetic. The young woman in the next higher school goes on to geometry, algebra, and Latin, and winds up, if able to afford it, with French, music, and drawing. Twenty other branches are added to these, not one of them including any *practical training* for any one of woman's distinctive duties.

The result is, that in the wealthy classes a woman no more thinks of earning her living in her true and proper profession than her brothers do of securing theirs by burglary or piracy.

This feeling in the more wealthy classes descends to those less favored by fortune. Though forced by lack of means to some degree of training for woman's business, the daughters of respectable farmers and mechanics never look forward to earning a living in their proper business, except as the last and most disgraceful resort of poverty. They will go into hot and unhealthy shops and mills, and even into fields with men and boys, rather than to doing woman's work in a private family. Not that, take the year around, they can make so much more money, but to avoid the tyranny and social disgrace of living as a servant in kitchen, with all the discomforts connected with that position. Few except the negro and the poorer German and Irish will occupy the place which brings to respectable and educated women social disgrace and the petty tyranny of inexperienced and untrained housekeepers, who know neither how to perform their own duties nor how to teach incompetent helpers to perform theirs.

Of that great body of women who must earn their living, and yet can not find employment, nine-tenths of them would gain at least tolerable wages were they properly trained to any kind of woman's work. But those who have attempted to aid seamstresses say that all efforts fail because women are not taught either to cut and fit or even to do plain sewing properly. Neither are they trained for any other woman's work. Afraid of the disgrace of servitude, they throng to our great cities to perish in vice or on wages that will not keep soul and body together.

The following extract from Madame Demorest's *Mirror of Fashion* gives the views of a practical woman in a position that makes her a competent judge:

"It has been the great curse of American women that work—work for a living—was considered dishonorable, and only to be resorted to in cases of the direst necessity. Even then it must be cloaked and hooded, and disguised in all sorts of ways; and, if discovered, apologized for, as

if a crime had been committed, instead of an honorable effort made to obtain a livelihood.

"It is this absurd prejudice against labor which makes girls eager to rush into matrimony with the first man who makes them an offer, be he who or what he may, which precipitates them, without reflection or thought of consequences, into unions so unhappy that their whole after-lives are spent in unavailing repentance and remorse. It is this which fills our streets with the wretched daughters of shame, which desolates happy homes, and if it does not urge to crime, does to pitiful meanness, humiliating subterfuge, and constant effort to seem to be what they are not.

"Thus it happens that in no department of business can competent women be found to fulfill the duties as required. Only the extremest necessity will induce them, as we have said, to obtain employment, and then, ignorant though they may be, they imagine themselves conferring a favor, and expect wages that can only be paid to the most experienced persons.

"Any business by which a livelihood can be obtained requires industry and application, as well as some natural ability, before it can be mastered, but this is rarely thought of by girls or women who seek employment. They will apply for positions of the duties of which they are totally ignorant, vaguely supposing that they shall learn somehow, and quite satisfied if they succeed in getting their pay. Many young women, indeed, make a merit of never having been 'obliged to work;' evidently supposing that the mistress of a large establishment will consider herself honored by the possibility of adding to her corps so distinguished a person, and offer increased pay in consequence.

"Feeling no respect for their calling, and determined to escape from it at the first opportunity, girls rarely acquire that proficiency which is only the result and reward of devotion to and honest pride in any profession.

"Where such cases occur, and of course they are to be found occasionally, they are sure of appreciation and substantial encouragement, especially if united to integrity of purpose.

"Take a large dress-making establishment, and imagine how much more profitable a dozen swift, competent, well-paid hands will be than twice the number of slow, ignorant, ill-paid ones, whose work has to be carefully prepared, and half taken out, and who can not be relied upon for any thing but their blunders."

The system of our public schools, especially in large towns and cities, is tending to the destruction of female health, as also to this degradation of woman's profession. A recent writer in a leading Boston paper thus describes what is true all over the nation:

"Our school system supposes that the human being from the age of five to fifteen has nothing to do but to acquire by *memory* the results of the study of the world for some hundred centuries. The system gives no fit place for physical exercise, for personal observation of nature, or for practical experience in the humblest details of human life. The girl, properly educated in the system of our public schools, when at the crown of its operation at the Normal Schools, has only one hour a week for herself. All the rest of her time is devoted to the studies of the school, and to the minimum of exercise by which life can be preserved through the school's ordeals.

"But we shall be told that some girls of the lower classes in our grammar-schools are taught a little sewing in spite of a system which defies memory. We are aware that a pretended concession to good sense is made in this direction by the employment of a few teachers for a few hours a week. We are aware also, however, that the 'experiment,' as it is always called, is frowned on as grossly exceptional by nine out of ten of the authorities; that only the smallest girls avail themselves of it; that no material for work is provided, and that the results are indefinitely small. It answers as so much additional recess, for which we are duly thankful, and for little or nothing more.

"We shall be told again that, when the hours of school are over, study is over; that, in the girls' schools, the rules forbid study at home. To which we reply, that we

never meet a company of school girls in the streets but they are lugging more school books than ought to answer the whole purpose of their school-training; and that every head of a family knows that the school regulation must be systematically disobeyed.

"It is evident that careful parents, who care more for the health of their children than for their laurels, more and more regularly attempt to withdraw them from the public schools.

"When do we find any skillful physician intrusting his daughters even to the best public schools? Yet there is virtually no choice. The private schools are worked at as high a pressure. Their teachers are intelligent enough to regret it, as are their fellow-laborers who work for the public, but that vitiated public sentiment or public indifference which mistakes book-learning for wisdom, drives them up to the overwork which, with very few exceptions, is the vice of our whole system.

"On the other hand, we constantly hear of children withdrawn where the direction of the physician is the reason assigned. The strain on the whole system is so severe, just at the period of life when the physical functions should be gaining strength, that a medal or a diploma is rightly considered poor pay for epilepsy, for dyspepsia, for typhoid fever, or for pulmonary disease.

"The boys, as has been intimated, take this thing a good deal into their own hands. But girls can not 'go into water,' can not play cricket on the Common, can not form drill clubs; and yet, though the earlier development of women makes it specially necessary that we should relieve them earlier than boys from school, by a sort of fatality we pile upon them a mass of additional sciences which the boys by some good fortune escape from. At fourteen most of the boys throw the whole thing up. Their wages are worth something to their parents, or they themselves decline to have any thing more to do with the schools. Some years are left them, therefore, to renew or to create physical vigor before the age of growth is over.

"The girls at the same age are at the most critical period of life. The body is growing most rapidly; its functions are undergoing the most critical changes; its organs are adapting themselves to the necessities of womanhood; and yet at that precise period it is that we say that the rest of the body may look out for itself, but that what we care for is brain, and nothing but brain. The blood shall feed the brain with such nutrition as it can give, and all the rest of the system may go. Still we will not give appetite enough to endow the blood tolerably; for we will not give air or exercise enough to create a healthy appetite. We will have girls who can explain to us the binomial theorem; who can tell us how many metaphors there are in the 'Bugle Song,' and how many metacarpal bones they have. If they can do this it is no matter, we say, whether their metacarpal bones can sustain the weight of a pail of water, or whether they themselves are ever fresh enough or free enough to have written for themselves a 'Bugle Song.'

"Now this becomes a serious matter when, as a generation passes, we find that half our young men are exempt from bearing arms by physical weakness, and that half our young women, in what was once the prime of life, are confirmed invalids. It is a serious matter when, for the class which graduates this year at the Normal School, we find that there is another class, as large, of those who have dropped out by the way, unable to bear the high pressure of the Grammar schools and of the Normal. Such facts of themselves show that the practice is as disastrous as the system is absurd."

The results of *boarding-schools*, as they have been made known to the writer, would make a still more mournful impression. Especially so in those great brick establishments where one, two, and three hundred young girls, at the most critical period of life, are congregated to be put under the extremest intellectual excitement, without parental care to watch and regulate.

God made woman so that her health and comfort are best promoted by doing the work she is appointed to perform. The tending of chil-

dren, the house-work of a family, duly combined with its sedentary pursuits, all tend to strengthen and develop those central muscles of the body that hold its most important organs in their place.

But most young girls grow up without those tonic exercises of the arms, chest, and trunk, either at home or at school. Instead of this, a weight of clothing that ought to be held by the shoulders encircles the lower part of the body, impeding action in the most important sustaining muscles, and debilitating also by the heat, drawing the blood from other portions. Then the central part of the body is compressed by tight dress pressing the central organs on to those below, bringing them into a condition similar to a finger when bound with a tight string, thus inflaming or debilitating all the lower organs. Then the brain is excited by constant intellectual stimulus, absorbing to itself and the nerves an over-exciting excess of nourishment, and robbing the muscles of their normal portion.

Deformed and weakened, the young girl is then sent to those great boarding establishments, where the muscles of the lower limbs and spine are overworked by the stairs of three and four stories; thus again drawing nutriment from the central organs. And when, under all this, the system begins to fail, then some scheme of Calisthenics comes, in many instances, to add to the mischief by unscientific and indiscriminate application. If most of those institutions were labeled aright, they would read, "*Hospitals for the Destruction of Female Health.*"

If the public only knew all that medical men and women could narrate, especially those who conduct health establishments frequented by women and young girls, a cry of horror would go up more agonized than the wail over sons slaughtered on the battle-field. For while the sons are sacrificed for liberty and country in honorable martyrdom, the daughters are led as lambs to a more dreadful and disgraceful slaughter, or to a lingering fate far worse than death. The truth on this subject can not be spoken—can not be written—for it is too dreadful and disgraceful to be tolerated in expression.

The census tells us that before the war there were in Massachusetts 37,000 more women than men, in Connecticut 8000, in New Hampshire 7000, in New York 11,000. To these must be added the mournful multitudes of wives and betrothed maidens widowed by the war, and a large increase from this cause of the relative female population all over the nation.

What is to become of this multitude of women who can not have homes of their own, while it is disgraceful to do the healthful work that should bring them as honored and well-paid helpers into the homes of others?

These questions are now assuming a shape in which the women of this nation will be called upon to take some practical action. There are plans being devised and discussed that aim to remedy the evils here set forth.



[ALICE B. HAVEN (known to the reading world as "Cousin Alice") sleeps her last sleep in the pretty rural cemetery at Rye. A beautiful marble cross is her monument, and upon the base of it is inscribed, after her name and age, the following text as suggestive of the spirit of her life:

"*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.*" The following lines were written after a first visit to her grave.]

I SAW her asleep for the last,
Close-clasped in her pale hands a cross;
Her praying and weeping were past,
But we stood in tears for our loss.

The chaplets lay white on her brow,
And lilies lay white on her breast;
Her shroud was as pure as the snow,
But the cross her true beauty expressed.

Life's burdens to bear for the faint,
Life's sorrows to share with the sad,
This sweet service made her a saint,
And each rough cross still made her glad.

What else for a sign might be set—
Her wood-cloistered grave to reveal,
Than the cross she is honoring yet—
Though no more its weight she can feel?

The cross at her grave is as white
As that in her hands' icy fold;
That faded, and this will be bright
When the grave-yard trees are grown old.

But longer than gleam of the stone,
The light of her life shall endure;
By the cross to us here best known,
She lives by the cross with the pure.

MY SILVER SPOON.

"Those born in June
Are worth a silver spoon."

BOTH of these conditions met in me. I was born in June; I was worth a silver spoon.

My paternal grandfather was a millionaire in his day and generation; but alas! his heirs were million—figuratively speaking, you know.

As for me, I was the seventh child of a seventh son, who had never ceased to repine that we five were daughters, and thus annihilated the possibility of the philosopher's stone ever becoming the splendid possession of our family.

My mother, a creole and a second wife, died at my birth.

"There's another slice of our property gone!" pouted Emily, the eldest at home since Sophia, Lucy, and Fan were married, and when I was first reported to have sneezed, and so, as old-wives say, broken loose from elfin spell to run riot in a spell of crying not so enchanting.

"You needn't fret, miss," quoth grandmamma, in a pet, "I'll provide for *her*."

"What will you do?—leave her your property?"

"Leave my property! Really, have I got so old as to be taunted with *leaving* any thing? Fine time o' day! However, she shall have something, and something worth waiting for, provided she doesn't throw her poor old grandmamma's age in her teeth."

"Hem!" retorted this dutiful grand-daughter. "And provided she has any teeth to receive it!"

"I wonder will the child live?" suggested Diana. Diana, not to be outdone by the huntress, was quite full enough of sentimental moonshine, and it was never the last quarter with her.

Shortly after this Grandmamma Engelhardt made her will, and I, Dolores, was provided for; at least so my father must have thought, for at his death, which occurred years later, and some months before hers, his will left me but a pittance, and perhaps he thought thereby to propitiate his other children offended by his second marriage, and who never seemed inclined to overlook my audacity in coming so inopportune-ly upon this mundane scene. Grandmamma, being on her own death-bed at the same time, never knew what disposition my father had made; and as I was too thoughtless or shrinking to tell her, you may be sure no one else would take the trouble.

"Never mind," said the appeased Emily; "there's grandmamma, who's going to give you the sun, moon, and stars in a nut-shell."

"Only you'll have to borrow Thor's hammer to crack the nut!" jeered Jerome.

"Jerome! Jerome!" from the warning voice of Diana, "never make game of the longevity of your race, lest you be cut off in the flower of youth."

"I leave all the game to you, my dear, it's your birth-right."

"What a boon it was to you when Di's name turned up!" snapped Emily.

"Yes, the boon of a new moon."

"I'm glad *my* name is beyond your small wit at least."

"True, Emily is entirely witless."

"Many men have many minds," objected Egmont. "You can confidently say *Em-I-lie*! But about grandmamma's nut-shell—it *may* turn out a perfect Pandora's box."

"With only hope at the bottom, and anger and disappointment flying into Dolores's face."

"I'll take care of my face and fortune without interference if the worst comes to the worst," I returned, having listened long enough to their badinage.

"Nobody 'll take exception at that."

"Nor make any!"

At this juncture the door-bell rang.

"Oh dear!" said Emily, "I hope it's not Lawrence Holland;" which was equivalent to saying, "I hope it may be;" while Di vigorously twisted her long curls that Jerome always called her moonbeams, or something relative to that luminary.

"Oh, it's one of Di's victims; she is getting her quivers ready."

"It's our German teacher," said I.

Jerome nonplused me by asking, "How do you know? Are you clairvoyant?"

"It is his hour."

"But there's no clock in the room."

"But there is the sun."

"And the moon."

"Have you your lesson, Emily?"

"Heavens, no! Is it that nuisance? Stop, make an excuse."

"She's sick, and early went to bed, And scarcely can hold up her head."

"Hush, Egmont! No, tell him I haven't got it. That will do. Who cares for their German teacher?"

Now I did.

"How absurd!" continued Egmont. "Nobody does, of course. He's nothing but a machine, wound up like a music-box, and warranted to run two hours for the pleasure of the royal family."

"Precious little music one gets from him though. His name chokes me every time I attempt it."

"What's in a name?" sighed Di.

"There's a great deal in mine—

"Great and high, The world knows only two, that's Rome and I—(Je-rome)."

I met Mr. Himmelsliedern in the library.

"And Miss Engelhardt?" he asked, impassible as a statue.

"She has no lesson to-day."

And so we went to business. Now this German teacher of mine was more beautiful than Apollo, more learned than Politian, with more fascinations than words can show, though he did nothing but entangle me in a web of verbs and idioms.

Of what were my brothers thinking to deliv-

er me to the glamour of his presence? What blindness possessed my sisters that they delayed to follow my example? Where he glanced into my book I marked the place with a star, learned my lessons like a seraph, and recited as if they had been stolen from me by a daimon. Well, we all see with our own eyes, I suppose, when we take the trouble to look, and what's gold to one is copper to another.

One day a note came for Emily.

"Holland?" asked Di, leaning over her shoulder and brushing it with her long curls.

"Nonsense!" answered the disappointed one.

"Only the German teacher, to say he's too ill to come to-day. Bah! what do I care? I'm glad of it; it would have interfered with our excursion."

Without lingering a moment she tossed it away, and I, who would have treasured it as the apple of my eye had it been to me, saw it flutter to the floor disregarded and swept out by the maid next morning! So he was ill? and so was I—with disappointment. I declined to go on the excursion, which put out no one; and when their backs were fairly turned I meditated—what? a bouquet!

It was but a step into the conservatory, and there the flowers awaited me; I clipped an imperial white camellia, and hid it behind a hedge of delicate heath, where tiny blossoms poised like white doves pluming themselves, adding blush and tea and red-hearted roses, with heliotrope and the touch-me-not balls of the yellow acacia, and veiled all behind and under a little atmosphere of light-green feathery ferns; then I waylaid an urchin in the street, and sent it nameless to my German teacher.

Next day he came muffled in a cloak, but when he put it off there was one of my roses in his button-hole.

"He has found me out," I thought, and blushed, and would have clapped my hands if I had been alone. "But then the Germans are so fond of roses that they salt them; so, after all, perhaps it's only a nationality in him." And I stammered so with my lesson, and must have looked so hard at the bud, that, after all was said and done, he looked at *me* a second, unfastened it, and gave it to me.

"Ah, then, he doesn't know!" I admired, deprecated, and at last accepted.

"I have good store of them," he said; "the world blossomed for me yesterday!"

I won't say but that I was a trifle sorry he hadn't fathomed me; but in the mean while here was the rose; he had chosen it from them all; he had worn it and given it to me; so I pressed it tenderly in a volume of Goethe.

"Well!" said Emily, after he had left, she having remained stupefied during this scene, "one would think you never had a rose before, you handle it so gingerly, and make such an ado about it; what do you want with that?—there are far finer ones in the conservatory."

"Not to my eye."

Soon after this grandmamma died, and her

will was read. She left something to all; but so little in comparison with what each had expected, that they waited in breathless anger to hear what should be my share. "And to my beloved grand-daughter, Dolores, one silver spoon, now in charge of the silversmith, Louis, and to be delivered upon her applying therefor."

There was an ill-suppressed titter from all but me; it was now my turn for anger.

"At Louis's?" said Egmont; "why, for Heaven's sake, is it there?"

"For Dolores's sake," returned Jerome.

"For shame, Jerome," said I; "it may stay there; I shall never trouble it till starvation troubles me!"

The others said nothing, but probably thought the more, like the parrot.

We were translating Goethe one day. I went to turn a leaf, and out flew my pressed rose as if it had borrowed wings of its lover the nightingale. Smothering an exclamation I sprang to pick it up, but Mr. Himmelsliedern was before me; he held it in his palm for me to take, and smiled; not so did I—the blood poured like an avalanche into my face.

"The rose of the world!" he said.

"Which of them?" inquired Emily, who had been regarding all with wondering owl's eyes. He blushed and laughed softly as if he had been detected.

"Both. The tea-rose is the rose for me of all the world!"

"Too commonplace: one doesn't want to remember gastronomy among flowers," persisted Emily.

"The name has very little to do with the impression; in this case I hold with Shakspeare." And we returned to lessons.

Leicester Woods was a famous spot for picnics. There was a cave where the pleasers sometimes dined, having brought torches and disposed them in the crevices of its walls; there was a waterfall that played like a timbrel close by, and natural bowers and sequestered nooks "for whispering lovers made." Wild berries and flowers abounded, and their maze stretched away, and seemed to beckon the wayfarer into the dim, brooding heart of the wood. Now, a picnic of innumerable is of all things the most disagreeable—you are bored to death, tired to death, starved to death, and catch your death a-cold; but notwithstanding all this, nothing to do but we must accept Mrs. Alcott's invitation to one, and die the death of the *ennuyées*! Every body went, and made believe they enjoyed it. They danced and sang, and ate and drank, and talked nonsense, and punned and proposed, and flirted and jilted, and told stories, and did pretty much as all such have done ever since the world began; and at last were photographed! Now, you may search that photograph forever, and you'll not find me there, yet I was on the picnic. Why then? Because I dislike the universal custom? To the contrary, since some one declared "you could have a *real*

beauty taken at Black's," I have been eager to attempt it. But for this reason; after luncheon, when every one separated, some in twos and threes, whither they would, I went in search of flowers for my herbarium, followed several devious ways, and went further than I intended before it struck me I had better retrace my steps; when, to my dismay, I knew not which way to take, discovered that I was lost and the day drawing to a close. I tried to collect myself and remember if there were no signs by which I could identify my path, but all in vain; my mind was utterly blank of all data, and of every thing but the fact that I was lost in that dreadful wood and no one would miss me! Then I hallooed with all my might, and only the echo of my own voice mocked back at me; and the very squirrels seemed to stop and gibe at me—"Lost your way, aha!" and a bird above my head whistled "Lost! lost!" And then there came to mind all the stories I had ever heard of all the forests under the sun, and of this one in particular; of the ghosts and goblins and brigands that haunt such spots; and I shivered with terror, and all the while kept walking on, though feeling that every step led me further from what I sought; and all the while the day kept pace with me, and the sun went down, and the woods grew, oh! so dusky and full of shadows unfamiliar, and the mother-birds chirped their lullabies, and every thing grew so still I could hear my heart beat.

Overcome with fatigue and despair, I sat down against a tree, and awaited death or deliverance. Presently there was a flash in the sky that illuminated the woods far and wide, made every leaf visible and aglow; then a growl followed, and a few drops of rain fell. There was going to be a shower; my shawl was scarcely more than muslin, but I drew it over my head, and still awaited. Heart of man, will you believe it? As plain as day I heard far-off footsteps! Coming nearer and nearer they were yet far away, but distinct as my own heart-beats, and keeping time with them. At first I bounded up, thinking, "It is some one seeking me!" Then the alternative occurred, and I shrank back beneath my shawl, and would have transformed myself into a toad-stool if possible—at least hoped to pass for one. And still the steps approached, firm and quick and even—on, on, and, Heaven save me, stopped just under the lea of my tree, some feet in front of me! I held my breath, and would have silenced the tumult of my heart; and then the rain fell in torrents, and I could see from my peep-hole that another flash was lighting up the secret old forest, divulging all her mysteries in splendid dissolving views.

Presently my neighbor stepped backward, nearer the bole of the tree, and not seeming to discover me, I took courage and looked out cautiously. He stood sideways from me, a large book under one arm and a rifle over his shoulder, gazing intently into the hollows of the weird wood which the lightning had betrayed.

Do you know, fear fled like a phantom! I clapped my hands above my head, and stepped forward.

"Mr. Himmelsliedern," I said, "didn't you feel a presence?"

He started like one awakened from sleep; then held out his hand to me.

"Miss Dolores, how ever came you here?" in utter astonishment. Then I related.

"Poor child! But I thought you were an appearance when I first beheld you. Come, you're soaked through!" And he wrapped me in his outer coat. "I passed the hut of a charcoal burner a little way back; we will go there and get dry while nature is following suit. • See, the storm is breaking now." But yet the rain fell as if the windows of heaven were open.

As we neared the hut, and its solitary window shot a baleful lustre on the terror without, it reminded me of those forest inns where benighted travelers find their end sometimes, about which horrible mysteries hang like dank cobwebs in a damp cellar. Still, the situation of things was so sweet and strange, the incidents so picturesque, the fear so remote and beautifully vague, that I came to consider being lost the height of human bliss!

A woman carrying a child opened to us, and seated us before a blazing wood-fire with a ready hospitality becoming more enlightened regions. It was one of the rudest log-huts, roomy without division; a bed bearing a Job's trouble counterpane and linen white as milk glimmered in a distant corner; a bureau, a settle, and rush-bottomed chairs completed the furniture, while the dingy walls were adorned with glistening tins and pewter ware in the place of pictures. I wondered if she were not the identical wife of the story who exchanged all her husband's buried jewels with a tin-peddler for these more telling treasures of a housekeeper, with which to decorate her kitchen. This suspicion was speedily dissolved by the entrance of the defrauded spouse, who, though perhaps a diamond in the rough, certainly needed polish and a trifle of soap and water to disclose his virtues. He welcomed us with the voice of a thunder-bolt, dandled the child in his grimy hands, and from that moment Bedlam seemed to enter upon the scene. Talk of a woman's gift of speech! You should have heard this charcoal-burner. His tongue fairly galloped. You would have supposed it the steed that bore the good news to Aix, except that there was no such *dénouement* as a cessation. He told, with florid decorations, how ill the pit had burned that day; how a rabbit, the little gourmand, had stolen his dinner, and a yellow-bird had lit on the brim of his hat and taken a berry from his hand; how he had found tracks of a bear, and but for his gun being at home, would have had Bruin's nose in his money-bag and his skin on his back—with a flood of minor incidents and witticisms from the mouths of his companion-burners.

"And now, Dory, where's my supper? I'm as starved as the man in the South who hain't

eat a grain since he burnt his mouth with that cold pudding and porridge!"

"And it's true you've earnt it as honest as any parson or speech-maker, with your 'tarnal twittering—just like the swallows under the eaves, who never hold their blessed tongues from morning ter night!" And she set before him a supper of pudding and milk.

"Save my soul!" said he, staring, with both hands upraised.

"Sure, that's a good wish now," quoth she.

"But where's the sausages?" quoth he.

"Rover, he stole 'm while I was out at the spring."

"The thief!—Poor fellow, belike he was hungered!"

And he made an immediate and energetic onslaught upon the pudding and milk. My first suspicion lingered yet. Surely, unless my memory cheated me, the same story told how the dog robbed the fry-pan while Madame of the tins went to draw ale in the cellar. Suddenly our host stopped and turned to us:

"Oh, the cursed beggar that I am! Sit up, strangers, and take a bite. Dory, what be ye thinking? Bring the bowls." The wife hesitated; it was evident she had put her all at the disposal of her lord. Therefore we declined with thanks.

"More for me, then," said he, returning to the contest. Being now dry, we rose to depart.

"Wait a bit," said Dory, diving into a chest and bringing hence a shawl of brilliant dyes.

"Your wife had better wear this; the trees drip yet, and she'll catch cold. I'll trust ye with it!"

I wrapped it about me, my face the color of its plaids, and stole a glance at Himmelsliedern; he was biting his lips to keep from laughing. We made our courteous adieux, promising to return the shawl next day; and the last glimpse I had of the interior showed the baby trundling a silver coin of some size across the floor, and *la chère mère* rushing to its rescue.

So we took our way through the forest. The clouds had skurried out of sight and left a deep illumined cope above, where moon and stars peeped out to judge if all were right. Mr. Himmelsliedern knew these woods by heart; they were his daily haunts, and this afternoon he had come out to find specimens of a rare flower he had previously seen here, and being unsuccessful, had got belated and gone further than his first intention, and so the fortunate rencontre came about. Underneath the soft moonlight we were fast making friendly acquaintance, when our felicity was rudely interrupted by a sudden turn in the path revealing the bear of our charcoal-burner burrowing with the coveted nose in the rotten trunk of a tree.

"Bruin is robbing the bees' orchard!" whispered Mr. Himmelsliedern, examining his rifle. "St. Hubert! a great hunter am I, with an unloaded piece!" and he commenced to load, glancing searchingly at me.

"Are you afraid, Miss Dolores?"

"Not in the least, only miss me no misses."

"Not unless I'm a bungler," pretending to misunderstand me; "but step behind this tree, he may spring."

"If Cæsar hide himself shall they not whisper, 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?'"

Just then the bear detected us, left his honey-gathering for an inspection, grinned and showed his frightful teeth, then turned about and walked leisurely out of sight before Himmelsliedern was ready to relieve him from providing for future hunger.

And at last we reached home, thoroughly wearied, and the clocks striking twelve. Emily came flying forward at the approach of steps.

"Jerome! Egmont! home without her? Oh, you horrid girl! you've worn the life out of us."

"Very romantic!" she continued, after hearing my story.

"How soon did you miss me?" I asked.

"Not till we were at home; we each thought you were in one of the other carriages."

"Ah," said Di, bringing me her *vinaigrette*, "aren't you faint with recollection?"

"No; I'm faint with hunger."

So we had a feast, to which Mr. Himmelsliedern remained, relating our adventures to each fresh comer, till I was in danger of becoming a heroine.

"A tasty shawl," observed Jerome, after listening unusually well for him. "Do they grow in Leicester Wood?"

Of course I was silly enough to blush "with recollection" at this, instead of fainting.

"It seems to have a strong reflecting power," continued my persecutor.

"One of the little wood-people covered me with it, as the robins did the lost Babes."

That was an unlucky speech of mine. You wouldn't believe it possible, but after this night I never saw Himmelsliedern for a month and more. To be in character, I went and had a sweet little fever, the climax of picnic, rain, and bear. See if you catch me at one again! But I ought to love picnics.

I made my first appearance down stairs unexpectedly; the family were at tea; and on opening the door the first face that flashed upon me was Himmelsliedern's, where he was seated beside Di, who was deluging him with her sentimentalities. He rose immediately, brought me a seat and my tea and toast, and then, without paying me any further attention, entertained us all with fun and fancy woven together in an inextricable web. It was worth being ill to be so waited upon.

If at first I had been startled with his pallor, I was now amazed at his bloom; if a twinge of jealousy had twisted my heart-strings then, a flood-tide of belief submerged it now. Before leaving he said in an under-tone to me,

"I shall live now."

"I'm sure I hope so," said I.

"Why?"

"Guess."

"I'm a German," making a wry face.

"You've been out long enough to learn the custom."

"Well, then, because I teach well?"

"No credit to you; you've an apt pupil."

"Because I'm a quick shot?"

"You're wide of your mark."

"Because I went to the wood for a flower and found—a bear?"

"You didn't bring it away with you."

"Because—I am Max Himmelsliedern?"

"You're an impostor!"

Since the late event Jerome and Egmont had taken a fancy to his social virtues, and, desiring that they should blaze in their benefit, invited him often; and so when I recovered I found him as much at home with us as if he had been a cousin. To be sure the result was that our lessons became splendidly irregular and sublimely digressive; moreover, they were a convocation of all the family. Di brought her embroidery or crocheting, Jerome his cigar and his tongue—no unimportant instrument, and Egmont his ears and appreciation; and oftentimes grammar and translating would be tossed aside, we would go down to the water's edge, find a boat, and push off into the rippling river, while he sped the hours with pictures of the Rhine exhibited by the magic light of his enthusiasm, and hoary legends of the Hartz Mountains.

"There is something in having a fatherland," said he; "I wish you all shared mine. There is much that is so grandly historic about it. Every inch of soil seems to story some heroic genius; and its rivers flow like poems through the land."

"I wish we were there!" said I, heedlessly.

"Speak for yourself," retorted Emily, who hated traveling.

And I found I had spoken for myself.

But then it was not always so. Sometimes, when the dusk was growing, he and I together stole down the path to the river, and skimmed away out upon its quivering floor till the shore seemed a great sea-monster with glittering scales, the light-house a ruby set in chaos, the river one broad shining street of enameled silver, while the sea thundered its diapason beside us; and pausing thus amidst the mingled balm of the summer night, with the spirits of the air singing the weird score of the heaven palpitating above us, as if it fain would intone its own harmony, perhaps we sought to demonstrate that theorem of celestial geometry, "The stars are the apices of what wonderful triangles!" and perhaps we more satisfactorily demonstrated more sublunary things. Be that as it may, returning after one of these evenings, I found the family assembled in the drawing-room, and told them of a pretty little incident that had occurred in their midst, but to whose beauty they seemed blind, as usual.

"I'm engaged to—" I began to announce.

"To Hol— Oh, I mean Himmelsliedern?" interrupted Emily.

"Never mind," put in Jerome, "it's imma-

terial which; they both begin with H. She loves her love with an H, because he is handsome. She has taken him to the sign of the Heart, and treated him to Herself!"

"Dolores, you don't mean to waste yourself upon Himmelsliedern?" deprecated Di.

"Economize is the word for such a couple," answered Emily.

"What do you expect to live on?" she added.

"My wits, if you can spare them."

"I didn't know you had such a fortune."

"Live and learn!"

"An unprincipled business," volunteered Jerome. "But then we forget the spoon."

"The locks of six princesses shall be my marriage fee,
So heigh! bonny boat, and ho! bonny boat.
Who comes a-wooing me?"

sang Di.

"It would be difficult to say!" returned Jerome, ready to sneer at one as another.

"The old Dutch merchants used to give a tulip bulb for the dower of a daughter," Egmont remarked.

"Then perhaps the spoon won't be thought so meanly of in the Faderland," continued my other affectionate brother.

"Humph! And to think that an Engelhardt should marry one of those horrid Germans!" grieved Emily.

"The course of true-love never did run smooth!" quoted Di.

"Except when it's a race-course to Gretna Green"—the speaker, of course, was Jerome.

"That's pretty well!" said I; "papa hadn't a drop of German blood in his veins, I suppose? Engelhardt isn't a German name, is it? And our ancestors didn't make their money cheating the natives, with one foot in the scale, etc.!"

"You'll none of it."

"No. You resemble them too much!"

"But about this match; there's many a hole in the skimmer, Emily," quoth Jerome, with the air of a Grand Signor.

"Did you ever see the cream escape?" I asked.

"The cream of the joke!" said Egmont.

"There's no joke here!" cried Jerome, getting heated. "I shall put down my foot!"

"À la ancestors?" asked Emily.

"You'd better keep down your temper," said I.

"I'll do both!"

"Don't have too many irons in the fire at once."

"Well, then, I've got your money in my bank, and in my name; so marry that Dutchman, if you dare!"

"I shall marry Himmelsliedern, be you as much a rogue as you please. You had better try to pick up a little geography along with your other acquisitions, and learn that to be born in Cologne isn't being born in Holland; and if it were, Erasmus was a Dutchman."

"From Deutschland I come,
With my light wares all laden,
To dear happy England,
In summer's gay bloom!"

piped the songstress Di.

I kept my word and married Max, and Jerome kept his word and my money to boot. Having put his foot down to no effect, he expended his spleen in speaking of us as the Babes in the Wood. Well, it was a brotherly deed, though he meant it otherwise; without it I might never have known the meaning of adversity—never have known the value of a silver spoon! That is well: besides it might have been spent ere this, whereas now, like the coral isles, it is daily adding a crumb to its nucleus.

With what money Max had put by for a rainy day he bought a house—never expecting, he said, to use it for a sunshiny one instead. An aunt of mine furnished it prettily enough.

"Ah! Dolores, I had intended this money toward a fund for orphan idiots!" she delicately intimated, and forthwith her bosom became tumultuous as the crater of a volcano.

"I don't see that it will be diverted from its original channel," observed Jerome.

Max made a tolerable living with his classes in music and the languages; and then he had a gift—or rather, an ambition, perhaps—for sculpture. It amused his idle hours to model a little, and perhaps it was the insecure foundation of many a *Château en Espagne*; at least I know my hand and foot were often required for models when too deeply involved in domestic concerns, and the loaf of bread was *beforehand* in taking the cast; and if the plastic art of the studio was well represented by them, that of the kitchen scarcely suffered thereby.

And so we two lived in an atmosphere of content, for who knows whether it is content or the blithe expectancy of the to-morrow that makes the children so cheerful, when—as Dr. Dickson says all diseases are intermittent—life, that great hereditary disease of which we all die at last, its painless interval having expired, exhibited its paroxysms to us?

Max came home one day complaining of his head, and the next he knew no more than a baby of what went on about him: he was in the delirium of fever!

Oh what heavy days and nights! what a nightmare of black draughts, damp cloths, burned vinegar, groans and sighs, weariness and anxiety! What a mockery the sun became; how passionless seemed the heavens; how void life; how dark the grave; how all things centred themselves in that one darkened room, in one tossing frame, in the unintelligible murmurs of a pained and weakened voice! And then the break of day, the sunrise of hope flushing the heaven of life with its roseate beams, dissolving the mists of fear into tears of joy!

Convalescence is a charming state, provided one daily expects a passport hence, and has no pressing calls across the border into the freehold of health.

Max Himmelsliedern wasn't an easy convalescent to deal with—it was purgatory for him to lie on his back and his pupils deserting him; but the doctor admonished him that purgatory was but a foretaste of heaven or hell, according

to the manner in which it was borne. He would have taken health by storm, but his superior officer commanded a siege, believing a forlorn hope the inevitable result of the former.

In the mean while, as the old ballad says,

"My purse was getting low,
And to the highway I was forced to go!"

Which, being modernized and inverted, means to the pawnbroker's, with rings, brooches, and jeweled trinkets; for this illness had been a very confiscation act, had swallowed sovereigns with the equanimity of a cannibal or a juggler! There were wines and jellies and other delicacies to be procured for the invalid, besides bread and butter for the children; and for all that my store of valuables didn't scruple to exhaust itself nor the pawnbroker to cheat me, and accordingly one day found me at my wit's end and my money's too. From whence should arrive the next bottle of wine or loaf of bread, not to mention butter, was beyond my arithmetical or financial calculations. I took the problem to bed with me, and a most uncomfortable bedfellow it proved; as often as I turned it in my mind I turned myself in my bed, and management nor imagination could contrive a plausible answer. Thus the night dragged on, and the dawn crept up the horizon, and the earliest birds sang good-morning to each other; and just as from far and near there bubbled up, as if out of the overflowing heart of nature, drawn by some incantation of day, a thousand little rills of melody, I dropped asleep; and in my dream grandmother Engelhardt came to me.

"The Engelhardts were always a proud and willful race," she said; "now that you're at the bottom of your casket, perhaps you will discover what is at the bottom of your kinsmen's hearts; at all events, go and get your spoon before you starve."

So I made my toilet in my dream, and departed to Louis. He bustled up to me with instant recognition.

"Mr. Louis, my grandmother left me a spoon here?"

"Which you wish to carry away with you? One minute." And he disappeared. "Bah! what a flourish about a spoon," I thought. "I wonder if it will allow of partridges, or only a chop;" for you see I was determined to die game. Presently he came from an inner room, bearing a kid case that would have held the silver mines of Peru, I fancied. "I may as well see one of the seven wonders, so long as it costs nothing," I thought again; "but you're putting yourself to a great deal of trouble, Monsieur Louis. My dinner doesn't lurk in that cavern. It would be like hunting for a needle in a hay-mow." All this time he was unhasping it and examining the name on the lid.

"Thought I couldn't mistake," he said; "you have never seen it, madame? No, it was placed here the week you were born; it's a superb piece of work. One of the little figures had got bent; see I straightened it!" Was the man insane, or was I not fairly awakened from my sleep? said

I to myself. There, before me, lay a large silver ladle on its velvet cushions, its bowl, lined with gold, shining and reflecting magnificently, its handle studded with jewels that glanced like so many eyes of various hues and meaning. He lifted it tenderly, and disclosed a world of bass-relief and chasing upon the underside of the bowl; tiny fawns and satyrs, bacchantes and grape-gatherers, reeling under their baskets of fruit, and every symbol of wine and the revel that an exuberant imagination could invent; while at the brim a bird, in wrought silver, poised to taste; a bee hovered there, lured by the fragrance; a girl dipped with her bucket below, and a little urchin paddled with his feet inside. Vine tendrils that had wreathed the cup with glistening leaves intertwined and formed the handle, dropping here and there a bunch of grapes, each an amythest or chrysolite, and terminating at the top in an oval surrounded with diamonds and bearing the 'scutcheon of the De Veres.

I thought of the sun, moon, and stars that Emily had suggested as grandmamma's gift; and if I was silent, Louis was voluble.

"It is very old, I understand—an heir-loom. Ah, madame! it is worth a fortune. Your grandmother has told me of it; it has been in her family four hundred years, it was her wedding dower. Your grandmother was a De Vere—fine name!" I remembered Egmont's remark then, that the old Dutch merchants gave their daughters a tulip bulb as dower, and I said as calmly as I could command:

"Yes, that's a good while. The family of Macleod, you may recollect, have a drinking-cup belonging to their ancestors when they were Kings of the Isle of Man."

So the ladle and I found ourselves at home; and whom should I meet at my own door but Jerome? He had never crossed its threshold before. He had made money of late of a surety, in two ways, speculation and marriage; or perhaps they were both included in the first. But now I confronted him with my grandmother's legacy.

"There's my silver spoon that you all made much of!"

"Humph! it's nothing new to me. I bent the urchin back myself to see if his feet wouldn't fly up, when I was a lad. Odd fish these De Veres and Engelhardts, to let a fortune rust out in a spoon! Didn't you know what it was?"

"Did you?"

"Yes. Supposed you had it in your parlor cup-board all this time."

"You increase in amiability upon closer acquaintance. Do you wish to purchase?"

"Purchase! Do you think I'm King Midas himself? That silver spoon is worth an army contract; you can afford to go home to faderland now, and live in the ancestral castles."

"That's nothing to the purpose. But you have *had* army contracts, and if you don't want the heir-loom to leave the family, prevent it!"

"Can't do it. Had a speculation fail the other day."

"Which? Did she have her money secured to herself?"

"No," still laughing, through his cruelty, in spite of himself. "But I'll tell you what, I'll negotiate it for you."

"No, thank you; I've had some experience of your financial abilities."

"Then if I can be of no service to you, good-morning." And he bowed himself out, for I'm sure I didn't do it. I had to run and pick up my baby, who had tumbled off his cricket; and with this spring my eyes flew open, and I found myself sitting up in bed, and the ladle a myth, while a shriek followed close upon this conviction—a shriek from one of my children, who had been vainly tugging at my eyelids, and now was declaring that I was dead. It was all an Alnaschar vision, alas!

So I pondered breakfast and my dream at once; wondered I hadn't thought of the spoon before; and whether it wasn't wrong not to give my brothers and sisters the opportunity of relieving my wants. It would be the Valley of Humiliation to ask of Jerome, indeed. Egmont was in Russia, Emily and Di didn't dare to say their souls were their own unless Jerome suggested it. Oh, let us eat the spoon first, by all means, and then, who knows, something may turn up, *à la* Micawber. Yes, our forefathers ate out of it; we will scorn antediluvian customs and—and eat itself.

A little breakfast and a great walk brought me to Louis, the jeweler's, in earnest; the dream had done so much. I inquired for Mr. Louis. I proposed the spoon in fear and trembling; but there was no flourish here. He smiled significantly, turned to his private desk, touched a spring and produced a case for a table-spoon.

"That's all right," said he; "suppose you'll want to see your lawyer now? It's been accumulating some time."

"Accumulating? what, the spoon?"

And I tossed aside its cabalistic-looking wrappings in order to inspect a spoon of that peculiar character. Mr. Louis arrested them.

"Madame, you are throwing away the kernel for the sake of the husk. With these you might buy my whole stock and have pin-money left."

I took them from him in a maze. "Still dreaming?" I asked myself almost wearily; but the strange words riveted my attention; it was another will in my grandmother's hand, wherein, without annulling the former one, I became owner of a fortune in stocks, houses, and land, which in the interim had been duly under the stewardship of a certain lawyer, and one of the witnesses thereto was Mr. Louis himself.

"Poor grandmother," said I, quite ashamed of myself, "she intended this for a surprise, little thinking how long before the bubble would burst; but she ought to have known something of the Engelhardts."

At home I found Max in the Slough of Despond, but trying to creep out by amusing the children with a game at catch, feebly sustained on his part, while they came out in strength and

character. All the chairs not on their backs were awry, the sofa-cushions rolling under foot, the rug in a ruffle, the table-cloth hanging by its eyelids, Salome's dress torn half a yard from the waist, and my youngest crawled and crowed over the floor in danger from the heel of the oppressor. It was very lucky I hadn't named him.

"Max," said I, "I've found a name for baby."

"Is that all? you look as you had found a fortune."

"Both in one. He shall be named De Vere."

And I brought forward my treasures.

"A pretty spoonful," he said; and I believe the very knowledge that we shouldn't starve if he lounged all the year gave an impetus to his health by lifting a more than Atlas burden off his heart.

So I keep my spoon, and only use it on great occasions; as for instance, when Jerome and his wife dine with me; which they do sometimes, our feud having smouldered into ashes and been scattered by the wind of prosperity. And it's not a bad spoon in itself, though maybe a trifle old-fashioned, for it wears the escutcheon of the Engelhardts in gold and blue enamel.

And the fever of life has intermitted, and life itself has become painless and almost perfect again. I suppose the next fever will be when De Vere goes to college—but that's twenty years to come.

UPS AND DOWNS.

WHO that knows England knows not Burke—Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King of Arms—Sir Bernard Burke, author of "The Peerage and Baronetage," and of sundry other books of most imposing facts which touch one's ancestry, if one happen to have ancestors? He is the receptacle of all knowledge worth having concerning the aristocracy. He is the "Lightning Calculator" of a man's titles to respect. You may be called My Lord by a double score of the most expensive lackeys, but your show will have no effect on the Ulster King of Arms unless your record shows the proper length of pedigree. Nor does Sir Bernard require to examine his books; he reckons up an aristocratic sum on the spot, and could publish to the world, *extempore*, the hour from which your patent of nobility dated, together with each individual in the direct and collateral lines of descent, winding up with a bit of wise advice to the "present possessor of the title." With Sir Bernard heraldry is a solemn thing. Latin and Greek in the Universities, commerce in the city, and the shock of nations in the world at large are all well enough as topics with which you may pass an hour, you know; but heraldry is the real business of life. Nevertheless, there is, now and then, an unbending from the extreme severity of the subject; and it happens thus: The intimate and unapproachable knowledge of family affairs in England, gained from long study, has put the august master of heraldry in posses-

sion of strange and moving accidents which have befallen great houses, as well as various personal anecdotes concerning individual notabilities; and these entertaining items of gossip Sir Bernard gives us in one form and another from out his "Record Tower in Dublin Castle." If you have the privilege of visiting him there you will note with how fatherly an interest he surveys his family, the aristocracy, patting this member kindly on the shoulder, repressing the assumptions of that one, and adverting with bated breath of awe to the eminent standing of a third. The Ulster King of Arms will point you a moral and adorn you a tale from out his ample resources at a moment's notice. His well-filled stores of anecdote furnish us now with more materials than we can use in illustrating the vicissitudes of families.

The decay and extinction of great houses and the disappearance of titles form sad illustrations of that law of change which is said to be even altering the shape of the earth. Not one of the earldoms conferred by William of Normandy after the battle of Hastings now exists; not one of the honors conferred by William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., or John. Of the English dukedoms created down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II. only Norfolk and Somerset and Cornwall remain. Winchester and Worcester are the only marquessates older than the reign of George III. The earl's coronet was very frequently bestowed under the Henrys and the Edwards; and yet, of all the earldoms created by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors eleven only remain, six of these being merged in higher honors; so that now the only ones giving independent designation are Shrewsbury, Derby, Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Devon. The present English House of Lords has among its members no male descendant of any of the Magna Charta barons, or of any of the Peers who fought at Agincourt; while the house of Wrotesley is the solitary family among the Lords which can boast a male descent from a founder of the Order of the Garter. In 1675 the list of the English peerages created up to that time occupied fourteen closely-printed columns; to-day a single column would easily include the names of all the dignities remaining out of the whole catalogue.

Take a single instance of change in an earldom. There were the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford, who lived like princes, held courts, and had their heralds all in royal state. Pages of noble birth waited on the Earl, gentlemen of quality were the officers of his household—chamberlain, chaplains, secretary, chief mareschal, and armor-bearer. Twenty great baronies supported this splendor. Thrice did the head of the house wed immediately with the royal blood. All this grandeur was in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. In the early part of the seventeenth century David, the twelfth Earl of Crawford, died in Edinburgh Castle, where he had been imprisoned by his

family to prevent the utter ruin of the estates, he having by desperate prodigality alienated possession after possession. This Earl's only child was a daughter, who came up wholly uncared for, receiving no education, and being allowed to run wild like a gipsy. She eloped with a common crier, and at one time lived wholly by begging, finally becoming a regular "tramp." In the middle of the next century, the eighteenth, we find another David, the unquestionable head of the great house of Lindsay, an hostler at an inn at Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands. The earldom, by some incomprehensible shifting, had passed to another branch, leaving this old man of eighty to die in a stable.

The Cromwell family furnish a striking instance of rapid and thorough decay. They were of consideration and high county standing in Huntingdonshire long before the time of the great Oliver. In 1540 we find Richard Cromwell knighted by the king. He left an enormous estate, and his son and heir, Sir Henry Cromwell, was called the "Golden Knight," from his opulence and liberality. He lived in princely state, and once, at least, entertained Queen Elizabeth. His heir, Sir Oliver, magnificently entertained James I. on his Majesty's journey from Scotland to London, and was made a Knight of the Bath. He joined the royal cause with heart and purse, and died in poverty. His eldest son, Colonel Henry Cromwell, lived a life of pecuniary anxiety, and the burial of his body after death had to be skillfully managed in order to prevent its seizure by creditors. His son died a few years after without issue. Returning now to the "Golden Knight," we find his second son, Robert, the owner of an estate worth a thousand pounds a year. His eldest son was the renowned Oliver. The family then dwindled away rapidly. The Protector's great-grandson was a grocer on Snow Hill; and his son, the last male heir of the family, died an attorney in London. On the female side the fall was much greater: one of Oliver's great-granddaughters, after seeing her husband die in the work-house of a little English town, died herself, a pauper, leaving two daughters, who became the wives respectively of a shoemaker and a menial servant.

Irish titles have been preserved to a much greater extent than those of the English peerage; but yet that strange country has been more fruitful of striking vicissitudes than any other. The Martins, Lords of Connemara, were for years upon years noted in Ireland for wealth and the most generous hospitality. The estate contained one hundred and ninety-two thousand acres, the prodigious extent of which may be imagined from the fact that the grandfather of the last possessor could truthfully boast that he had an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length. Within this territory the Martins exercised almost a feudal rule, and every head was bared in submission. But a boundless hospitality and a carelessness of man-

agement gradually impoverished the estate, till at last, in the famine year, we see the heiress of the domain—styled “Princess of Connemara”—absolutely forced to yield up the splendid property, and to retire to the Continent, where she vainly endeavored to support herself by literary work. Failing in this, she procured from friends the scanty means required to take passage in a sailing vessel for this country, and completed the voyage hither, but died, worn out with trouble, just before she would have landed.

Ireland furnishes us also with a remarkable illustration of decadence in the history of the O’Neills; who derived their origin from the great Niul, of Scythia, and traced their course through Milesius, the redoubtable warrior of Spain, and Heremon, first monarch of Ireland, down through Conn of “the hundred battles,” and, greatest of all, perhaps, through Niall the Great, whose praise is sung by bards innumerable, and who once led in his victorious train nine princes of the royal blood as hostages from states and kingdoms conquered by his hand. For six hundred years this race occupied exclusively the throne of Ireland, the last monarch of the line ending his reign and his life in 1168. The collateral branches of the family flourish even now in various degrees, but the main stem of the tree from the twelfth century dwindled and died. From monarchs the O’Neills became princes, next chiefs, next nobles of an English creation, next English squires, and finally nothing. In 1798 Sir Francis O’Neill, sixth baronet under the English patent, lived in the village of Slane, Ireland, renting a cabin of four apartments, keeping a huxter’s shop, while his son drove a cart for hire. The old man died in 1799, and of his surviving sons one kept a small dyer’s shop, one was a working baker, another a mill-wright, while the youngest—the cousin of three peers and a duke, and the lineal descendant of a hundred kings—was within three years living on a crown pension of fifty-four cents a day, and occupying a room in the shop of his eldest son, a coffin-maker.

The Barony of Dudley, created more than five centuries ago, in England, has had among its co-heirs striking instances of Fortune’s inequality. Were the history of that famous title written in two chapters, the first would tell of chivalry, warlike achievement, and magnificent hospitality in the old castle from which the barony took its name; the second would take us to the toll-bar of an English turnpike, twenty years ago, where the gate-keeper who received our toll was a descendant and co-heir of the lords of Dudley, whose castle towered in the distance; the chapter would further state that the remains of this toll-gatherer, who died on Christmas-day, in 1846, were carried through the great gates of the castle, and buried by the side of his illustrious kindred. A small farmer, a custom-house clerk, and a butcher were at the same time co-heirs of the same barony.

We are called on to pity the sorrows of a poor old man by the sad history of one Sir Frederick

Echlin. The Echlins were an Irish family of the time of James I. There was a Right Reverend Bishop of Down and Connor; there were also a Baron of the Exchequer, a member of the Irish Parliament, and sundry other important people, till we come to Sir Frederick, the fifth baronet. The “Peerage and Baronetage” tell us as much as this; but to further trace the sad history we should have to plunge into the torturing labyrinth of an Irish equity suit, which is enough like “Jarndyce and Jarndyce” to have served for the Bleak House original. It was a prolific source of sport to all the lawyers. If we wished to know how it affected the fifth baronet we should have gone, in the year 1860, to Carbury, in the county of Kildare, Ireland. There we might have seen an old man of seventy years, utterly destitute, his only means of support being sixty-two cents a week from the offerings in the parish church, and sundry donations from persons in the neighborhood. He was but little more than half-witted, unable to read or write, living a harmless but dreary existence. This was Sir Frederick Echlin, the fifth baronet, and heir to the Chancery suit. He was living in 1863, with no prospect of any improvement in his condition.

There is the family of the Norwiches, Sir Bernard tells us, after a pause. For a long time they were lords of the manor of Brampton, in Northamptonshire, and for generations they formed high and distinguished alliances. Early in 1700 we find the family grown greater still by reason of honors added and estates gained, and Sir William Norwich came into a grand property. He never married, but gave himself up to selfish pleasures, addicting himself to the gaming-table and the cup, till in a few years he lost his last estates at play with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The title was afterward borne by others; but no one had sufficient means to support it. The widow of one of the baronets earned a livelihood by washing, and died in 1860. Her husband, the baronet, was, for years before his death, a wood-sawyer, and his father died in the parish work-house. The present heir of the family is said to be now in this country.

In the history of the house of Rothes we have a bit of romance, which lightens up our gloomy record somewhat, though Sir Bernard takes snuff regretfully and shakes his head very seriously as he gives us the details. The blood of the aristocracy was tampered with, and that must never be counted a light offense. But the story: Leslie is an old Scottish house, of high renown, and in 1630 the grandeur of the family culminated in the sixth Earl of Rothes, who lived in great splendor, and, years after, had a funeral almost more gorgeous than those of royalty now. Passing by many of his descendants, and mentioning him only to show from what a pinnacle of ancestral pride she stooped, we come to Lady Henrietta Anne Leslie, who, says Sir Bernard, with the most entertaining gravity, “was the unfortunate occasion of bringing the

illustrious family of Rothes within the category of fallen greatness." It appears that "this young lady"—still quoting the amusing Sir Bernard—"the descendant of the noble blood of all the Leslies, the heir and representative of the great Duke of Rothes, who lived like a prince and was buried like a king, condescended to stoop to a young gardener." It is furthermore added that she made, as is reported—for Sir Bernard personally can know nothing about such matters—a most excellent, industrious, and frugal wife during many years. Sir Bernard speaks of them as "long years;" but the young wife appeared to have found them all too short to contain her own happiness. It seems that the young lady, descendant of the noble blood, etc., while walking in the garden one day, met a youthful workman, and conceived an attachment for him. The love was mutual, and all agree in saying that it was strictly correct in virtue. No one will be surprised to learn that an opportunity was shortly found for a private marriage.

"This most unfortunate step"—we are again reporting Sir Bernard—"was one without remedy." If the match had been made a few years earlier the old Countess grandmother could have resorted to some "dodge," if we may use such a word in connection with the nobility, and thus could have banished the offending girl forever "unto that obscurity which she had taken for her portion." But such a step could not be taken at the epoch of this sad event, and so, do what they would, the gardener's wife remained the undoubted heir of the titles and property of her race. In the mean time, however, she strictly conformed to her husband's circumstances; and from her marriage in 1806 to the date of her father's death in 1817 she was a most happy and respectable woman, living in contented humility, supported by her husband's earnings. In 1817 she became Countess of Rothes, but lived only two years, being followed to the grave in ten years by what Sir Bernard persists in calling "her low-born husband." Within two or three years the title has again fallen into the hands of a young lady, and Sir Bernard, in his capacity of the Peerage Protector, took occasion at that time to give her some advice which, though given and taken in solemn earnest in England, sounds to us like a pleasant but perhaps not too well-timed jest. He wrote thus: "Let me conclude with an expression of most friendly and very sincere anxiety that this young lady may avoid the rock on which her grandmother made shipwreck. She has in a great measure the fate of a splendid title in her hands. Her earldom is not only one of the most ancient in the Peerage, but boasts of many most illustrious alliances, and an uncommon share of historical importance; and her fine domain and Castle of Leslie are identified with many remarkable and striking events of feudal times. Let her carry these honors and possessions into some one of the noblest houses of Great Britain—so that the an-

cient stem of Rothes may be invigorated by union with a Douglas, a Howard, a Sutherland, or a Hamilton." The American reader will be pained to learn that the "young lady," with a perversity which seems to belong to human nature even under a coronet, has made an alliance according to her own preferences rather than in consonance with this advice; and neither the Douglas, the Howard, the Sutherland, or the Hamilton has had the honor of invigorating the "ancient stem of Rothes."

And now the mention of marriages suggests another of Sir Bernard's stories concerning the Earl of Breadalbane. In 1758, when the third earl held the honorable title and the immense estates thereto appertaining, he had no children, and they would naturally go to other branches: of these the nearest were an old bachelor near Edinburgh, and the son of a Highland laird, who was accustomed to call his boy Breadalbane, in anticipation of the day when he should rightfully assume that title. One day the old earl hearing again by accident what he had often heard before, that such was the habit of the father, waxed unusually wroth, and retired to bed muttering of vengeance. The next day, early, he sent an express messenger to bring the old bachelor from Edinburgh. When the brisk little gentleman had arrived the earl directed him to marry, promising to furnish him with the means of living. Old Carwhin hesitated, not from any unwillingness to oblige his lordship, but from inability to think of any one to whom to propose with any prospect of a favorable reply. The earl met this difficulty by telling him to go to a town where the court was about to meet, get introduced to the daughter of one of the judges, and offer himself to her. The obedient Carwhin set out on his errand, procured the introduction, proposed, and was rejected! Much disconcerted in his plans, he then asked advice of a near friend. His friend said, "If all you want to do is to please Breadalbane, try Betty Stonefield; I've warrant she'll no refuse you." Carwhin took the advice, went through the same form, and was accepted, the young woman having good blood, but no charms of person or tenderness of age. A son was born of this curious marriage, and the old earl chuckled with delight at having upset the plans of the Highland laird for his son. Just now, however, Carwhin's great-grandson has died childless, and the great-grandson of the disappointed youth has become Earl of Breadalbane. One day in November, 1862, saw that great-grandson residing in London on an income of a few hundreds, and the next found him in possession of a famous earldom and of forty thousand pounds a year.

It is not often that a dormant earldom goes a begging for a claimant at least; but that was the case for some time with the earldom of Huntingdon. That lay dormant from the death of the tenth earl in 1789 to the year 1817. A professional man of London conceived the notion that a client of his, one Captain Hastings of the Royal Navy, had a well-founded claim to

the title; with some difficulty he gained the modest sailor's consent to work on his behalf, getting from the Captain at the same time an opinion little complimentary to his sanity. The solicitor began his researches and met with fog and darkness at every turn; to such a degree was he worried that he was on the point of giving up the matter. While in this frame of mind he was traveling on the top of a stage-coach in one of the counties of England, when he descried an old woman driving leisurely along in a market wagon wherein was a vacant seat. From some unexplainable movement of his spirit he hailed the dame, and asked permission to jog along with her. This being accorded, she gave free rein to her garrulity, and he soon found that he was in company with an ancient dependent of the Hastings family; her talk put him upon the right course, and in a twelvemonth more Captain Hastings was summoned to Parliament by the style, title, and dignity of Earl of Huntingdon.

A very sad story of decay is that of Conyers—a family dating back to the Conqueror, and very honorable then. Early in 1700 it was a glorious house; three branches of it kept royal state in hall and castle and palace, representing solidity and elegance, worth and grace, in their brightest colors. In 1810 Sir Thomas Conyers, the last of his race, was living a pauper in the work-house of Chester-le-Street, in the very county of his ancestors' greatness but a century before. As soon as his condition was made known to those of the class to which he rightfully belonged a tolerably liberal subscription was made, and the old man was removed to a private house. He soon died there, and with him expired the once splendidly famous family.

Sir Bernard tells us, in the course of his entertaining talk, of several spendthrifts through whose extravagance fine estates have been brought to ruin. One or two of these, though not of a very recent date, will yet be new to the reader: There was Sir Henry Hungerford, who inherited a property whose income was thirty thousand pounds a year as long ago as 1600. One good act, among many others, should be mentioned to his credit; he tore down an old mansion in London, and erected at his own expense the first Hungerford Market. This act of munificence may be set down against such extravagance as could expend five hundred guineas on a wig to be worn on the occasion of a court ball. For thirty-three years this lavish baronet ran a free course, and then found himself so absolutely poor that he was compelled to subsist for nearly as long a time on the charity of his friends and relations. So little, however, did the total wreck of his fortunes affect either his health or his happiness that he lived to the astonishing age of one hundred and fifteen years.

The downfall of the Myttons of Halston, in aristocratic Shropshire, is much more sad. This was a great family in the days of the Plantagenets, and frequent intermarriages with heiresses added largely to the riches of the race. In 1472, however, was made the grand alliance that

brought broad lands and royal blood to the house; then Thomas Mytton married the daughter of Sir John de Burgh, Lord of Mowddwy, and through her the Lordship of Dinas Mowddwy, with thirty-two thousand acres, came to the Myttons. From that time the family greatness swelled itself by distinguished alliances, till, in 1796, one John Mytton was born to one of the most splendid inheritances in the kingdom, the growth of five hundred years. During the long minority of this heir a very large amount of ready money accumulated; so that, when he reached the age of twenty-one years, he had no check to the propensities which his early youth had developed. At ten years old he was allowed a pack of harriers; he was shortly after expelled from the schools of Westminster and Harrow; at the age of nineteen years he entered the army, but devoted his attention chiefly to gaming and racing; at twenty-three he married and left the service; in two years his wife died, and then fairly commenced his headlong career. Details of extravagance are not wanting in Sir Bernard's memory, but they all have a sameness which would become monotonous when set down in print. Let it suffice to say that Mr. Mytton, guided only by his own hot desires, and restrained by nothing, ran through his immense property at a speed which led a friend to remark, without exaggeration, that "if Mytton had had an income of two hundred thousand pounds a year he would have been in debt in five years." After heavy liabilities had been incurred, and he was thinking of alienating some of his estates, his agent assured him that, if he would content himself for six years with six thousand pounds a year, he might save the finest part of his patrimony. Mr. Mytton exclaimed, "No! no! I would not give a straw for life if it were to be passed on six thousand a year!" Within the last fifteen years of his life he squandered full half a million sterling, and sold timber to the amount of eighty thousand pounds.

There is a curious life of this spendthrift, written in a very kindly spirit by a friend, the late Mr. Apperley. The most entertaining part of the book is perhaps the colored prints, quite in the style of those which embellish that classic work, "Tom and Jerry in London." They represent Mr. Mytton duck-hunting in his shirt; riding through a sheet of water as the shortest cut home; playing the highwayman for the fun of frightening the parson and squire, who had been dining with him; entering his drawing-room, full of company, mounted on a bear; and indulging in various other vagaries, all equally incomprehensible. One of the illustrations represents a scene that is hardly credible. Mytton is depicted with his shirt in flames, and the biographer assures the reader that the subject of his story set the garment on fire with a purpose. "Oh! this horrid hiccup," said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into bed; "but I'll frighten it away." So, seizing a candle, he applied the fire to his shirt, and in a moment was enveloped

in flames, his life being saved only by the active exertions of two persons who chanced to be in the room.

The end even of such a magnificent property as that of the Myttons was at last reached, and the *Times*, one morning in 1831, contained an advertisement of the sale of all effects at Halston. Shortly after Mr. Mytton fled to the Continent to avoid his creditors. In France he was arrested for a paltry debt, but was soon released; and after passing a miserable existence there for a time, he returned to England and London only to find a prison and a grave. He died of delirium tremens in the King's Bench prison in 1834. The good qualities of this strange man were so numerous and shining that the announcement of his death caused profound sorrow in his county of Shropshire; and the funeral of the last Mytton, attended by three thousand persons, was long remembered as unprecedented in its display.

From spendthrifts to misers is a natural transition, and the miser of all others was Elwes. Much has been told of him in various ways; but Sir Bernard presents several new facts. It is perhaps not generally known that there were two miserly men who bore the name of Elwes; but such was the case, though the enormous stinginess of one has overshadowed the smaller reputation of the other.

We go back to Charles the Second's time, and find that monarch conferring a baronetcy on one of his boon companions, Sir Gervase Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk. This Elwes was a spendthrift, who reduced the family estates to a skeleton. At his death his grandson, Sir Hervey Elwes, succeeded him, finding himself nominally the possessor of some thousands a year, while his actual receipts did not exceed one hundred pounds. He had a fortune, however, said Sir Bernard, in his penurious habits; and we will call him Elwes the First. On arriving at Stoke, the ancestral seat, he declared that he never would leave it till he had entirely cleared the estate; and difficult as the fulfillment of such a resolution seemed he lived to accomplish it, and even to accumulate a great additional fortune over and above the lands he had inherited. He was in early youth given over to consumption and a premature grave; he survived, however, and retained only a chronic avarice, the baffled disease apparently taking away every other passion and taste. He was shy, timid, coldly exclusive, without friends, delighting only in accumulating gold, and in partridge setting—though even this amusement, it would seem, he followed chiefly because he gained food by it. When the weather was fine he went abroad, walking or riding a lean horse for warmth and exercise; in fall weather he paced up and down his hall to save the expense of a fire. If a farmer came in he would strike a light and put on a single stick, never adding another till the first was fully burned. He was once robbed of several thousand pounds by a gang of ruffians; but when, some years after,

they were taken for another offense, strange to say, he refused to appear against them for his loss. Avarice, aided by strict temperance, seems to have been a healthy vice, in this case, at least; for Sir Hervey lived to the age of eighty-five or thereabout. When he died he lay in some sort of state in his house, and one of his tenants observed, with wit untempered with propriety, that "it was well Sir Hervey could not see it." When the old man died he left about a million of dollars in our currency, and his annual expenses did not exceed five hundred.

But the being who inherited this property so far exaggerated his ancestor's peculiarities that he must always be known, so far as he is known at all, as Elwes the Miser. His name was Jack Meggot, but by the will of his uncle he was obliged to assume the name and arms of Elwes. Jack Meggot from a youth had been avaricious and a lover of pleasure at the same time—a combination which usually makes a meaner man than any other known mixture of qualities. When he had reached manhood, and it became necessary for him to meet his uncle, whose destined heir he was, great caution was to be used in order to keep the old gentleman from being hopelessly disgusted with his nephew's habits and tastes. It became important, in the first place, for him to drop his ordinary topics of conversation and thought. This was not very difficult. Then it was equally necessary that he should appear in something beside his usual gay attire. This he accomplished by having a change of raiment at an obscure inn in the vicinity of Sir Hervey's place, with which he would clothe himself when he wished to dress in the character of a thrifty nephew. One other difficulty remained to be guarded against: Jack's appetite for food was proverbially large. This would never do. So when he proposed to pay a visit to his uncle he was accustomed to eat a dinner for two men at some friend's house, then proceed to his inn and clothe himself in threadbare breeches, darned worsted stockings with rusty iron buckles, an old worn-out coat, and a waistcoat of similar character. Thus prepared he called on the old man, had no appetite for dinner, and was welcomed as a virtuous youth. The worthy pair would sit with a single stick frostily burning in the grate, and occasionally one glass of wine between them, till the coming darkness sent them to bed to save the expense of a light.

But now, when Jack Meggot was in his fortieth year, his uncle died, and he became John Elwes, with an immense fortune at his unlimited disposal. He had always been stingy, but yet had gamed and debauched himself in various ways to some extent. Now, however, he turned over a new leaf, reformed, and began to educate himself to become the chief of misers. Began to educate himself, we say, because even he could not all at once reach the summit to which he afterward attained. For a few years he kept a pack of hounds, though this was his only extravagance, and this even was very parsimoniously administered, the whole establishment of

horses, hounds, and servants costing him but three hundred pounds a year. At this time in his life, too, strange as it may seem, Elwes showed signs of a generosity which would have been remarkable in any man, and which in him was incomprehensible. In truth the opposing traits of character shown by him in this, which Sir Bernard calls the second phase of his career, are absolutely unreconcilable.

He had a great deal of property in houses, and it naturally followed that all of his residences would not be let at once. When he visited London he was accustomed to take up his abode in the first one he found vacant. If a tenant wished that he gave it up at once, and moved into another; which he could very easily do, for two beds, two chairs, a table, and one old female servant comprised the whole of his household and chattels. Connected with this servant and this strange manner of living there is a sad anecdote: Mr. Elwes went to London in the usual way, and an acquaintance who desired to see him, hearing that he was in the city, set out in search of him. For a long time he could get no clew to his whereabouts, but at last found a person who said he had seen the miser go to a certain uninhabited house. Thither the inquirer went, but could find no sign of life. He then procured the services of a blacksmith and entered the house, which seemed deserted and drear. The two men soon had their attention attracted by the sound of moanings from above. Going up they found the old miser stretched on a wretched bed, seemingly in the agonies of death. Medicines were at once administered, and the patient revived sufficiently to say that there was an old woman in the house who had herself been ill, but he supposed she had got well and taken herself off. The two men, hearing this, made a further search in the attic, and found the old woman dead on the floor, with no other couch than a ragged quilt.

Mr. Elwes once agreed to stand for Parliament on condition that it should cost him nothing. He was elected, and the only expense he incurred was eighteen pence for one dinner at a tavern. He was elected three successive times without opposition; but finding that the fourth election was to be a divided one he refused to stand on account of the cost, though he would surely have been victorious.

By the time he left parliamentary life Elwes was considerably advanced in years; and now he began to be a miser in earnest. If a window were broken, a piece of brown paper supplied the place of glass; if the roof leaked over his head, he would move his chair or his bed into a drier portion of the room: to save fuel he would walk up and down till he was tired, and then would sit with his servant in the kitchen. During harvest time he would glean on the land of his own tenants, and they would leave more grain than usual behind to please the old man. As the weather grew toward winter his morning occupation was the picking up of chips, bones, or any thing which he could burn. To keep his purse from the extortions of a butcher he would

himself kill a sheep, and would then eat mutton till the whole was consumed, making no allowance for the decay of the meat. Concerning his perfect indifference to the quality of food there are instances narrated which are too revolting for publication. But at last nature revenged herself for these continual insults, and the old man succumbed to the fast-growing weakness of mind and body which preceded death but a short time. For months before his end his sleep was haunted by terrible dreams of robbery, and in the dead of night the house would often ring with the cry, "I will keep my money; I will! Nobody shall take it from me!" About this time he came near falling a victim to a matrimonial intrigue. A kitchen-maid, at whose fire the old man often warmed himself to save fuel in his own apartment, bethought herself of securing an affluent future by marrying him. She accordingly set herself to work to show him such a remarkable degree of attention that he was touched by it, even to making her the coveted offer of his hand; his relatives discovered the plot, however, and prevented the romantic *dénouement*. For six weeks before his death Elwes took to sleeping in his clothes, and at last he was discovered one night in bed with his shoes on his feet, an old battered hat on his head, and his staff in his hand. From that date a servant was set to watch him and take care that he undressed himself; but he was so much attached to the other way that he endeavored to bribe the guardian with the promise of "something in his will." And so he died, possessed of a constitution which, with proper training and encouragement, would have easily taken him through another twenty years. He left two fortunes: one, of half a million pounds, to two illegitimate sons; and the entailed estates, of great value, to his grand-nephew, who was to assume, and did take, the names and arms of Harvey and Elwes.

It would be curious to follow this wealth so strangely scraped together. But Sir Bernard has duties to the public, and the hour he can devote to personal reminiscences is at an end.

AUTUMN TIME.

TIME, like a wrinkled hermit, sits,

Counting his beads, each bead a day;

From his long rosary of years

Those beads drop silently away.

Or, as a sexton, one by one,

Puts out the smouldering funeral lamps,

And leaves the corpse alone and still,

Amid the charnel's dripping damps.

So dealeth Time, who strips the leaves

Of bankrupt summer's rich array,

As jailers strip the trembling fool

Whose spendthrift wealth has had its day.

Yet these are but the feeble types

Of higher dooms to sons of clay,

Of shiver'd globes and falling worlds,

And earthquakes of the latter day.



AMONG THE SHEAVES.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 An empty heart, I walk forlorn:
 How sadly sigh the alder leaves—
 I loathe those fields of mellow corn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 My heart is full, new hopes are born:

My heart is faint—for Hope deceives:
 My passion may be met by scorn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 My love is *won*! No more forlorn,
 How sweet the whisp'ring alder leaves—
 I bless those fields of yellow corn!



MRS. BOFFIN DISCOVERS AN ORPHAN.—[SEE CHAPTER XVI.]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

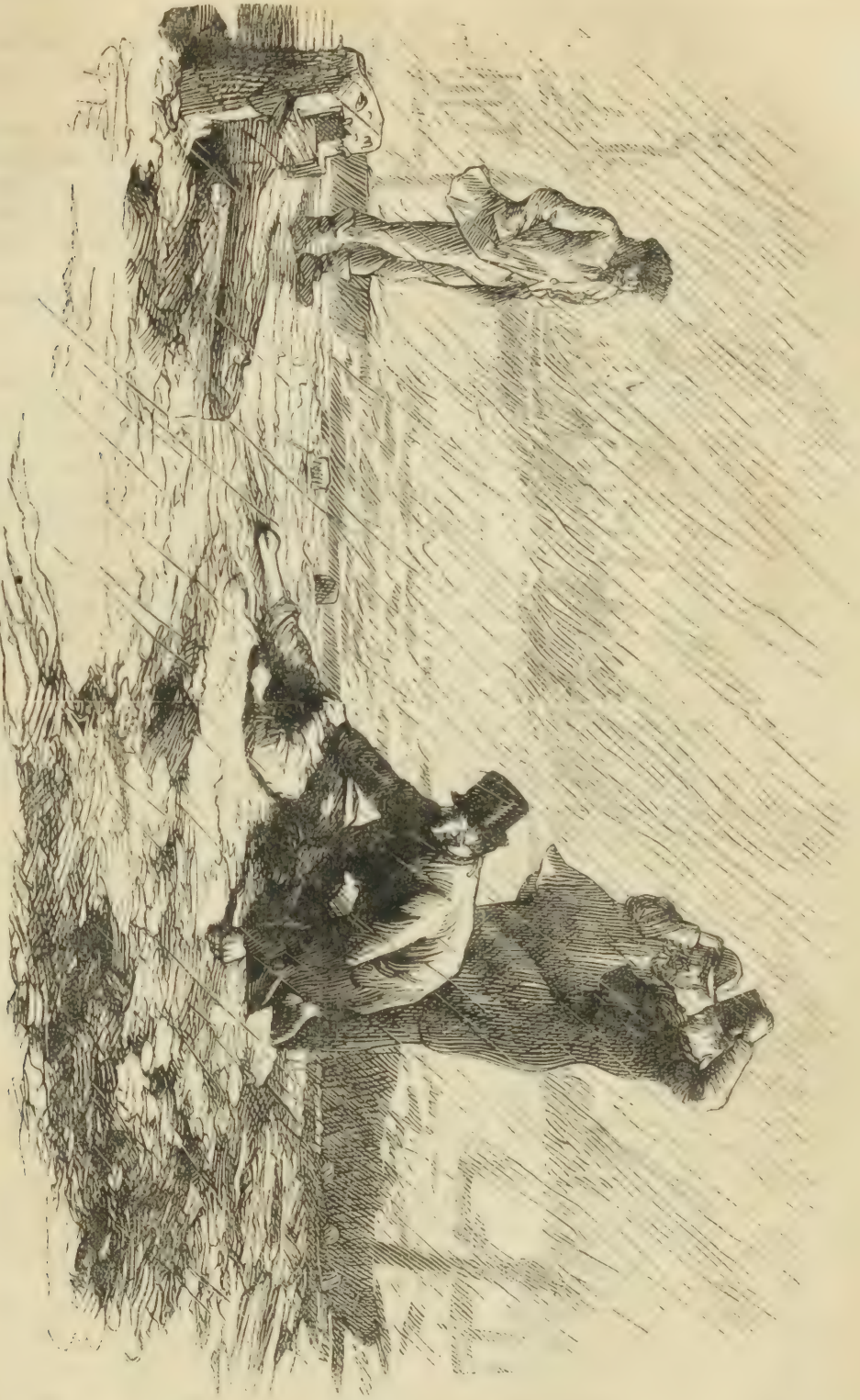
CHAPTER I.

OF AN EDUCATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE school at which young Charley Hexam had first learned from a book—the streets being, for pupils of his degree, the great Preparatory Establishment in which very much that is never unlearned is learned without and before book—was a miserable loft in an unsavory yard. Its atmosphere was oppressive and disagreeable ;

it was crowded, noisy, and confusing ; half the pupils dropped asleep, or fell into a state of waking stupefaction ; the other half kept them in either condition by maintaining a monotonous droning noise, as if they were performing out of time and tune, on a ruder sort of bagpipe. The teachers, animated solely by good intentions, had no idea of execution, and a lamentable jumble was the upshot of their kind endeavors.

THE BIRD OF PREY BROUGHT TOWN.—[SEE CHAPTER XIV.]



It was a school for all ages, and for both sexes. The latter were kept apart, and the former were partitioned off into square assortments. But all the place was pervaded by a grimly ludicrous pretense that every pupil was childish and innocent. This pretense, much favored by the lady-visitors, led to the ghastliest absurdities. Young women old in the vices of the commonest and worst life, were expected to profess themselves enthralled by the good child's book, the *Adventures of Little Margery*, who resided in the village cottage by the mill; severely reprov'd and morally squashed the miller, when she was five and he was fifty; divided

her porridge with singing birds; denied herself a new nankeen bonnet, on the ground that the turnips did not wear nankeen bonnets, neither did the sheep who ate them; who plaited straw and delivered the dreariest orations to all comers, at all sorts of unseasonable times. So, unwieldy young dredgers and hulking mud-larks were referred to the experiences of Thomas Twopence, who, having resolved not to rob (under circumstances of uncommon atrocity) his particular friend and benefactor, of eighteen-pence, presently came into supernatural possession of three and sixpence, and lived a shining light ever afterward. (Note, that the benefac-

tor came to no good.) Several swaggering sinners had written their own biographies in the same strain; it always appearing from the lessons of those very boastful persons, that you were to do good, not because it *was* good, but because you were to make a good thing of it. Contrariwise, the adult pupils were taught to read (if they could learn) out of the New Testament; and by dint of stumbling over the syllables and keeping their bewildered eyes on the particular syllables coming round to their turn, were as absolutely ignorant of the sublime history, as if they had never seen or heard of it. An exceedingly and confoundingly perplexing jumble of a school, in fact, where black spirits and gray, red spirits and white, jumbled jumbled jumbled every night. And particularly every Sunday night. For then, an inclined plane of unfortunate infants would be handed over to the prosiest and worst of all the teachers with good intentions, whom nobody older would endure. Who, taking his stand on the floor before them as chief executioner, would be attended by a conventional volunteer boy as executioner's assistant. When and where it first became the conventional system that a weary or inattentive infant in a class must have its face smoothed downward with a hot hand, or when and where the conventional volunteer boy first beheld such system in operation, and became inflamed with a sacred zeal to administer it, matters not. It was the function of the chief executioner to hold forth, and it was the function of the acolyte to dart at sleeping infants, yawning infants, restless infants, whimpering infants, and smooth their wretched faces; sometimes with one hand, as if he were anointing them for a whisker; sometimes with both hands, applied after the fashion of blinkers. And so the jumble would be in action in this department for a mortal hour; the exponent drawling on to My Dearrr Childerrener, let us say, for example, about the beautiful coming to the Sepulchre; and repeating the word Sepulchre (commonly used among infants) five hundred times, and never once hinting what it meant; the conventional boy smoothing away right and left, as an infallible commentary; the whole hot-bed of flushed and exhausted infants exchanging measles, rashes, whooping-cough, fever, and stomach disorders, as if they were assembled in High Market for the purpose.

Even in this temple of good intentions, an exceptionally sharp boy exceptionally determined to learn, could learn something, and, having learned it, could impart it much better than the teachers; as being more knowing than they, and not at the disadvantage in which they stood toward the shrewder pupils. In this way it had come about that Charley Hexam had risen in the jumble, taught in the jumble, and been received from the jumble into a better school.

"So you want to go and see your sister, Hexam?"

"If you please, Mr. Headstone."

"I have half a mind to go with you. Where does your sister live?"

"Why, she is not settled yet, Mr. Headstone. I'd rather you didn't see her till she is settled, if it was all the same to you."

"Look here, Hexam." Mr. Bradley Headstone, highly certificated stipendiary schoolmaster, drew his right forefinger through one of the button-holes of the boy's coat, and looked at it attentively. "I hope your sister may be good company for you?"

"Why do you doubt it, Mr. Headstone?"

"I did not say I doubted it."

"No, Sir; you didn't say so."

Bradley Headstone looked at his finger again, took it out of the button-hole and looked at it closer, bit the side of it and looked at it again.

"You see, Hexam, you will be one of us. In good time you are sure to pass a creditable examination and become one of us. Then the question is—"

The boy waited so long for the question, while the schoolmaster looked at a new side of his finger, and bit it, and looked at it again, that at length the boy repeated:

"The question is, Sir—?"

"Whether you had not better leave well alone."

"Is it well to leave my sister alone, Mr. Headstone?"

"I do not say so, because I do not know. I put it to you. I ask you to think of it. I want you to consider. You know how well you are doing here."

"After all, she got me here," said the boy, with a struggle.

"Perceiving the necessity of it," acquiesced the schoolmaster, "and making up her mind fully to the separation. Yes."

The boy, with a return of that former reluctance or struggle or whatever it was, seemed to debate with himself. At length he said, raising his eyes to the master's face:

"I wish you'd come with me and see her, Mr. Headstone, though she is not settled. I wish you'd come with me, and take her in the rough, and judge her for yourself."

"You are sure you would not like," asked the schoolmaster, "to prepare her?"

"My sister Lizzie," said the boy, proudly, "wants no preparing, Mr. Headstone. What she is, she is, and shows herself to be. There's no pretending about my sister."

His confidence in her sat more easily upon him than the indecision with which he had twice contended. It was his better nature to be true to her, if it were his worse nature to be wholly selfish. And as yet the better nature had the stronger hold.

"Well, I can spare the evening," said the schoolmaster. "I am ready to walk with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Headstone. And I am ready to go."

Bradley Headstone, in his decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and de-

cent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent silver watch in his pocket and its decent hair-guard round his neck, looked a thoroughly decent young man of six-and-twenty. He was never seen in any other dress, and yet there was a certain stiffness in his manner of wearing this, as if there were a want of adaptation between him and it, recalling some mechanics in their holiday clothes. He had acquired mechanically a great store of teacher's knowledge. He could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechanically, blow various wind instruments mechanically, even play the great church organ mechanically. From his early childhood up, his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage. The arrangement of his wholesale warehouse, so that it might be always ready to meet the demands of retail dealers—history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left—natural history, the physical sciences, figures, music, the lower mathematics, and what not, all in their several places—this care had imparted to his countenance a look of care; while the habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, or a manner that would be better described as one of lying in wait. There was a kind of settled trouble in the face. It was the face belonging to a naturally slow or inattentive intellect that had toiled hard to get what it had won, and that had to hold it now that it was gotten. He always seemed to be uneasy lest any thing should be missing from his mental warehouse, and taking stock to assure himself.

Suppression of so much to make room for so much had given him a constrained manner, over and above. Yet there was enough of what was animal, and of what was fiery (though smouldering), still visible in him, to suggest that if young Bradley Headstone, when a pauper lad, had chanced to be told off for the sea, he would not have been the last man in a ship's crew. Regarding that origin of his, he was proud, moody, and sullen, desiring it to be forgotten. And few people knew of it.

In some visits to the Jumble his attention had been attracted to this boy Hexam. An undeniable boy for a pupil-teacher; an undeniable boy to do credit to the master who should bring him on. Combined with this consideration, there may have been some thought of the pauper lad now never to be mentioned. Be that how it might, he had with pains gradually worked the boy into his own school, and procured him some offices to discharge there, which were repaid with food and lodging. Such were the circumstances that had brought together Bradley Headstone and young Charley Hexam that autumn evening. Autumn, because full half a year had come and gone since the bird of prey lay dead upon the river-shore.

The schools—for they were twofold, as the sexes—were down in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent

and Surrey meet, and where the railways still bestride the market-gardens that will soon die under them. The schools were newly built, and there were so many like them all over the country that one might have thought the whole were but one restless edifice with the locomotive gift of Aladdin's palace. They were in a neighborhood which looked like a toy neighborhood taken in blocks out of a box by a child of particularly incoherent mind, and set up any how; here, one side of a new street; there, a large solitary public house facing nowhere; here, another unfinished street already in ruins; there, a church; here, an immense new warehouse; there, a dilapidated old country villa; then, a medley of black ditch, sparkling cucumber-frame, rank field, richly cultivated kitchen-garden, brick viaduct, arch-spanned canal, and disorder of frowziness and fog. As if the child had given the table a kick, and gone to sleep.

But, even among school-buildings, school-teachers, and school-pupils, all according to pattern and all engendered in the light of the latest Gospel according to Monotony, the older pattern into which so many fortunes have been shaped for good and evil, comes out. It came out in Miss Peecher the schoolmistress, watering her flowers, as Mr. Bradley Headstone walked forth. It came out in Miss Peecher the schoolmistress, watering the flowers in the little dusty bit of garden attached to her small official residence, with little windows like the eyes in needles, and little doors like the covers of school books.

Small, shining, neat, methodical, and buxom was Miss Peecher: cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pin-cushion, a little housewife, a little book, a little work-box, a little set of tables and weights and measures, and a little woman, all in one. She could write a little essay on any subject, exactly a slate long, beginning at the left-hand top of one side and ending at the right-hand bottom of the other, and the essay should be strictly according to rule. If Mr. Bradley Headstone had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her, she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the theme exactly a slate long, but would certainly have replied Yes. For she loved him. The decent hair-guard that went round his neck and took care of his decent silver watch was an object of envy to her. So would Miss Peecher have gone round his neck and taken care of him. Of him, insensible. Because he did not love Miss Peecher.

Miss Peecher's favorite pupil, who assisted her in her little household, was in attendance with a can of water to replenish her little watering-pot, and sufficiently divined the state of Miss Peecher's affections to feel it necessary that she herself should love young Charley Hexam. So there was a double palpitation among the double stocks and double wall-flowers when the master and the boy looked over the little gate.

"A fine evening, Miss Peecher," said the Master.

"A very fine evening, Mr. Headstone," said Miss Peecher. "Are you taking a walk?"

"Hexam and I are going to take a long walk."

"Charming weather," remarked Miss Peecher, "for a long walk."

"Ours is rather on business than mere pleasure," said the Master.

Miss Peecher inverting her watering-pot, and very carefully shaking out the few last drops over a flower, as if there were some special virtue in them which would make it a Jack's bean-stalk before morning, called for replenishment to her pupil, who had been speaking to the boy.

"Good-night, Miss Peecher," said the Master.

"Good-night, Mr. Headstone," said the Mistress.

The pupil had been, in her state of pupillage, so imbued with the class-custom of stretching out an arm, as if to hail a cab or omnibus, whenever she found she had an observation on hand to offer to Miss Peecher, that she often did it in their domestic relations; and she did it now.

"Well, Mary Anne?" said Miss Peecher.

"If you please, ma'am, Hexam said they were going to see his sister."

"But that can't be, I think," returned Miss Peecher: "because Mr. Headstone can have no business with *her*."

Mary Anne again hailed.

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"If you please, ma'am, perhaps it's Hexam's business?"

"That may be," said Miss Peecher. "I didn't think of that. Not that it matters at all."

Mary Anne again hailed.

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"They say she's very handsome."

"Oh, Mary Anne, Mary Anne!" returned Miss Peecher, slightly coloring and shaking her head, a little out of humor; "how often have I told you not to use that vague expression, not to speak in that general way? When you say *they* say, what do you mean? Part of speech. They?"

Mary Anne hooked her right arm behind her in her left hand, as being under examination, and replied:

"Personal pronoun."

"Person, They?"

"Third person."

"Number, They?"

"Plural number."

"Then how many do you mean, Mary Anne? Two? Or more?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Mary Anne, disconcerted now she came to think of it; "but I don't know that I mean more than her brother himself." As she said it, she unhooked her arm.

"I felt convinced of it," returned Miss Peecher, smiling again. "Now pray, Mary Anne, be careful another time. He says is very different from they say, remember. Difference between he says and they say? Give it me,"

Mary Anne immediately hooked her right arm behind her in her left hand—an attitude absolutely necessary to the situation—and replied: "One is indicative mood, present tense, third person singular, verb active to say. Other is indicative mood, present tense, third person plural, verb active to say."

"Why verb active, Mary Anne?"

"Because it takes a pronoun after it in the objective case, Miss Peecher."

"Very good indeed," remarked Miss Peecher, with encouragement. "In fact, could not be better. Don't forget to apply it, another time, Mary Anne." This said, Miss Peecher finished the watering of her flowers, and went into her little official residence, and took a refresher of the principal rivers and mountains of the world, their breadths, depths, and heights, before settling the measurements of the body of a dress for her own personal occupation.

Bradley Headstone and Charley Hexam duly got to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, and crossed the bridge, and made along the Middlesex shore toward Millbank. In this region are a certain little street called Church Street, and a certain little blind square, called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air. They found a tree near by in a corner, and a blacksmith's forge, and a timber-yard, and a dealer's in old iron. What a rusty portion of a boiler and a great iron wheel or so meant by lying half buried in the dealer's fore-court, nobody seemed to know or to want to know. Like the Miller of questionable jollity in the song, They cared for Nobody, no not they, and Nobody cared for them.

After making the round of this place, and noting that there was a deadly kind of repose on it, more as though it had taken laudanum than fallen into a natural rest, they stopped at the point where the street and the square joined, and where there were some little quiet houses in a row. To these Charley Hexam finally led the way, and at one of these stopped.

"This must be where my sister lives, Sir. This is where she came for a temporary lodging soon after father's death."

"How often have you seen her since?"

"Why, only twice, Sir," returned the boy, with his former reluctance; "but that's as much her doing as mine."

"How does she support herself?"

"She was always a fair needle-woman, and she keeps the stock-room of a seaman's outfitter."

"Does she ever work at her own lodging here?"

"Sometimes; but her regular hours and regular occupation are at their place of business, I believe, Sir. This is the number."

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a click. A

parlor door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child—a dwarf—a girl—a something—sitting on a little low old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of little working bench before it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back's bad, and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house."

"Who else is at home?" asked Charley Hexam, staring.

"Nobody's at home at present," returned the child, with a glib assertion of her dignity, "except the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name, young man."

The queer little figure, and the queer but not ugly little face, with its bright gray eyes, were so sharp, that the sharpness of the manner seemed unavoidable. As if, being turned out of that mould, it must be sharp.

"Hexam is my name."

"Ah, indeed?" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. Take a seat. And this gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't very well do it myself, because my back's so bad, and my legs are so queer."

They complied in silence, and the little figure went on with its work of gumming or gluing together with a camel's-hair brush certain pieces of card-board and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes. The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them; and the bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that when duly stuffed (and stuffing too was there), she was to cover them smartly. The dexterity of her nimble fingers was remarkable, and, as she brought two thin edges accurately together by giving them a little bite, she would glance at the visitors out of the corners of her gray eyes with a look that out-sharpened all her other sharpness.

"You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound," she said, after taking several of these observations.

"You make pin-cushions," said Charley.

"What else do I make?"

"Pen-wipers," said Bradley Headstone.

"Ha! ha! What else do I make? You're a schoolmaster, but you can't tell me."

"You do something," he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, "with straw; but I don't know what."

"Well done you!" cried the person of the house. "I only make pin-cushions and pen-wipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?"

"Dinner-mats?"

"A schoolmaster, and says dinner-mats! I'll give you a clew to my trade, in a game of forfeits. I love my love with a B because she's Beautiful; I hate my love with a B because she is Brazen; I took her to the sign of the Blue Boar, and I treated her with Bonnets; her name's Bouncer, and she lives in Bedlam.—Now, what do I make with my straw?"

"Ladies' bonnets?"

"Fine ladies'," said the person of the house, nodding assent. "Dolls'. I'm a Doll's Dress-maker."

"I hope it's a good business?"

The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "No. Poorly paid. And I'm often so pressed for time! I had a doll married, last week, and was obliged to work all night. And it's not good for me, on account of my back being so bad and my legs so queer."

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said: "I am sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate."

"It's the way with them," said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. "And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband!"

The person of the house gave a weird little laugh here, and gave them another look out of the corners of her eyes. She had an elfin chin that was capable of great expression; and whenever she gave this look she hitched this chin up. As if her eyes and her chin worked together on the same wires.

"Are you always as busy as you are now?"

"Busier. I'm slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary-bird." The person of the house gave another little laugh, and then nodded her head several times, as who should moralize, "Oh this world, this world!"

"Are you alone all day?" asked Bradley Headstone. "Don't any of the neighboring children—?"

"Ah, lud!" cried the person of the house, with a little scream, as if the word had pricked her. "Don't talk of children. I can't bear children. I know their tricks and their manners." She said this with an angry little shake of her right fist close before her eyes.

Perhaps it scarcely required the teacher-habit to perceive that the doll's dress-maker was inclined to be bitter on the difference between herself and other children. But both master and pupil understood it so.

"Always running about and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip-skip-skiping on the pavement and chalking it for their games! Oh! I know their tricks and their manners!" Shaking the little fist as before. "And that's not all. Ever so often calling names in through a person's keyhole, and imitating a per-

son's back and legs. Oh! I know their tricks and their manners. And I'll tell you what I'd do to punish 'em. There's doors under the church in the Square—black doors, leading into black vaults. Well! I'd open one of those doors, and I'd cram 'em all in, and then I'd lock the door and through the keyhole I'd blow in pepper."

"What would be the good of blowing in pepper?" asked Charley Hexam.

"To set 'em sneezing," said the person of the house, "and make their eyes water. And when they were all sneezing and inflamed, I'd mock 'em through the keyhole. Just as they, with their tricks and their manners, mock a person through a person's keyhole!"

An uncommonly emphatic shake of her little fist close before her eyes seemed to ease the mind of the person of the house; for she added with recovered composure, "No, no, no. No children for me. Give me grown-ups."

It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clew to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

"I always did like grown-ups," she went on, "and always kept company with them. So sensible. Sit so quiet. Don't go prancing and capering about! And I mean always to keep among none but grown-ups till I marry. I suppose I must make up my mind to marry one of these days."

She listened to a step outside that caught her ear, and there was a soft knock at the door. Pulling at a handle within her reach, she said, with a pleased laugh: "Now here, for instance, is a grown-up that's my particular friend!" and Lizzie Hexam in a black dress entered the room.

"Charley! You!"

Taking him to her arms in the old way—of which he seemed a little ashamed—she saw no one else.

"There, there, there, Liz, all right my dear. See! Here's Mr. Headstone come with me."

Her eyes met those of the schoolmaster, who had evidently expected to see a very different sort of person, and a murmured word or two of salutation passed between them. She was a little flurried by the unexpected visit, and the schoolmaster was not at his ease. But he never was, quite.

"I told Mr. Headstone you were not settled, Liz, but he was so kind as to take an interest in coming, and so I brought him. How well you look!"

Bradley seemed to think so.

"Ah! Don't she, don't she?" cried the person of the house, resuming her occupation, though the twilight was falling fast. "I believe you she does! But go on with your chat, one and all:

'You one two three,
My com-pa-nie,
And don't mind me,'"

—pointing this impromptu rhyme with three points of her thin forefinger.

"I didn't expect a visit from you, Charley," said his sister. "I supposed that if you wanted to see me you would have sent to me, appointing me to come somewhere near the school, as I did last time. I saw my brother near the school, Sir," to Bradley Headstone, "because it's easier for me to go there than for him to come here. I work about midway between the two places."

"You don't see much of one another," said Bradley, not improving in respect of ease.

"No." With a rather sad shake of her head. "Charley always does well, Mr. Headstone?"

"He could not do better. I regard his course as quite plain before him."

"I hoped so. I am so thankful. So well done of you, Charley dear! It is better for me not to come (except when he wants me) between him and his prospects. You think so, Mr. Headstone?"

Conscious that his pupil-teacher was looking for his answer, and that he himself had suggested the boy's keeping aloof from this sister, now seen for the first time face to face, Bradley Headstone stammered:

"Your brother is very much occupied, you know. He has to work hard. One can not but say that the less his attention is diverted from his work the better for his future. When he shall have established himself, why then—it will be another thing then."

Lizzie shook her head again, and returned with a quiet smile: "I always advised him as you advise him. Did I not, Charley?"

"Well, never mind that now," said the boy. "How are you getting on?"

"Very well, Charley. I want for nothing."

"You have your own room here?"

"Oh yes. Up stairs. And it's quiet, and pleasant, and airy."

"And she always has the use of this room for visitors," said the person of the house, screwing up one of her little bony fists, like an opera-glass, and looking through it, with her eyes and her chin in that quaint accordance. "Always this room for visitors; haven't you, Lizzie dear?"

It happened that Bradley Headstone noticed a very slight action of Lizzie Hexam's hand, as though it checked the doll's dress-maker. And it happened that the latter noticed him in the same instant; for she made a double eye-glass of her two hands, looked at him through it, and cried, with a waggish shake of her head: "Aha! Caught you spying, did I?"

It might have fallen out so, any way; but Bradley Headstone also noticed that immediately after this, Lizzie, who had not taken off her bonnet, rather hurriedly proposed that as the room was getting dark they should go out into the air. They went out; the visitors saying good-night to the doll's dress-maker, whom they left leaning back in her chair with her arms

crossed, singing to herself in a sweet thoughtful little voice.

"I'll saunter on by the river," said Bradley. "You will be glad to talk together."

As his uneasy figure went on before them among the evening shadows the boy said to his sister, petulantly:

"When are you going to settle yourself in some Christian sort of place, Liz? I thought you were going to do it before now."

"I am very well where I am, Charley."

"Very well where you are! I am ashamed to have brought Mr. Headstone with me. How came you to get into such company as that little witch's?"

"By chance at first, as it seemed, Charley. But I think it must have been by something more than chance, for that child— You remember the bills upon the walls at home?"

"Confound the bills upon the walls at home! I want to forget the bills upon the walls at home, and it would be better for you to do the same," grumbled the boy. "Well; what of them?"

"This child is the grandchild of the old man."

"What old man?"

"The terrible drunken old man in the list slippers and the night-cap."

The boy asked, rubbing his nose in a manner that half expressed vexation at hearing so much, and half curiosity to hear more: "How came you to make that out? What a girl you are!"

"The child's father is employed by the house that employs me; that's how I came to know it, Charley. The father is like his own father, a weak wretched trembling creature, falling to pieces, never sober. But a good workman too, at the work he does. The mother is dead. This poor ailing little creature has come to be what she is, surrounded by drunken people from her cradle—if she ever had one, Charley."

"I don't see what you have to do with her, for all that," said the boy.

"Don't you, Charley?"

The boy looked doggedly at the river. They were at Millbank, and the river rolled on their left. His sister gently touched him on the shoulder, and pointed to it.

"Any compensation—restitution—never mind the word, you know my meaning. Father's grave."

But he did not respond with any tenderness. After a moody silence he broke out in an ill-used tone:

"It'll be a very hard thing, Liz, if, when I am trying my best to get up in the world, you pull me back."

"I, Charley?"

"Yes, you, Liz. Why can't you let by-gones be by-gones? Why can't you, as Mr. Headstone said to me this very evening about another matter, leave well alone? What we have got to do, is, to turn our faces full in our new direction, and keep straight on."

"And never look back? Not even to try to make some amends?"

"You are such a dreamer," said the boy, with his former petulance. "It was all very well when we sat before the fire—when we looked into the hollow down by the flare—but we are looking into the real world now."

"Ah, we were looking into the real world then, Charley!"

"I understand what you mean by that, but you are not justified in it. I don't want, as I raise myself, to shake you off, Liz. I want to carry you up with me. That's what I want to do, and mean to do. I know what I owe you. I said to Mr. Headstone this very evening, 'After all, my sister got me here.' Well, then. Don't pull me back, and hold me down. That's all I ask, and surely that's not unconscionable."

She had kept a steadfast look upon him, and she answered with composure:

"I am not here selfishly, Charley. To please myself, I could not be too far from that river."

"Nor could you be too far from it to please me. Let us get quit of it equally. Why should you linger about it any more than I? I give it a wide berth."

"I can't get away from it, I think," said Lizzie, passing her hand across her forehead. "It's no purpose of mine that I live by it still."

"There you go, Liz! Dreaming again! You lodge yourself of your own accord in a house with a drunken—tailor, I suppose—or something of the sort, and a little crooked antic of a child, or old person, or whatever it is, and then you talk as if you were drawn or driven there. Now, do be more practical."

She had been practical enough with him, in suffering and striving for him; but she only laid her hand upon his shoulder—not reproachfully—and tapped it twice or thrice. She had been used to do so, to soothe him when she carried him about, a child as heavy as herself. Tears started to his eyes.

"Upon my word, Liz," drawing the back of his hand across them, "I mean to be a good brother to you, and to prove that I know what I owe you. All I say is, that I hope you'll control your fancies a little, on my account. I'll get a school, and then you must come and live with me, and you'll have to control your fancies then, so why not now? Now, say I haven't vexed you."

"You haven't, Charley, you haven't."

"And say I haven't hurt you."

"You haven't, Charley." But this answer was less ready.

"Say you are sure I didn't mean to. Come! There's Mr. Headstone stopping, and looking over the wall at the tide, to hint that it's time to go. Kiss me, and tell me that you know I didn't mean to hurt you."

She told him so, and they embraced, and walked on and came up with the schoolmaster.

"But we go your sister's way," he remarked, when the boy told him he was ready. And with his cumbrous and uneasy action he stiffly offered her his arm. Her hand was just within

it when she drew it back. He looked round with a start, as if he thought she had detected something that repelled her in the momentary touch.

"I will not go in just yet," said Lizzie. "And you have a distance before you, and will walk faster without me."

Being by this time close to Vauxhall Bridge, they resolved, in consequence, to take that way over the Thames, and they left her; Bradley Headstone giving her his hand at parting, and she thanking him for his care of her brother.

The master and the pupil walked on rapidly and silently. They had nearly crossed the bridge when a gentleman came coolly sauntering toward them, with a cigar in his mouth, his coat thrown back, and his hands behind him. Something in the careless manner of this person, and in a certain lazily arrogant air with which he approached, holding possession of twice as much pavement as another would have claimed, instantly caught the boy's attention. As the gentleman passed, the boy looked at him narrowly, and then stood still, looking after him.

"Who is it that you stare after?" asked Bradley.

"Why!" said the boy, with a confused and pondering frown upon his face, "It is that Wrayburn one!"

Bradley Headstone scrutinized the boy as closely as the boy had scrutinized the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Headstone, but I couldn't help wondering what in the world brought *him* here!"

Though he said it as if his wonder were past—at the same time resuming the walk—it was not lost upon the master that he looked over his shoulder after speaking, and that the same perplexed and pondering frown was heavy on his face.

"You don't appear to like your friend, Hexam?"

"I DON'T like him," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"He took hold of me by the chin in a precious impertinent way the first time I ever saw him," said the boy.

"Again, why?"

"For nothing. Or—it's much the same—because something I happened to say about my sister didn't happen to please him."

"Then he knows your sister?"

"He didn't at that time," said the boy, still moodily pondering.

"Does now?"

The boy had so lost himself that he looked at Mr. Bradley Headstone as they walked on side by side, without attempting to reply until the question had been repeated; then he nodded and answered, "Yes, Sir."

"Going to see her, I dare say."

"It can't be!" said the boy, quickly. "He doesn't know her well enough. I should like to catch him at it!"

When they had walked on for a time, more rapidly than before, the master said, clasping the pupil's arm between the elbow and the shoulder with his hand:

"You were going to tell me something about that person. What did you say his name was?"

"Wrayburn. Mr. Eugene Wrayburn. He is what they call a barrister, with nothing to do. The first time he came to our old place was when my father was alive. He came on business; not that it was *his* business—he never had any business—he was brought by a friend of his."

"And the other times?"

"There was only one other time that I know of. When my father was killed by accident, he chanced to be one of the finders. He was mooning about, I suppose, taking liberties with people's chins; but there he was, somehow. He brought the news home to my sister early in the morning, and brought Miss Abbey Potterson, a neighbor, to help break it to her. He was mooning about the house when I was fetched home in the afternoon—they didn't know where to find me till my sister could be brought round sufficiently to tell them—and then he mooned away."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, Sir."

Bradley Headstone gradually released the boy's arm, as if he were thoughtful, and they walked on side by side as before. After a long silence between them, Bradley resumed the talk.

"I suppose—your sister—" with a curious break both before and after the words, "has received hardly any teaching, Hexam?"

"Hardly any, Sir."

"Sacrificed, no doubt, to her father's objections. I remember them in your case. Yet—your sister—scarcely looks or speaks like an ignorant person."

"Lizzie has as much thought as the best, Mr. Headstone. Too much, perhaps, without teaching. I used to call the fire at home her books, for she was always full of fancies—sometimes quite wise fancies, considering—when she sat looking at it."

"I don't like that," said Bradley Headstone.

His pupil was a little surprised by this striking in with so sudden and decided and emotional an objection, but took it as a proof of the master's interest in himself. It emboldened him to say:

"I have never brought myself to mention it openly to you, Mr. Headstone, and you're my witness that I couldn't even make up my mind to take it from you before we came out to-night; but it's a painful thing to think that if I get on as well as you hope, I shall be—I won't say disgraced, because I don't mean disgraced—but—rather put to the blush if it was known—by a sister who has been very good to me."

"Yes," said Bradley Headstone in a slurring way, for his mind scarcely seemed to touch that point, so smoothly did it glide to another, "and

there is this possibility to consider. Some man who had worked his way might come to admire—your sister—and might even in time bring himself to think of marrying—your sister—and it would be a sad drawback and a heavy penalty upon him, if, overcoming in his mind other inequalities of condition and other considerations against it, this inequality and this consideration remained in full force.”

“That’s much my own meaning, Sir.”

“Ay, ay,” said Bradley Headstone, “but you spoke of a mere brother. Now the case I have supposed would be a much stronger case; because an admirer, a husband, would form the connection voluntarily, besides being obliged to proclaim it: which a brother is not. After all, you know, it must be said of you that you couldn’t help yourself: while it would be said of him, with equal reason, that he could.”

“That’s true, Sir. Sometimes since Lizzie was left free by father’s death, I have thought that such a young woman might soon acquire more than enough to pass muster. And sometimes I have even thought that perhaps Miss Peecher—”

“For the purpose, I would advise *NOT* Miss Peecher,” Bradley Headstone struck in with a recurrence of his late decision of manner.

“Would you be so kind as to think of it for me, Mr. Headstone?”

“Yes, Hexam, yes. I’ll think of it. I’ll think maturely of it. I’ll think well of it.”

Their walk was almost a silent one afterward until it ended at the school-house. There one of neat Miss Peecher’s little windows, like the eyes in needles, was illuminated, and in a corner near it sat Mary Anne watching, while Miss Peecher at the table stitched at the neat little body she was making up by brown paper pattern for her own wearing. N.B. Miss Peecher and Miss Peecher’s pupils were not much encouraged in the unscholastic art of needle-work by Government.

Mary Anne with her face to the window held her arm up.

“Well, Mary Anne?”

“Mr. Headstone coming home, ma’am.”

In about a minute, Mary Anne again hailed.

“Yes, Mary Anne?”

“Gone in and locked his door, ma’am.”

Miss Peecher repressed a sigh as she gathered her work together for bed, and transfixed that part of her dress where her heart would have been if she had had the dress on with a sharp, sharp needle.

back. The person of the house had attained that dignity while yet of very tender years indeed through being the only trust-worthy person in the house.

“Well Lizzie-Mizzie-Wizzie,” said she, breaking off in her song. “What’s the news out of doors?”

“What’s the news in doors?” returned Lizzie, playfully smoothing the bright long fair hair which grew very luxuriant and beautiful on the head of the doll’s dress-maker.

“Let me see, said the blind man. Why the last news is, that I don’t mean to marry your brother.”

“No?”

“No-o,” shaking her head and her chin.

“Don’t like the boy.”

“What do you say to his master?”

“I say that I think he’s bespoke.”

Lizzie finished putting the hair carefully back over the misshapen shoulders and then lighted a candle. It showed the little parlor to be dingy, but orderly and clean. She stood it on the mantle-shelf, remote from the dress-maker’s eyes, and then put the room-door open, and the house-door open, and turned the little low chair and its occupant toward the outer air. It was a sultry night, and this was a fine-weather arrangement when the day’s work was done. To complete it, she seated herself in a chair by the side of the little chair, and protectingly drew under her arm the spare hand that crept up to her.

“This is what your loving Jenny Wren calls the best time in the day and night,” said the person of the house. Her real name was Fanny Cleaver; but she had long ago chosen to bestow upon herself the appellation of Miss Jenny Wren.

“I have been thinking,” Jenny went on, “as I sat at work to-day, what a thing it would be if I should be able to have your company till I am married, or at least courted. Because when I am courted, I shall make Him do some of the things that you do for me. He couldn’t brush my hair like you do, or help me up and down stairs like you do; but he could take my work home, and he could call for orders in his clumsy way. And he shall too. I’ll trot him about, I can tell him!”

Jenny Wren had her personal vanities—happily for her—and no intentions were stronger in her breast than the various trials and torments that were, in the fullness of time, to be inflicted upon “him.”

“Wherever he may happen to be just at present, or whoever he may happen to be,” said Miss Wren, “I know his tricks and his manners, and I give him warning to look out.”

“Don’t you think you are rather hard upon him?” asked her friend, smiling, and smoothing her hair.

“Not a bit,” replied the sage Miss Wren, with an air of vast experience. “My dear, they don’t care for you, those fellows, if you’re not hard upon ’em. But I was saying If I should

CHAPTER II.

STILL EDUCATIONAL.

THE person of the house, doll’s dress-maker and manufacturer of ornamental pin-cushions and pen-wipers, sat in her quaint little low arm-chair, singing in the dark, until Lizzie came

be able to have your company. Ah! What a large If! Ain't it?"

"I have no intention of parting company, Jenny."

"Don't say that, or you'll go directly."

"Am I so little to be relied upon?"

"You're more to be relied upon than silver and gold." As she said it Miss Wren suddenly broke off, screwed up her eyes and her chin, and looked prodigiously knowing. "Aha!

"Who comes here?"

"A Grenadier."

"What does he want?"

"A pot of beer."

And nothing else in the world, my dear!"

A man's figure paused on the pavement at the outer door. "Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, ain't it?" said Miss Wren.

"So I am told," was the answer.

"You may come in, if you're good."

"I am not good," said Eugene, "but I'll come in."

He gave his hand to Jenny Wren, and he gave his hand to Lizzie, and he stood leaning by the door at Lizzie's side. He had been strolling with his cigar, he said (it was smoked out and gone by this time), and he had strolled round to return in that direction that he might look in as he passed. Had she not seen her brother to-night?

"Yes," said Lizzie, whose manner was a little troubled.

Gracious condescension on our brother's part! Mr. Eugene Wrayburn thought he had passed my young gentleman on the bridge yonder. Who was his friend with him?

"The schoolmaster."

"To be sure. Looked like it."

Lizzie sat so still that one could not have said wherein the fact of her manner being troubled was expressed; and yet one could not have doubted it. Eugene was as easy as ever; but perhaps, as she sat with her eyes cast down, it might have been rather more perceptible that his attention was concentrated upon her for certain moments, than its concentration upon any subject for any short time ever was elsewhere.

"I have nothing to report, Lizzie," said Eugene. "But, having promised you that an eye should be always kept on Mr. Riderhood through my friend Lightwood, I like occasionally to renew my assurance that I keep my promise, and keep my friend up to the mark."

"I should not have doubted it, Sir."

"Generally, I confess myself a man to be doubted," returned Eugene, coolly, "for all that."

"Why are you?" asked the sharp Miss Wren.

"Because, my dear," said the airy Eugene, "I am a bad idle dog."

"Then why don't you reform and be a good dog?" inquired Miss Wren.

"Because, my dear," returned Eugene, "there's nobody who makes it worth my while. Have you considered my suggestion, Lizzie?"

This in a lower voice, but only as if it were a graver matter; not at all to the exclusion of the person of the house.

"I have thought of it, Mr. Wrayburn, but I have not been able to make up my mind to accept it."

"False pride!" said Eugene.

"I think not, Mr. Wrayburn. I hope not."

"False pride!" repeated Eugene. "Why, what else is it? The thing is worth nothing in itself. The thing is worth nothing to me. What can it be worth to me? You know the most I make of it. I propose to be of some use to somebody—which I never was in this world, and never shall be on any other occasion—by paying some qualified person of your own sex and age so many (or rather so few) contemptible shillings to come here certain nights in the week, and give you certain instructions which you wouldn't want if you hadn't been a self-denying daughter and sister. You know that it's good to have it, or you would never have so devoted yourself to your brother's having it. Then why not have it: especially when our friend Miss Jenny here would profit by it too? If I proposed to be the teacher, or to attend the lessons—obviously incongruous!—but as to that, I might as well be on the other side of the globe, or not on the globe at all. False pride, Lizzie. Because true pride wouldn't shame, or be shamed by, your thankless brother. True pride wouldn't have schoolmasters brought here, like doctors, to look at a bad case. True pride would go to work and do it. You know that well enough, for you know that your own true pride would do it to-morrow if you had the ways and means, which false pride won't let me supply. Very well. I add no more than this. Your false pride does wrong to yourself, and does wrong to your dead father."

"How to my father, Mr. Wrayburn?" she asked, with an anxious face.

"How to your father? Can you ask! By perpetuating the consequences of his ignorant and blind obstinacy. By resolving not to set right the wrong he did you. By determining that the deprivation to which he condemned you, and which he forced upon you, shall always rest upon his head."

It chanced to be a subtle string to sound, in her who had so spoken to her brother within the hour. It sounded far more forcibly, because of the change in the speaker for the moment; the passing appearance of earnestness, complete conviction, injured resentment of suspicion, generous and unselfish interest. All these qualities, in him usually so light and careless, she felt to be inseparable from some touch of their opposites in her own breast. She thought, had she, so far below him and so different, rejected this disinterestedness because of some vain misgiving that he sought her out, or heeded any personal attractions that he might descry in her? The poor girl, pure of heart and purpose, could not bear to think it. Sinking before her own eyes



THE PERSON OF THE HOUSE AND THE BAD CHILD.

as she suspected herself of it, she drooped her head as though she had done him some wicked and grievous injury, and broke into silent tears.

"Don't be distressed," said Eugene, very, very kindly. "I hope it is not I who have distressed you. I meant no more than to put the matter in its true light before you; though I acknowledge I did it selfishly enough, for I am disappointed."

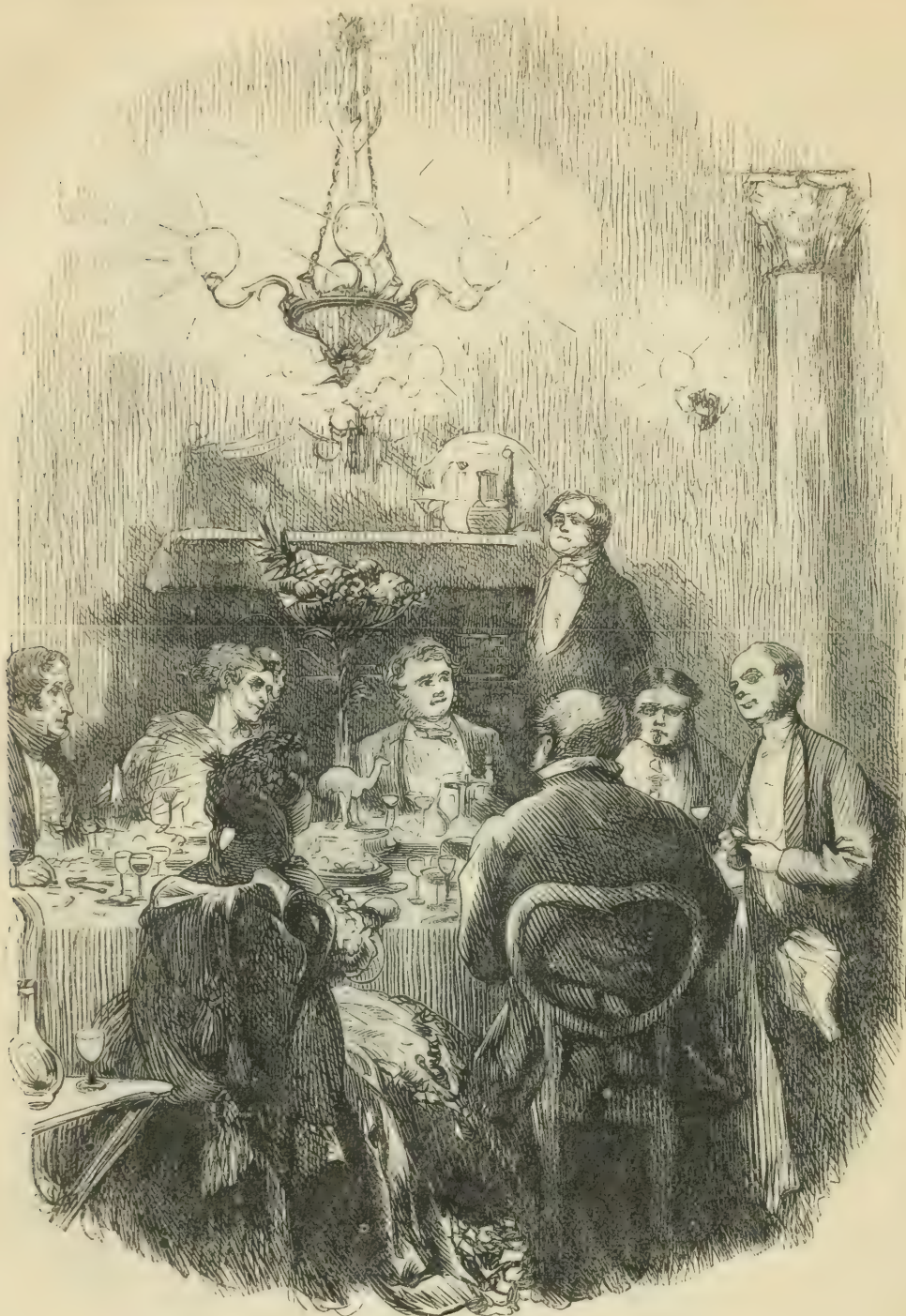
Disappointed of doing her a service. How else *could* he be disappointed?

"It won't break my heart," laughed Eugene; "it won't stay by me eight-and-forty hours; but I am genuinely disappointed. I had set my fancy on doing this little thing for you and for our friend Miss Jenny. The novelty of my doing any thing in the least useful had its charms.

I see now that I might have managed it better. I might have affected to do it wholly for our friend Miss J. I might have got myself up, morally, as Sir Eugene Bountiful. But upon my soul I can't make flourishes, and I would rather be disappointed than try."

If he meant to follow home what was in Lizzie's thoughts, it was skillfully done. If he followed it by mere fortuitous coincidence, it was done by an evil chance.

"It opened out so naturally before me," said Eugene. "The ball seemed so thrown into my hands by accident! I happen to be originally brought into contact with you, Lizzie, on those two occasions that you know of. I happen to be able to promise you that a watch shall be kept upon that false accuser, Riderhood. I hap-



THE DINNER AT VENEERING'S.

pen to be able to give you some little consolation in the darkest hour of your distress, by assuring you that I don't believe him. On the same occasion I tell you that I am the idlest and least of lawyers, but that I am better than none, in a case I have noted down with my own hand, and that you may be always sure of my best help, and incidentally of Lightwood's too, in your efforts to clear your father. So it gradually takes my fancy that I may help you—so easily!—to clear your father of that other blame which I mentioned a few minutes ago, and which is a just and real one. I hope I have explained myself, for I am heartily sorry to have distressed you. I hate to claim to mean well, but I really did mean honestly and simply well, and I want you to know it."

"I have never doubted that, Mr. Wrayburn," said Lizzie; the more repentant the less he claimed.

"I am very glad to hear it. Though if you had quite understood my whole meaning at first, I think you would not have refused. Do you think you would?"

"I—I don't know that I should, Mr. Wrayburn."

"Well! Then why refuse now you do understand it?"

"It's not easy for me to talk to you," returned Lizzie, in some confusion, "for you see all the consequences of what I say as soon as I say it."

"Take all the consequences," laughed Eugene, "and take away my disappointment. Lizzie Hexam, as I truly respect you, and as I

ridiculous than before, it would have been his so displaying himself.

"Here's but seven and eight-pence half-penny!" exclaimed Miss Wren, after reducing the heap to order. "Oh, you prodigal old son! Now you shall be starved."

"No, don't starve me," he urged, whimpering.

"If you were treated as you ought to be," said Miss Wren, "you'd be fed upon the skewers of cats' meat;—only the skewers, after the cats had had the meat. As it is, go to bed."

When he stumbled out of the corner to comply, he again put out both his hands, and pleaded: "Circumstances over which no control—"

"Get along with you to bed!" cried Miss Wren, snapping him up. "Don't speak to me. I'm not going to forgive you. Go to bed this moment!"

Seeing another emphatic "What" upon its way, he evaded it by complying, and was heard to shuffle heavily up stairs, and shut his door, and throw himself on his bed. Within a little while afterward Lizzie came down.

"Shall we have our supper, Jenny dear?"

"Ah! bless us and save us, we need have something to keep us going," returned Miss Jenny, shrugging her shoulders.

Lizzie laid a cloth upon the little bench (more handy for the person of the house than an ordinary table), and put upon it such plain fare as they were accustomed to have, and drew up a stool for herself.

"Now for supper! What are you thinking of, Jenny darling?"

"I was thinking," she returned, coming out of a deep study, "what I would do to Him, if he should turn out a drunkard."

"Oh, but he won't," said Lizzie. "You'll take care of that, beforehand."

"I shall try to take care of it beforehand, but he might deceive me. Oh, my dear, all those fellows with their tricks and their manners do deceive!" With the little fist in full action. "And if so, I tell you what I think I'd do. When he was asleep, I'd take a spoon red-hot, and I'd have some boiling liquor bubbling in a sauce-pan, and I'd take it out hissing, and I'd open his mouth with the other hand—or perhaps he'd sleep with his mouth ready open—and I'd pour it down his throat, and blister it and choke him."

"I am sure you would do no such horrible thing," said Lizzie.

"Shouldn't I? Well; perhaps I shouldn't. But I should like to!"

"I am equally sure you would not."

"Not even like to? Well, you generally know best. Only you haven't always lived among it as I have lived—and your back isn't bad and your legs are not queer."

As they went on with their supper Lizzie tried to bring her round to that prettier and better state. But the charm was broken. The person of the house was the person of a house

full of sordid shames and cares, with an upper room in which that abased figure was infecting even innocent sleep with sensual brutality and degradation. The doll's dress-maker had become a little quaint shrew; of the world, worldly; of the earth, earthy.

Poor doll's dress-maker! How often so dragged down by hands that should have raised her up; how often so misdirected when losing her way on the eternal road, and asking guidance. Poor, poor little doll's dress-maker!

CHAPTER III.

A PIECE OF WORK.

BRITANNIA, sitting meditating one fine day (perhaps in the attitude in which she is presented on the copper coinage), discovers all of a sudden that she wants Veneering in Parliament. It occurs to her that Veneering is "a representative man"—which can not in these times be doubted—and that Her Majesty's faithful Commons are incomplete without him. So, Britannia mentions to a legal gentleman of her acquaintance that if Veneering will "put down" five thousand pounds, he may write a couple of initial letters after his name at the extremely cheap rate of two thousand five hundred per letter. It is clearly understood between Britannia and the legal gentleman that nobody is to take up the five thousand pounds, but that being put down they will disappear by magical conjuration and enchantment.

The legal gentleman in Britannia's confidence going straight from that lady to Veneering, thus commissioned, Veneering declares himself highly flattered, but requires breathing-time to ascertain "whether his friends will rally round him." Above all things, he says, it behooves him to be clear, at a crisis of his importance, "whether his friends will rally round him." The legal gentleman, in the interests of his client can not allow much time for this purpose, as the lady rather thinks she knows somebody prepared to put down six thousand pounds; but he says he will give Veneering four hours.

Veneering then says to Mrs. Veneering, "We must work," and throws himself into a Hansom cab. Mrs. Veneering in the same moment relinquishes baby to Nurse; presses her aquiline hands upon her brow, to arrange the throbbing intellect within; orders out the carriage; and repeats in a distracted and devoted manner, compounded of Ophelia and any self-immolating female of antiquity you may prefer, "We must work."

Veneering having instructed his driver to charge at the Public in the streets, like the Life-Guards at Waterloo, is driven furiously to Duke Street, Saint James's. There, he finds Twemlow in his lodgings, fresh from the hands of a secret artist who has been doing something to his hair with yolks of eggs. The process re-

quiring that Twemlow shall, for two hours after the application, allow his hair to stick upright and dry gradually, he is in an appropriate state for the receipt of startling intelligence; looking equally like the Monument on Fisk Street Hill, and King Priam on a certain incendiary occasion not wholly unknown as a neat point from the classics.

"My dear Twemlow," says Veneering, grasping both his hands, "as the dearest and oldest of my friends—"

("Then there can be no more doubt about it in future," thinks Twemlow, "and I AM!")

"—Are you of opinion that your cousin, Lord Snigsworth, would give his name as a Member of my Committee? I don't go so far as to ask for his lordship; I only ask for his name. Do you think he would give me his name?"

In sudden low spirits, Twemlow replies, "I don't think he would."

"My political opinions," says Veneering, not previously aware of having any, "are identical with those of Lord Snigsworth, and perhaps as a matter of public feeling and public principle Lord Snigsworth would give me his name."

"It might be so," says Twemlow; "but—" And perplexedly scratching his head, forgetful of the yolks of eggs, is the more discomfited by being reminded how sticky he is.

"Between such old and intimate friends as ourselves," pursues Veneering, "there should in such a case be no reserve. Promise me that if I ask you to do any thing for me which you don't like to do, or feel the slightest difficulty in doing, you will freely tell me so."

This Twemlow is so kind as to promise, with every appearance of most heartily intending to keep his word.

"Would you have any objection to write down to Snigsworthy Park, and ask this favor of Lord Snigsworth? Of course if it were granted I should know that I owed it solely to you; while at the same time you would put it to Lord Snigsworth entirely upon public grounds. Would you have any objection?"

Says Twemlow, with his hand to his forehead, "You have exacted a promise from me."

"I have, my dear Twemlow."

"And you expect me to keep it honorably."

"I do, my dear Twemlow."

"On the whole, then;—observe me," urges Twemlow, with great nicety, as if, in the case of its having been off the whole, he would have done it directly—"on the whole, I must beg you to excuse me from addressing any communication to Lord Snigsworth."

"Bless you, bless you!" says Veneering; horribly disappointed, but grasping him by both hands again, in a particularly fervent manner.

It is not to be wondered at that poor Twemlow should decline to inflict a letter on his noble cousin (who has gout in the temper), inasmuch as his noble cousin, who allows him a small annuity on which he lives, takes it out of him, as the phrase goes, in extreme severity;

putting him, when he visits at Snigsworthy Park, under a kind of martial law; ordaining that he shall hang his hat on a particular peg, sit on a particular chair, talk on particular subjects to particular people, and perform particular exercises: such as sounding the praises of the Family Varnish (not to say Pictures), and abstaining from the choicest of the Family Wines unless expressly invited to partake.

"One thing, however, I *can* do for you," says Twemlow; "and that is, work for you."

Veneering blesses him again.

"I'll go," says Twemlow, in a rising hurry of spirits, "to the club;—let us see now; what o'clock is it?"

"Twenty minutes to eleven."

"I'll be," says Twemlow, "at the club by ten minutes to twelve, and I'll never leave it all day."

Veneering feels that his friends are rallying round him, and says, "Thank you, thank you. I knew I could rely upon you. I said to Anastatia before leaving home just now to come to you—of course the first friend I have seen on a subject so momentous to me, my dear Twemlow—I said to Anastatia, 'We must work.'"

"You were right, you were right," replies Twemlow. "Tell me. Is *she* working?"

"She is," says Veneering.

"Good!" cries Twemlow, polite little gentleman that he is. "A woman's tact is invaluable. To have the dear sex with us is to have every thing with us."

"But you have not imparted to me," remarks Veneering, "what you think of my entering the House of Commons?"

"I think," rejoins Twemlow, feelingly, "that it is the best club in London."

Veneering again blesses him, plunges down stairs, rushes into his Hansom, and directs the driver to be up and at the British Public, and to charge into the City.

Meanwhile Twemlow, in an increasing hurry of spirits, gets his hair down as well as he can—which is not very well; for, after these glutinous applications it is restive, and has a surface on it somewhat in the nature of pastry—and gets to the club by the appointed time. At the club he promptly secures a large window, writing materials, and all the newspapers, and establishes himself, immovable, to be respectfully contemplated by Pall Mall. Sometimes, when a man enters who nods to him, Twemlow says, "Do you know Veneering?" Man says, "No; member of the club?" Twemlow says, "Yes. Coming in for Pocket-Breaches." Man says, "Ah! Hope he may find it worth the money!" yawns, and saunters out. Toward six o'clock of the afternoon Twemlow begins to persuade himself that he is positively jaded with work, and thinks it much to be regretted that he was not brought up as a Parliamentary agent.

From Twemlow's, Veneering dashes at Podsnap's place of business. Finds Podsnap reading the paper, standing, and inclined to be ora-

torical over the astonishing discovery he has made, that Italy is not England. Respectfully entreats Podsnap's pardon for stopping the flow of his words of wisdom, and informs him what is in the wind. Tells Podsnap that their political opinions are identical. Gives Podsnap to understand that he, Veneering, formed his political opinions while sitting at the feet of him, Podsnap. Seeks earnestly to know whether Podsnap "will rally round him?"

Says Podsnap, something sternly. "Now, first of all, Veneering, do you ask my advice?"

Veneering falters that as so old and so dear a friend—

"Yes, yes, that's all very well," says Podsnap; "but have you made up your mind to take this borough of Pocket-Breaches on its own terms, or do you ask my opinion whether you shall take it or leave it alone?"

Veneering repeats that his heart's desire and his soul's thirst are, that Podsnap shall rally round him.

"Now, I'll be plain with you, Veneering," says Podsnap, knitting his brows. "You will infer that *I* don't care about Parliament, from the fact of my not being there?"

Why, of course Veneering knows that! Of course Veneering knows that if Podsnap chose to go there, he would be there, in a space of time that might be stated by the light and thoughtless as a jiffy.

"It is not worth my while," pursues Podsnap, becoming handsomely mollified, "and it is the reverse of important to my position. But it is not my wish to set myself up as law for another man, differently situated. You think it *is* worth *your* while, and *is* important to *your* position. Is that so?"

Always with the proviso that Podsnap will rally round him, Veneering thinks it is so.

"Then you don't ask my advice," says Podsnap. "Good. Then I won't give it you. But you do ask my help. Good. Then I'll work for you."

Veneering instantly blesses him, and apprises him that Twemlow is already working. Podsnap does not quite approve that any body should be already working—regarding it rather in the light of a liberty—but tolerates Twemlow, and says he is a well-connected old female who will do no harm.

"I have nothing very particular to do to-day," adds Podsnap, "and I'll mix with some influential people. I had engaged myself to dinner, but I'll send Mrs. Podsnap and get off going myself, and I'll dine with you at eight. It's important we should report progress and compare notes. Now, let me see. You ought to have a couple of active, energetic fellows, of gentlemanly manners, to go about."

Veneering, after cogitation, thinks of Boots and Brewer.

"Whom I have met at your house," says Podsnap. "Yes. They'll do very well. Let them each have a cab, and go about."

Veneering immediately mentions what a blessing he feels it to possess a friend capable of such grand administrative suggestions, and really is elated at this going about of Boots and Brewer, as an idea wearing an electioneering aspect and looking desperately like business. Leaving Podsnap, at a hand-gallop, he descends upon Boots and Brewer, who enthusiastically rally round him by at once bolting off in cabs, taking opposite directions. Then Veneering repairs to the legal gentleman in Britannia's confidence, and with him transacts some delicate affairs of business, and issues an address to the independent electors of Pocket-Breaches, announcing that he is coming among them for their suffrages, as the mariner returns to the home of his early childhood: a phrase which is none the worse for his never having been near the place in his life, and not even now distinctly knowing where it is.

Mrs. Veneering, during the same eventful hours, is not idle. No sooner does the carriage turn out, all complete, than she turns into it, all complete, and gives the word "To Lady Toppins's." That charmer dwells over a stay-maker's in the Belgravian Borders, with a life-size model in the window on the ground-floor, of a distinguished beauty in a blue petticoat, stay-lace in hand, looking over her shoulder at the town in innocent surprise. As well she may, to find herself dressing under the circumstances.

Lady Toppins at home? Lady Toppins at home, with the room darkened, and her back (like the lady's at the ground-floor window, though for a different reason) cunningly turned toward the light. Lady Toppins is so surprised by seeing her dear Mrs. Veneering so early—in the middle of the night, the pretty creature calls it—that her eyelids almost go up, under the influence of that emotion.

To whom Mrs. Veneering incoherently communicates, how that Veneering has been offered Pocket-Breaches; how that it is the time for rallying round; how that Veneering has said, "We must work;" how that she is here, as a wife and mother, to entreat Lady Toppins to work; how that the carriage is at Lady Toppins's disposal for purposes of work; how that she, proprietress of said bran-new elegant equipage, will return home on foot—on bleeding feet, if need be—to work (not specifying how) until she drops by the side of baby's crib.

"My love," says Lady Toppins, "compose yourself: we'll bring him in." And Lady Toppins really does work, and work the Veneering horses too; for she clatters about town all day, calling upon every body she knows, and showing her entertaining powers and green fan to immense advantage, by rattling on with, My dear soul, what do you think? What do you suppose me to be? You'll never guess. I'm pretending to be an electioneering agent. And for what place of all places? Pocket-Breaches. And why? Because the dearest friend I have in the world has bought it. And who is the dearest friend I have in the world? A man of

the name of Veneering. Not omitting his wife, who is the other dearest friend I have in the world; and I positively declare I forgot their baby, who is the other. And we are carrying on this little farce to keep up appearances, and isn't it refreshing! Then, my precious child, the fun of it is that nobody knows who these Veneerings are, and that they know nobody, and that they have a house out of the Tales of the Genii, and give dinners out of the Arabian Nights. Curious to see 'em, my dear? Say you'll know 'em. Come and dine with 'em. They sha'n't bore you. Say who shall meet you. We'll make up a party of our own, and I'll engage that they shall not interfere with you for one single moment. You really ought to see their gold and silver camels. I call their dinner-table the Caravan. Do come and dine with my Veneerings, my own Veneerings, my exclusive property, the dearest friends I have in the world! And above all, my dear, be sure you promise me your vote and interest and all sorts of plumpers for Pocket-Breaches; for we couldn't think of spending sixpence on it, my love, and can only consent to be brought in by the spontaneous thingummies of the incorruptible whatdoyoucallums.

Now the point of view seized by the bewitching Tippins, that this same working and rallying round is to keep up appearances, may have something in it, but not all the truth. More is done, or considered to be done—which does as well—by taking cabs, and “going about,” than the fair Tippins knew of. Many vast vague reputations have been made, solely by taking cabs and going about. This particularly obtains in all Parliamentary affairs. Whether the business in hand be to get a man in, or get a man out, or get a man over, or promote a railway, or jockey a railway, or what else, nothing is understood to be so effectual as scouring nowhere in a violent hurry—in short, as taking cabs and going about.

Probably because this reason is in the air, Twemlow, far from being singular in his persuasion that he works like a Trojan, is capped by Podsnap, who in his turn is capped by Boots and Brewer. At eight o'clock, when all these hard workers assemble to dine at Veneering's, it is understood that the cabs of Boots and Brewer mustn't leave the door, but that pails of water must be brought from the nearest baiting-place, and cast over the horses' legs on the very spot, lest Boots and Brewer should have instant occasion to mount and away. Those fleet messengers require the Analytical to see that their hats are deposited where they can be laid hold of at an instant's notice; and they dine (remarkably well though) with the air of firemen in charge of an engine, expecting intelligence of some tremendous conflagration.

Mrs. Veneering faintly remarks, as dinner opens, that many such days would be too much for her.

“Many such days would be too much for all

of us,” says Podsnap; “but we'll bring him in!”

“We'll bring him in,” says Lady Tippins, sportively waving her green fan. “Veneering forever!”

“We'll bring him in!” says Twemlow.

“We'll bring him in!” say Boots and Brewer.

Strictly speaking, it would be hard to show cause why they should not bring him in, Pocket-Breaches having closed its little bargain, and there being no opposition. However, it is agreed that they must “work” to the last, and that if they did not work, something indefinite would happen. It is likewise agreed that they are all so exhausted with the work behind them, and need to be fortified for the work before them, as to require peculiar strengthening from Veneering's cellar. Therefore, the Analytical has orders to produce the cream of the cream of his bins, and therefore it falls out that rallying becomes rather a trying word for the occasion; Lady Tippins being observed gamely to inculcate the necessity of rearing round their dear Veneering; Podsnap advocating roaring round him; Boots and Brewer declaring their intention of reeling round him; and Veneering thanking his devoted friends one and all, with great emotion, for rarullarulling round him.

In these inspiring moments Brewer strikes out an idea which is the great hit of the day. He consults his watch, and says (like Guy Fawkes), he'll now go down to the House of Commons and see how things look.

“I'll keep about the lobby for an hour or so,” says Brewer, with a deeply mysterious countenance; “and if things look well, I won't come back, but will order my cab for nine in the morning.”

“You couldn't do better,” says Podsnap.

Veneering expresses his inability ever to acknowledge this last service. Tears stand in Mrs. Veneering's affectionate eyes. Boots shows envy, loses ground, and is regarded as possessing a second-rate mind. They all crowd to the door, to see Brewer off. Brewer says to his driver, “Now, is your horse pretty fresh?” eying the animal with critical scrutiny. Driver says he's as fresh as butter. “Put him along, then,” says Brewer; “House of Commons.” Driver darts up, Brewer leaps in, they cheer him as he departs, and Mr. Podsnap says, “Mark my words, Sir. That's a man of resource; that's a man to make his way in life.”

When the time comes for Veneering to deliver a neat and appropriate stammer to the men of Pocket-Breaches, only Podsnap and Twemlow accompany him by railway to that sequestered spot. The legal gentleman is at the Pocket-Breaches Branch Station, with an open carriage with a printed bill “Veneering forever!” stuck upon it, as if it were a wall; and they gloriously proceed, amidst the grins of the populace, to a feeble little town-hall on crutches, with some onions and boot-laces under it, which the legal gentleman says are a Market; and

from the front window of that edifice Veneering speaks to the listening earth. In the moment of his taking his hat off, Podsnap, as per agreement made with Mrs. Veneering, telegraphs to that wife and mother, "He's up."

Veneering loses his way in the usual No Thoroughfares of speech, and Podsnap and Twemlow say Hear hear! and sometimes, when he can't by any means back himself out of some very unlucky No Thoroughfare, "He-a-a-r He-a-a-r!" with an air of facetious conviction, as if the ingenuity of the thing gave them a sensation of exquisite pleasure. But Veneering makes two remarkably good points; so good, that they are supposed to have been suggested to him by the legal gentleman in Britannia's confidence, while briefly conferring on the stairs.

Point the first is this. Veneering institutes an original comparison between the country and a ship; pointedly calling the ship the Vessel of the State, and the Minister the Man at the Helm. Veneering's object is to let Pocket-Breaches know that his friend on his right (Podsnap) is a man of wealth. Consequently says he, "And, gentlemen, when the timbers of the Vessel of the State are unsound and the Man at the Helm is unskillful, would those great Marine Insurers, who rank among our world-famed merchant-princes—would they insure her, gentlemen? Would they underwrite her? Would they incur a risk in her? Would they have confidence in her? Why, gentlemen, if I appealed to my honorable friend upon my right, himself among the greatest and most respected of that great and much-respected class, he would answer No!"

Point the second is this. The telling fact that Twemlow is related to Lord Snigsworth must be let off. Veneering supposes a state of public affairs that probably never could by any possibility exist (though this is not quite certain, in consequence of his picture being unintelligible to himself and every body else), and thus proceeds: "Why, gentlemen, if I were to indicate such a programme to any class of society, I say it would be received with derision, would be pointed at by the finger of scorn. If I indicated such a programme to any worthy and intelligent tradesman of your town—nay, I will here be personal, and say Our town—what would he reply? He would reply, 'Away with it!' That's what *he* would reply, gentlemen. In his honest indignation he would reply, 'Away with it!' But suppose I mounted higher in the social scale. Suppose I drew my arm through the arm of my respected friend upon my left, and, walking with him through the ancestral woods of his family, and under the spreading beeches of Snigsworthy Park, approached the noble hall, crossed the court-yard, entered by the door, went up the staircase, and, passing from room to room, found myself at last in the august presence of my friend's near kinsman, Lord Snigsworth. And suppose I said to that ven-

erable earl, 'My Lord, I am here before your lordship, presented by your lordship's near kinsman, my friend upon my left, to indicate that programme;' what would his lordship answer? Why, he would answer, 'Away with it!' That's what he would answer, gentlemen. 'Away with it!' Unconsciously using, in his exalted sphere, the exact language of the worthy and intelligent tradesman of our town, the near and dear kinsman of my friend upon my left would answer in his wrath, 'Away with it!'"

Veneering finishes with this last success, and Mr. Podsnap telegraphs to Mrs. Veneering, "He's down."

Then dinner is had at the Hotel with the legal gentleman, and then there are in due succession, nomination, and declaration. Finally Mr. Podsnap telegraphs to Mrs. Veneering, "We have brought him in."

Another gorgeous dinner awaits them on their return to the Veneering halls, and Lady Tippins awaits them, and Boots and Brewer await them. There is a modest assertion on every body's part that every body single-handed "brought him in;" but in the main it is conceded by all that that stroke of business on Brewer's part, in going down to the House that night to see how things looked, was the master-stroke.

A touching little incident is related by Mrs. Veneering in the course of the evening. Mrs. Veneering is habitually disposed to be tearful, and has an extra disposition that way after her late excitement. Previous to withdrawing from the dinner-table with Lady Tippins she says, in a pathetic and physically weak manner:

"You will all think it foolish of me, I know, but I must mention it. As I sat by Baby's crib, on the night before the election, Baby was very uneasy in her sleep."

The Analytical chemist, who is gloomily looking on, has diabolical impulses to suggest "Wind" and throw up his situation; but represses them.

"After an interval almost convulsive, Baby curled her little hands in one another and smiled."

Mrs. Veneering stopping here, Mr. Podsnap deems it incumbent on him to say: "I wonder why!"

"Could it be, I asked myself," says Mrs. Veneering, looking about her for her pocket-handkerchief, "that the Fairies were telling Baby that her papa would shortly be an M.P.?"

So overcome by the sentiment is Mrs. Veneering that they all get up to make a clear stage for Veneering, who goes round the table to the rescue and bears her out backward, with her feet impressively scraping the carpet: after remarking that her work has been too much for her strength. Whether the fairies made any mention of the five thousand pounds, and it disagreed with Baby, is not speculated upon.

Poor little Twemlow, quite done up, is touched, and still continues touched after he is safely housed over the livery-stable yard in Duke Street, Saint James's. But there, upon his sofa, a tre-

mendous consideration breaks in upon the mild gentleman, putting all softer considerations to the rout.

"Gracious Heavens! Now I have time to think of it, he never saw one of his constituents in all his days until we saw them together!"

After having paced the room in distress of mind, with his hand to his forehead, the innocent Twemlow returns to his sofa and moans:

"I shall either go distracted, or die, of this man. He comes upon me too late in life. I am not strong enough to bear him!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of October. We have the details of Sherman's movements by which the capture of Atlanta was effected. These and Sheridan's brilliant operations in the Valley of the Shenandoah form the main topics of our military record for the month.

After the failure of M'Cook's and Stoneman's raids against the Macon Road, and the very limited success which attended Kilpatrick, Sherman's army seemed to many to have come to a dead-lock before Atlanta. Ever from the commencement of the campaign Sherman had held fast to the Chattanooga Railroad. After he had reached Atlanta it became more than ever necessary to preserve his hold upon that road, which was the sole artery through which his army was sustained with food and replenished with ammunition. So long as his cavalry remained to him in full force the military problem was a very simple one. Holding the Chattanooga Road he could extend his lines in an easterly direction to the Augusta Road; indeed, after crossing the Chattahoochee, he firmly held Decatur on that road with the army of the Tennessee under M'Pherson, and was able to destroy the eastern communications of Hood quite effectually; but it was hardly possible to maintain this hold for any length of time. Having so completely destroyed it as to make it useless to Hood for some weeks, Sherman, after having fought the battles of the 20th and 22d of July, threw his left around, and, maintaining his hold on the Chattanooga Road, extended his lines nearly to the West Point Road on the west side of Atlanta. Then was fought the battle of July 28, which, like those of the 20th and 22d, resulted favorably. Sherman now depended upon his cavalry to destroy the West Point and Macon roads. M'Cook's and Stoneman's expeditions not only failed, but resulted disastrously, for one-half of Sherman's cavalry horses and equipments fell into the hands of the rebels. Kilpatrick then tried his hand at raiding; but though promising much he accomplished little. It then appeared, as we said before, that Sherman had come to a dead-lock; and but for Hood's rashness, which might safely be calculated on, it would have so proved. Hood, thinking it would now be his best move to disturb Sherman's rear, sent General Wheeler with a cavalry force estimated at ten thousand toward Chattanooga. Hood's temerity was Sherman's opportunity. Sherman knew that the rebel army was supplied now almost entirely by the Macon Road, and that, while the great dépôts for provision were on that road, only one or two days' rations at a time passed into Atlanta. He determined, therefore, to plant his entire army, with the exception of the Twentieth, Slocum's Corps, on the Macon Road, just below the junction of that road with the West Point Road. A single corps securely intrenched would, in the absence of the Confederate cavalry, be sufficient to guard the immense

dépôts of supplies and the fords of the Chattahoochee. Sherman, therefore, with his army broke camp on the 25th of August and left Atlanta. Already three thousand wagons and one thousand ambulances had been selected for the use of the main column; the rest were sent across the Chattahoochee by three different crossings, viz.: Pace's Ferry, the Railroad Bridge, and Turner's Ferry. The Twentieth Corps followed on the 25th, supported by the Fourth. The next morning Slocum's command were securely intrenched on the bank of the Chattahoochee nearest Atlanta. The same day the Fourth Corps, appearing to follow toward the river, took the Newman Road and moved southwest. The army of the Tennessee, under Howard, followed toward Fairburn on the West Point Road, taking the extreme right of the moving column. Schofield's Corps remained behind to cover the left, but on the 28th also withdrew. On that day Jeff C. Davis, with the Fourteenth Corps, reached Red Oak on the West Point Road, thirteen miles from Atlanta, and began the destruction of the road, in which they were soon joined by the Fourth Corps.

The Army of the Tennessee moved from Fairburn to Reupo Place, near Jonesborough; the Army of the Cumberland from Red Oak, via Shoal Creek Church, to Conch's; the Army of the Ohio, via Red Oak and Mims, to Maury's Hill. Thus the entire army, with the exception of Slocum's Corps, was now on the march. The Confederates thought Sherman was in full retreat. The Army of the Tennessee approached Jonesborough; Thomas, with the Army of the Ohio, was further to the left, holding the centre of the moving column; while Schofield, with the Army of the Cumberland, held the extreme left. The Army of the Cumberland on the 1st of September held a strong position on the Macon Road, below Rough and Ready; Thomas another position on the road farther South; while Howard and Jeff C. Davis were fighting Hardee and Lee at Jonesborough.

The Confederates at first assumed the offensive and were repulsed. Davis at 5 P.M. struck the road above Jonesborough, and cut off Hardee and Lee at that place from Stewart's Corps, which Hood retained at Atlanta. Davis made an attack on Hardee, and flanked him on the left, the Fourth Corps at the same time flanking on the right. The Fourteenth Corps then charged, and the Confederates, overpowered by numbers, gave way, leaving their works and a thousand prisoners in the hands of the Federals. While mentioning Davis's fight at Jonesborough, Logan's of the day before should also be recorded. The Fifteenth Corps, holding the left of the Army of the Tennessee, was attacked by the Confederates. The affair did not last long—not more than an hour; but the enemy was driven back, leaving in Logan's hands 800 prisoners, including a major-general and a brigadier.

On the night of September 1 Hardee and Lee re-

treated toward Macon. The same night Hood evacuated Atlanta. Slocum's corps immediately took possession, and Sherman's army has been concentrated at Atlanta. This city is to be made a grand military post. All the inhabitants, loyal and disloyal, were ordered to leave, and a truce of ten days, commencing September 14, was established to carry out the order. On the 10th of September Governor Brown of Georgia withdrew from Hood's army the militia of that State, "in the hope that he should be able to return it, with greater numbers and equal efficiency, when the interest of the public service requires it."

In the week commencing Sunday, September 18, Sheridan defeated Early, and drove him to Staunton. On Sunday, the 18th, General Gordon's Division of the Confederate Army of the Shenandoah attacked Averill's corps at Martinsburg and was driven back to Darkesville. Sheridan's command had for some days held a strong position in the vicinity of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester; his right wing, under General Crook, and consisting of the Army of Western Virginia, posted at Summit Point, while the left rested on the Winchester and Berryville pike a few miles further south. When Gordon made his attack on Sunday, the great mass of Early's army was gathered together in the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Stephenson's Dépôt, and northwest of the position held by Sheridan. A rapid advance along the Winchester pike and across the Opequan River westward would place the Federal army directly in Early's rear. The opportunity as soon as offered was embraced. Sunday afternoon Sheridan had his troops under arms. His plan was to advance at three o'clock on the morning of the 19th, with the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps; Crook, following two hours afterward, was to join the main column at the crossing of the Opequan. In order to divert the enemy's attention, Torbert and Averill, with a large cavalry force, were to demonstrate on his left. Wilson's Cavalry Division crossed the Opequan, followed by the Sixth Corps. The Nineteenth Corps was delayed, and this gave Early time to draw in his left. The Federal advance was therefore stubbornly resisted. Indeed the first and second lines were thrown into some confusion. As soon, however, as Sheridan had placed his artillery order was restored, and then followed one of the most fiercely contested battles of the war. The opposing lines at some points were not more than 200 yards apart. At a critical point of the battle a cavalry charge was ordered on the right, which decided the fortunes of the day in Sheridan's favor. Early's army was driven from the field in confusion and retreated to Fisher's Hill, three miles south of Strasburg. He was closely pursued by Sheridan, who attacked him at Fisher's Hill on the 22d. The attack was made late in the afternoon. Crook's command advanced on Early's left and rear, while the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps attacked in front. The position held by the Confederates was thought to be impregnable, but it was taken with twenty guns and between one and two thousand prisoners. The pursuit was still continued toward Staunton. It is impossible accurately to report the losses on either side. In the battle of Winchester Sheridan lost quite heavily, but at Fisher's Hill his loss was very light. In both battles, and during the hot pursuit, over ten thousand of Early's forces were put out of combat before he reached Staunton. At Winchester Generals Rhodes

and Godwin were killed; among the wounded were Fitz-Hugh Lee, son of the General-in-Chief. On the Federal side General David A. Russell was killed. After the battle of Winchester Torbert's command was sent around to push up the Luray Valley and intercept Early's retreat; but meeting a heavy force of Confederate Cavalry at Luray Court House he was detained from his main object, although he succeeded in defeating the force opposed to him.

The capture, by the Confederate General Hampton, of 2500 beeves at Harrison's Landing, September 16, was one of the most annoying occurrences of the war. Estimating each beef at 800 pounds, Hampton by this success obtained a month's supply for Lee's army, allowing each soldier one pound of meat per day.

John C. Frémont and John Cochrane, who were nominated at Cleveland for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, have withdrawn. Mr. Frémont, in his letter of withdrawal, says that the canvass has been entered upon in such a way as to make the union of the Republican Party a paramount necessity. The Chicago platform is simply separation; McClellan's letter of acceptance re-establishment with slavery; the Republican candidate is pledged to the re-establishment of the Union without slavery. Between these issues he could have no doubt; and he therefore withdrew, not to aid the triumph of Lincoln, but to do his part toward preventing the election of the Democratic candidate. In respect to Mr. Lincoln he reiterated what he had said in his letter of acceptance. "I consider," he says, "that his administration has been politically, militarily, and financially a failure, and that its necessary continuance is a cause of regret for the country." The Cleveland Convention was to have been such an expression of opinion as would have rendered Mr. Lincoln's nomination impossible; but circumstances had given him the nomination, and "established for him a character among the people which leaves now no choice. United, the Republican party is reasonably sure of success; divided, the result of the Presidential election is at least doubtful."—Mr. Cochrane, in declining the nomination, says: "Peace and division, or war and the Union. Other alternative there is none. And as I am still of the mind that once led me to the field with the soldiers of the Republic, I can not now hold a position which, by dividing, hazards the success of those who, whatever their differences at other points, agree as upon the question of first consequence that the restoration of the Union can not be effected without the uninterrupted continuation of the war."

State elections have been held in Vermont and Maine. Both States went strongly Republican. In Vermont the vote showed an increase of about 2600 over that of the last election, of which the Republicans gained 2000, the Democrats 600; the Republican majority for Governor being 18,000 in a vote of 42,000.—In Maine the total vote was about 8000 less than at the last election, the two parties losing almost exactly in proportion to their respective votes. The Republican majority for Governor was about 16,000 in a vote something more than 100,000. The Legislatures of both States are strongly Republican. In New York the Democrats have nominated for re-election as Governor Hon. Horatio Seymour. The Union candidate is Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, a prominent member of Congress, originally elected as a Democrat.

Literary Notices.

Crusoe's Island, with Adventures in California and Washoe, by J. ROSS BROWNE. (Harper and Brothers.) A dozen years ago there appeared in this Magazine a series of papers under the title of "Crusoe Life." A vessel in which the writer was voyaging from New York to California was becalmed off the Island of Juan Fernandez. He with ten others put off in a small boat for the island, some seventy miles distant. They reached it with some difficulty, remained there a couple of days exploring the island, and then regained the ship. Upon this slight foundation was built up a series of strange adventures, "founded on fact," which gave promise that Mr. Browne would prove to be the most original and genial American humorist. This promise was abundantly justified a few years later by his book "Yusef," a record of a tour through Sicily and the Holy Land. Subsequently the pages of this Magazine have been enriched with accounts of Mr. Browne's varied travels in divers portions of the globe—California and Iceland, Washoe and Germany, Norway and Arizona. These are all marked by the peculiar characteristics of the author. At the bottom of all is sound common sense, keen observation, and a quick perception of odd phases of character; or rather, perhaps, the odd phases of even the most commonplace characters. If there is any thing quaint or humorous in any person whom he meets, it is sure to be drawn out by the magnetic attraction of Mr. Browne's genial humor. His sketches of character are just enough heightened and exaggerated to render them perfect likenesses. Hundreds of travelers have been "dragomaned" from Beirût to Damascus by the renowned Yusef (the Arabic for Joe) Badra; several had published accounts of their journey, but nobody saw in him any thing worth writing about. Browne saw him, caught the salient features of the man, heightened them a little here and there, and made him immortal. So Geir Zoëga had guided travelers by scores to the Icelandic Geysers, and doubtless seemed to them a good, stolid, matter-of-fact fellow; but under Browne's genial influence the inner man peeped out, one of the finest, quaintest fellows imaginable. In nothing is Browne more happy than in hitting off the traveling John Bull, whether with the infallible Murray in his hand he studies art in Italian galleries, or, equipped with patent rod, silver-mounted reel, and flies warranted to kill, he patiently whips the Norwegian streams for impossible trout; or provided with the thousand and one absolute necessities of a gentleman, he undertakes to "rough it" in the wilds of California. Leech does not more cleverly hit off the Englishman at home than Browne does the Briton abroad, with pen and pencil, for he is as clever with one as the other. There is nothing ill-humored in Mr. Browne's humor. He likes the world, and every body in it; and so every body likes him. He can not travel a day in the strangest country without making friends. With just Italian enough to grope his way through the *lingua-franca* of the Oriental shores of the Mediterranean, with just German enough to enable him to guess at an occasional word of Norwegian, he manages to find out more about the people of these extreme regions than most travelers who have spent half a life-time among them. It is really a matter of congratulation that the miscellaneous writings of this keen observer and genial humorist are to be

collected in a series of volumes, of which this is the first.

Azarian, by HARRIET E. PRESCOTT. No other of the rising writers of our day manifests so marked an individuality of style as Miss Prescott. Its most obvious characteristic is its affluence of diction. This consists not merely in an apparently inexhaustible wealth of words, which the dullest writer may attain by diligent study of the dictionary, but quite as much in the rare artistic skill with which she uses them. Her style, as truly as that of Thackeray, though in a quite different way, is of itself a delight. In mere description she has no living rival. Beyond the writings of the Brontë sisters, and hardly within them, we know of nothing in their way equal to the tide and storm scenes in "Yet's Christmas Box," the lonely, livid marshes in the "Tale of the Trefethness," and the miasmatic Southern lagoons in "Madeleine Schaffer." No person, we think, ever painted in words such pictures of jewels, embossed cups, and chased rings; of flowers, fruits, and wines. The words sparkle and glow like diamonds and rubies, like roses, nectarines, and golden wine. She has shown equal power over certain phases of character, portraying them with the intuitive power of genius; and even when she fails, the very failure is of a kind that demonstrates her ability to have succeeded. It is true that she often wastes her wonderful word-embroidery upon a worthless fabric. The plots of many of her stories are trivial, and those of some repulsive. Of these we trust that the last has been written; that Miss Prescott has passed the "Storm and Stress" period of her literary career. We accept "Azarian" as an augury of this. It is a work of art in a far higher sense than any thing she has before produced. If the colors are less brilliant, it is not only because the subject demanded a more subdued tone, but because they are more harmoniously blended. It is a study of life and character, without startling events or improbable situations, but far enough removed from the beaten paths of life to relieve it from tameness and insipidity. She styles the book "an Episode," which we conceive to be nearly equivalent to a "Fragment," or a "Study." Indeed, we must consider all that Miss Prescott has yet written as trials and studies. It rests with herself to say whether she shall produce a great "work." (Published by Ticknor and Fields.)

Two additions have been made to the admirable "School and Family Series" edited by MARCIUS WILLSON and published by Harper and Brothers, for which the younger portions of the rising generation have cause to be grateful. The *Primary Speller*, with its hundreds of graphic illustrations of familiar objects, renders easy that terrible first step to recorded knowledge by which the four-year-old child learns the mysterious connection between the three unmeaning characters, c-a-t, and the whiskered mouser purring before the fire. That one step taken, the barrier to all the wisdom contained in books is broken down.—The *Larger Speller* is a cheerful guide to children of a larger growth through the mazes of our most irregular system of orthography. No one can fairly appreciate the worth of these two little books, and the amount of thought bestowed upon their preparation, unless he will take the trouble to compare

them with the books which undertook to perform a similar work in his childhood.

Captain Brand, by "HARRY GRINGO." Viewed simply as a dashing sea-story, this novel, by Captain HENRY A. WISE, now the chief of the Ordnance Department of the United States Navy, is among the very best of the class, which includes the best works of Cooper and Marryatt, of the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Green Hand." The author knows the sea in every clime, and the ships that sail upon it, and the sailors who man them. He is familiar with every aspect of ocean and sky in storm or calm. Besides the merit of Captain Brand as a picture of nautical life, the story of the novel is of the most high-wrought, tragic interest. The reader who demands excitement in a novel can not fail to be abundantly gratified by this. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Blennerhassett Papers, edited by WILLIAM H. SAFFORD. The biographers of Harman Blennerhassett, foremost among whom is the editor of this volume, were aware that this unfortunate man left behind him many papers of considerable value. But they were in the hands of the surviving members of his family, who would not allow free use to be made of them. These scruples were at last overcome, and the papers passed into the hands of Mr. Safford. The story of the beautiful home in the Calypso's Island in the Ohio, was well known. No one who knew any thing of the character of poor Blennerhassett supposed that any thing that he could say would throw new light upon the political movement in which he was for a few months so strangely involved in connection with Aaron Burr, the second and least detestable of the three arch-traitors in American history. The writer of this notice perused these papers months before Mr. Safford was able to obtain them. There were a few letters from Burr, but, as might have been foretold, he would write nothing of importance to any man, certainly not to one like Blennerhassett. Some portions of the papers, however, give new information as to the latter days of poor Blennerhassett, and of his unfortunate family. There is in all biography hardly any thing more mournful than the story, set forth in his own letters, of the man returning, at threescore, penniless and broken-hearted, to the country which he had left in the prime of manhood rich and hopeful. How he begged this old friend to get him some post, at home or abroad, by which he and his children—more helpless than himself—might live. Could not that get him a judicial appointment in Canada? or another an assistant-barristership in Ireland, or the agency of an estate? Would not another like a companion whose habits were those of a literary man, and who was a proficient in music, though he could accommodate himself to any mode of life? Could not another gain for him a place under the government of the South American republic of Colombia? Or still another a public situation in Portugal, legal or diplomatic; or, if worst came to worst, in the Church?—for he was, as he asserted in strict confidence, *un bon Catholique*. Or perhaps another could get him two or three pupils to whom he would impart all the knowledge necessary to fit them for any profession in life: would a hundred pounds a year from each be too much for him to expect?—if so, he would take less. And then the letters from his poor wife, who had come to America with him a quarter of a century before, rich, beautiful, and accomplished, with a future apparently as bright as that of any woman on the continent.

How she had to tell of one son, their eldest, whom, in the heyday of the great Burr scheme, hardly a dozen years before, she expected to see the heir of a dukedom, in the golden empire of Aaron I., now a poor imbecile drunkard, selling for rum the clothes with which charity had supplied him, and at last wandering off to New Orleans and disappearing from human sight. And then of the second son—good, kind, docile, apparently intelligent, well educated, but somehow incapable of earning his bread. These are some of the new points in the story of Blennerhassett brought out in these "Papers." If Mr. Safford had contented himself with writing a new Life of Blennerhassett, by the aid of these papers, instead of almost hiding them under a mass of cumbrous history of the "Wilkinson and Burr Revolution," and an "account of the Spanish Association of Kentucky," he would have made a smaller, and we think a much better book. Still, if he has not made the best possible use of his materials, he has made a good use of them, and his work is a valuable acquisition to the domain of American History. (Published by Moore, Wiltach, and Baldwin.)

Among the recent additions to "Harper's Library of Select Novels" are the following: *Lindesfarn Chase*, by T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, in which the author has put himself fairly into competition with his more celebrated brother, the author of "Orley Farm," as a delineator of life and manners in a quiet cathedral town and among the surrounding gentry. The single character of Marguerite, the English girl who has been *bien élevée* by a French kinswoman, and of her *mari*, Mr. Frederick Falconer, the calculating young banker, are as carefully studied and skillfully developed as any personages in Balzac.——*Not Dead Yet*, by J. CORDY JEAFRESON, is a very successful story of the Wilkie Collins school, in which the main interest lies in the plot, and the reader is kept in a state of perpetual suspense as to how every thing will come out. The story is exceedingly well managed.——*Maurice Dering*, by the author of "Guy Livingston," is characterized in no small degree by that intense "muscular un-Christianity" by which that famous story startled novel readers some ten years ago. While this novel falls somewhat below "Guy Livingston," it certainly rises above any of the works of the author which immediately succeeded it.

The Cruise of the Alabama, by RAPHAEL SEMMES. Although this work is not ostensibly prepared by Captain Semmes, it is almost wholly made up from his journals, an anonymous editor merely supplying a few pages of biographical laudation. To all real intents it is an autobiography. When the rebellion broke out Raphael Semmes, a native of Maryland, for thirty-five years an officer in the navy of the United States, in which he had risen to the rank of Commander, and was moreover a member of the Light-house Board, offered his services to the Confederacy. The offer, written from Washington, was accepted, and he was ordered to repair to Montgomery. Having telegraphed that he would come at once, he resigned his commission in the United States Navy. The message summoning him to Montgomery and his reply passed unquestioned over the telegraphic line to and from Washington. From Montgomery he was sent North to purchase arms and munitions. Thence he was recalled to take command of a steamer, to be known as the *Sumter*, fitting out at New Orleans. He left his wife and young daughters in Washington, and while

he was burning American vessels they were safe and unmolested in the United States, where, for aught we know, they still are.

The *Sumter* escaped the blockade at the close of July, 1861, and began her work of destruction in the Gulf and on the coast of South America. She then shot across the Atlantic, and finally put into the port of Gibraltar, where, being closely blockaded by the *Tuscarora* and *Kearsarge*, she was dismantled and sold. Her cruise lasted six months, during which she captured 18 American vessels. Semmes then went to England to take command of a new vessel which was building for the Confederates by the notorious John Laird, a member of the British Parliament. This vessel, escaping by fraud from the British port, steamed for the Portuguese island of Fayal, where she was joined by another British steamer, with her guns and munitions. She was there equipped as a man-of-war, in violation of the laws of neutrality. Her crew consisted of the sweepings of the Liverpool grog-shops, who had been shipped under false pretenses, in the expectation that they would enlist when fairly at sea.

The vessel, which was now formally christened the *Alabama*, commenced her cruise early in September, 1862. By the close of October she had destroyed 21 vessels in the North Atlantic, running within 200 miles of New York. She then cruised among the West India islands and in the neighboring waters, capturing in December the steamship *Ariel*, with 700 passengers, among whom were 120 American marines; and in January sinking the United States war-steamer *Hatteras*. This was the only action in which the *Alabama* was ever engaged until the final one in June, 1864, when she was sunk. After that she cruised in the Middle and South Atlantic; then shot over to the African coast, stopping at the Cape of Good Hope, and thence passing to the Indian seas; whence she sailed again for Europe in March, 1864, arriving at Cherbourg on the 11th of June. On the 19th of that month she was sunk by the *Kearsarge*. The details of that action, and the disgraceful conduct of Semmes and the captain of the English yacht *Deerhound*, are too recent to need description. Semmes always sailed under false colors, sometimes making use of British, sometimes French, sometimes American. Having thus lured the prize within reach, it was seized, the crew taken prisoners, put in irons, if the captors saw fit, chronometers and valuables removed, and the vessel burned. The primary object of the cruise was destruction. The career of the *Alabama* lasted a month and ten days less than three years. During this time she captured 63 vessels, of which all but nine were burned. Their total value, as set down by Semmes himself, was nearly four and three quarter millions of dollars. A quarter of a million would probably cover all the value of stores, provisions, and valuables actually gained by the captors; all the rest was wantonly destroyed. But this is only a small part of the actual damage inflicted upon us by this vessel. American commerce was almost swept from the open sea. In a single year 450,000 tons of American shipping passed from our flag to that of our commercial rival.

The career of Semmes, as narrated by himself, combines every possible element of the basest treason. He is a traitor to the nation to which he had sworn allegiance, and by whom he had been supported for five-and-thirty years. He is a traitor to

the State to which, according to Confederate theory, he owes primary allegiance; for Maryland has never even sought to secede from the Union. He has forsworn his military oath, the most sacred obligation known among men. He had not even the poor grace to resign his commission in the navy of the Union before not merely commencing but actually consummating his treachery. He was, and still is in a measure, a pet among a certain class of British gentlemen and traders, but the better portion of the British press were forced by a decent self-respect to denounce him. Thus the London *Athenæum* says: "Semmes is actually in arms against the land of his own birth, and stands condemned by the existing laws of his own State. He is a rebel in his own city, a deserter from the service, a traitor to his country." We are glad that he was ill-advised enough to publish his biography; that it was issued in England, and has been republished in America. (Published by G. H. Carleton.)

Political History of the Great Rebellion, by EDWARD MCPHERSON. The Clerk of the House of Representatives has in this volume undertaken and most admirably performed a task which entitles him to the gratitude of every student of the history of the rebellion. It is an ample summary of the legislation of the United States upon every topic connected with the war during the last four years, the votes upon each question being given. The subjects are so arranged and indexed that they can be referred to with ease. Hardly a question can arise in which this single volume will not supersede the necessity of consulting the ponderous files of the *Congressional Globe*. The political history of the Confederate States is also given, in documentary form, as far as it is accessible. No one who has not been obliged by his professional duties to undertake for himself a work of this nature can appreciate the labor which it involves; and no one who has not occasion to use such a work for constant reference can appreciate the admirable manner in which this has been executed. (D. Appleton and Company.)

Next to the pleasure of reading a really good new book is that of having an old favorite in a worthy shape. It is a matter of congratulation that publishers are now finding it for their interest to put forth handsome editions of standard authors. By "handsome editions" we do not mean books of luxury, profuse in illustrations, morocco-clad, and gilt; but copies from good legible type, tastefully arranged, clearly printed upon good paper, and neatly bound; books for reading, not for display. Of these we have before had occasion to speak of the "Household Edition" of DICKENS, now issued by Sheldon; of Appleton's fine edition of MERVILLE's *Roman Empire*; and of many others, alike creditable to the printers, the publishers, and the public. To the list we may add the fine three-volume edition of *Gil Blas*, published by Little and Brown; and a neat two-volume edition of the elder DISRAELI'S *Amenities of Literature*, by Hurd and Houghton. Equal to any of these, and to the finest editions put forth by Moxon or Pickering, if we may judge from the proof-sheets, will be found the uniform edition of the works of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, in course of preparation by Harper and Brothers, embracing all of those great works, the production of his literary manhood, by which he wished to be remembered, or by which his warmest admirers could wish to remember him.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE centennial anniversary of a college is an event which does not occur every year. But there is no day more interesting to its children. The annual Commencement is full of tender and pathetic interest; but the feast whose return only our grandchildren and great-grandchildren can celebrate is a very inspiring and even a very solemn time. Fortunately it is usually observed by a dinner, which relieves the solemnity; for at a college dinner there will inevitably be sparkling and amusing reminiscences; jolly songs; humorous verses; anecdote, wit, eloquence, as well as the minor music of memory.

To most college-bred men the annual Commencement, if it be held in a small city, a town, or village, is probably the pleasantest day in the year. It is not that they were really so very happy in college, but that they think they were. It is not that college chums were the flower of men, but they meet us "trailing clouds of glory" as they come, because they come to us out of the enchanted land, out of the sunny realm of youth. Upon the whole, it is a very prosaic Jones and a remarkably commonplace Jenkins that we slap on the back in the college grounds on Commencement morning. But the day, the place, the association, act like an elixir. The Reverend Mr. Jones laughs with a cheerful sense of refreshment, and the torpid Jenkins revives like a toad long buried in the rock, and suddenly restored to sun and air.

There is another peculiar interest; and that is, the pleasure kings have when they abdicate and see their successors crowned. We go to Commencement and behold our second selves, our posterity in the first degree, filling our old places. They sit on the same hard benches whittled to pieces. They inveigh against the same relentless bell that rang us to early prayers. They con the same page in chapel to be ready for recitation. They play the same tricks in the same college "entries" and down the same stairs. They paint the President's old horse. They milk his cow. They muffle the early bell. Yes; and at last, silken-gowned and high-hearted, they march after the music in the grave procession. They behold in the old church the shining company in the galleries waving fans and murmuring and rustling. They ascend the platform, and are conscious of the hush, the eager glances, the sound of their own voices, the loud applause, the bow, the descent, the triumphal burst from the band.

And we, fond and foolish old Easy Chairs, we sit there, bald trustees and gray-haired members of the corporation, and our dim eyes see not only the bright youth of the hour, graceful, ardent, eloquent; full of hope, and aspiration, and resolution; but we see ourselves standing there in the glistening gown, ourselves yet them—the morning of thirty years ago, yet to-day—above in the glittering galleries, mothers in whom our hearts repose, yet smiling daughters for whom they yearn and ache. It is all a mystery, a miracle. The music dies away. It is we who are "hos juvenes," and these parchment rolls so fresh and fair bear our names recorded. Yet surely in the drawer at home there is the stained and dusty roll which attests in sound Latin our proficiency in letters and arts—long, long before these handsome youths were born.

It is a kind of sentimental pleasure and bewil-

derment, but it is none the less real. The world stops for a little while, and perhaps we find we have grown giddy with its incessant whirl, and do not exactly know whether we stand upon our heads or our heels. Commencement is the one day in the year when it is permitted to the most prosaic to feel poetic, and to the most steady-going back to curvet and prance like a newly-caught colt. The personal feeling to the college, which is expressed by the phrase *alma mater*, is the key to the illusion of the hour. There is a sense of coming home, of sitting at the maternal table; and all the day the *alma mater* is a vast, invisible, but still human and benignant presence in the air.

This was especially so at the Centennial Anniversary of Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, which was celebrated in the beginning of September of this year. It is the custom of most of our colleges to hold their Commencements at midsummer, when the heat is overpowering; but old Brown has always given to her great festival the first Wednesday in September, except for two or three years, when the venerable lady maundered, and tried to change the unchangeable, and confer degrees in July. But the weakness passed, and with all her pristine vigor she now sits serene in a Brown old age, and every year gives birth to a new family upon the old birthday.

This year she celebrated her Centennial Thanksgiving. The great family of Brown she invited home again. "Come," she said; "to-day I know no oldest, no youngest, no dearest. I have no Reuben, no Joseph, nor Benjamin. Coats of many colors and of all colors I welcome. The black coat I reverently salute. The blue coat, grim with battle-smoke, or stained with loyal blood, I gratefully bless. Let all my children come and sit together at the maternal feast."

They came from far and wide. There could not have been less than eight or nine hundred of them; and after a hard storm the air was fresh and the sun shone brightly. The gathering point of the clans was on the college green in front of the Library, or Manning Hall. The grave, erect form of the President, the orator of the day, in his academic robes, was the only figure especially marked by costume, until a look of eager admiration announced the presence of another uniform; and one of the bravest and most skillful of our soldiers, and one of the noblest and most purely patriotic of men, took his place in the procession, when General Burnside joined it, the stars of his rank shining upon his shoulders, and the gold medal of the glorious Ninth Corps, heroes of North Carolina and of East Tennessee, upon his breast. Near him in the line were Bancroft the historian, Professor Goldwin Smith of Oxford, Ex-Secretary Chase, Senators Anthony and Foster, with Ex-Governor Clifford of Massachusetts, President of the day, and various venerable and distinguished men. It was the goodliest procession that the college green ever saw; and following the music, it descended the steep street that plunges from the top of the college hill into the very heart of the city to the market-place by the river.

Passing to the church, the first Baptist church, erected, according to the vote, "to worship God and hold Commencements in," and one of the finest, plain, old-fashioned, white wooden churches in New

England, the procession opened, and, in the words of a witty alumnus of '48, "began to swallow its tail." The dignitaries at the end filed through and entered the church. It was soon crowded, and the organ took up the wondrous tale from the band. Then came a prayer by a graduate of fifty-one years ago. Then a fine ode, most nobly sung by a glee club, and the oration. It was naturally purely historical, yet not without a certain warmth in some passages indicating the touching of contested points. For there is a contest even about the true history of the origin of Brown. But the dignified orator carried it triumphantly his own way in his discourse, and at its close earnestly besought the friends of the *alma mater* not to forget how graciously she received and appreciated their benefactions.

Upon the church green the procession formed again, and marched up the hill to the Library—an admirable collection of thirty thousand volumes, with little rubbish among them, and, as Dr. Wayland says, "one of the best working libraries in the country." There was a spacious tent, pitched upon the green in the rear of the Library, and to that the company repaired and found a banquet spread. Every thing was neat, and plentiful, and cheerful. Eight hundred people sat down, and as the eye looked up and down the tables, it was impossible not to remember that a hundred years ago Brown University was a school in the little town of Warren upon Narragansett Bay, with one teacher called a President, and three scholars. But here, this day, she sat upon her sunny hill, surrounded by hundreds of her children, looking down the Bay to her cradle, which was visible, glistening faint and far in the afternoon light, and her sons had all been looking with his clear eyes who had told her story, through the backward vista of a century, to her dim beginnings there. The vast family sat happily together, to part on the morrow with a more cordial sympathy for each other and renewed affection for her.

It was a pleasant scene even to the dullest eye and mind. For these college festivals are in our day, and to us, what the evening hour of repose and story-telling was to the weary Greek and the wandering Arab. "Also in all truly fine verses," say the Bedouen, as they listen under the stars in the desert to the romance of Antar and the heroes—"in all truly fine verses there should be palm-trees and fresh springs." Was not this festival such a poem in the midst of our resounding war? Was not the history the children had heard of their mother like the image of a benignant palm bearing innumerable dates? Was not every sincere and eloquent word spoken at the feast a fresh spring of the pleasantest exhilaration?

The President of the day opened the discourse that followed the dinner in the most genial, kindly, and graceful manner. The predecessor of President Sears, Dr. Wayland, responded to the toast in his honor with all his old fire and force. No man's presence conveys an impression of more power than Dr. Wayland's; and this day it was wonderfully softened by feeling. As the Doctor sat down a choir of trained manly voices sang "Auld lang syne." Goldwin Smith, one of our most faithful and able friends in England, spoke literally like a scholar and a gentleman. His face was grave and scholarly; his voice had the long, swinging cadence of the best English speech; he stood leaning a little forward, without gesture; and every word was simple, clear, and direct. When he began by saying

that he had never spoken but at one public meeting in his life, and that at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, to protest against the outrages of the *Alabama*, the jubilant thunders of the applause showed how fully his brave position was recognized. There was nothing finer than the earnest tone of his speech. This, too, marked Burnside's, who, on rising, was received with the shouts of the whole multitude and the roll of drums. His words were hearty and inspiring. "The soldiers will return dissatisfied if peace is made without removing the cause of quarreling." And again: "There can be no cessation of hostilities until every citizen acknowledges the authority of the Government." The plain, manly directness of all he said, enforced by his noble person and the remembrance of the great services he has done the country—none greater than his silent endurance of unmerited obloquy—may well be contemplated with admiration at the Second Centennial of Brown.

As he spoke for the children who were giving their lives to the country, it was not possible to forget those who had already given them. No one called the sad but sacred roll, yet it was written on all hearts. Yet not for those dead children did the *alma mater* lay aside her festive garland. She remembered Xenophon sacrificing at the altar with the wreath upon his head. When he was told that his son was killed in battle, he lifted the crown and laid it down. But when it was added that his son fell bravely fighting, he raised it again to his head and completed the sacrifice. No names upon the heroic roll were called except one in a poem by Major Hay. And certainly, remembering the benefactor whose name the University so gratefully bears; recalling the quaint and dignified figure of the old merchant, which is still to so many returning children of the college a visionary presence in the streets, suggesting to their imaginations the stately gentlemen of the days of Washington; remembering this, it was fit that the name of one of the dead young heroes should be mentioned, the grandnephew of Nicholas Brown, from whom the college takes its name, Robert Hale Ives, Jun., who fell at Antietam. Yet, as the company sat and listened to the verses, and, when his name was mentioned, remembered the blooming youth, it was not the mother college, it was the mother country they heard repeating it, with that of all his brave brothers from the college and the shop, from the field and the office, who have fallen for us all, saying of each one, with the ancient parent, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living one in Christendom."

The sun was setting while yet the pleasant company lingered. Of all Commencement festivals save that on which they graduated, this was to be the most memorable to each one of them. The band had already gone. The undergraduates were moving away in groups. The ladies who had pressed in now stood aloof. It was clear that the last word had been spoken, and nothing remained but to go. So the kind President rose, and the Centennial celebration of Brown University was over. One old Easy Chair, at least, rolled pensively away, lost in a flood of tender memories.

"Ah! sure if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

* * * * *

raid in King and Queen County, Virginia. As the raid was intended as a punishment for the brutal murder of the gallant young Dahlgren, the men were allowed much more liberty than is common even on such occasions, and great was the havoc inflicted upon the natives in the way of private excursions among the hen-houses, and many were the remarks created among the "smokes." One interesting fellow brought in, with his supply of poultry, an exceedingly lean and thin hen. This fact being observed by one of his comrades, gave rise to the following remark:

"Golly! I tho't I'se berry good for'ger, but neb-ber seen a man afore could cotch de shadder of a hen!"

WHILE at Fort Powhatan, at work one day in upsetting an old chimney, which seemed inclined to fall toward the west rather than in the desired direction, the same fellow, after scratching his head the proper length of time, finally broke out with,

"Golly! dat's rebel chimney!—fall back toward Richmond!"

AND again, the other evening, as we were moving into the trenches, the "rebs" took occasion to toss us a few shells, whereupon one of my men says, "Dose Johnnies always trows dere shell when we's comin' up dis hill." And another instantly rejoins with, "*You's* a no account fellar! *you* can't tell when dey's comin'. Why, boy, dose shells is like de Quakers, dey comes when de spirit moves 'em!"

An agent of the United States Sanitary Commission at New Orleans writes:

Feeling myself a debtor to the Drawer, not only for the feasts of fat things which I have myself enjoyed, but also for the hundreds of sick and wounded soldier boys whose eyes have been made to glisten with pleasure as I have handed them the familiar magazine, I take the liberty of sending you a little anecdote which struck me as rather rich.

The ideas of the negroes and "poor whites" of the slaveholding States in reference to the marriage relation are exceedingly vague. Any man who can read is considered competent to perform the marriage ceremony. Negroes who have been married legally under the old dispensation consider it necessary to have the rite repeated "under the flag," and chaplains are frequently called upon to marry parties who have been peaceably united in lawful wedlock for a score of years. But this is only preliminary.

General John M'Neil, who believes in hard fighting and no favors to rebels, was once visited in his camp in Southern Missouri by a raw-boned, tallow-faced specimen of womankind, dressed in the inviting style peculiar to Southern females of the lower class. Politely inquiring in what way he could serve her, the following colloquy ensued:

"I want my husband."

"Well, how can I help you to your husband?"

"Why, he's one of you 'uns."

"What is his name?"

"Pears like I disremember his name; but any how I was married to him last Sunday arternoon. He went off Monday, and I hain't seen him since."

"Ah! who married you?"

"Why, your chaplain."

"Oh! then you are all right. The chaplain will know whom he married. Orderly, take this woman to the chaplain."

Off went the bereaved fair one, but soon returned in mingled sorrow and anger.

"That isn't any chaplain," said she.

"Orderly, you took her to the chaplain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"No, Sir-ee, that wasn't a chaplain; he didn't have on a uniform."

"All right, my good woman; chaplains don't always wear uniforms."

"Anyways, that wasn't the chap that married us; that chaplain had two yellow stripes on his arm."

The General gave her permission to search the camp; but the delinquent husband and the two-striped chaplain were not identified.

THE humors of picket duty are quite refreshing. A correspondent at Bermuda Hundred, Virginia, wrote last summer as follows:

Since the picket firing on our front has ceased our pickets have become quite familiar with those of the enemy, and a conversation or an exchange of papers is eagerly sought for by both parties. A few nights since one of our corporals was visiting his vidette posts, and getting outside of our line and a little too close to the rebs one of their pickets called out,

"Are you the corporal of these posts?"

"Yes," answered the corporal.

"Well, I want you to put a veteran on that vidette post; that recruit has been asleep for the last hour."

"All right; I'll attend to him," said the corporal, and seeing the sleeping grayback almost at his feet he turned and quietly moved back to his own side of the house.

ON our left, where our lines are close to the rebs, two videttes from opposite sides were moved out toward the same tree. After remaining for some time near the tree unknown to each other our vidette discovered that he had lost his cap-box, and commenced calling for the corporal. After calling several times without effect the reb vidette called out, "I say, Yank, what's the matter on your side of the tree?" The "Yank" immediately replied that he wanted to go for some water. "Well, go ahead," answered "Johnny;" "I'll watch both sides till you come back."

DURING the raid into Maryland last summer, on the train captured at Magnolia Station were a great many boxes for rebel prisoners. The contents of said boxes were speedily eaten by the followers of Gilmore, with evident relish, until a negro, who was attending his raiding master on the expedition, came to get his share. Sambo's eyes watered as he glanced from one luxury to another in search of something to please his refined taste, until he had taken a complete survey of the eatables, when, with contempt displayed on every lineament of his ebony face, he exclaimed, "Oh, pshaw! they ain't got no sardines."

WHILE I was in Norfolk, Virginia, having a curiosity to see how the colored people conduct their religious meetings, I dropped into the church of Thomas Henson, D.D., one evening. I was early, and found only the minister and an old negro present. The "Doctor" never neglected an opportunity to impart gospel truths to his followers. Listening attentively I caught the words of Paul issuing

from the lips of the instructor, "and you will heap coals of fire on his head," and the reply of the sable descendant of the ancient Cushites, "Golly, Doctor, wouldn't like to have 'em try't on dis chile!"

THE appearance of *Harper's Magazine* at our house is an event of great importance with my children. The illustrations in it are the chief cause of this. When the February number came to hand the pictures illustrating "Simon Kenton" set them all half wild with excitement. They were particularly taken with the illustration of Kenton running at full speed with Boone on his back, and the Indians in full chase after him. The evening was spent in reading the article and looking at the engravings. The next morning one of my little boys sprang out of bed at an early hour and hastened to get the Magazine, and turning to the page alluded to, with a smile of delight, exclaimed to the rest of his brothers and sisters, "*The Indians didn't catch Kenton yet!*"

A WAG in the West says the following is true:

Worthy C—— is one of the best representatives of Young America that can be found in the fast city of Chicago. Standing on the steps of the Tremont a few evenings ago chatting with half a dozen of the "boys," their attention was attracted toward two young and evidently respectable ladies enjoying an evening promenade. "Bet drinks," says Worthy, "that I make those ladies follow and keep pace with me, whether I walk fast or slow, for the next ten minutes." The bet was taken by Charley H——, and he was invited by Worthy to come along and see that all was fairly done. By this time the girls were passing. Worthy linked arms with Charley, and, apparently not seeing the ladies, stepped in the same direction and directly in front of them, and just near enough to let them hear his harangue. "The wedding was to be at nine o'clock. The President, the Cabinet, all the foreign Ministers, and the *élite* of the city were expected to be present; and Bishop——, with half a dozen assisting clergymen, was to officiate." By this time the girls had overheard sufficient to enlist their earnest attention, and, almost unconsciously, were closely following the gentlemen. Worthy proceeded with a minute and eloquent description of the (imaginary) wedding. The bride, bridesmaids, and the ladies present, with their dresses, jewelry, etc., etc., were elaborately portrayed; and for nearly fifteen minutes did the girls follow in close and attentive pursuit, without regarding either the distance or the direction of their promenade. Worthy, however, had gradually turned corners and crossed streets until the Tremont was again attained, when the gentlemen joined their confederates; and the ladies passed on, in blissful ignorance of the cruel "sell" by which they had been so unmercifully victimized.

A FAIR correspondent down East sends the following:

When the temperance movement had banished the well-filled decanters from our side-board we consoled ourselves with root-beer, which an old cook who had been long in the family made to perfection. The bottles were usually kept in a large closet in one of our sleeping apartments. One night a stranger arrived and was shown to this room. Just toward morning, when we were all enjoying our soundest slumbers, we were aroused by a cry of "Thieves! murder! help! help!" My mother, al-

ways courageous, was the first to open her door, when, to her astonishment, she beheld our stranger guest rushing up and down the hall in the most elegant *deshabille*. In answer to her inquiries she was pointed to the closet door, where she was informed the thieves were concealed, and where they had been firing off their pistols. It proved to be some half dozen bottles of beer which had exploded, and so terrified the occupant of the chamber.

JUDGE LOVE, the humorous editor of the *Wire Grass Reporter*, attempted to investigate the cause, nature, and effect of the cattle disease, which was making fearful ravages among the deer and cows. He relates his experience as follows:

A faithful old servant gave information that a fine cow belonging to us was affected, and gave it as his opinion that it was murrain, and not the black tongue, although her mouth seemed to be a little sore. He asked us to go down and examine the beast, which we accordingly proceeded to do. We went into the pen, and passed along by the side of the cow, giving a casual scrutiny as we passed, intending to make a stand in front of her for a few moments. Just as we got before her she threw up her head, looked wildly at us for a few seconds, and then, with a snort, a lowered head, and elevated tail, made at us. We 'bout-faced instantly, and marched through the pen at the rate of about a mile a minute, and cleared an eight-rail fence without laying hands thereon. We then looked back, and the cow was standing where we left the earth and committed ourself to the air, looking more astonished than angry. The old servant was at the other side of the pen, with one hand on the fence and the other on his bowels, bent almost to the ground in a fit of laughter. Straightening himself up and gathering breath, he exclaimed:

"My Lord, master, you ain't gettin' old yit!" and he bowed himself again in cachinatory paroxysm. Not seeing any thing particularly funny in the transaction, ourself, and feeling indisposed to pursue our investigations in regard to the cattle epidemic, we left the place. If it should be our misfortune to lose any more of our stock we would as soon lose that cow as any other.

THE Drawer gets this from California:

Two gentlemen (?) were debating the respective virtues of whisky straight and claret clear, Farmer G—— claiming that the former was the thing for a campaign in the wilderness, while Lawyer B—— claimed that the latter contained both nutriment and "liquiment." Finally they came to words, and at last bowie-knives were brought in sight. Soon they were advancing, each declaring that he would annihilate the other. At this stage of the proceedings "friends" interfered, and some little difficulty was found to hold them, especially the farmer, as he was much stronger than the lawyer. Farmer G—— was about to free himself from their hold, when the lawyer shouted, "Hold us, boys! hold us! Two of you hold him; one can hold me!"

NEAR Atlanta is stationed the officer who writes to the Drawer:

A "gentleman of color," whom we had hired for "rough work," was moving a cask marked in large characters, "*Shoulders*," when he was asked by one of his colored brethren what it was. Straightening himself up, and looking as wise as an owl, he exclaimed, "Jim, if I can read, dat am *Hams!*"

Angels of the Household.





Fashions for November.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—AUTUMN PALETOT.



2.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

THE PALETOT, Figure 1, is of cloth, cut so as to be adjusted to the figure. The sleeves are easy. The ornament is a novel one, being formed of shells of silk and beads.

—Figure 2 is a very pretty Under-sleeve.

—Figure 3 represents a *Corsage à Basque*;

gilet Louis XIII.; the waistcoat is open from the third button so as to show the frill.—Figure 4 is a Bolero vest of battiste, embroidered insertion alternating with narrow tucks; the *revers* is embroidered; the sleeves are half-large; there is also an embroidered *jockey* and *parement*; the waistcoat is of silk, simply trimmed with a little *tuyante*.—Figure 5, Corset and epaulets of silk; high flat body and tight sleeves of embroidered muslin.—Figure 6, Breakfast collar.—The *passamenterie* of the paletot, Figure 1, is styled the *Adelaide*.

FIGURE 3.—CORSAGE À BASQUE.

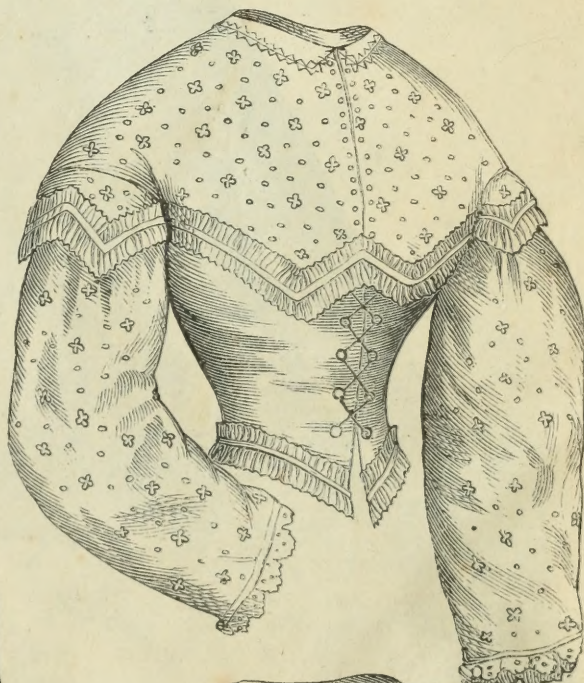
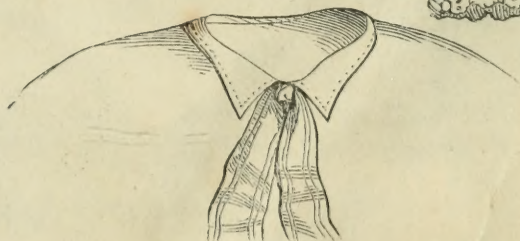


FIGURE 4.—BOLERO VEST.



FIGURES 5, 6.—CORSELET AND COLLAR.

